

BLACKWOOD'S
Edinburgh
MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIII.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1823.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;

T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

1823.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LXXII.

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VOL. VIII.

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, NO. 17, PRINCE'S STREET, EDINBURGH
AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON:

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

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JAMES BALLANTYNE & CO. PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

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HORE GERMANICÆ.

No. XIV.

THE LIGHT-TOWER, A TRAGEDY, IN TWO ACTS.

By Ernst von Houwald.

In a proof were desired of the variety and energy of German literature, we know not that a better could be found than in the example afforded by our own pages; for, in choosing out fragments for translation, (which, hasty and imperfect as they were, have always been received by our poetical readers with approbation,) we have uniformly, except in one instance (that of "Faust") left the works of the greater and more classical authors untouched. We have, as it were, gleaned only scattered flowers on the outskirts of the Thuringian forests, and our readers have drank but of their humbler streams; for, metaphor apart, Müllner and Grillparzer, eminent as they are, would reject with disdain the injudicious compliment which should place them on a footing of equality with the more distinguished models, and established worths, from whom they have drawn their inspiration. If, then, by that method which we have followed, an impression has been made, how much more might have been done by a careful selection! The works even of Schiller remain, except by name, as much unknown to us as if they did not exist. We have, indeed, two translations of Don Carlos, (by no means his best,) but these are, as far as we remember,

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both in prose. Coleridge is the only individual who has made a powerful effort in their favour, and had not some hopes remained that he might yet finish the last acts of "Wallenstein," we should possibly have been tempted to give an article (prepared, of course, with more care than our preceding sketches) on the third and concluding part of that admirable "Trilogie," in order that in this country it might not remain longer in utter oblivion.

On the present occasion, however, we shall still follow our old method, having chosen for notice a minor production of a young nobleman, by name Ernst von Houwald, who, as far as we remember, has not yet been introduced to our readers. Several years ago, when this author published his first attempt—a frightful sketch, of which the scene was laid in a channel-house,—we predicted that he would rise to eminence: and whether our conjecture was right or not, he has since that time, both in prose and verse, continued to improve: and there is a degree of interest and suspense attached to the story in this little piece, the "Light-Tower," on which account it is very frequently performed. It certainly follows not, that because a young author is bold and imprudent enough to fix on a bad

A

subject, that he will be found wanting in genius to adorn a good one; but the besetting error of Houvald, no doubt, has been his choice of frightful and repelling subjects in the first instance, and of plots rather overstrained and improbable afterwards. Of this last objection, however, the validity is less; for so long as an author keeps within the bounds of *possibility*, he is not likely to insist on greater improbabilities than the influences of "chance and change" have at one time or another actually brought forward in the world.

The story of the "Light-Tower," then, is a kind of winter night's dream, such as one might be visited by, in a lonely German *Schloss*, if he came forth at midnight on the *altan*, and listened to the roaring of the wind through the leafless beeches and poplars, and with the *Tannenrinden* waving their long tresses around him. The chief interest of the plot may be described as follows: Through the arts of a seducer, a wife has been separated from her husband, who afterwards hears, that while under the care of her betrayer, she has perished at sea. He (the hus-

band,) becomes insane; and she being ignorant of his fate, yet haunted by the bitterest repentance, at last leaves America for Europe in search of him, in order to implore his forgiveness. She is shipwrecked on the shore of the "Light-Tower," and finally, by a fatal combination of circumstances, those who have been through life *separated*, are in death *united*—a favourite idea of Houvald's, which he has already three or four times poetized. There is a complex underplot, which it would be tedious to analyze. The preceding is probably enough to render, as usual, our extracts intelligible.

Some of the most laboured writing in the "Light-Tower," (which is in Caldron's rhymed measure) occurs in the first scene. This would not answer on our stage, where the opening speeches are invariably lost; but besides that, in the German theatre, no noise or disturbance is at any time allowed, the "Light-Tower" is generally preceded by a short Comedy or Opera. In a word, it is employed as an After-piece. The characters are—

CASPAR HORN,	Watcher of the Light-Tower.
DOROTHEA,	His daughter.
ULRIC HORN,	His elder brother.
COUNT VON HORN.	
WALTER,	Adoptive son of the Count.

The first Scene represents a round Chamber in the Light-house. Above, the wooden beam of the roof are partly seen, through which afterwards fall the gleam of the lamps which kuddled.—In the room is an harp, a peeping trumpet, &c.—Caspar and Dorothea are discovered, the latter sitting at work, the former looking out of the window.

Caspar. How darkly are the skies with clouds o'creast!
How foam the breakers on the rocky shore,
While the vexed ocean with upheaving waves,
Groans in her combat with the storm!

Dorothea. Think'st thou
The tempest yet will rage? Ofttimes by night,
Are bill'd fierce winds of day.

Casp. Ofttimes: but now
It is not so. Beneath the reign of night
The conflict will be fiercer. In the west
At evening lurid clouds obscured the sky,
Like frowns on an angry brow, portending
That wrath, long cherished, will break forth—and now
It will be fearful.—Screaming through the air,
Already flock the tinorous sea-birds home;
And on the shore, to-morrow's dawn peevance
Will many a trace of wreck and woe reveal.

Don. Poor mariners, that on a realm so waste
And lawless build your homes!

Casp. Nay, say not so! —
Whereon, by statutes old, from age to age

One self-same empress rules. When thus the storm
 Draws on, and the loud sea receives her guest—
 When lightnings on their fiery wings descend—
 No self-will, no caprice is here—Around
 The throne of Nature wait the Elements,
 And but obey her mandate when they labour.—
 Yet in their zeal, their power and influences,
 Man sees but wild contention, since to him
 They bring oft times on his vain plans destruction.
 But man remembers not that in himself,
 In his own breast, dwells wilder anarchy :
 Therein, desire's fierce flame, the hurricane
 Of angry passions, and of selfishness
 The ice-cold sea, contend, as with the earth,
 With his own heart—which is of dust !

Dor. Are, then,

Poor mortals all of warfare thus the prey ?
 Father, when on thy bosom I recline,
 Methinks I mark therein no tumults wild—
 No !—still thy mind, so wise and calm, reveals
 But the pure azure of a summer sky !

Casp. Dear child, we both are now by storms unmoved.
 As when, with steps invisible, the dawn
 In spring-tide o'er the flowery hills comes on,
 The glassy seas are hush'd, and o'er their depths
 White swans are borne, like morning dreams along ;
 So, my child, so calm and sun-illum'd,
 Smiles life before thee—while, on the horizon far,
 Clean the bright sails of hope.—My heart the while
 Is like the sea, when iron winter rules :
 Clear are its waters, too, and angry storms
 May beat thereon in vain—The ice-cold wastes
 Are frozen and waveless now.

Dor. No, no—Thy heart
 Has never thus been chill'd. Thence on my life
 Beams forth, even like the sun, with light and warmth,
 Paternal love ; and hence, too, seems this world,
 With all its interchange of hill and dale,
 Lake, sea, and woodland, to my youthful sight
 So beautiful and so hopeful.

Casp. Yet this light
 Will perish soon—Then, in the world alone,
 Wilt thou be left, of aid all destitute !
 Hast thou not seen, on this our rocky shore,
 By morning's light, the melancholy wreck
 Of many a stately ship ? Did never then
 The prayer within thy shuddering heart arise,—
 " Oh shield me every ye firm walls, whereon
 The wild waves beat in vain ! "

Dor. Truly our lives
 Are better here protected. Yet the ships
 Gain most times, too, their destined port securely.
 Father, let me confess, when I behold
 The gay flags waving on the distant sky,
 Deep longing draws me hence ; when mariners
 Beneath the cannon's roar, so proudly take
 Departure from our harbour, then methinks
 How gladly would I dwell, too, in the ship
 That sails to foreign lands !

Casp. Thou foolish child !
 Come, look now on the sea :—In the grey light,
 Even like a monster, how he toils and heaves,
 From his dark bosom stretching foamy arms,

In furious rage, to grapple with the storm !
Mark now, and now,
How, with his hissing jaws, he swallow'd up
The lightnings darted from you lurid cloud !—
And would'st thou trust a foe so treacherous ?—
In place of watching here the lights, to guide
Poor wanderers through the night, with the dark waves,
Thyself contend ? Thou foolish child !—The sea
Is of this changeful life an emblem true.—
Then ! lest are they, who, from the sheltering walls
That ~~for their~~ vot'ries here Devotion builds,
Look calmly on the terrors of the flood.

Dor. What mean'st thou, father ?

Casp. Listen !—When I look
Into those clear unclouded eyes of thine,
Methinks they never should with tears be fill'd,
Even on this tearful earth ;—but while their light
Is yet unclouded, should Devotion come,
And o'er each misery of our fleeting life,
Draw the kind sheltering veil. Therefore, when I
No more can aid thee here, then bid thee straight
Into a convent.

Dor. To a convent !—No !—
Father, 'twas not 'mid flowery sheltering vales,
But on the cold shores of the sea that thou
Rear'd'st up thy daughter. Early was I wont
On Nature's wildest moods to look untroubled. —
Thus, on the storm and raging floods, when all
Besides were truck with terror, I could gaze
Calmly ;—the ocean wild had been my playmate !—
Nay, was I not in childhood taught to guide
The helm, and, in a tottering bark alone,
To lose myself far 'mid the weltering waves,
Till scarcely could thy signals bring me home ? —
When, too, at morning's fresh and fragrant hour,
The birds with their first matins call'd me forth
To join in homage, have I not, beneath
The boundless dome of Heaven, rejoicing kneel'd ?—
Beneath me, murmuring deep, the waves renew'd
Their solemn music ;—clouds came reverently,
Ranging themselves along the vasty choir,—
Till from the orient too, the high priest rose,
In festal garments, and on the horizon,
As from an altar, spread his dazzling arms,
Saluting thus the stilly world—"Wake, wake !
Ye habitants unnumber'd of this earth,—
Awake to Love and Joy. In me, behold
Heaven's messenger of blessing and protection !" —

In this last passage, (which appears to us to evince much of real imagination,) there is at least an example afforded, of that association of thought with the scenery and influences of nature, on which the best eloquence of the poet depends, but of which German writers avail themselves but seldom, the Swedish and Danish poets more frequently, but the French and Italian authors almost never. During the rest of this scene, Caspar goes on to explain for what reasons he wishes

that his daughter should renounce the vanities of this life. By their dialogue here, we are already, in some measure, prepared for what is to follow. He warns her particularly against falling in love, by alluding to the unhappy fate of Ulrick, her paternal uncle, who becomes afterwards, in a great measure, the hero of the piece. He, as we have already mentioned, had been, by the stratagems of a seducer, deprived of his wife, and believes that she had been lost at sea, from which,

in his delirium, he unceasingly demands her. In consequence of this misfortune, he had also lost an only son, whom his wife's paramour had adopted and reared as his own child.

Dorothea, however, is already in love with Walter, a young man, whose real history is yet unknown to Caspar, but who had been shipwrecked some time before on the shore of the "Light-Tower," had been rescued by its inhabitants, and still remains in its neighbourhood.

The conversation is now interrupted by the increasing storm, and by the closing in of night. Dorothea draws and fixes a cord, which lifts the cover of the lamps, and Caspar retires to light them. The daughter then being left alone, sings two stanzas of a kind of allegorical love song, accompanied by the harp; and in the third scene, Uljick, the madman, strangely dressed, makes his first appearance.

Ul. Sing not,—the harp is mine.—Wherefore did'st thou
Not wake me?—Heard'st thou not the tempest call?—
Come,—light me up the steps, that I may gain
The summit of the tower.—

Dor. Go not to-night,
I pray you.—Mark there, how it howls without!—

Ul. Girl, know'st thou not that I, through many a year,
Have here been pledged to meet the storm?—Then listen!—

I was I myself, who sent him forth to-night,—
That on his quick wings, he from shore to shore
Should travel, nay, into the palaces.

And lowly cottages, with violence break—

And pierce through every land,—and if he found her—

He should mark you—then with sure intelligence,

He should return to me.—

Dor.

Poor uncle!—

Ul.

Hush!—

Still as I heard the rustling of his wings,
Faithfully did I here await his coming,
And watch'd with fearful anxious heart,—if he
Had nought to announce. Yet nothing have I learn'd—
He hath but scourg'd the guilty Sea that bore
Him from me!—Give me now the harp, that I
May sing aloud, for if he cannot yet
Bring news for me, yet should he come to-night,
Well knowing what I suffer, he shall take
My mournful notes over the wild waves with him,
And bear them unto her.—

(*Takes the Harp.*)

We should require no farther proof that v. Houwald is a poet, than his conception, (however inadequately developed) of this character. The notion of the madman keeping watch during every storm, that he may recover the lost object of his affections from the sea, and sending forth the wild music of his harp to the winds of night, is an idea which none but a German could have afforded to treat

only by a short and careless sketch; Lord Byron, would in former days have made a whole volume out of the same *matériel*.

Caspar, meanwhile, has kindled the lamps, whose light is visible through the beams of the roof. In the fourth scene, he reappears with a light in his hand, and speaks thus to the madman:—

Casp. Hast thou been woken then? Truly, I believed,
Thou in the haven of calm repose might'st have
Outslept the storm;—for 'twill indeed arrive,—
A fearful night!—

Ul. In the grave I cannot sleep—
My night is not yet come.—When the winds howl,
I may not rest—Hark, how they call on me!—
Let me now climb upon the balcony.

Casp. Stay here !
 Scarcely could'st thou now support thyself against
 The giant struggles of the storm. Even I
 Could hardly light the lamps.—

Ulrick now tries to untie the cord, by which the lamps are visibly affected in the tower above.

Casp. (withholding him). What would'st thou do? Draw not the cord, or else
 My lights will be extinguished.

Ulr. When the storm
 Speaks with me, then we both desire no light;—
 Nay, he himself wrapt moon and stars in clouds,
 Because we, none of us, do care to look
 Into each other's grim and ghastly faces.

Casp. Ulrick, hast thou forgot then, that the lamps
 Must burn, and that my duty here is but
 To guard them? When the tempest rages thus,
 Poor wand'ring mortals cannot through the depth
 Of darkness steer their way, if love fraternal
 Supplies not light and guidance.

Ulr. Has Love, too,
 Bid mortals sever fond confiding hearts?—
 Methinks, if all were dark—if no lights burn'd,
 One could not from his love be sunder'd thus—
 All then would stay at home.—(Earnestly, and with emotion.)
 Brother, pray,

Close up the lamps again!

Casp. Poor Ulrick!—Ha!

(Distant firing heard)
 Mark there again—it was a cannon shot. Too surely,
 The signal of a ship that calls for aid.

Ulr. Nay, 'twas the tempest's call. Now light me up—
 I must unto the tower.

Casp. (to Dor.) Then lead him thither.
 He cannot rest else.

Ulr. (in going out.) Hear'st thou, brother—
 I pray thee, darken out the lamps.

Dorothea accordingly takes a light to guide him up stairs, and Ulrick follows with the harp.

Casp. (alone). Was it but the re-echoing of the thunder,
 Or have I heard aright? Did the same voice,
 That summons death in battle, call even now
 For aid against him, while amid this rage
 Of elemental war, he grimly looks
 For booty?—Hark, another shot!—

Dor. (returning). Ay, father—
 Doubtless it was the signal of distress—
 A ship in danger.

Casp. Now then, in all haste,
 Must I go forth, and if the wind allows me,
 Kindle a fire upon the beach, that so,
 The sailors with their boat, if the ship perish,
 May safer reach the land. The trumpet, too,
 I bear with me, that through the rayless gloom,
 And roaring waves, my voice may penetrate,
 And warn the sufferers, that fraternal love,
 And ~~watch~~ ^{keep} watch here for their aid,—
 Meaning I do entrust the lamps to thee.
 Take heed then, that they brightly burn: Beware
 Of sleep.

Dor. Fear not, I shall be watchful.

Casp. Mark you,—
 If the fire blazed not, and the lamps too, failed—
Dor. Nay, father, trust to me.
Casp. Well, in the name
 Of Heaven, then, let us try if we may not
 Assist and save these wanderers !

He goes out with the lantern, &c. leaving Dorothea alone, who soliloquizes through some verses, during which are heard the roaring of the storm, and dashing of the sea ; by fits too, the wild music and song of Ulrick, on which she says—

Hark ! 'mid the conflict wild
 Of warring elements, he stedfastly
 Pour, in full tones his songs of love. Alas !
 Will that heart now no more obtain repose ?
 Will calmness never hush its storms, and never
 On the dark waste of waves one gleam of light
 Arise to say that love for thee yet watches ?

While Dorothea remains thus alone, Walter enters, whereupon commences that scene on which the fatal events of the evening chiefly depend. For the first time, he makes known to her some consistent anecdotes of his own life ; but these, however shadowy, are enough to suggest conjectures who he really is, which are soon afterwards fully confirmed—

Dor. How,—he was not thy father ?
Wal. Yet, those nights
 When thy father best may rule his son,
 He faithfully had won. He loved me fondly,
 Had oftimes, too, denied himself indulgence,
 That my looks might be cheerfuller. But I
 Was not his child.

Dor. Listen ! even while we speak,
 Are heard more signals !

Wal. No ! 'twas the crashing sound
 Of the waves on the rock. Heed not the sea
 And ruthless winds.

Dor. Nay, trust me,—unto you
 I listen gladly. But your mother—

Wal. Ay,
 She was indeed my mother. I had been
 To her a pledge of former love,—of marriage.
 Whose bonds, alas ! she had herself dissolved.—
 Then I must wander forth, and, on the land
 Far distant, seek atonement for her crime ;
 Must find my father, him so long forsaken ;
 And, prostrate at his feet, for her obtain
 Forgiveness—

(*Music from the harp, and voice of Ulrick on the tower.*)
 Hark ! what notes are these—so soft
 And wild ?

Dor. From the roof they come. Mine uncle there,
 As wont, renews his melancholy songs.

Wal. Oh, ye sweet tones ! amid the tempest's rage,
 That howls without, ye come like consolation
 To souls that long have been of joy devoid.
 Heaven ! let it but be granted to me such
 To hear unto my mother !

Dor. Have you then
 Your father found already ?

Wal. No ! yet blame not
 The son, if he, as if spell-bound, must here
 Tarry beside the light-tower !

He then goes on to describe in a wild visionary style, how, during his voyage, strange love-dreams had haunted and possessed him, of which the influence continued, until they were more than realized by his meeting with Dorothea. He recalls, too, the story of his shipwreck, his rescue by Caspar, in the life-boat, his astonishment on perceiving that Dorothea, like some goddess of the sea, accompanied her father on that perilous adventure. Hers indeed was the first countenance that

he beheld, and of course she appeared as a messenger from heaven, sent for his deliverance. Meanwhile, Ulrick, when they are thus occupied, steps in and pulls the cord, by which the lamps are immediately extinguished. The melo-dramatic effect of this scene is more easily conceived than described. He remains afterwards serious, and "*erhaben*," (*i. e.* in a lofty mood,) leaning behind him on his harp; at length, on a speech of Walter, concluding thus—

As the stars' bright radiance
Falls on our dim earth, so the light of love
Beams on a desolate heart. Even like the stars,
That are eternal, so shall this light, too,
Not perish!

Ulrick in a deep hollow voice interposes—

Ulr. Even already are your lights
All darken'd!

Dor. Ha! who calls?

Walt. See there! the harper!

Ulr. All lights are darken'd now,—as in the heart,
So in the air and sky!

Dor. Oh Heaven, 'tis true!
The beacon-lamps are out. Oh, hapless mariners,
Who have on them depended for their rescue,
And vainly strain their eyes in hopes of guidance,
Which finding not, they perish in the flood,
And I alone am guilty!

Caspar's voice, through the trumpet, is then heard from below—she runs to him—Walter follows. Ulrick remains, and after a pause, during which he looks to heaven, says—

Ulr. Thou hast thy stars all clouded in the sky;
Night wraps in darkness now the restless waves.—
Wherefore, then, should vain mortals kindle light?
They cannot change the eternal plans of fate;
Wherefore, then, with presumptuous hand essay
To check the rolling wheels of destiny?
Out—out, ye lights! ye shall be darken'd all;—
Vain is your aid! The mariners must not
Find guidance now—IT SHALL BE NIGHT!

He remains with stretched-out arms in a commanding posture, and the drop-scene falls. Thus ends the first act.

The second opens at the dawn of day. The scene is a wild rocky shore, on which Ulrick first appears alone with his harp,—Caspar and Dorothea enter, the former blaming his daughter for her negligence; but Ulrick vehemently defends her.

Dor. Oh, father, have compassion!

Ulr. Child, thy guilt

Is all dissolved; thine accusation torn!—
When Fate in judgment sits, there needs no light
From man, therefore did I restore the rights
Of darkness.—Brother, blame thy daughter not;
We both are guiltless. By resistless power
Compell'd, ~~by~~ the cord, and night resumed
Her wonted power.

Casp. Ulrick, alas!
What hast thou done!

To this scene succeeds the adventurous rescue of Count Holm from the now wrecked vessel, by Walter, in whom the Count discovers his adoptive son. The scene is of course effective; but we must now pass over with a few words no less than *forty-eight* pages, containing the most skilful adaptation of a *narrative* to the stage, that we remember to have met with. Such long stories form generally a rock on which dramatic writers are apt to split; but here the interest of the auditors increases with every line. These pages involve the history of

Count Holm, who is gradually recognized by Caspar, as the now repentant and miserable seducer of his sister-in-law, who has just now perished in the wreck of the vessel. The Count's narrative of his own crimes, his various adventures, and his bitter remorse, are followed by Caspar's disclosure to him of Ulrick's incurable insanity; who is, of course, now recognized as the real father of Walter, and husband of the lost Matilda. After this dialogue, the Count is left alone among the wild rocks of the sea-shore.

Count. Oh Heaven, have I been led into this place
For judgment and requital,—here, where once
I stood with my devoted prey rejoicing?—
Even on the self-same shore I come again,
And now the sword of vengeance falls on me!—
Thy mildness too I praise, since unto her
Thou hast given death already; that she lived not
To recognize the once-loved of her soul,
In madness' frightful image! Now draws near
Thy punishment on me; yet I adore.
Alas! thank thee.—On! let me ascend the rocks,
For in the shade a horror seizes me:
I would look once more on the glorious sun,
That emblem of eternal grace, and then,
Will play with better hopes!

He then mounts upon the cliff and disappears. The scene changes, and shews an open view towards the sea; on one side rocks; Matilda's body lies on the shore; Ulrick kneels beside her; his harp leans on the rock. After a pause, he rises slowly up.

Ulrick. Hush, hush!
Awake her not. Heave gently up and down,
Ye restless waves. Speak mild and whisperingly,
Ye kinder west-winds. See, I have her now,
The long-sought once again; yet she sleeps soundly!
'Tis well, for she is wearied. Truly seems it
A long and fearful interval, since last
I saw her. But why look'st thou now so wan
And fearful? 'Tis with tears, perchance, that thus
Thy dark locks are so moist,—alas! some grief
Hath come upon thee; or is't but a dream
That weighs on thee so heavily?—Yet, whate'er
Thine eyes have in that trance beheld, methinks
It can be nought of evil, for thy heart
Is angel pure. Shall I then sing thee, love,
A song to sooth thee? Or, 'twere better far
To bring a bloom-branch from the thickets there.
To adorn her bed,—olive and palm boughs,—'twill
Rejoice her when she wakes. But watch the while,
Ye friendly west-winds,—watch her and be silent!

SCENE VIII.

Count Holm enters, returning from the rocks.

Count. Where is that shape gone, that even now I saw
Here moving on the shore? What burden, too,
Was that he laid upon the sand?—Oh Heaven!
Matilda! Do I see thee yet again?
Sleep on!—Sleep spares thee many a cruel pang
Of sorrow!—Has the sea then given thee back
To earth again, refusing to deface
That beauteous form,—that, when I live no more
To weep thy fate, one grave might yet unite us?

[*Seeing the body.*

SCENE IX.

Ulrick returns with some green branches.

Ulr. Away! Wake not my wife!

Count. (*Starting up.*) Ha! who has dared——?

Ulr. Hush! speak more softly—See, how calm she sleeps!—

Count. Ay, truly! Would that rest were mine! But now
I am awake indeed, and horribly,
All things are clear'd to me. Fit termination
It were, if thou, since I am at the goal,
Fulfill'dst thy just revenge. Too well I know
Those features now. They tell me who thou art,
And all that thou hast suffer'd.

Ulr. Look not thus,
So stiff and sternly on me. Looks like these
Strike deeply to the heart. It seems almost
As if I knew thee—almost as if I once
Rashly ran chances with thee. Tell me, then,
What is thy name?

Count. Oh madness, from him veil
The truth!

Ulr. It must have *once* been dear to me;
For while I look on thee, I feel, methinks,
As in old times, when I had just received
The greeting of a distant friend. Hear then,
My name is Ulrick. Tell me *thine*, and I
Perchance may recollect more.

Count. (*Much moved.*) Oh, my Ulrick!

Ulr. Nay, thou art Holm!—Where have you tarried, then,
So long and silently? My heart was grieved,
And miss'd you sadly. Therefore be at last
Heartily welcomed! When *she* wakes again,—
My wife, I mean,—she too will greet you kindly.—
How shall I, meanwhile, play *alone* the part
Of hospitable courtesy? There, take
This green bough,—'tis an olive branch,—a token
Of peace betwixt us.

[*Gives him a branch.*

Count. Ulrick! and to *me*
Thou givest this token?—Oh too noble heart,
Whose grace and mildness Madness cannot conquer!
Wouldst thou thus from the Book of Crimes efface
My name so lovingly, that the last Judge
May not observe or hear it? And dost thou,
Even o'er the dear remains of her whom once
I sever'd from ~~thine~~ arms, reach to me now
The pledge of friendship? Oh for her sake, then,
And for our child's, forgive me!

[*Suddenly recollecting himself.*

Now, indeed,
Must he be summon'd. Fearful would it be,
If unprepared, he found his parents thus !

[*Exit.*

The Count having thus gone in search of Walter, Ulrick is left alone with the body.—With the following scene we close our extracts :

SCENE X.

Ulric. Wherefore,—for whose sake now,
Has he departed ?—Fled ?—How then ? Did not
Some one already leave me ? Was I not
Long time deserted and forlorn ? If I
Could rightly call to mind,—no, *here* it was not,
That our dear cottage stood.—Wake, wake, Matilda,
And let us go from hence ! What ! hear'st thou not
That scream of terror from our son ? Even now
They steal him from us.—Ah ! she hears me not.
Heavy as lead, that slumber rests upon her.
Holm, too, tried to awake her ;—but why, then,
When I pronounce that name, should I thus tremble ?
Count Holm—departed ! Holm—elopement—flight !
Fear comes on me ; we must away ! Home, home !
No moment must be lost. The weltering sea
Is mine old trusty friend, and safely now
Will bear us thither. (*Joyfully*) Would'st thou ask what ship
Waits for us here ? Know, then, I am a songster ;
And dolphins merrily through the blue waves
Will bear us on. Come, come Matilda, courage !
Here must we not remain ; for Holm again
Would rouse thee from thy slumber. Then the harp
Must we bear with us ; nobly shall we travel
With music and with song to cheer the way.
Come, come, let's mount the steps, and from on high
Summon our gallant fleet.

He takes the harp, and ascends boldly to a jutting abutment of the precipice, then strikes some full deep chords.

They do perceive my notes. Joyfully now
Their hands are greeting me. Hark, then, good friends—
I bring to you my beauteous wife ; for you
I do confide in wholly, and to you
Will sing celestial music, if you but
Can bring us safely, softly home.—Take, then,
These verdant boughs, with them adorn your heads ;
As for a festival.—

(*Throws them into the sea.*

The multitude
Throng more and more together—"Come," they cry,
"Come down !" Then I'll be there anon ;
But first the harp I give you !—

(*Throws it down, and then hastily returns to the body.*

Wilt thou not
Awake, Matilda ?—Well !—so slumber on
In peace ;—our journey will be quickly past,
And thou shalt wake more joyfully at home,
There press me to thy bosom once again,
With a bride's ardour.—

(*Lifts her up.*

Slowly—softly, now,
I raise thee up, and gently give thee, too,
To the gay comrades of our watery way,
And all the while thou know'st not what is done.—

(*He mounts with her to the brink of the precipice.*

Sleep, sweetest wife!—sleep on!—Ha, there he comes!—
 Nimbly and rapidly, ye dolphins, now,
 Will you receive us. How the waters foam
 And roar!—Away!—why should we tarry here?—
 Home let the songster go—home, home!

(He leaps with the body into the sea.)

After this catastrophe, remain eight pages of the tragedy, in the course of which Count Holm is persuaded to live, though but for penitence and repentance; and the attachment of Dorothea and Walter receives the sanction and blessing of their surviving relations.

The success of this hasty sketch on the German stage depends, no doubt, as much on the mere action and scenery, as on any more intrinsic merit; but it must be observed, that the extreme accuracy and elegance of Houvald's *rhymed* versification atones in great measure to the reader or auditor for many deficiencies. The ear and eye

are both provided for; but to imitate such rhythm in our language would, of course, never do; for productions bearing the name of dramatic must be written like those that are acted, and rhyme is very properly banished from our stage. Yet a literal translation of these rhymes into English blank verse, however inadequate, and in some respects unjust to the original author, bears generally a considerable resemblance to the style of our old English writers, such as Marlow, Webster, &c., and by *their* admirers, our "Hörn Germanicæ" will be read with most indulgence and interest.

FRAGMENT. FROM THE SWEDISH OF J. H. G. AKENTHIAL.

No crown of bays I seek, nor sparkling holly,—
 But withered leaves, the gift of melancholy.

III.

Ay, *withered leaves*, an emblem meet, I ween
 Of early hopes—like them all wither'd now;
 Of sunny days, and blossoms that *have been*,
 Meeter for me than yew or cypress' bough,—
 For they, though Sorrow's emblems, are yet green.
 And may no fellowship with death avow,
 Save that by fancy given. But from the wreathes
 Here strew'd around, deep inspiration breathes.

IV.

'They speak, though dead, of life once bright and gay,
 (When o'er their dusky heaps in mockery,
 Comes floating through the clouds a transient ray,)
 And therefore too, unto my watchful eye,
 Even like the faint gleams of a wintry day,
 Come visions of the past. Ere yet they fly,
 Oh, might I, with a rash and hurried grasp,
 One leaf amid the blooming scenery clasp!

R.

* * We have received a translation of a poem of considerable length by this author, from which these introductory lines are copied. It is entitled "A Winter Night's Dream," and is to be found in the "Phosphoros," for November, 1814.

THE BROKEN BRIDGE.

It was a lovely autumn morn,
 So indistinctly bright,
 So many-hued, so misty clear,
 So blent the glitt'ring atmosphere,
 A web of opal light !

The morning mist, from the hill-top,
 Sail'd off—a silv'ry flake ;
 But still in the under vale it lay,
 Where the trees peer'd out, like islands grey,
 Seen dimly at the dawn of day,
 On a waveless, pearly lake.

And, again, where we climb'd the woody rise.
 That Boldre Church doth crown,
 The filmy shroud was wafted by,
 And, rejoicing in his victory,
 The dazzling sun look'd down.

We reach'd the church, (a two-mile walk)
 Just as the bell begun—
 Only the clerk was station'd there,
 And one old man, with silver hair,
 Who warm'd him in the sun.

A grave-stone for his seat ; one-hand
 On his old staff leant he :
 The other fondly dallyed
 With the bright curls of a young head,
 That nestled on his knee.

The child look'd up in the old man's face—
 Look'd up and laugh'd the while.
 Methought, 'twas a beautiful thing to see,
 The reflected light of its innocent glee,
 (Like the sunbeam on a wither'd tree)
 In the old man's quiet smile.

That simple group well harmonized
 With the surrounding scene—
 The old grey church, with its shadows deep,
 Where the dead seem'd hush'd in a sounder sleep,
 And all beyond, where the sun shone bright,
 Touching the tombstones with golden light,
 And the graves with emerald green.

And a redbreast, from the oaks hard by,
 His joyous matins sung ;
 That music wild, contrasting well
 The measured sound of the old church-bell,
 In its low square tower that swung.

I look'd, and listen'd, and look'd again,
 But word spake never a one ;
 And I started like one awakened
 From a trance, when my young companion said,
 " Let's walk till the bell has done."

So we turn'd away, by the path he chose,
 At the impulse of boyish will—
 Leaving the church-yard to the right,
 High up, it brought us soon in sight
 Of the deep stream so sparkling bright.
 That turns old Hayward Mill.

A lovely spot! but not, *therefore*,
 Young Edmund's choice I doubt;
 No, rather that with barbed snare,
 For sport he oft inveigled there
 The perch and speckled trout.

Stopt was the noisy mill-wheel now,
 Snareless the rippling brook,
 And up the finny people leapt,
 As if they knew that danger slept,
 And Edmund, he had well nigh wept
 For lack of line and hook.

"Look what a fish!—the same, I'll swear,
 That I hook'd yesterday—
 He's a foot long from head to tail—
 The fellow tugg'd like any whale,
 And broke my line.—It's very true,
 Though you laugh, Miss!—*You* always do,
 At every thing I say."—

"Nay, gentle Coz! I did but smile—
 But—*was* he a foot long?"—

"Ay, *more*—a foot and half, near two.—
 There, there—there's no convincing *you*.
 One might as well, to an old shoe,
 Go whistle an old song."—

"Gramercy, Coz! I only *ask'd*
 In admiration strong."—

"Ay, but you *look* at one so qucer,—
 Oh! that I had my tackle here,
 You should soon see.—Well, never fear,
 I'll have him *yet*, ere long."—

"Ay, doubtless—but, dear Edmund! *now*
 Be murder'ous thoughts far hence;
 This is a day of peace and rest,
 And should diffuse in every breast,
 Its holy influence."

Such desultory chat we held,
 Still idly sauntering on
 T'wards the old crazy Bridge, that led
 Across the stream by the mill-head;—
 "Hey day!" said I, "'tis gone!"

And gone it was—but planks and piles
 Lay by, a fresh-brought load;
 And, till a better bridge was made,
 Flat stones across the stream were laid,
 So one might pass dry-shod—

One with firm foot, and steady eye,
 Dry-shod might cross the brook;
 But *now*, upon the further side,
 A woman and a child we spied;
 And *those* slippery stones the woman eyed,
 With vex'd and angry look.

And the child stood there—a pretty boy—
 One seven years old seem'd he;
 And lithe as a little fawn,
 And I marvell'd much, that he sprang not on
 With a boy's activity.

But his head hung down, like a dew-bent flower,
 And he stood there helplessly ;
 And the woman—an old ill-favoured crone—
 Scowl'd at him, and said, in a sharp, cross tone,
 " You're always a plague to me."—

" What ails you, my little man ?" said I ;
 " Such a lightsome thing as you,
 Should bound away, like a nimble deer,
 From stone to stone, and be over here,
 Before one could well count *two*."

The child look'd up—To my dying day
That look will haunt my mind—
 The woman look'd too, and she tuned her th roa.
 (As she answer'd us) to a softer note,
 And, says she, " The poor thing's blind !

" His father (who's dead) was my sister's son—
 Last week, his mother died too ;—
 He's but a helpless thing you see,
 Yet the parish has put him upon me,
 Who am but ill to do.

" And his mother made him more helpless still,
 Than else he might have been ;
 For she nursed him up like a little lamb,
 That in winter time has lost its dam,
 Such love was never seen !

" To be sure, he was her only one—
 A sickly thing, you see—
 So she toil'd and toil'd to get him bread,
 And to keep him neat—'twas her pride, she said—
 Well ! 'tis a hard thing, now she's dead,
 To have him thrown on *me*.

" And now we shall be too late for church,
 For he can't get over—not he ;
 I thought the old bridge did well enough,
 But they're always at some alt'ring stuff,
 Hind'ring poor folks like *we*."

I look'd about, but from my side
 Edmund was gone already,
 And, with the child clasp'd carefully,
 Across the stream back bounded he,
 With firm-foot, light and steady.—

" And the woman," said I, " won't you help her too ?
 Look where she waits the while."—
 " Hang her—old cat !—if I do," quoth he,
 " To souse her into the midst, 'twill be !"
 For my life, I could not but smile,

So we left her to cross as best she might,
 And I turn'd to the sightless child,—
 His old white hat was wound about
 With a rusty crape, and fair curls waved-out,
 On a brow divinely mild.

The tears still swam in his large blue eyes,
 And hung on his sickly cheek—
 Those eyes, with their clouded vacancy,
 That looked towards, but not at me,
 Yet spoke to my heart more touchingly
 Than the brightest could ever speak.

I took his little hand in mine,
 ('Twas a delicate, small hand,)
 And the poor thing soon crept close to me,
 With a timid familiarity
 No heart could e'er withstand.

By this time the woman had hobbled up—
 "Ah, Goody!—what, safe ashore?"
 Quoth Edmund—"I knew, without help from me,
 You'd paddle across"—askance look'd she,
 But spoke not a word; so in company,
 We moved on to church all four.

But I felt the child's hand (still clasp'd in mine)
 With a shrinking dread compress'd—
 "Do you love to go to church?" I said—
 "Yes," and he hung down his little head—
 "But I love the church-yard best."

"The church-yard! my little fellow—and why?
 Come, tell me why, and how?"—
 "Because—because—" and the poor thing
 Sobb'd out the words, half-whispering—
 "'Cause mammy is there now."

Feelings, too deep for utterance,
 Thrill'd me a moment's space;
 At last—"My little friend," said I,
 "She's gone to live with God on high,
 In Heaven, His dwelling-place;—
 "And if you're good, and pray to him,
 And tell the truth alway,
 And bear all hardships patiently,
 You'll go there too."—"But when?" said he.
 "Shall I go there to-day?"—

"Nay, you must wait till God is pleased
 To call you to his rest."—
 "When will that be?" he ask'd again—
 "Perhaps not yet, my child!"—"Oh! then
 I love the church-yard best."

And to the church-yard we were come,
 And close to the church-door,
 And the little hand I held in mine,
 Still held, loth was I to resign,
 And from that hour, the face so mild,
 And the soft voice of that orphan child,
 Hath haunted me ever more.

THE AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF TIMOTHY TELL,

SCHOOLMASTER OF BIRCHENDALE.

No. III.

CHAPTER IX.

WE travelled the whole of the day ; nor did we stay to take any rest at night ; but continued to pursue our route without let or hinderance, other than stopping for the necessary periods of meals, at the different places in our road. Notwithstanding the rapidity with which I was wafted through the country by this admirable machine, I failed not to mark every thing that attracted my notice ; and I feel aware, that those benevolent personages, who have accompanied me thus far on my pilgrimage, have a right to all the observations I made by the wayside. I regret indeed, for their sake, that they are so few ; but from the conformation of the vehicle, my range of sight was necessarily limited, and indeed my attention was very much attracted to the interior of the coach, by the novelty of intercourse with other strangers, whose conversation and manners were to me as great curiosities as the Unicorn or the Mammoth would be to mere travelled gentlemen. I took particular notice of the state of the country through which I passed, and was struck with the signs of luxury and prosperity which everywhere met my eye. At first I kept a reckoning of every gentleman's-seat, village, and town, through which we passed ; but when I had multiplied the knots on my handkerchief till the price was exhausted, I was forced to abandon my inventory ; and I am therefore unable to inform my reader of the sum total between my native village and the metropolis. The face of the country seemed varied—we sometimes ascended hills, but I think quite as often came down again. I honestly confess, (I wish all travellers would do the same,) that I saw but very little, and it would be very unfair to expect me to describe what I have not seen ; but we went so extremely fast, that the whole country, hedges and all, seemed to be running away from us, the which when I noticed, and expressed my astonishment,

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the grave gentleman in the middle assured me, he had met with the same remark in some book of travels he had read ; so that I cannot be accused of imposing on my readers the mere phantom of my own imagination. We had stopped to drink tea at a place, of which I now forget the name, and were again embarked in the vehicle ; I was deeply meditating on the event of my enterprize ; two or three of the company had nodded to sleep ; the occasional discourse between the loquacious traveller and the young lady was dropping into silence ; and the whole of the interior of the machine was quiet and composure—I was very disagreeably roused from my reverie by the Inquisitor, who had been yawning grievously for some time, and now, to divert his weariness, began to ply me with very home questions ; as to where I was going, and the nature of my business, and so forth. Unwilling to be rude, and seeing the rest of the company asleep, I ventured to tell him that I was “going to London on business of importance, appertaining to literature ;—and indeed to the welfare of society and mankind in general,” I added in a low tone of voice, for I did not like to seem assuming, or to take an air of superiority over my less-distinguished fellow-travellers.

“Doubtless, sir, doubtless,” said the middle traveller, opening his eyes, and leaning respectfully forward to catch the last words I had uttered. “I was well convinced it could be no small matter that induced you to hazard yourself on the great ocean of life, where so many slender barks are wrecked. You have already, however, met with admirers and well-wishers,” said he, bowing first to the old lady, and then to all round. “I am sure, I wish success to your enterprizes, be they what they may.”—“And that,” said the inquisitive traveller, “is to be a mystery, it seems.”—“And likely to remain so,” subjoined the last comer. The gentleman in black shrug-

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ged his shoulders, and looked very significantly, nodding, as much as to say, I knew best. "Well," said the inquisitive traveller, "for my part, I like every man to tell his business, if it's honest, and to make himself agreeable; that's my way of going through the world; and if it's not fit to be talked of, why, I suppose it had better not."—"But," said the young woman, "surely it would not be pleasant to tell every body one's private affairs."—"My dear, you must not pretend to know any thing of the world at your age. It does not look well to be so secret." The middle traveller shrugged again. I began not to like these remarks, which seemed to be aimed at me; and I could not help thinking, there must be something in my appearance which excited their suspicion. I considered what it could be—I surveyed myself from beginning to end—my buckles were properly adjusted in my shoes; which still shone with the ivory-black of my own dear village—my hose, knit by the hands of my niece, and carefully mended by the same, shewed plainly how much I was an object of solicitude to those to whom I belonged—my black breeches; (a trifle worn)—my coat and waistcoat in still better preservation—my cravat tied and folded with peculiar neatness, so far all was well; and though there might be a little air of antiquity in the fashion of my clothes, (which suited better with my age than the strange garments of the modern times,) yet I could not conceive *why* that should operate to my prejudice. All this passing through my mind, gave an appearance of confusion to my manner, which was increased by finding the eyes of all my companions turned upon me at once.

"Gentlemen," said I, a good deal embarrassed, "I solemnly assure you, on the word of an old man, that I have no secret, that is to say, (for my heart beating loudly at this moment underneath my MS. forced me to make this reservation,) no secret worth any one's knowing, or concerning themselves about, as it does not tend to the injury of any human being, but rather," I added, (I fear a little too proudly,) "very much to the benefit of all mankind."—"Why, an't you a freemason?" said the inquisitor. "No, indeed."—"A government spy, perhaps," said the new-comer. I shook

my head indignantly. "Then I'm sure I don't know, nor can't guess."—"I am not at all surprised, sir, that you should fall into the belief of this gentleman's being intrusted with the secret commissions of government, whether foreign or domestic."—"A more trusty person certainly could not be found," said the new-comer. "Certainly not," rejoined the grave gentleman. "Well," said the inquisitor, "I hope such gentlemen find it a pleasant trade; they must have some rare dirty work to do now and then. I could not abide it."—"No, sir, doubtless," said the man in black, "accustomed, as you must be, to the perfume of your own wicked deeds, all other must be intolerable."—"I don't know what you mean for to say, sir; but I'll be so bold as to tell you, that a good warm trade, do you see, is no shame to any man. I warrant you, my daughter may take her choice of some of the best matches in London—Wicked deeds forsooth! I'm not ashamed of my calling; and many a nobleman at the west end of the town, who has dipped his estate, would think there was no ill smell in the fruits of my tallow."

It now struck me, that my companions must have formed a mean opinion of my circumstances, and perhaps, however unjustly, harboured suspicion of me on the score of poverty. It is true, I had no riches to boast of; but I was desirous of shewing them how far removed was my case from one of penury. "Riches, sir," said I, "are the great stumbling-block of this life. I know not, for my part, why the poor are not as estimable as the rich, if a little money, more or less, makes all the difference. But education, sir, is the thing which makes a real distinction betwixt man and man. What is it to me that I have my pocket-book well lined with this perishable article," said I, at the same time taking out my bank-note, and twirling it round in the very eyes of my antagonist, and which I thought produced an immediate effect, "what is it to me, sir, if I have not also other qualities to distinguish me from the senseless mass of mankind?"—"I agree with you entirely," said the middle traveller; "but you need not fear being overlooked amongst the common herd, whilst you have so many distinguishing characteristics. Indeed, I

tremble to think, with your advantages of education, and the means you possess, what a dangerous engine might you become in the hands of power, if you were disposed to mischief, which I fervently trust you are not."—"London, sir, is a new world to me; but I hope to escape all its perils, and put my trust in Providence."—"A Methodist, I guess, by your way of talking," said the inquisitive traveller, sneering contemptuously. "No, sir," said I, provoked; "a Church-of-England man, and a Christian"—Like yourself, I was going to say, but on second thoughts I omitted that. "I confess," said the middle traveller, "I feel a slight impulse of curiosity myself to know the object of such a journey to such a place, so fraught with perils. I feel convinced that it must be a mission of no small interest that has drawn Mr Timothy Tell, schoolmaster of Birchendale, from his retirement for the first time."—"Sir," said I, saying with astonishment at this strange man—"Sir, who told you my name and calling? For Heaven's sake, how was I made known to you?"—"Do you think, then, this is the first time I have heard of you? True, I have never seen you before; but your fame, and that of your academy, have gone far and wide. Incognitos, sooner or later, must be dropped. Eminent men must not hope to be hid under a bushel, or to do things in a corner; for they will come to light." In a corner! thought I, and my heart throbbed with redoubled violence beneath my precious MS. In a corner! can he mean my waistcoat? What a strange unaccountable man is this, who seems, with that searching glance of his, to see through me, as it were, Heaven forbid! "In a corner, sir," I repeated; "I'm sure—what do you think?—what can you mean?"—"Nay, sir, your secret is safe in your own breast; there you have kept it snugly all the time, and there let it lie still. It does not belong to me to reveal the hoarded treasure of your bosom;" and he looked, I thought, very significantly. I involuntarily laid my hand on my breast, as if to ascertain that my precious burden was still there. "Ay, hold it fast," continued he, "or it will pop out, after all."

My alarms were redoubled. I looked round me in terror. I felt as if surrounded by malignant spirits, who

were all seeking to discover my treasure, and ready to tear it from me. I began to think the strange man must be a conjuror, and leagued with the powers of darkness. A cold damp seized me. I dared not utter another word, but sat in a sort of aguish suspense, and held fast the side of my coat on which my treasure lay, willing to be prepared for any sudden attack. No violence was offered me, however, and I began a little to recover from my fears.

And now we stopped at the foot of a steep hill, and all the passengers proposed walking up. I was glad of this, as it gave me an opportunity of drawing aside the man in black, whom I could not now approach without feelings of awe. "Sir," said I to him, "I am at a loss to divine what led you to suspect my secret, or how you knew any thing of my history. I conjure you to satisfy my doubts, and explain to me by what extraordinary means you were acquainted with my hidden treasure."—"Upon my word, you puzzle me, sir—I assure you I am not a conjuror, whatever you may think."—"Indeed, sir, upon my word, . . . I was not thinking . . . I did not suspect—" "Oh no, you only thought I was Beelzebub, or something in that way—I forgive you with all my heart. But the truth is, that I should not have known even your name, had you not let me into the secret yourself. For when you displayed your riches to us so imprudently, I saw your name written in your pocket-book; and, from your conversation, I guessed you were a schoolmaster."—"But, sir, how did you penetrate the mystery of the contents of my waistcoat?"—"Of your waistcoat!—Indeed I never suspected any particular treasure there,—except, indeed, as it enclosed a heart of primitive simplicity and worth.—But have you then a concealed treasure? of what does it consist, if I may inquire?—Come, I think you may trust me, now I have explained to you how I perform my diabolical arts." I was so much won by his manner, that, upon his promising inviolable secrecy, I told him the whole; at which I was surprised to see him laugh heartily. However, he advised me to persevere in my design, and he hoped to see me in print very soon. He declared, as soon as he saw me, he perceived something extraordinary about me, and he prophesied that literary glory awaited me;

he also very kindly gave me the address of several reviewers resident in London, whom I might find it difficult to hear of at my friend the tea-man's. We were just then summoned to the coach, where I resumed my seat with recovered tranquillity; and I drew a good omen from this fortunate rencounter with a person who had rendered me so essential a service.

At the next stage we lost all the travellers except the old lady and the tallow-chandler. At parting, the gentleman in black gave me a nod, and, wishing me success, whispered me not to trust the present company with my secret. I profited by this hint, and resisted all the attacks of the inquisitor, who, on the departure of the rest, grew ten times more loquacious, and displayed a great deal of that knowledge of the world, which a man who has lived all his life in the city of London must needs acquire.

It was just day-break, and I had been many hours in a sound sleep, when I felt some one pulling me by the sleeve; and immediately thinking of my MS. (which, indeed, was never far absent from my thoughts,) I cried out, "Help! help! murder! murder!"

till the vehemence of my own cries awaking me, I rubbed my eyes, and saw my friend the tallow-chandler staring at me with astonishment. He had been jogging my elbow to make me take the first peep at London, which we were now entering. I roused myself, and poured forth an ejaculation of thanksgiving, as I was always wont when the morning first saluted my eyes, at which the citizen looked still more surprised. He then began to point out to me every object as we approached, and displayed wonderful knowledge of the names and nature of the things we saw. Merciful Powers! what a long journey it was, even through the streets! At length the coach stopped; the citizen jumped out, the old lady followed at leisure, and I did the same. I inquired the way to my friend Hyson's, and, finding the distance was considerable, I got a porter to convey my small quantity of luggage, and who likewise served as my guide through the intricate mazes of this huge metropolis. At so early an hour, I had not to encounter the impediments of crowded streets, and I was conducted safely to the door of my friend the tea-dealer, in Pall-mall.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER some delay, my summons at the door of my friend was answered by a servant-girl, whose apparel seemed to have been very hastily flung on, and who looked quite scared at the sight of me. I asked for my friend, and found he was at home. The girl, however, would not allow me to enter till I had given my name, which she said she would take up to her master, though I assured her that he knew me well, and that I was come from a long distance on a visit to him. "A visit!" re-echoed the damsel, "I never heard of such a thing!" I bid her make haste, but it was still some time before she returned, and she then ushered me into the back-parlour, where, after waiting nearly an hour, my friend Hyson at length appeared. He greeted me with much cordiality, apologized for detaining me so long, but said that he had been with his family to the play the night before, which had made them later than usual. "But you know, added he, "our hours in London are very different to yours in the country." Now, pray, let me ask what

has brought you to town?"—"Business, my friend," replied I—"business of great importance."—"The best excuse—indeed the only one," rejoined Hyson, "for thinking of such a journey at your time of life."—"I hope not to be detained here long," said I; "and, should it not be inconvenient to you, I would willingly lodge with you during my stay."—"Most willingly," replied my friend; "you shall have the apartments immediately which are now vacant, and which will suit you exactly—for quiet and snug comfort, there are none better in London, I'll engage to say." Whereupon he showed me a chamber and sitting-room, which, he said, I should have to myself entirely. I highly approved them. "Very well, say no more. You will choose to join my table, perhaps, which will be all the same to me, and make no difference—but come, you shall have some breakfast, which I am sure you must want." This was indeed true; and we had nearly concluded our repast before Mrs Hyson made her appearance, whom I

should hardly have recognised for the buxom lass who used to be glad to foot it with me on the village-green at Birchendale. I thought her manners as little improved as her person. She had a sour look; and her reception of me was very cold; nor did she once allude to the civility I had shewn to her boys, whose education I had finished in a very superior style, and who had spent many of their vacations with me. Neither was I more pleased with her two staring daughters, who, unabashed by the terrors of my eye, which had been wont to awe the assembled population of my own village, fairly stared me out of countenance.

After breakfast, I drew my friend aside, telling him I had something for his private ear; and we accordingly adjourned to my chamber, where I proceeded to disencumber myself of my waistcoat and its ponderous contents. "Here," said I, laying my hand upon my precious cargo, "here I have a treasure—what think you it is?"—"I don't know—a round sum in bank-notes, I should guess, which you are come, perhaps, to invest in the funds; and I shall be glad to give you my opinion whether to prefer consols or five per cent navies."—"It is infinitely more valuable, my friend—but you shall see." So saying, I began to cut the stitches, while my friend looked on with an air of eager curiosity. "See," said I at last, drawing my MS. from the place of its concealment—"see this precious work!—the embryo of my future greatness!"—"And what, in the name of fortune, is it?" said Hyson, who looked exceedingly disappointed.—"It is a work which I have composed," said I; "and, to usher it properly into the world, I am now come to town, not grudging the trouble and expense to which it has necessarily put me."—"Well," said Hyson, slightly looking at the MS.; and returning it into my hands, "I am no judge of such things; but I hope you won't find you have fooled away your money."—"I nothing doubt," replied I, "that a rich harvest awaits me; to make all sure, I am going to consult some great critics, who will assist me to purge the work of any yet remaining faults." I then shewed him the directions I had been given to these sage personages, and I consulted him as to the best means of finding them, as I knew nothing of the town. He re-

commended me by all means to make my visits in a hackney-coach, as I should have otherwise many difficulties to encounter. "And let me further advise you," said he, "to leave your money in the house here for fear of accidents; for there's many a rogue in London that you would not suspect, to look at him." (And, indeed, I afterwards experienced the justice of this remark.) I approved of this idea, and, taking out my pocket-book, I locked my notes into a drawer, after shewing him the amount. He stared with astonishment. "Is this all?" said he. "All!" cried I, "yes, indeed, and I hope to carry home the better part of that sum. Under your hospitable roof I shall have so few expenses." My friend stood musing some time; at length he said, "I would recommend your entering on your business at once; for you do not know what delays may occur, and you may be detained from your home much longer than you think for—I will call a coach for you, and you may make some of your visits this very morning, and I wish you all manner of success."

I acceded to this proposal, and having wrapped my MS. in a handkerchief, when the coach came to the door I stepped into it, desiring the man to drive me to Mr —'s in — street. As I drove through the crowded streets, I called to mind my vision, and was forcibly struck by the contrast of the present scene, with my imaginary approach to the Cave of Criticism. The noise and bustle, the apparent hurry and confusion of the passengers, struck me with astonishment, and communicated a feeling of distraction to my mind; but doubtless, thought I, these sublime personages whom I seek, must have wonderful faculties of abstraction, or how, in such a place as this, can they issue forth such abstruse lucubrations! I was so occupied in gazing at the variety of strange objects which everywhere encountered my eye, that I quite forgot to arrange in my mind the speech with which I intended to propitiate the Critic, when I found I was already arrived at his door. Mr — was at home, and I was shewn into the drawing-room, where I saw a gentleman apparently not thirty years of age, wrapped in a loose dressing-gown, and stretched on a sofa; a table with a few books was placed beside him. The apartment was more elegant than anything I had ever seen; it was filled

with articles of furniture, of which I neither knew the names nor uses; and I perceived a delicious fragrance arising from numerous flower-pots of beautiful flowers, which stood here and there in this delightful room. The gentleman bowed slightly to me, without in the least rising from his recumbent posture. He looked at me for some time with a negligent air. "Pray," said he, at length, "have you any business with me?" I was quite put out; I had expected to see so totally different a personage, that the harangue I had previously meditated seemed wholly out of character; and I was endeavouring, hastily, to re-arrange my ideas according to actual circumstances. Meanwhile the gentleman continued to survey me with as much attention as seemed to belong to him; but his appearance was so languid, that I concluded he must be indisposed. "Sir," said I, at length recovering my speech, "the trumpet of your critical fame, which has sounded throughout this kingdom, has brought me from the remote county of Cumberland, to lay before you the first-fruits of a long literary life; but I much fear, from the condition in which I see you, that illness at present deprives the world of the exercise of your wondrous faculties, and I should be sorry to disturb your repose."—"Not at all, not at all," replied the gentleman with a faint smile, and in a tone of great languor, "the labour of writing, to say nothing of reading, is, indeed, almost too much for my delicate frame in this hot weather."—"Criticism must be, indeed, sir," I rejoined, "a most arduous task; it supposes such a fund of learning, such powers of attention; such faculties for the analysis of every different kind of work that comes before you; and the necessity of doing justice with strict impartiality to every author must be, indeed, laborious; and I wonder not at the state of exhaustion in which I find you."—"Eh! umph!" said the Reviewer, yawning piteously, and ringing the bell; "Cater," said he to the servant who attended, "a glass of lemonade." Cater brought it. When he sipped several times, he said, "You were saying something, I believe, sir—an, true—of the arduous nature of my studies. They are, indeed, fatiguing—you can form no conception how it annihilates me—I have just finished a critique on the last new novel, and I am

perfectly exhausted. It is as much as I can possibly do" (sipping) "to turn over a few leaves of the book I have just reviewed—which I make a point of doing—*en conscience*; and, indeed, where there is anything like a plot, it is necessary, perhaps, to read just enough to give a slight abstract of the story."—"I do not comprehend your meaning, sir.—Surely you attentively read books *before* you write the critique?"—"Eh! no, 'pon honour! I mean what I say—oh, it would never do—I should never write the critique if I was to undergo the fatigue of first reading the book. Fortunately I have a treasure in my man Cater—the fellow really has *goût*—and I make him my *avant-courier*—you understand me? He reads every thing, title-page, preface, contents, and all—and extracts the quintessence for me.—Poor Cater! 'pon honour, I pity him; but, however, I consider it handsomely in his wages."—"You astonish me, sir."—"Besides," added he, "you sit down to criticism with a mind so unprejudiced," (sipping) "when you have not seen a word of the author;" (sipping) "it's my way, 'pon honour." I sat looking amazed. "But pray, my friend, now I think of it;" added he, "what brought your very eccentric person to my house?"—"Sir, I was recommended to you as a Reviewer of great note."—"Exactly—*et puis mon am?*"—"And having a work of my own, for which I am much interested—"—"No doubt, no doubt; you bring it to me for my early attention. All I can venture to say is, that it shall appear as soon as possible; but Cater and I have a vast deal to wade through; the press groans with such swarms of these things, it absolutely annihilates me to think of the load of duty that awaits us. I must positively slip away into the country for a little while to recruit—Cheltenham or Brighton, one or the other it must inevitably be."—"But, sir," said I, "my work is the first production of my humble pen; and though I do not deem it altogether without merit, yet I have not courage to see it barbarously treated in a critical journal such as yours, sir, whose approbation is renowned—whose censure is ignominy; I wished to engage you to take my poor production under your peculiar patronage, and—"—"Oh, never fear—I am not quite a barbarian—he-he-he! but

seriously, I will be as merciful as I can, in justice to myself, you know. What is it? is it a novel? satirical or sentimental? a tale, or a poem, or a fragment? what d'ye call it? what description of trifle is it?"—"Sir," said I, somewhat warmly, "it is no trifle, as you will find;" and I handed the MS. timidly towards the sofa. "In MS.!" cried the critic, drawing back with a look of horror; "in the name of all the powers! what have I to do with these pot-hooks?"—"It is a moral and religious work, sir, in three volumes octavo, to be intitled *Pious Pieces*."—"Heaven forfend!" exclaimed the critic; "I've nothing to do with it, my good friend—you've not applied exactly to the right quarter, in this superlatively curious errand of yours. All I concern myself with, consists of the more light and airy productions of imagination; every thing in the department of elegant trifles belongs to me; and, indeed, they form the bulk of the literature of the present day, and, in their aggregate shape, amount to no trifle either—as much as I can support, I assure you. My frame," said he, casting a languishing glance over his outstretched person, "my frame is not of that Herculean class that can cope with vast tomes of dry heavy reading, my fibres are of too delicate a thread—my nervous system would be entirely deranged—the very idea nearly overwhelms me" (sips). "But, sir, if you would only do me the favour to cast your eye over my work, you would perceive it not to be altogether unworthy of your perusal; I might venture to say, you would find it neither dry nor heavy; and I trust—"—"Doubtless, oh doubtless; I should be inconceivably happy; but it is not in my vocation; 'tis not, 'pon my honour; otherwise I have not the least suspicion that I should not find it extremely edifying and entertaining."—"But, sir, it is impossible for me to think of printing my work without the sanction of an enlightened Reviewer. Anything you will have the goodness to suggest, I will alter with pleasure."—"My opinion! suggest! alter! Sir, you perfectly horrify me; I make no doubt it is all quite right—quite right, you may be assured; and when it is in print, if any little faults have escaped you, it is possible you may have the satisfaction of seeing them made quite plain to you in our next number."—

"But let me, for your own sake, sir, if not for mine, beseech you to read my MS.; you stand in the light of your own spiritual advantage; my work would speak to your immortal soul."—"My soul! Egad, this is one of the best things I have met with; a man to force himself into my house to talk to me about my soul."—"I beg pardon, sir, but I thought—" "He-he-he! why, what an antediluvian personage I seem to have the honour of addressing!—Prithee, friend, since you seem to have so tender a concern for my soul, have some little compassion upon my poor body too, and spare me the fatigue of consuming my spirits in any more discussion; I really am quite exhausted—he-he-he! wonderfully pleasant, indeed!" And he pulled the bell with some degree of energy. "Cater," said he, when the man entered, "this gentleman wishes to go; and bring me another pillow." I was so utterly confounded, that I was ushered out, and was again in the coach, before I knew I had quitted the house.

I was a good deal disconcerted by the ill success of my visit; and when I reached Pall-Mall, the traces of my chagrin were so visible on my countenance, that my friend's inquiry after the result of my expedition, seemed quite superfluous. I did not dissemble my mortification; but, as I had still some directions to other critical gentlemen, I resolved not to despair, but to hope better things from those still in store. How little indeed had my first interview corresponded with my expectations! What a contrast to my vision! "However," said I to myself, "if the department over which this gentleman presides, is so trifling a one, I need not be so much surprised that he is a trifler himself; and yet, for the literary taste of the age to be directed in any branch by such a coxcomb! To-morrow I trust will redeem the disappointment of to-day; and I hope to see the real pillars of criticism, the acknowledged oracles of public taste."

My friend Hyson took me to see several sights, and afterwards very obligingly led me into the Park, where I was much delighted. I could not help thinking that I attracted a good deal of notice, as I observed most of the people I met turned back and looked at me very attentively. I considered what could be the occasion of this, and it occurred to me that the man in black

in the coach must have betrayed my confidence, and that it was whispered abroad that I was an author. I carried myself, however, with as much humility as ever; but my friend, who had seemed somewhat annoyed by the notice I drew, rather abruptly proposed to return home. "You will excuse me, Mr Tell," said he, "but as in London all goes by appearance, I wish your clothes were of a newer fashion."—"Newer!" exclaimed I; "why, my dear friend, this is my new suit of clothes, which, though I was sorry to travel in, yet I thought most becoming the grave errand I was upon."—"Well, but the make is so quaint and old fashioned—you'll excuse me, but, upon my word, I don't like going into public with any one who looks so singular—it isn't pleasant to be so stared at—it makes people wonder who the devil one has got hold of."—"Well," said I, "I am sorry it is so; but as my stay in town is to be so short, it don't much matter that I am not in the very top of the London fashion. Why, if you were to dress me out as you do yourself, it's ten to one if one would know me again in Cumberland; and perhaps I should have my own door shut in my face." My friend laughed. "Well," said I,

"I have no wish to go into public; for I see quite as much of the place as I desire, going along the streets to the gentlemen's houses where my real business lies. I hope to complete it before long; for I already feel a little homesick."

"We returned home to dinner, which was a hurried and not very cheerful meal. Mrs Hyson and her daughters were to dress, and go to some diversion afterwards; and a discussion, not very amicable, took place upon economy and extravagance. My friend warmly advocated the cause of the former, whilst his wife defended her practice, which she would not allow included the latter; she seemed to make it out, as I understood the argument, that a system of dissipation, which was ruinous to the father, was absolutely necessary to establish the daughter's fortunes. I never was a great hand at an argument, and I might make some mistake; but I know, at the time I felt very glad to think my niece Lucy was safe at Birchendale. My friend and I were left to spend the evening together, and I soon retired to bed, for repose was indeed necessary to me, after the fatigues I had endured in my long journey."

CHAPTER XI.

My sleep was long and refreshing, and I rose to new hopes the next morning, and resolved to lose no time in the pursuit of my grand object. As soon as breakfast was over, having procured a coach, I set off alone to ——— Street, where I had been informed Dr ——— lived, who was the next luminary on my list. I was so full of what might await me, that I scarcely paid any attention this time to the crowded streets and the innumerable passengers. I stepped at the door, and was told the great man was at home. I had desired the servant to say, that a gentleman wished to speak to him on particular business, and I was accordingly ushered into the study of the Doctor, where he himself was sitting. I felt struck with awe as I entered the apartment, which was rather dark and gloomy. It had an air of deep and profound study: a number of large volumes lay open on the table before him, and the philosopher himself, seated in an arm-chair, surrounded by papers and books. He was a tall man, and wore a brown

wig, and his eyes were extremely red, as though intense study had rendered them weak. "Well, sir," said he, raising his eyes as I entered, "what may you please to want with me?" I summoned all my courage to my assistance; for this, thought I, must be he of whom the venerable being in my vision was the type. This must be indeed the mirror of criticism. I made a low obeisance, and when I had cleared my voice, I approached nearer to the chair, and said, "Most learned and critical Doctor, the noise of your fame has resounded in the vales of Cumberland, and has brought one from thence to entreat your patronage of a work, the first offspring of a long life, divided betwixt the duties of education, and the desire of literary distinction. I need not——" "Am I, sir, to understand that you are an author?" interrupted the Doctor. "I am indeed an aspirant to that proud title," said I, looking down as meekly as I could. "And you live in Cumberland, sir—a very fine country for poetic inspira-

tion—near the lakes, I presume.”—
 “No, sir,” replied I; “many miles from them; but I hope genius is not restricted to any particular district.”—
 “Oh no, sir; and doubtless you will afford a convincing proof of it. How long has your work been out? How many editions has it run through? Have I had the honour of reviewing it? You’ll excuse my seeming in haste, but as I have business of importance in hand, I wish to come to the point as soon as possible.”—“Sir,” said I, rather flurried by his manner, “my work has not as yet issued from the press, because, in fact it has never yet entered it. I did not presume to appear before the public, and submit myself to the fiery ordeal of your criticism, unless armed with your all-powerful approbation. Here is my work, sir; and should you, on perusal, think any part of it worthy of censure, I will cheerfully alter it under your directions; but should you, as I am inclined to hope, be disposed to cherish it in the beams of your admiration, I shall, with fearless confidence, present it to an enlightened public, who will doubtless sanction your verdict. Deign, then, O quintessence of criticism, to cast your—” (I was hesitating what epithet to bestow on his eyes). “I cannot conceive, sir, what you would be at,” said the critic, taking my MS. from my extended arm. And what, pray, is your object in publishing?”—
 “Fame, sir, firstly; and, secondly, profit; and I humbly beg that you will look over my work, and give me a critique of it before I publish. With such assistance—” “Good heaven, sir, what is it you imagine! and what, pray, is the nature of your work?”—
 “Religious, sir.”—“Religious! a very unprofitable article, you may be assured—Orthodox?”—“Strictly so, sir, I give you my honour.”—“Worse and worse. Twont do—twont do. Such things don’t go down now-a-days. A dose of deistical metaphysics might assist such sort of lucubrations; or you may venture on a small spice of atheism; but methodism—a good dose of methodism, is the thing; nothing pays better than methodistical works—
 —it in a new coat is worth his weight in gold any day; and whoever steals a little ore from his mine, and beats it out to any degree of tenuity, will find it pay. Depend on it, methodism is the

true thing, unless you are prepared to go the whole length of infidelity.”—
 “But my work, sir, is entitled *Pious Pieces*, and it is full of true Christian piety.”

“Piety! I tell you sir, your piety will avail you nothing, positively nothing.”—
 “But still, most learned sir, if you would only condescend to point out the faults to me, (and I cannot conceive it would be a laborious office,) my work would go to the press quite perfect, and you can praise it as much as you please when it comes to its turn.”—“Faults, sir! praise! You astonish me! Do you think we wish faults corrected? Why, don’t we live by faults? And as to praise, do you think a Reviewer can afford to praise one-twentieth part of the books that come under his hands, if they were all absolutely immaculate? Who, do you imagine, would read a single number of our Critical Journals, if praise was the article we dealt in.”—“But this once, sir, my first production.”—“No, sir, excuse me—I have enough to do without revising the works of every poor dusty devil of an author, who can’t keep his pot-hooks out of the press. No, sir—you must take your chance along with the rest of your brethren. I make no doubt your work is full of all manner of good things, and very tastily written, and so on; but I have nothing to do with unpublished works—nothing. No, sir, I have no authority to summon you to my tribunal on *this* side of the Rubicon—I would say, sir, that river of printing-ink, which swells into a fuller tide than ever in these days; but dare to pass that stream, and we have you fast. You are ours by all the laws of property, and it depends solely on our sovereign will and pleasure, what figure you shall make in the face of the world. I confess, Mr What’s-your-name, I have in me rather too much of the milk of human kindness for the profession I have adopted; but there are many of my confraternity who would take delight in cutting up your quarto into a few sheets, reduce your octavos to shreds and tatters, and shiver your duodecimos to atoms. They will write down a tremendous folio with one stroke of their pen—” (and he brandished his formidable weapon in the air with trifling dexterity,) “and if there should chance to be more original merit in the book, than can pos-

sibly be hidden with one *coup de main*, he is dubbed a plagiarist—the reader is referred to works of the sixteenth century, or huge folios, that we well know none will ever be at the trouble of searching, and so on through every page, till he is stripped of every word, line, and thought; and the poor shivering devil is left as bare as my hand, without a rag of originality to cover him, and nothing but his title-page to bless himself with. Great, sir, great is the power of criticism, ably directed. I hope I have not alarmed you."

I had indeed turned pale, and I felt my limbs tremble.

"But, sir," continued the critic, "since you have taken the trouble to come all the way out of Cumberland on purpose to consult me about your work, (though it is morally impossible I can have leisure to read a word of it,) yet I am willing to do all I can for you. As you have thought fit to write a work on Piety, as you call it, why, the evil is done, and you must make the best of it; but I candidly tell you, it's an unsaleable article. There are things going, as I tell you, of the same kind, in so much more piquant a taste. On the other hand, a work brimful of new and bold impiety, might chance to make your fortune. All I can do for you, if you choose it, is to give the thing a little turn when the subject comes under my hands. I can hint that the author of this work comes before us in a mask of religion, while he is laying a train of infidelity which will blow up in our faces, when we least think of it. I can quote a few passages judiciously here and there from your Pious Pieces, and never fear but I'll show every reader the mask as large as life, and discernible to the dullest capacity—ha, ha, ha! It is astonishing how we lead readers by the nose. Or, if you should prefer still greater eminence, I can introduce you to the public as a monster of infidelity, open and avowed, born and bred in these shocking atheistical modern times. I should, in that case, make no quotations—whatever, but simply write a brilliant article on the dangerous tendency of your principles, and the generally increasing scepticism of the times—warn all descriptions of persons, of all ages and both sexes, to beware how they open a page of your book, &c. &c. and I'll ensure you a ~~copy~~ in a month. Take your

choice, sir—that is positively all I can in conscience undertake for you."—"You are very good indeed, sir," said I, sighing from the bottom of my heart, "and I dare say may mean to serve me. I thank you all the same; but it would not suit Timothy Tell, after living sixty and odd years in the way of godliness, to turn round to the devil all of a sudden. What would they say of me in Cumberland?"—"Well, sir, just as you please; it's no concern of mine—every man must go his own way—I have told you what I think most likely to benefit your case. If you don't like it, you can print at your peril—you won't be the first miserable victim of critical severity, who has been hung up to public derision in a Review. You will find yourself in a very respectable majority. For my own part, I seldom deal with articles in the religious line—I take the higher departments of criticism. There's my friend in — Street, for the most part, takes that upon him—heavy work in general. I hope you will find him merciful, that's all I can wish you, when your work comes before him."—"Then perhaps he would do me the favour to look over my MS. and correct."—"Correct a MS. work! Catch a Reviewer doing such a thing, if you can. What a preposterous idea! Why, sir, you might just as well ask me very civilly to cut my own throat! I see plainly you don't the least understand the nature of these things; perhaps now, in the simplicity of your belief, you imagine that I give praise or blame to each performance according to my judgment—Mere simplicity of yours. In pity to your ignorance, I will venture to reveal to you some of the mysteries of our art. Why, sir, in every number of ours, the laws of criticism demand a certain quantity of witty satire, venomous sarcasm, malicious irony, bitter invective, and so forth; these ingredients, judiciously mingled together, and dashed with a little jot of praise here and there, (where it can be safely bestowed without lowering our reputation,) make up, generally speaking, that most learned, useful, and popular work, called a Review. Now, sir, according to our immutable laws, a great deal depends on the relative position of any particular work. Should it fortunately chance to follow an article on which we had unsparingly bestowed our keenest lashes,

we might possibly afford to throw away a few kindly expressions—a neat work—good intentions; no doubt the author more anxious to do good than to amuse, and so on. Observe, sir, I would not promise as much, but I say it might so happen. I am sure you are aware that the dignity of criticism must be maintained. Are we not the acknowledged beacons of taste, in all departments of literature, and have you sufficiently considered what would become of its interests, if we, the guardians of public taste, were to be easily pleased? Pray, where are the men in these days who take the trouble, or have the courage, to think for themselves? Who asks what an author says? *What does the Review say?* that is the question, sir. It is the Reviewer's dictum that stamps the work. A poor author who commits himself to the press, is like the lion's keeper, who unmuzzles the spectators by putting his head into the mouth of the savage, and it behoves him as anxiously to inquire whether the lion wags his tail. A Review is like a military government, despotic and severe, and our motto is that maxim of the tyrant, *Odriunt dum mutant*.—But I beg pardon, sir, I expect a gentleman on business of importance within five minutes, and I have a long article to finish. Have I had the pleasure to satisfy you?"

I was perfectly discomfited, and buttoning my rejected MS. into my pocket, and bowing less profoundly than before, I sorrowfully withdrew.

Keenly as I felt this second disappointment, I endeavoured to rally my spirits, and determined to seek the abode of the gentleman whose name was next on my list, early on the following morning, and I promised myself I would leave nothing unsaid, no eloquent topic unpleaded, which might avail me in my application. It is true, I had been much shocked at what I had heard from the learned Doctor; but I was willing to hope that he was an exception to the generality—that he was a lamentable anomaly—that the frightful principles he had discovered to me were not known beyond his own practice, and that the picture he had drawn of a fellow-labourer in the critical vineyard, was done to amuse himself with the contemplation of my terrors, rather than a sketch from nature. I sallied forth, therefore, the next day, with revived spirits, and, taking a

coach, was soon set down at the door of the Rev. Mr——, in —— Street. This reverend gentleman, thought I, is doubtless my appointed friend and patron. From him I shall learn all that Christianity can teach its most enlightened professors. I rang the bell—"Is your master within?"—"Not at home," was the reply—"Not at home!" cried I; "how unlucky!" The servant slammed the door violently; and now I wished I had inquired when Mr—— would be at home. I ventured to ring again—"Pray when will your master return?" The man stared, and very insolently telling me he could not stand there to be asked questions, he again shut the door in my face. Thus repulsed, I was obliged to retire, but I determined to return in an hour, and desired the man to drive me to St Paul's, of which I had often heard, and much wished to be able to describe to my friends in Cumberland. When arrived there, I was astonished at its size and magnificence, and was no longer surprised that people should flock to London, attracted by the vicinity of so noble an edifice. That I might have still more to relate of this wonderful town, I desired to be driven through many of the principal streets and squares, and my mind was lost in astonishment at their endless variety and extent, and the immense concourse of passengers with which they were incessantly thronged—all wearing such a look of intense hurry and bustle, that I could not forbear at first asking the coachman if any thing was the matter, but he did not seem to comprehend me; and indeed I found the same thing throughout London, which seemed inhabited by a race of beings totally different from those of my native county. I could have staid all day to gaze on the strange groups I saw before me; but my ear was suddenly charmed with the tones of a delightful melody near me. I stopped the carriage to listen, and it was some time before I discovered that it proceeded from a machine, attached to an itinerant musician, and produced by the single turning of a wheel. I was so rivetted to these sweet sounds, (which far exceeded our Sunday music in our church at Birchendale,) that I had ordered the coachman to follow in the direction it was moving—when, looking at my watch, I found the day far spent, and I hastily bade him return

to- - Street; and anxiety for my MS. once more absorbed every other feeling.

I resumed my attempt at the door of Mr —, and met with the same ill success, the servant giving me precisely the same answer as before. I was now obliged to go back to Pall-Mall; and next day I recommenced my efforts to penetrate into this inaccessible Cave of Criticism. Twice did I appear at his door, and twice was I repulsed; but it was at last suggested to me by my friend Hyson, that I had better send my MS. to this gentleman in a parcel, accompanied by a letter to explain the object of my visits. I approved this idea, and wrote accordingly, stating my wishes, and entreating his favourable perusal of my work; and saying, I would call for it soon. I wrote as persuasive a letter as I possibly could, and then very reluctantly prepared to part with my MS., which I enclosed in many folds, and then once more presented myself at the Critic's door; and when I had received the accustomed response, I gave into the man's hand my parcel, begging he would deliver it to his master the moment he returned. No sooner had I parted with my treasure than I felt very uncomfortable, and wished I had not trusted it in other hands. It had been my constant companion, my bosom friend; and Heaven only knew what might befall it when absent from me. But I put away such intrusive fears as well as I could; and in order the better to cheer and divert my mind, I bid the man drive me through the city, that I might see the whole extent of London; and afterwards I desired him to conduct me to the Tower, which I also wished to see. When we were arrived there, I got out of the carriage, and surveyed it very intently. I asked the man, who lived there. "Why, there's nothing lives there," replied he, "but the wild beasts and the beef-eaters, and the crown and all the jewels. You never see'd such a fine place before, I'll warrant me." As we were thus standing about and talking, I saw a well-dressed gentleman and lady walking slowly backwards and forwards, and stopping near us. It had just begun to rain. "A very stupendous building that, sir," said the gentleman—"I say you are admiring it for the first time, like ourselves—I can't tell this lady away

—but we must hasten, for I see a storm is coming." "Dear me," said the lady, "is that your coach, sir?"—"Yes, madam," returned I, "but you are welcome, and I hope will both do me the honour of taking a place in it."—"Oh, I could not think of intruding—not for worlds."—"I beg, ma'am, you will not say a word—pray, sir,"—the rain coming on at that moment, cut short the argument, and we all three got in. We had a great deal of conversation, and my two companions made themselves very agreeable: They said they were strangers in London like myself, and that they were making the tour of the sights for the first time. They asked me if I had seen such and such places—of which I was obliged to confess my ignorance. "Have you not seen Westminster Abbey?" said the gentleman. I was obliged to answer in the negative. "Dear, you surprise me," said the lady—"it was our first object—I'm sure you'll be vastly pleased—it's so grand and so solemn—I declare I always feel so. I don't know how, there, whenever I go and hear the music; I should vastly like to live there." I expressed a great wish to see it; and they proposed very obligingly that I should call on them next day, and make a party to see it with them. I agreed most readily to this; and they gave me their direction in Wimpole Street. The rain having now ceased, the gentleman, addressing the lady, said they need be no longer troublesome to me; and with many acknowledgments of my civility, we parted: the gentleman particularly testified great warmth towards me, and gave me a very cordial embrace. I thought with much pleasure of my new acquaintance and the scheme we had formed, and I was reflecting with satisfaction, that my unfashionable appearance had no effect whatever on their benevolence towards me, when I stopped in Pall-Mall. Hyson was looking out for me. "I am glad to see you, Mr Tell," said he, "I began to think something must have happened to you."—"O no," said I, "I have spent my time in some very agreeable company; but sure it is not late," said I, pulling out my watch, or rather attempting to do so; for what words can pourtray my vexation—my astonishment—when I found it was gone—"What is the matter?" said Hyson. "My watch—Oh, heavens! my watch—my poor father's silver watch!" cried

I, in a most piteous tone—"what can have become of it?"—"I should not wonder if I could give a guess," said the hackney coachman. "Where is it?" said I, delighted. "Why, at the pawnbroker's by this time; I'd lay my life that man has got it, that you took into the coach at the Tower; I'm sure—thought you wanted your pocket picked—I never see'd a man look more like a sharper than that." I stood in utter dismay. "Oho!" said my friend, "so this is the company you have found so agreeable. Well, I'm sorry for it—but it's lucky 'twas only a silver watch."—"Lucky!" said I, "I would not have taken any money for it—no, not three times its value: 'twas my poor father's—I would not have taken L.50 for it."

My friend blamed the extravagance of estimating any thing above its intrinsic value: "But come," said he, "pray pay the coachman, and come to dinner." I accordingly put my hand into my waistcoat-pocket; but here a new misfortune awaited me, and I found my little stock of silver was gone after my watch. "What!" said Hyson, "they've disburdened you of your cash too—likely enough, indeed—it's well I kept your notes—come, I must advance you the money:" so saying, he paid the

coachman, "and now," said he, "you must give us at dinner the detail of your adventure—it's wonderfully good in the wholesale." I satisfied his curiosity, of which, however, I repented; for he laughed so outrageously, that, what with his ridicule, and the tittering of the ladies, I could but ill endure a calamity which was in itself but too grievous. "Indeed," said Hyson, "I hope this work of yours will turn out well, and repay you handsomely, otherwise I'm afraid you will think you came to town on a fool's errand."—"I hope the best," said I; "but this misfortune quite overwhelms me—my dear father's old watch—who could have suspected such a thing—forty years have I worn it constantly at my side: what will Lucy say?—Oh, it was well done not to bring her here—I should never have brought her safe out of this place. I found it too great an effort to support any conversation; and I withdrew as soon as I could to my own chamber, where I gave vent in solitude to the feelings which I could not repress.—Sleep, however, that great balm of sorrow, came at length to my relief—though it was disturbed by dreams in which the loss of my watch was still the predominant horror."

CHAPTER XII.

I HAD now only one name on my card, besides that gentleman's whose door I had so pertinaciously besieged the preceding days. I now determined to repair to this last address, in order, in the meanwhile, to give the Rev. Mr. — sufficient time for the perusal of my work. I went accordingly to — Square. Mr. — was at home. The servant took up my name; and after some considerable delay I was admitted, and shewn up stairs into a room, where I was surprised to see daylight excluded; the shutters were shut, and candles on the table—books, pictures, globes, telescopes, cases of instruments, were lying about the room—and I also observed a great variety of birds of all kinds, stuffed and displayed in different parts of the chamber: but what particularly attracted my attention (as it forcibly recalled the circumstances of my vision) was a huge pair of scales resting on a table, before which a person was sitting in a very large arm-chair: he was, indeed, rather reclining than sitting, his arms were folded on

his breast, his head was thrown back, and his look directed upwards; one leg was flung over the arm of the chair, and the other was stretched out, and supported by a small table near him. There was something so strange and striking in the appearance of this figure, that I felt a sensation of fear, and stopped at the door, unable to approach this extraordinary person, who seemed buried in deep meditation. "This," thought I to myself, "is the true critic—this looks like real learning: life and its busy concerns—nay, the very light of day is denied admission to his privacy: what an honour do I enjoy!" Just then, the sage, on perceiving me, gave a sudden start, which made me jump; and changing his contemplative attitude, he threw his eyes slowly round the room. I had now a full view of his face: he had a black silk cap, which was pulled very low on the forehead—a pair of green spectacles shaded his eyes; he was robed in a loose black gown, which he gathered round him in folds as he slowly rose from his

seat. He took a candle in his hand, and advancing in measured steps, at length came up close to me, and stood intently fixed upon my countenance for the space of several minutes. I felt a good deal confused at this examination: I had not courage to raise my eyes to his—but looked down, awaiting what should follow. At length, when he was satisfied with this investigation of my features, he withdrew the light, and then still standing, said, in a deep impressive voice, “An author, I believe, if my prognostics do not deceive me.” I bowed profoundly in reply. “And,” said he again, raising the candle so near my face that I could not help flinching, “if there be any truth in the science of presentiments, I behold a great theologian.” I bowed again, though I confess it went a little against my conscience to appropriate the whole of the compliment. “Be seated, sir, I beg,” said the Critic, condescending to draw a chair near to his own, in which he re-seated himself with an air of great dignity; then turning his spectacled eyes full upon me—“I confess I had no forewarning that I was so soon to receive the honour of a visit from so delectable a divine; though I had accurate information of the invaluable acquisition which the republic of letters have recently made in a scholar so profound.”—“Ye amaze me, sir,” said he in a voice trembling with pleasure, “that the name of so obscure an individual—” “Call not yourself obscure,” cried the Reviewer, in a loud tone; “it is high treason to the literary profession which you have embraced; and the path which nature and choice have pointed out to you, is one of the noblest and most laudable in all the walks of literature.”—“Thank heaven,” cried I, mentally. “I have at last met with a Christian in the shape of a Reviewer!”—“It is only, I think, within the last few months, that you have conceived the design of your work?”—“About that time, sir.”—“And you have actually concocted a work on divinity?”—“Yes, sir, if I may so say.”—“And you are about to publish it, sir?”—“Even so, sir,” said I, with increasing wonder, though I presume not even to guess how such circumstances have become known to you.”—“There is nothing, sir, however remotely connected with the great interests of literature, that does not immediately reach my ear. You are to learn, sir, that

I not only know who are writing, but I have intelligence of who are about to write: I know the secret history of every book that issues from the press; I can tell every circumstance belonging to it, from the birth of the first idea in the author's teeming brain, to the last stroke of the fairly copied MS. Nothing, sir, is unknown to me; to great powers nothing is impossible—Impossible, is a word, sir, which it is not in my capacity to understand—it is the only problem which I cannot demonstrate. But allow me to inquire into the honour you confer on me by this visit; for I confess that my foreknowledge has left me in the dark on that point.”

I was delighted with the courtesy of his manners; my wildest dreams of literary ambition had not anticipated so much honour, and I seemed now near the accomplishment of my best hopes. I explained to him, as respectfully as I could, the dread and reverence in which I held himself and his brethren; and that I had come to town with my work, from such a distance, in order to crave the previous criticism of some of the learned reviewers, and to entreat the promise of a favourable critique in the Review, of which he was one of the conductors, before I could venture to publish. The Critic, during the course of my speech, frequently raised his hands and eyes to Heaven. “Mirror of modesty!” cried he, when I had ended; “unheard-of diffidence! Who shall be certain of a favourable critique, if you are not? And yet you condescend to ask it! Why, sir, my respect, my veneration, increase for you every instant! Sure Nature has committed a strange anachronism, in producing you in an age like this, when ignorant pretenders are swarming around us, and inundating the world with their mushroom productions, in the shape of quartos, octavos, duodecimos, &c,—making, sir, a chaotic mass of ignorance, through which we vainly grope with the lamp of criticism. And now, when my eyes, which have been dimmed by the unwaried labours of half a century—by a toilsome search after merit, in works where none was to be found—watching for a view of the bright projection of learning, with as much diligence as the eager alchemist surveys his crucible—my waning orbs are refreshed by the renovating sight of a new luminary in the world of science—a venerable and profound

theologian—mature in years as in judgment—clear as learned—safe as deep—subtle as solid—elegant as orthodox—and modest as erudite! I must indeed, sir, beg respectfully to decline the honour that you propose to me, merely because I am well aware, that in the work of such a man as I see before me, not a word could be added or taken away without disparagement. Of such praise as our evanescent labours can bestow, you are certain; but the applause of distant ages will raise an imperishable monument to your immortal merit. No, sir—proceed in your glorious career—march on to glory; but, I confess, I should like to see the precious manuscript, from which so much edification is to flow—May I be permitted to cast my eye upon it?”—I hastened to explain to him where it was; but I promised to bring it on the following morning. “I shall be indebted to you beyond the value of worlds, sir, for such a condescension. Allow me, before I lose you, to avail myself of your luminous presence, to throw some light on many difficulties, which, amid my more multifarious pursuits, I have not decided entirely to my own satisfaction. How have you settled the exact day of the Creation? and what portion of time do you allow for each division styled a day in the Mosaic text? Is the deluge to be or not to be as Moses relates? or do you lean at all to the hypothesis of a cataclysmus prior and posterior? Do you permit Noah the use of his ark, and the society of every animal in the creation, within his doors? But, chiefly, I would learn from such a seraphic Doctor, your precise belief respecting the real signification of the Urin and Thummin, and how you trim your opinion between the conflicting Fathers on that important question—Do you lean towards Brannius and Hoffinger on that point? or do you rather side with Witsius or Christophorus de Castro, or Josephus, or Pideaux? My eagerness to obtain knowledge on such high and knotty points, renders me, I fear, a little impetuous.”—“Indeed, sir,” said I, “I am very sorry not to be able to give you any satisfaction on such points—it is not for a man like me—” “Oh now, sir, you must indeed permit me to cast a shade of blame upon your conduct. Modesty, though one of the most shining of your perfections, must not be pushed too far—I entreat you, most sagacious

Divine, to open those sluices of knowledge which I so well know are ready to flow from you; and I am, therefore, prepared to encounter the torrent—” “Indeed, sir—” “Of course you have, in your profound and immortal work, taken a comprehensive survey of Religion, as it existed amongst the ancients, down to these modern times. I should like to be favoured with the leading features of your confutation of the absurd hypotheses of the Ancient Philosophers—Aristotle, Plato, Xenocrates, &c. &c. &c. and the whole system, as related by Varro, Scævola, Plutarch, and others, whom you could enumerate with so much more ease than I. What are the weapons with which you at once put to flight the whole host of Pagan Philosophers, with their mythic monstrosities, their theogonies, their polytheisms, their barbarisms, their rudities, and their crudities? How do you put down the Peripatetic Philosophy?—Of course you encounter the whole phalanx of ancient Rabbins, and holy Fathers of the Primitive Church—How do you silence Berengar, with his transubstantiation?—What do you do with the Thomists and the Scotists, the Homoioussians and the Homoousians, the Nominalists and the Realists, the Arians and Arminians? How do you dispose of the Manichæus, the Donatists, the Pelagians? Sir, I thirst for knowledge, and await your answer most anxiously.”—“Indeed, sir,” said I, quite confounded with the extent of his erudition, “I must again humbly assure you, that I am ignorant of such things—I have never read any other book of divinity than my Holy Bible.”—“What do I hear!” cried the Critic, in a loud voice; “do my ears deceive me?—But you have certainly studied the Scriptures in the original Hebrew, and you have indubitably the works of Josephus at your fingers’ ends.”—“No, indeed, sir—” “Heavenly powers! how have I been mistaken! Pray, have you studied the Aristotelian Philosophy?”—“No, sir.”—“Nor the Socratic doctrines of Plato, nor Zeno, nor Heraclitus, nor Democritus, nor Confucius, nor Zoroaster?”—“No, indeed, sir.”—“Nor the ancient Fathers—St Austin, Bonaventure, Albert, and his learned pupil Thomas Aquinas—nor Dans Scotus, nor Roger Bacon, nor Eusebius, nor Erasmus?”—“No, upon my word, sir.”—“Astonishing igno-

rance! Perhaps you have not opened a single page of the Erastian Controversy."—"No, sir."—"Matchless impudence! Nor of the dispute between Erasmus and Scaliger? Measureless folly! Have you even compared the doctrines of Luther, Zuingli, Calvin, Wickliffe, Arias, Arminius, and others, with the Papistical doctrines?"—"No, indeed," said I, with increasing confusion.—"And you pretend to the rank of a theologian! and palm upon the public a work on Piety, grounded on a perusal of the Scriptures only! Inconceivable arrogance! Incredible audacity! How is it, sir, that you have presumed, with this mountain of ignorance, to gain admittance to the interior of my cabinet, and have even had the unheard-of presumption to seat yourself on the very chair of the Theological Professor, whereon never yet sat a less luminary than a Paley, a Tillotson, a Butler!—Away, sir, with your hypocritical pretensions!—Away with your smattering superficialities! I will make it my first care to expose your infamous imposition to the whole world. Away, impertinent cheat! Away, fraudulent bubble! Away, I say!"—And so saying, he lifted up his foot, and violently pushing back the chair on which I sat, he sent me spinning into the middle of the room, where I stood shaking like an aspen leaf. "Sir," cried I, as he was advancing towards me with indignant strides, "most learned sir, I entreat you to hear me—I have made no pretensions—I am no hypocrite indeed, but a plain, simple, undecieving man—Ask any one in Cumberland, sir—I would not cheat you or the world, indeed, sir—I have taken this long, and, I fear it will prove to me, calamitous journey, to crave your assistance in my little work; in which, I swear to you, I have not pretended to put any learning—And I entreat you, sir, in pity to my grey hairs, not to execute your dreadful threat, nor bring them down in sorrow to the grave! I will suppress my work, if that will avert your displeasure. Prescribe any thing to me, and you shall be obeyed; but do not, I entreat you, let my name be hung up to scorn in the pages of your awful works."

At this moment, the Reviewer (who had been standing near me, in an attitude of watchful contempt), threw away his gown, dropt his spectacles, and, putting off his black silk cap, I

saw before me, and immediately recognised, the oblique vision and singular physiognomy of my old acquaintance in the stage-coach—the man in black! No words could do justice to my astonishment; I stood rooted to the spot. The first thing that recalled me to consciousness, was seeing this extraordinary being putting out the candles, and, opening the window-shutters, restored the light of day, which tended very much to relieve me; for some very extraordinary ideas, I fear not wholly untinged with superstition, were finding their way to my mind. "Come," said he, "let us be better acquainted, Mr Tell. I see you have, by this time, discovered an old friend with a new face; and I have opened my windows that you may acquit me of any magic art.—You know the true diabolical agent never works by day-light. But I must first entreat your pardon for the frolic I have permitted myself; and, though no conjuror after all, I am sure I may rely on my penetration, which assures me that the author of Pious Pieces is too good a Christian not to forgive readily what is past; and as to any terrors of my critical denunciations, you may banish them entirely, for I assure you I have not the smallest title to the character you held in such reverence, but am, in fact, a mere imposter. You know I gave you some directions to the Reviewers whose names I knew, and you must excuse my wishing to secure the pleasure of an interview with you, by putting my own name at the bottom of the list. I hope you have met with a favourable reception in other quarters?"—By degrees, I began to recover myself from the confusion into which this strange scene had thrown me; and with spirits much relieved, by finding the sequel so much less tragical, I related to him all that had befallen me in London. He laughed very heartily; advised me, by all means, to recover my manuscript, and to print it, if I could get a good bargain, without attending to what these gentlemen might say, who, in spite of their pretensions, might not be more infallible than many other mortals. He assured me of his readiness to serve me in any emergency, and bid me call freely upon him if I wanted any aid; and after conversing some little time, I took my leave, charmed with the urbanity and good nature of my singular acquaintance.

(To be continued.)

NUPTIALS OUT OF JEOPARDY.

By BLAIZE FITZTRAVESTY, Esq.

Prologue and Dramatis Personæ in Copartnership.

I hope you are not weary yet of JUDITH, my good Christopher,
 Since here are fresh particulars which I would have you list of her.
 Soft PETER too, the pinmaker, all radiant with his glory,
 His sweetheart won, the knot secure, transported comes before ye.
 Two BANDS of BRATS who make his pins, at Peter's instigation,
 Do make the bridal glorious, by strutting in procession;
 The GIRLS bestrew the path with flowers, that the bride may walk on daisies,
 The BOYS squall out a bridal poem, laden with her praises.
 Our other Dramatis Personæ are, one christen'd JERRY,
 Who, with fiddle and with fiddle-stick, incites you to be merry;
 A BEADLE, surnamed BADGE, with staff, wielded o'er factious people,
 A SEXTON, with powers plenary commission'd from the steeple,
 To seek a bounty for the ringers, coop'd within that angle,
 And making there, with might and main, a most uproarious jangle.
 All others are anonymous, but when they take their station
 You'll soon discover what their parts, and what, their occupation.

Our scenery must progressive be, like that is in Belshazzar,
 Where fair Benina is compell'd to follow him who has her
 In tow, through all the seven halls of Bel's stupendous temple;
 Or rather ours perchance may be consider'd to resemble
 'The Tailor's Ride to Brentford,' as at Astley's represented;
 Where in the back-ground, sweeping by, in endless line extended,
 The villages, one after other, enter by rotation;
 While in the midst, Snip jogs away, yet keeps the self-same station;
 So in the scene we shall present, the church begins advancing,
 Then divers streets successively slide on, like minuet-dancing,
 Till the procession is supposed, by dextrously meandering
 About the stage, to stop in front of Peter's house, their wandering;
 And there we leave them all, with thoughts of coming feast to tickle 'em.
 The bell now rings—the curtain rises—*Feluti in speculum.*

SCENE.—The outside of a Parish-church in a country town—a motley Crowd waiting before the door—Two Troops of Children drawn up in array, with white paper wedding favors pinned in their hats and bonnets—SIMON BADGE, the Beadle, is seen bustling about with much importance.

Badge. Now hark! if any body pelts a body,
 I shall take that body up; so mind ye now,
 And be on good behaviour. You who are honest,
 Tell me immediately, if you perceive
 Any one there with a dead cat behind him,
 Potatoes, rotten eggs, or cabbage stumps.
 In the King's name I charge ye, tell at once,
 Have ye pocketed orange-peel, or turnip-tops,
 Or other wicked and felonious weapons,
 To have a shy with? Mark ye, if ye have,
 You'll feel your *habeas corpus* served upon ye
 Before you can count ten.

Yours from Crowd. No, Master Beadle,
We are peaceable folk, and only come to see
What the wedding's like.

Beadle. You youngsters, keep in order—
Your place, I take it, is to walk before,
And hold your tongues.

1st Boy. Lord, Master Badge,
We are to repeat the Epithalamion,
And say it as we walk.

1st Girl. And we, with baskets
Are to strew the road with flowers, good Simon Badge ;
Master excused us from the manufactory,
And gave us a holiday all yesterday,
To gather primroses, and butter cups,
And all this heap of daisies.

2d Boy. Billy Nimble,
Are we to bawl as loud as ever we can ?

1st Boy. To be sure we are, or Mistress will not hear us.
She'll be so far behind us.

2d Girl. I say, Sally,
You've filled your basket twice as full as mine,
And yet, I'm sure, I gather'd quite as many.

1st Girl. Why, Mary Sims, I am to take the lead,
And so in right I ought to have the most.
Besides, how can you say that I have many ?

2d Girl. What a shame it is, she gave me nought but leaves
And two or three stalks.

Beadle. Hush, hush, they're coming out.

*Enter from the Church-door Mr and Mrs MIXTER, Bridemaids, Relations,
&c. PETER having a large white favour on his left lapel. The Crowd
set up a hearty shout.*

Mrs M. My gracious ! what brought all these people here ?
'Tis all the tag-rag of the town.

Peter. Sweet wife,
'Twas I incited them to come and form
A fit procession as we pace it homeward.

Mrs M. A pretty business—a procession, truly,
You should have ask'd me if I liked being stared at.

Peter. Why, they're our neighbours ; and the children, dearest,
Are those who work at the manufactory
In heading pins. The girls will make our path
Seem, as it were, through flower-enamell'd meads,
By scattering fragrant posies from their baskets ;
The boys will fill the air with dulcet strains,
Hymning our happy union. This, I own,
Was my device, but mine the verse is not.
Were I to die for't, never could I pen
A single stave ; and therefore I requested
Our neighbour Ellwide's son, him who has been
Learning at Cambridge, Greek and mathematics,
To rhyme us a verse or so—He brought me what
You soon shall hear, and call'd it Epithalamion.
And said he had adapted it from that
Which Spenser's Fairy Queen wrote long ago
For her own marriage,—which I thought surprising !

Mrs M. Well, if I must be trapes'd along, I must.
But I will say, methinks the brats had best
Been kept at work, not sent play-acting here ;
For you, I warrant, give 'em a day's pay.

Peter. Why, turtle dove, it is your marriage morn,

And I would have it made right notable.
Come, girls, bestir, bestir—fall in, we're ready—
Boys, walk on first—speak loud, that all may hear you,
And not like mice in a cheese.

Jerry. Good Master Bridegroom,
Shall I screw up my strings, and help a bit?

Peter. No, Jerry—'t isn't a song—that is, I mean
It isn't a singing song, like of your's;
But when they've finished, then strike up a tune.

(Twelve Boys come forward, and repeat the Epithalamion as they pass by—after them twelve Girls strew flowers—then come the Bride and Bridegroom, with their attendants—a Crowd dispersedly accompanying them.)

THE EPITHALAMION.

1.

Lo! Judith comes, our master's lady dear;
No longer he a bachelor remains,
But takes a spinster fair, his heart to cheer:
She wears a muslin gown, all free from stains.
Pure white it is, for virgins always dress
In white, when they do bless
Their lovers, by appearing 'fore the priest.
Not only are her garments white enough,
But of that snowy hue is all the rest—
Her gloves, her shoes, her tippet, and her muff:
Of whitest satin is her tasty bonnet,
White are the feathers on it;
And all are types of spotless purity,
Of maiden modesty, and trustyhood;
And Peter oft has sworn, by all that's good!
That she's pure—modest—true, as well can be.
How rich the treasure, then, by us convey'd
To where sharp pins are made!
Loud in our progress we will shout and sing,
Till Brasswire Street responds, and all its echoes ring.

2.

Tell us, ye tradesmen's daughters, have ye seen,
For a respectable pin-maker's wife,
One properer?—Has she not a milliner been,
And eke a mantua-maker, all her life?
For him, then, she—for her, then, has not he
Professional sympathy?
Do ironmongers, carpenters, or braziers,
Do butchers, druggists, brewers, mealmen, bakers—
Do grocers, vintners, publicans, or graziers,
Do cobblers, or do leather-breeches-makers,
Of the pin-making art ask half the aid
As Judith's recent trade?
No, let the buxom widows and the daughters
Of such, with mates of their own kind consort;
Judith stuck Cupid's darts in Peter's heart;
Each time she used his pins about her matters,
How like a pincushion that heart we sing!
And Brasswire Street responds, and all its echoes ring.

3.

Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the town, . .
And leave your wouted business for the fun;
A half-a-guinea, or at least a crown,
You'll pouch, we warrant, when the peal is done.

It is the first of April, (not of May),
 Call'd after All-Fools day—
 For May, they tell us, is an ominous tide,
 For wooing good, for marrying held in scorn.
 But though All-Fools' day this, nor groom nor bride—
 Is made a fool of on this blessed morn.
 On no fool's errand they approach'd the porch,
 On none, came into church.
 Nor, as we lead them in our triumph home,
 Do we a pair of April fools convey;
 In sober seriousness, but blithe array,
 A real bride, and real bridegroom come.
 Within their closet is a genuine cake,
 Of it may we partake!
 Or have a mystic piece drawn through the ring;
 Then shout in Brasswire Street, and make its echoes ring.

Now it is almost time our bridal song
 Should cease, for we espy, down Brasswire Street,
 The house which she, whom we conduct along,
 Will enter, to assume the mistress' seat.
 Good luck! what festal cheer is there a-making,
 What roasting, boiling, baking!
 Would it were ours to hold the envied station
 Of those whose jaws and smacking lips will soothe.
 Work on the dinner now in preparation,
 At Peter's table, in the afternoon!
 But never mind—content are we, if ale
 Be sent us, mild or stale.
 Soon, too, will marrow-bones and cleavers come,
 And we shall hear how butchers can untie
 The hidden soul of softening harmony,
 And give the bride melodious welcome home;
 And in the evening bonfires we shall light,
 To celebrate the night—
 And round them we shall dance, hurrah, and sing,
 That Brasswire Street shall shine, and all its echoes ring.

Peter. Well, what d'ye think of that now?

Mrs M. Nay, don't ask;

I couldn't understand what they were babbling—

It seem'd impertinence.—The lasses make

Sad litter on the pavement—what's it for?

I trust those bows upon the childrens' hats

Are only sham—not real ribbon favours?

Peter. They're paper ones—but I protest, I think

The boys spoke out as loud as the town-crier.

The Epithalamion (that's the name of it)

Is a fine thing—I am very glad we had one.

Jerry. 'Oons, Master Minikin, how can ye say so?

All that there squalling was'n't worth a farthing.—

Now I'm your man.—I'll play you what's worth hearing—

None of your new fal-lals—but such a song

As I heard played at your good father's wedding;

Ay, and at that of your sweet lady-mother's.

Man in the Crowd. None of your lies, old Scrapegut; for, you know,
 Peter and Judith are as old as you.

Jerry.

Well, well,

All's one for that;—d'ye think that I don't know

What suits a wedding?

Voice in Crowd.

Silence! Jerry's tuning.

2d Voice. A ballad is worth hearing.

3d Voice.

Hush! be quiet.

JERRY'S GREETING.

Good luck to you, my worthy master! and good to you, my worthy mistress!
And good luck to you, bride's-men and bride's-maids! and plenty of laughing
and kisses;

And I hope the girls will all get good husbands, and the young men good wives,
And live, as Peter and Judy are going to do, in happiness all their lives!—

Then here's success to Mister and Mistress Minikin!

And to Mistress Minikin and Mister!

And I hope that my worthy master will prove a husband good and true,

And let his wife have her own way in all that she chooses to do;

And that he'll, twice a-year, give her silk for new gowns, without any scanty
measuring;

And plenty of money in her purse, and leave to go out often a-pleasuring.

Then here's, &c.

And I hope that my worthy mistress will prove a good and constant wife,
And bring him a beautiful little family, for to be the joy and pride of his life;
And that she'll keep a warm kitchen, and make her parlour snug and cozy,
And let her husband enjoy himself, and not snub him when he happens to get
a little boozy.

Then here's, &c.

And I wish them many a merry Christmas, with plenty of mince-pies and spicy
lamb's-wool;

And every Midsummer a syllabub from the cow, all in a china bowl;

And plenty of pancakes, well toss'd and crisp, at every return of Shrovetide;

And a fat goose every Michaelmas-day, full of onions and sage inside.

Then here's, &c.

And I hope their cellar of a barrel of good ale may never be forsaken;

And that their chimney-corner may never be without a good home-cured fitch
of bacon;

And so, that it always may be ready to cut off a rasher from, for dressing;—

And that they may never forget the old fiddler, who wished them such a plen-
tiful blessing.

Then here's success to Mister and Mistress Minikin!

And to Mistress Minikin and Mister!

Mrs M. I won't deny, now, there's some sense in this,
For this thing hits my fancy.

Peter.

Does it, cherub?

Then I'll reward old Jerry with a shilling,

And leave to get his dinner in the kitchen.

Mrs M. Not both. If you invite such vagrants in,

You'll soon be eaten out of house and home.—

But who's this coming out from your back-gate?

[*A Man wheels forward a small Barrel on a Barrow.*]

Peter. I bade John Gubbins hoist from out my cellar

A kilderkin of ale, and mean to give it

In prudent quantities to the populace.

Their throats are doubtless sore athirst and parched

By giving us kindly greetings.

Mrs M.

You amaze me!—

Waste a whole kilderkin upon those fellows,

And let 'em guzzle it for hooting at us?

I will not stand it.—Bid him wheel it back

Directly. Never heard I of such madness,

To throw good ale away in these dear times—

I could'nt have thought that you were such a numscull.
Thank Heaven! there's somebody, now, to keep together
Your little property. I'm sure there's need on't.

Enter Butchers' Boys, with marrow-bones and cleavers. They play and dance, making a great clatter. Their Spokesman comes forward.

Butcher's Boy. Your servant, ma'am—your servant, sir—we hope
You won't forget the marrow-bones and cleavers,
Who are come to wish you, on this happy day,
All health and happiness! And we should like
To tap that ale-cask, which was moving off
Just as we entered.

Peter. Sweetest, must it go?—
I'll hollow after John, and have it back—

Mrs M. Do't at your peril.—As for you, rapscallions!
What business had you to come clattering here,
Disturbing honest folks? Go scrub your blocks,
And use your cleavers for a better purpose
Than deafening us with them.

Butcher. A thorough skinflint!

[*Boys and Men appear dragging in faggots.*

Crowd. Room, room, the bonfire!

Mrs M. Peter, what's all this?

Peter. Love, you don't seem to approve festivity.—
I thought to bring you honour and renown;
So, with your leave, I have permitted them
To take from my back-yard a faggot-stack—
The very smallest though—and pile it here,
To make a merry bonfire in the evening,—
I trust, with your approval.

Mrs M. My approval?
My leave? I'm sure you never had my leave,
And never shall, to waste your fuel so.—
Rascals, go carry every stake and twig
Back to their place, or you shall have a stick
Shall make your backs smart.

A Man. (aside.) Since there's to be
No bonfire after all, I'll take mine home.

Mrs M. Hollo! that bandy-legged fellow, with the faggot.
Is going the opposite way!

Man. (throwing it down.) Nay, if you cast
Such base insinuations on my honour,
I will not carry it another inch.

Mrs M. Fine talking, fellow!
One needs to look out sharp.—Peter, you dolt,
See what a set of villains you're encouraging.—
Bonfires, forsooth! and all from our own brushwood!

Enter Sexton.

Sext. The ringers, with their duty, send me to you.
For they, as you can hear, are busy now
Up in the belfry; where, I'm bold to say,
Although I say't that shouldn't say't, there is
As pretty a peal of bells as ever chimed.—
Hark! how they celebrate your happy marriage.—
The ringers, with their service, wish you joy!
And humbly beg you'll send the usual fee.

Mrs M. A fee? No, not a ha'penny of money.—
There are six bells—six men, I trow, to pull 'em.
At a pint a-piece, it comes to just three quarts.

Three quarts of ale's a very handsome present ;
Which you may carry when you've brought a mug.

Sexton. La, ma'am, folks never grudge to give a guinea—
'Tis the old custom.

Mrs M. And high time it is
Such customs should be broken.

Sexton. (Aside.) I'll be bound,
The peal will be a short one, when they find
A pint of beer is all their recompence.
'Tis not worth while to argufy with her,
For she's a near one—Better this than nothing—
Perhaps I may wheedle something out of Peter,
If I can get his private ear, and find him
Without his squeezey rib at hand. I'll try. *(Exit Sexton.)*

(While the altercation between Mrs M. and the Sexton was going on, the Fiddler, the Butchers' Boys, and others of the Crowd, congregate in one corner—The Beadle, the Children, and some others not joining in the Conspiracy.)

1st Conspirator, (a Butcher's Boy.) Let's play a trick against the
stingy hussey ;
We'll say her kitchen chimney is on fire.

Omnes. Agreed, agreed.

1st Consp. Well then, my contrivance
Is to steal into the house behind, and then
Come out of their front-door, and raise the alarm—
But you must give me time. Keep them from entering. *(Exit.)*
(They come forward, and surround the bridal party.)

J. J. M. Ma'am, what a pity 'tis, the blacks are falling
Upon your clean wash'd gown ! and don't ye smell
A sort of a kind of a smell, as 'twere, of soot ?

2d Consp. My stars ! how thick that smoke is.

3d Consp. Whereabouts ?

Oh, mercy—black as ink—Whose chimney's that ?

Peter. Which chimney ? Why, that's ours. I cannot see
There's aught amiss.

2d Consp. See, see, there's sparks of fire.

Mrs M. Don't stand before me, in a body's way—
Make room—break up the line and let me pass.
We'll have no more of this—'tis as I guess'd,
No good could come of this processioning—
Such fiddle-faddle—let me go in-doors.

1st Consp. (Rushing out of the front-door.) Oh dear, the kitchen
chimney's all in a-blaze—

The dinner's spoilt, smother'd in soot and ashes—
The cook-maid's burnt to a coal—fetch water, water—
Ring out the fire-bell—drag the engine here
From underneath the steeple.

Peter. Who'd have thought it ?

Mrs M. Let me go in.

Omnes, (surrounding and detaining her.) Nay, nay, a bride to hazard
Her self-destruction on her marriage day !

Peter, (weeping.) O spare me, Judith,—what would be my feelings
If I should have to see you scorched to cinders ;
Besides, at least, your dress will all be smutch'd.

Mrs M. Unhand me, sirs ; I will go in and see
The rights of this.

Bridemaids. Don't, Judy, dear ; pray don't.

Bridesmen. We cannot suffer you to burn yourself.

Mrs M. I'll make his ears burn hot, who hinders me.

(She cuffs her way through, and enters the house.)

Peter (sprawls after her, then lingers at the door, and looks ruefully back.) Was ever such rashness ! O the force of love !
I've half a mind to sacrifice myself

With her—'Tis hard—but yes, I am resolved on't.
 Good b'ye, dear friends, good b'ye—'Tis very hard
 To walk into a red-hot fire, instead
 Of sitting down at one's own wedding dinner.
 Judith, I come—This do I do for thee.

(*He meets Mrs M. returning.*)

Mrs M. A pack of rascals—it is all a lie—
 Take up that fellow, Badge, for Burglary ;
 He slyly stole into the house just now
 To play this villainous trick. Badge, seize upon him.

(*The Conspirators scour off, making an uproar, many voices
 hooting and jeering.*)

1st Voice. Bad luck to Punch and Judy.

2d Voice. Nippy Judy.

3d Voice. She'll skin a flint as soon as any body.

4th Voice. And swear the inside makes good wholesome soup.

5th Voice. The old ewe is disguised in a lamb's fleece.

6th Voice. But her husband has not got his wise teeth yet.

7th Voice. Don't leave the marrow-bones—she'll pocket 'em,
 And make 'em last a fortnight.

1st Consp.

My boys, pack off ;

Sim Badge will catch us else.

Badge.

Stand ; I arrest you,

(*Exeunt Conspirators.*)

In the King's name.—Who ever saw the like ?

I do declare the prisoners have escaped.

Peter. O, this hath marr'd our grand solemnity
 Most grievously.

Mrs M. . It doesn't signify

A jot—I'm mighty glad the ruffians gain'd
 Nor ale nor money, ere we had discover'd
 Their bloody-minded plots. I found the dinner
 As safe as when we went to church. Small thanks
 To those who would persuade us it was spoil'd.
 Some shall be trounced for it yet.

Peter.

Think not of them.

I was a-going, Judith, I assure ye,
 To burn myself alive for your sweet sake,
 Just as they say the widows do in India ;
 For I did think myself a widower.
 I'm sure my flesh is all of a quiver yet
 With thinking how it would fry.

Mrs M.

All stuff and nonsense.

One must be an ass, to believe a house on fire
 Without a single sign. I knew from the first
 'Twas all a fudge. But come, let's leave the street.

Peter. Children, draw off now to the manufactory.
 Where you shall have the dinner that I promised.

My friends, the wedding feast will be dish'd up
 At one o'clock precisely ; and our cook
 Will be as hot as blazes, if you're not
 In very good time.—And now, my wedded wife,
 I'll lead you over the domestic threshold,
 Where you must rule as Mistress. Ah, I thought
 'T would be a day of greater pomp and glee ;
 If you're satisfied, why I must be.

Mrs M. Peter, you seem a greater goose than ever.

Peter. Nay, I'm a goosy-gander—you're the goose,
 Am from all other fowl that swim, I choose,
 This nest with me to inhabit, join'd by Hymen's noose.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

As the meeting of Parliament approaches, politics take a more definite shape. Party is already examining its strength, and the Session will probably exhibit more equality of force—more activity of discussion, than any period since the peace. The decisions of the Congress, the affairs of Spain, of Greece, and of Turkey, will form matter of deep debate; and the closest and most menacing of all, the state of Ireland, will deserve to occupy a most solemn and anxious consideration.

The decision of the Congress relative to Spain was merely an attempt to make an honourable retreat from an embarrassment too strong for diplomacy. It is presumed that France solicited the war—Russia urged it—Austria and Prussia permitted it—England forbade it. The direct will of England, directly announced, must always be listened to with respect or fear—and Englishmen may congratulate themselves on seeing that the name of their country is no longer humiliated by a feeble subserviency to foreign intrigue. But for this will, so pronounced, Europe would be at this hour covered with armies, and perhaps with slaughter. Every wound of all its empires would be re-opened, and every virulent passion, buried malignity, and extravagant rage of conquest, that had been trampled down by the final triumphs of England, might have been raised again, for a desolation beyond all the power of arms or wisdom to repress or cure.

It was the desire of France that Spain should be invaded. For this the pretext was, the fear of Republicanism, established so near her borders. The fear justified caution, but not violence—violent restrictions, not invasion. The more secret motive is the ancient possessory right which for more than a hundred years France had exercised over Spain. The Peninsula, nominally free, was actually dependent. The *family alliance* made it an appanage of France—the King was a French viceroy, and the people were French slaves. If Louis made war, his humble relative, Philip or Charles, followed as soon as he could shake off his lethargy. In all the aggressions of the most active and ambitious monarchy of Europe, its trumpet was

obediently heard by the most inactive, secure, and contented of all monarchies. In all the defeats of France, the weight of the blow fell upon Spain—“*Delinquit reges*,” and the glory, as well as the madness, rested with the leading and restless disturbers. Spain, the land of clowns and confessors, hating war, suffered its penalty; and gained nothing in compensation but snuff-boxes, and the honour of being governed by a branch of the Bourbons. The *Alliance* haunted the dreams of Europe a century ago; and the *War of the Succession* was made in the terror of universal conquest. This war was one of the thousand evidences how giddily blood is shed when human passions thirst for it, and how essential it is for governments to know the characters of nations.

In the alarm of the time, it was forgotten that the new allies of France were the most inactive and self-indulgent of mankind—that they had neither the spirit of freedom nor the strength of slavery—that without commerce, literature, manufactures, and mutual intercourse, Spain was without all the great movers of a national mind;—A noble country, a generous and gallant people; but the one given up to bare sterility, and the other senseless and languid from cureless inaction;—an oriental kingdom in the midst of Europe—a region of exorbitant luxury beside primitive ignorance—the most determined waste of power, in full contrast with the most hopeless and irrelative simplicity.

The philosopher might find in this singular anomaly some salutary proofs of the essential necessity of freedom in politics and religion, to the growth of national strength. But the direct inference is, that the ministers who commenced the War of the Succession, calculated upon false principles; overlooking moral feebleness in physical capability, and conceiving that a land of priests and peasants could be turned into a great vigorous empire, fertile of warriors and statesmen—while the causes that had enfeebled the national mind were suffered to prey upon it as widely and deeply as ever. It is remarkable, that since the expulsion of the Moors, but one man of decided manliness has sat upon the Spanish

throne that man was more a German than a Spaniard. The whole line since Charles the Fifth, have been either gloomy bigots, feeble voluptuaries, or honest fools. The whole assistance of Spain to France since 1701, was not worth a tenth part of the blood or money lavished in the war that laboured to break the *family compact*. If that compact were to be renewed tomorrow, with Spain returned to her old habits, destitute of a constitution, a free press, and a tolerant religion, it would not be worth a drop of British blood. Spain, without liberty, must be unimportant as an ally; and with a constitution, she will not bow down her forehead to French dependence.— Napoleon felt this, and therefore made a desperate grasp at the full dominion of the country. He felt, as much as “Macedonia’s madman, or the Swede,” the passion to be called master. Yet Spain might have remained under her Bourbon dynasty, but for his conviction, that without a total change of government and institutions she must be useless as an auxiliary. If he had succeeded in his project, nefarious as it was, he would have cast away all the old incumbrances of the national vigour. With a French viceroy and a French ministry at Madrid, he would have stricken off, before ten years had passed, the whole weight of those clinging and hereditary disabilities, that under the name of monopoly, local privileges, and patrician exemptions, had turned a gallant people into a race of friars, mendicants, and idlers. While with one hand he was tending away this lazy covering, which at once obscured the form and relaxed the strength of the nation; with the other, he would have been putting the lance and musket in a her grasp, and exhibited Spain to a world, a fierce, and dextrous belligerent, in the struggle which he had sworn to maintain against the liberties of mankind. Warlike Spain, in the hands of imperial France, ~~and has been~~ the most terrible ph of a time pregnant with the question of Europe hung in the balance; and the vigour and valour of Europe was unbecome.

But not a war for the purpose of repelling, introducing the present power of France. Public opinion seems decided. While Spain continues unregenerate, she must continue weak.

The assistance which a Bourbon in Madrid might give to a Bourbon in Paris, can never be worth the expense and the bloodshed of an English war.

The closeness of the family connexion is striking; it is the only instance among thrones of a feeling of relationship, kept up across the fluctuations and distance of that gulph of so many things and memories— a century.

On the 3d of February, 1701, the letters patent were signed, by which Louis XIV. confirmed to Philip V. all his rights to the succession of the French throne. The possibility of the two crowns was the bugbear of the time. But the clause of succession was as rigidly retained by France, under all the misfortunes that preceded the peace of Utrecht, as it was anxiously insisted on by her victors. At length, however, the English ministry, compelled by the clamour of the people, forced this clause out of the treaty, and it was decided that the double crown should never sit upon one head. But the faith of governments is proverbially precarious, and Philip was so little scrupulous, that, on a report of the death of Louis XV., then a minor, the Spanish King was actually on the point of setting out for France to lay claim to the throne.

Louis the XIV. might be called the father of sovereignties. The table of his descendants is a curious monument of the power that may be vested in a single family. He was the head of four branches, all of which have continued and flourished to the present time, among all the shocks of revolution.

The Spanish Branch.

Louis XIV.
The Dauphin.
Philip V.
Don Philip.
Charles III.
Charles IV.
Ferdinand VII.

The Neapolitan Branch.

Louis XIV.
The Dauphin.
Philip V.
Charles III.
Ferdinand I.

The Branch of Parma.

Louis XIV.
The Dauphin.

Don Philip.
Ferdinand.
Louis I. of Etruria.
Louis II.

Don Philip, the Infant of Spain, was the first Bourbon who was invested with the Duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, by the peace of 1748. He was the son-in-law of Louis XIV. His grandson, Louis I., was declared King of Etruria in 1801. This branch of the Bourbons has received, as a provisional indemnity, the principality of Lucca; and has, besides, been acknowledged as the immediate heir of the Duchess of Parma, Maria Louisa, to the exclusion of young Napoleon.

The French Branch.

Louis XIV.
The Dauphin.
Louis XV.
Louis XVI.
Louis XVIII.

We now observe *en passant*, that the chance of the Orleans succession to the throne of France, is too remote to countenance either the alarms of the reigning family or the hopes of partitioning. The descent of the Orleans line is collateral.

Monsieur, brother of Louis XIV.
The Duke of Orleans. (*Regent*).
Duke Louis.
Duke Louis Philip.
Duke Philip Louis. (*Egalite*).
The present Duke.

Thus, between the Orleans family and the throne, stand the three genealogies of Spain, Naples, and Parma.

The great question of peace or war has been set at rest by a power beyond the reach of diplomacy—winter. Till the passes of the Pyrenees are cleared of their snow, the French army must lie in their garrisons. This delay of war is productive of negotiation, which will probably issue in peace, and Spain will be left to tear her own vitals, if her government be frantic enough to force the constitution of Madrid upon the provinces, or to take her way to her natural eminence unobstructed by the hostility of strangers.

It is palpable that the constitutionalists make the majority of the Spanish people. The presence of a French army on the Pyrenees, the lavish dis-

tribution of French gold, and the whole irritation of the monkery and privileged orders, have not been able to continue the struggle against the constitutionalists, relying only on their native popularity. If success should inflame the popular leaders into jacobinism, their country must be ravaged by dissidents, and be invaded by a French army. This terror may be wholesome, and be the parent of an English constitution. But the violence which was congenial to French history, has found no example in Spain. The public mind has been distinguished for its tardiness and tranquillity, since Spain became a monarchy. It has had no "wars of the League," no "Cevennes," no "Frondes," no "St Bartholemew's," no "Revolution." It has been as barren as a rock, but it has been as fixed as a rock. While the richer cultivation of other countries has been torn and scattered away by the moral storm, her desolate surface has been undisturbed. Her constitution, as it was promulgated in 1820, is undoubtedly jacobinical. But we must look to the practice of this formidable code, and we shall find it tempered by a lenity and forbearance that disarm the principle of half its terrors. We give a sketch of this baffled constitution.

The sovereignty resides essentially in the nation.

The Cortes consists of only one Chamber, which is formed of the deputies of the people. The deputies are elected by all the citizens; one deputy for every 70,000 souls in the Peninsula, islands and colonies.

The elections are made in the Electoral Juntas of parishes, districts, and provinces. The citizens of all the parishes choose electors, who nominate the electors for the district, and these again name the electors who are to meet in the capital of the province to elect the deputies to the Cortes.

The Cortes to meet every year on the 1st of March, without awaiting any instrument from the King for their convocation.

The Session to continue at least three months every year.

The Session may be prolonged by their own vote of two-thirds of their members for another month.

The deputies to be renewed entirely every second year.

Deputies cannot be elected to sit in two consecutive Cortes.

The deputies swear to protect the Constitution, and to be faithful to the nation; but no reference is made to the King in this oath.

No foreigner can be a deputy, not even after having received letters of naturalization.

The King to open the Cortes with a speech, and to come without guards. The Cortes cannot deliberate in his presence. Debates public; members

inviolable for their opinions; members cannot ask or accept rewards, honours, or pensions from the King.

The approbation of the Cortes necessary before any offensive alliances can be formed, or commercial treaty made. They determine on the proposal of the King, the strength of the army and naval force.

They regulate the system of general education, and approve that formed for the Prince of Asturias. They enforce the responsibility of the Secretaries of State, and of all the public functionaries. They give instructions, and form regulations to the army, navy, and militia, in all their branches.

Half the number, plus one, a quorum.

Bills to be read three times; the King cannot refuse his assent by a simple negative; he must state his reasons for withholding it. If he fail to do so within thirty days, his silence is construed into assent. A bill thus thrown out may be brought in again during the next Session, and if then lost, it may be brought forward a third time in the next succeeding Session, and if it then pass it becomes law without the King's assent, and without being referred to him at all.

The state of the press in England is a matter which deserves the weightiest consideration in the approaching Session.

We are by no means desirous of ranking among the declaimers against the present age. We are satisfied that there are "seven thousand," and many times seven thousand, who "have not bowed the knee to Baal;" that there is within the realm at this hour a mass of holiness and wisdom, and loyalty and knowledge, unequalled in any previous age, and altogether unrivalled in the world; we will go farther, and say, that the spirit of the great guardian of public and private virtue, Christianity, is more widely diffused, more deeply understood, and, by the

All deputies are paid a certain salary by the provinces they represent.

Before the close of a Session, the Cortes nominate a permanent deputation of their body, to watch over the strict observance of the Constitution, with instructions to report any infractions to the next Cortes.

No actual deputy can be a member of the Council of State. The King's ministers have no seats in the House.

When any vacancy arises in the Council of State, the Cortes present to the King three names, of which he must take one to fill the vacant place.

The King must hear the decision of the Council on all important affairs of the Government.

The King cannot give or refuse his assent to bills, nor declare war, nor make peace, nor negotiate treaties, without the consent of the Council of State.

It belongs to the Council to propose to the King three persons for presentation to all ecclesiastical functions, and to all situations in the judicature, and the nomination must be of the three persons thus recommended.

The Council proposes, thus in triple lists, names for succession to all situations in civil and criminal tribunals. Presentations are made in this way also, to all bishoprics, and other ecclesiastical dignities.

The distribution of honours and distinctions is made according to fixed laws.

The King cannot make any offensive alliance or commercial treaty without the consent of the Cortes, as well as the approbation of the Council.

extraordinary and munificent distribution of the Bible, more solidly fixed among the first movers of the national mind, than in all the periods of revived religion, since the day of Martyrdom and Miracle.

But we not less feel that there exists a perilous and appalling contrast to this view of British morals. Crimes have multiplied to an extent which fatigues the tribunals. Desperate men make an open livelihood of inflaming the popular mind to acts of violence. Regular missionaries of insurrection parade through the country, with an ostentatious defiance of the legal authorities. Wherever there is a local pressure, which may be aggravated into a popular tumult, there speeds

the missionary with his ready harangue on the duty of insurrection. It is altogether unimportant to him of what nature the grievance may be; his question is, can it be embittered into bloodshed? If the manufacturer complain, the harangue reviles the monopoly of the agriculturist; if the farmer feel, in his turn, the common suffering of the time, the harangue lavishes insult upon the manufacturer, who refuses to submit to the war prices of the farmer. In all cases, the object is attained so far, as discontent is introduced into the circulation. The breaking of looms, and the burning of corn-stacks, are the *prognosis* of the disorder, which is gradually to ripen into noontday musterings, war under the contending standards of the rabble and the constitution, and the final dismemberment of the rights, habits, and property of the nation. The law has successively grasped the chief of those incendiaries. But the breed is prolific. The soil of England has been found a fit receptacle for cherishing and invigorating the seminal mischief, that at another time would have instantly withered away. An extravagant and fierce popularity follows the steps of every assailant of the old honourable observances and loyal virtues of the British mind, and individuals branded with every species of personal contempt, open defrauders, bankrupts in principle as much as in possession—miscreants, with whom no man would trust a shilling—nay, shifters to every side of the worthless and miry politics of vulgar party—no sooner enter into a determined compact with revolt and atheism, than they stand forth purified, the elected champions of a sullen and furious faction; in jail, addressed, visited, and sustained in luxury by open subscriptions, and out of jail, received with processions, fetes, and all the other specious and insolent nummeries of rabble malignity, in sight of its triumph.

Literature, the mightiest of all agents, and whose powers, like those of some of the great influences of nature, we are at length only beginning to apply to the uses of society, has been deeply occupied in this perversion. We are advocates for the fullest cultivation of the human understanding. The instinctive craving for knowledge, the high and consoling pleasures of books, the vigour and tension of mind to be

found by plunging into the deep and eternal fountains of thought, opened to us by the gifted minds of old, the very capability of adding to our mental opulence, is equivalent to a divine command for the labour of knowledge. But it is perfectly obvious, that much evil may be gathered in the same harvest with the good. The character of the productions now compiled and cheapened, for the perversion of the multitude, with an industry of mischief, inexplicable on any surmise short of a sworn conspiracy against the Constitution, must, on this point, silence all scepticism. There are, at this moment, a hundred shops open in London for the sale of publications, offensive to every well-ordered mind. *Carlisle* has three in the full sale of tracts, which no man could read without disgust or pollution. His profits in his first *mart* were estimated at two thousand pounds a-year,—a strong temptation, undoubtedly, for a miscreant, who, from actual pauperism, thus emerged into profit and publicity. The attractive title over this shop was, “*The Deist and the Republican*,” glittering in colossal characters for the admiration of the magistrates. When this alluring title had lost its freshness, it was reinforced by a new declaration,—“*This is the mart for Sedition and Blasphemy*.” It is palpable, that this species of trade has no connexion with the general right of free discussion; that avowed sedition excludes itself from all claim to shelter under the privileges of an intellectual people, and that avowed blasphemy equally rejects the vulgar pretext of inquiry into religious truth. Insult is not argument; a determination to degrade and overthrow, is the direct opposite of free discussion; and when Hone, and *Carlisle*, and the whole tribe of presumptuous and audacious ruffianism which has followed them from beggary to guilty profit, and, finally, from the counter to the jail, talked of their right to question Government and Religion, they but used the tongue of an impudent and shallow hypocrisy. The heard over *Carlisle’s mart* is an answer clear and complete to all pretence of honest research. But the nature and combination of the articles of trade, in the infamous receptacles which the success of this miserable creature has multiplied, is a proof not less decisive of their systematic purpose of

corrupting the public mind. The following list was published in one of *Cobbett's Registers* for October, 1821. The vehicle was well chosen, and that hoary patriot was doubtless perfectly aware of the list which he thus sent forth in company with his exhortations, to defecate Parliament, and bring back the Church to the simplicity of primitive times.

"List of Books published for the support of the wife and infant children of Mrs Davison, now under sentence of two years' imprisonment by the Vice Society :—"

Mirabaud's *System of Nature*, 21, 1s. boards.

A cheap edition in Numbers, 3d. each.

Volney's *Ruins*, with *The Law of Nature*, 3s. 6d. extra boards.

The *Medusa*, containing Theological Discussions.

The *Trial of Thomas Davison*, for a *Blasphemous Libel in the Deists' Magazine*.

Helvetius on the *Mind*, in Numbers, *three half-pence* each.

An *Apology for Atheism on Christian Principles*, 6s.

The *Truth of the Bible and New Testament* fairly put to the test, by confronting the evidence of their own facts. 1 vol. 8vo. 10s. 6d. To be sold only in sealed wrappers, in order to defeat the inquisitorial system of the Vice Society.

The *Commonwealth of Reason*. 1s.

The *Peterloo Massacre*.

The *People's Proclamation* against the *Arts of designing Belongmenters*. *One penny*.

Boccaccio's *Decameron*, in twenty *sixpenny* Numbers. This work has been mutilated in recent editions. The editor proposes to insert in the present edition those tales which have been omitted in the former through *false and ridiculous* notions of delicacy."

Can any man of common sense read this list, by no means the most voluminous or most atrocious among the catalogues of the new enlighteners of the national mind, without allowing at once that its purpose is to disrupt the whole frame of public decency, allegiance, and religion? It has food at once for the blasphemy, the rebel, and libertine. The judgment which has hitherto excluded the grosser tales of the *Decameron*, is pronounced by this

accomplished authority, to be absurd; and the work is temptingly offered in its original vileness, by fragments which place it within the reach of the lowest order. In conjunction with this impurity, is "*The Peterloo Massacre*," and "*The People's Proclamation*," level to all possessors of one penny; and the implements of mischief are completed by a sixpenny apology for Atheism; Mirabaud reduced to threepenny parts, &c.

This flagitiousness is new in England; but it is not original, it has had a terrible exemplar. We will not now speak of the French Revolution, nor summon from their bed of blood the sad and fearful recollections of a time that looked less like the riot of human passions than the indignant and horrid revel and triumph of Demons. But it was by the same steps which we now mark, that France went down an almost returnless depth of misery and crime. The descent was at first gradual. The same conjunction of indecency, insubordination, and scepticism, laboured to shake the ancient column of the French throne, that now allures the subjects of the British empire. A higher interposition than that of man may disarm the danger; but man is in all countries the same. And to suppose that a libertine, and atheistic populace in England, will not plunge into the same excesses with a libertine and atheistic populace in France, is to hope beyond hope—to trust in extravagant continency—to be fooled with our eyes open—and, being fooled, to be undone.

The fall of the French monarchy was not the work of a day. The conspiracy had lingered about its walls for fifty years, before it found an entrance. Then, the massacre was sudden and merciless—the delay was atoned for by the vigour of the execution—the sack, the bloodshed, and the profanation, were the work of that one black and midnight period, which was best fitted for the work of the countenling Vices.

But brief as it was, it was long enough to break down the country into the most abject degradation, to shew that gorgeous and harlot figure of Republicanism, with all her trappings of blasphemy and murder, suddenly flung under the tread of a remorseless Tyranny; and, finally, to shew France returning to the hope of

a Constitution, only through the bitterness of national disgrace, and the mercy of enemies twice her conquerors.

Our punishment may not come in this form; but unless all history be false, or Providence a dream, or England secure by miracle from the course of nature, she must feel the result of cherishing corruption. The evil may not yet have reached the nobler parts, but her safety must lie in cutting off the seat of the disease. We protest altogether against the feeble indolence which would rely on the virtue of the passive majority--against the dangerous security which would look to the power of laws and institutions in themselves dependent for all effectual action on the public sympathy; and against the fantastic absurdity of supposing that the same causes will not produce the same effects in England, as in a country not twenty miles from her shore.

We have a just reliance on the strength of the Constitution. But we do not and cannot calculate of the workings of that perpetual machinery of popular evil, which we know to be labouring at its foundations. When we see the grim and blackened crowd that go down daily into the pit, and hear the restless wheel, and live in an atmosphere thickened and made unwholesome by the eternal vapour of the subterranean revolutionary furnace, we have a just right to be dubious of the solidity of our buttresses and towers. Ten thousand copies of *Paine's Age of Reason* are computed to have been sold within a short period; we desire to know the effect of this enormous distribution of moral poison, before we can say that all is safe. French poems and romances, of a description which has hitherto not ventured itself within the honest precincts of the English tongue, have, within the last year, been transferred to the popular use, divided into segments suitable to the purse of every man. The electioneering of vice thus passes over no vote; from soliciting our nobles and gentry, it has now descended into the humblest depths; its ambition addresses itself to our footmen and chambermaids; it raises a hustings for mendicants; and in alleys and cellars, prepares the way to national mastery by a practical use of *Universal Suffrage*. We must see the muster of its constituents before

we can be at our ease as to its chance of superseding the whole representative dignity of the Law and the Religion of England.

The French Revolution took fifty years for its accomplishment. Ours may be more speedy. The French were inexperienced in rabble exhibitions; reared in the glow of a sickly and overheating loyalty, they naturally shrunk at rough blasts that are familiar to our more northern blood. While revolution lingered among the levees and assemblies of the great, she assumed the garb and almost the refinement of nobility. It was not till, wearied with their tardiness, she flung herself into the centre of the rabble, that her work was begun.—But with us all is ready; there is no tedious and untried experiment to be performed before the grand projection. The press, the populace, even those accidental sufferings of the time, which no wisdom of minister or man can anticipate or provide for, are all ready. The magazine is charged, and it may be more the mercy of a controlling Providence than human foresight or resolution, that will prevent our having the first intimation of the danger, in the shaking of the ground under our feet, and the general crush and convulsion of all that was valuable and holy to us as subjects and Christians.

It is not our present purpose to detail the parallel between the present republican symptoms of England, and those which diseased the heart of France. We leave it to our readers to remark the closeness with which disaffection in the one country has marshalled its writers and haranguers upon the model of the other. But there is one similarity too remarkable to be lightly dismissed. The author of the French Revolution was VOLTAIRE. It was brought to its evil perfection by other agencies; but the Mirabeaus, Dantons, and Robespierres, were merely the disciples of the great *grimacier* of Ferney. It was this powerful and implacable spirit that first planted his uneasy step on the burning soil, afterwards to be loaded with the pandemonium of Revolution. Voltaire, excluded from his own country, took refuge in a foreign state; and thenceforth poured libels into France, with a copiousness encouraged by their profit and impunity. The overthrow of govern-

ment was his *avowed* object, and he pursued it by the triple means of calumnies on Christianity, assaults on the administration, and poems of singular and proverbial infelcity. The same hand that wrote the *Pucelle* wrote the appalling blasphemy of the sentence "*Ecrasez l'Infame*," and called up the plague that sat upon France for five-and-twenty miserable years.

Here we can unfortunately sustain the parallel in the most popular poet of our day, who seems resolved to act the part of an English Voltaire, and heroically be "damned to everlasting fame." As his popularity with the intelligent and honourable diminishes, his reception among the profligate and lawless becomes more sincere, undisguised, and triumphant. His name now figures among the foremost on the lists of the vendors of corruption. Lord Byron probably disclaims this intention in his poetry. But the men of the prison and the pillory know better; force him out of the modesty of his aristocracy, and compel him to the glory of enlightening the rabble. Those men are wise in their generation, and discern what will answer their purpose, with a sagacity that must surprise lords and lecturers. Professor Lawrence, wrapping himself up in the stole of his philosophy, talks of his work as merely a scientific discussion, hateful to vulgar eyes. But the Radical publishers were not to be hoodwinked by the Doctor's robes, pronounced it to be an excellent thing for their objects, and placed it in threepenny

numbers beside Volney. Cain and Don Juan, all unconscious of their merits, have been found worthy of the same elevation, and in threepenny numbers constitute the present intellectual delight of thievery, licentiousness, and sedition. We, of course, avoid all implication of the authors in this employment of their performances. But the fact is before our eyes. They make the choice reading of the rabble, and those who have put the works into their hands, have all the judgment in evil that can be found in experience.

The spirit of our dissolute and factious day is distinguished from that of all our past tempters by the atrocity of the press. Literary virulence has had examples in all times of our monarchy; but the characteristic of the new school is its breadth and general malignity of attack. Party will exaggerate, and personal irritation will insult, but the State is now the object. A multitude of men, stimulated by the ordinary motives to libel, have combined in the labour of defamation against all the noble principles, hereditary institutions, and sacred laws, that make the monarchy and the church of the empire. In this desperate design they embark with a boldness to which men can scarcely be stirred by heroism and a just cause. Their transcendent hostility disdains to limit itself to the petty war of partizanship; they are the enemies of principles, and their triumph is to be celebrated only over the ruins of all Government and all Religion.

DR PHILLPOTTS AND MR JEFFREY.

[By referring to Vol. VII., p. 168 of this Magazine (May 18 20), our friends may refresh, and our enemies re-afflict, their memories, with the particulars of a former controversy between the Edinburgh Reviewers and a Clergyman of the Church of England, second to no member of that illustrious establishment in character; and, as these Reviewers seem destined to be convinced double-deep, second to very few people of any establishment, either in the inclination, or in the power, to repress aggression, and chastise insolence. In a word, from that controversy Brougham retreated like a cur with his tail between his legs, Jeffrey like a rat that has left his tail in a trap, and Lambton like a monkey that never had even a tail.

We are well aware that the liberal and generous praise we bestowed on some articles in the last Number of the Edinburgh Review astonished a very great number of our readers—that it delighted some of them, and displeased others—but that was the whole the feeling was astonishment. Why? If, simply, because it seemed very odd that the work should *now* deserve *any body's* praise, so it well might because it seemed at all odd that, deserving praise, it should receive none. Now, very foolish and absurd was the head into which such an idea intruded itself. We can afford to be both just and generous,—and we have no desire to be otherwise, more especially in our conduct towards the Whigs. We

are not the drones of Toryism. We do not say that "Heaven and Earth" is a bad thing, merely because it is printed in the "Liberal." We *did* not say that the "Essays on Character" were contemptible, although that book did happen to be written by the same young nobleman who has since been so "left to himself" as to publish "Don Carlos." We take things as we find them, indifferent whether the enjoyment we receive is direct or indirect—the immediate effect of the author's genius, or its indirect effect in stimulating our own hand to the luxury of scourging. We therefore praised the last Number of that ancient periodical; we felt a generous pleasure in doing so, just as we should do, were old Tom Oliver to appear some day on a decent pair of shanks, and once more throw up his hat in a glorious ring.

But we remarked, in the midst of all our laudation, that the article on the Durham case appeared to us to be a bad affair—that we were uninformed as to the facts, but that the *spirit* of the composition was unworthy of any journal of reputation.

We now *are* informed as to the facts; and in addition to what we then so mildly expressed about the spirit of that article, the following exposure, for which the reading public has much reason to thank Dr Phillpotts, leaves us no difficulty in saying, that we consider its facts to have been as *false* as its spirit was loathsome. Brougham we incline to acquit. To be sure, the puffing note about his own "terrible" eloquence, at first made us think the article was his: but we are now aware that Mr Jeffrey was contented, on this occasion, to attack the Church of England with a meaner *weapon*.

This much is certain. Dr Phillpotts has stripped the Edinburgh Review as bare as the top of Arthur's Seat. He has exposed in the most masterly manner some of the most servile conduct we remember to have been made acquainted with. How such a sensitive Christian as Mr Jeffrey must feel under such an infliction, we should have been at no loss to imagine, even if we had not seen his face these twelvemonths. As it is, we can assure Dr Phillpotts that the face looks uncommonly long—eyes fire—lip sulky—nostril sub-incandescent—occasional twitches à la Brougham. We are really sorry for our small friend, and wish it had been possible for Dr Phillpotts' ire to have worked like that subtle agent, so prettily alluded to in Tommy Moore's new poem—

—So lightnings melt

The BLADE within the unharmed SHEATH.

But as it is, seaboard and all must put up with the singeing. We recommend a good lather of the cold scraped potato to our Editorial sufferer. C. N.]

A LETTER TO FRANCIS JEFFREY, ESQ. THE REPUTED EDITOR OF THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, ON AN ARTICLE ENTITLED "DURHAM CASE—CLERICAL ABUSES."—BY REV. H. PHILLPOTTS, D. D. RECTOR OF STANHOPE.*

SIR—Although I had reason not very highly to estimate the moral sensibility of the Editor of the Edinburgh Review, yet I was not prepared for the extreme degradation to which that personage has been contented to sink. In his last Number, he has inserted an article, entitled "Durham Case—Clerical Abuses;" an article, I am well aware, not written by the Editor himself, nor even by another contributor to his journal, on whose lucubrations I once before had occasion to remark,—but evidently by some inferior hand, who, without the slightest pretension

to the strength of the serpent, can exhibit only the slime and the venom. Under this impression, it did not at first appear to me at all necessary to answer so very gross, but (as I thought) so very feeble, an attack.

It has, however, seemed to others, to whose judgment I defer, that the extensive circulation of the Review, and the inferences already drawn from the silence of the Clergy, under charges most unceasingly brought against them, demand that some notice be taken of the present attack, and (as I am the only individual attacked by name) de-

* Durham: Printed for George Andrews, John Hatchard and Son, London; and William Blackwood, Edinburgh. 1823.
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mand it more especially from me. I proceed, therefore, to the distasteful task.

But first I shall beg leave to dispose very summarily of the theological matter introduced by this Reviewer. No man, who respects himself, will contend on such subjects with an opponent of so very slender qualifications; with one, who thinks the Church of England only half-reformed, because its catechism for the instruction of children contains no express denial of the transubstantiation of the sacramental elements;—who can talk with the most edifying gravity, of the “*distinct and unequivocal repudiation of the real presence, which we find in the Thirty-Nine Articles*,” where every one who knows what is meant by the *real presence* (a very different thing from the *corporal presence*), knows also, that it is distinctly and unequivocally affirmed:—who, because “the power of giving absolution” is claimed both by the English and the Roman Church, can speak of it, therefore, as if it were claimed by both in the same meaning and extent, though it is notorious that the Church of Rome has pronounced an anathema against all who do not admit the absolving power of its priesthood to be higher, even in kind, than the highest claim ever advanced in our Church:—who can talk of the “assumption of this power by the English Clergy;” of “this assumption being *undeniable*,” (and yet, as it should seem, of its being *denied* by divers approved authors,) without knowing, that whether the power be assumed, or disclaimed, and the assumption admitted or denied, depends on the manner in which the power itself, never once defined by him, is understood:—lastly, who can close his learned lecture on this point, with asserting that “the primitive Church never pretended to have *any* absolving power; see on *one side* *Hammond and Marshall*,—*Wheatley contra*,” whereas all these three writers (whatever be their difference on a collateral question) and all others of any reputation amongst us, agree in affirming, *what this*, “*amer* fancies that half of them deny.”

These, and blunders such as these, place his theological dogmas beyond the reach of controversy. Perhaps, too, on similar grounds, he might claim in some other points as good a right to undisputed possession of the field.

For instance, can a writer expect to be answered, who will seriously quote Bishop Burnet for a recommendation and authority to the Episcopal Bench of our days, to live “abstracted from courts, from cabals, and from parties?”—scenes in which that good Bishop bore a busier part than the most secular of our prelates for a century past, and where, by his zealous support of whig principles, he raised himself to that eminent station, which together with his numerous virtues, would ensure to him, if he were now living, a full share in the invectives of his present panegyrist.

Still, our low estimate of this writer’s intellectual qualifications must not prevent us from exposing those his moral delinquencies, which derive importance from the mischievous cause they are intended to promote. It is notorious that a design is systematically, and almost avowedly, pursued by many of the reformers of the present day, to bring the established Church into contempt, and to draw down the hatred of the people on its ministers; and that in furtherance of this design, every expedient of every kind, the meanest artifice and the most daring falsehoods, are resorted to without scruple or restraint. Instances of both these descriptions we shall find in the Review before us.

The first which I will quote is of the former kind,—a fraud so miserable, that it would be utterly beneath all notice, excepting to mark the sort of persons who are most forward in their hostility to the Church.

The Reviewer is anxious to have it believed, that our present Bishops, among many other points of inferiority to their predecessors, are distinguished by an increased and increasing spirit of luxury, avarice, and selfishness. It suited this purpose to set forth with high encomiums the splendid liberality of Bishop Butler, in disposing of the revenues of his great preferments; but it did not suit the same purpose to state the real object, on which his largest munificence was bestowed, namely, an episcopal palace. This, I say, it was not convenient to the Reviewer to mention; for, blunderer as he is, he could not be blind to the manifest absurdity of denouncing all living bishops, in the gross, for “living sumptuously in vast and splendid palaces,” and holding forth

one, who is deceased, as a pattern of truly primitive virtue, for rearing a Palace for himself and his successors to live in.

Accordingly, by a stroke of his pen *he changes the Palace of Bristol into the Cathedral*, on the repairs of which he tells us, that the Bishop "expended more than he received from the See." Those who will take the trouble of looking into the Biography of this eminent man, (a trouble which I can venture to promise them will be its own reward) will find, that he did indeed "expend in repairing and improving the *Episcopal Palace* at Bristol four thousand pounds, which is said to have been more than the whole revenues of the Bishopric amounted to, during his continuance in that See."*

I know not whether it is worth while to add, that so little averse to the decoration of his Palaces was this great ornament of the English Church, that in less than two years, during which he presided over the Diocese of Durham, he found time and means to expel once more from the Castle, the Episcopal residence, in that city, where his armorial bearings, "in all the perfect folly of Heraldry," as his Encomiast calls it when speaking of modern Prelates, still mark the scene of his munificence. In the same richly endowed See, whose high secular privileges demand some due proportion of secular state, he disdained not to live with all the splendour of the most splendid of those who had preceded him, "attended by a body of serving men gorgeously apparelled" (as the Reviewer chooses to describe footmen in purple liveries of these days); copying in such matters after his ancient Patron, Bishop Talbot, and studiously departing from the more sparing pattern set by his immediate predecessor. All this he did, without ceasing to "regard himself as Steward for the Poor," where their real interests required his aid, and without departing from that simplicity which becomes the Christian Bishop,—"knowing" well not only "how to be abased," but also "how to abound."

From this pitiful forgery respecting Bishop Butler, a name too pure, as well as too exalted, to be sullied even by

the false and treacherous praises of such a writer as this, I pass to a more culpable act of the same description, committed against a living Prelate,—against one, whose mild virtues, and truly Christian meekness of demeanour, (I will not on such an occasion do him the injustice of referring to his higher qualities,) might have been expected to disarm the hostility of the most inveterate enemy of his order. But the rancour of a thorough-paced Reformer finds in these virtues only fresh and stronger motives to his hatred. Accordingly, our Reviewer fastens on this Prelate with a pertinacity of misrepresentation, which can only be accounted for by his reliance on the unwillingness of such a man to stoop to the exposure of his artifices.

The Bishop, in a Charge to his Clergy, thus speaks of the Unitarian System, a system, of which both himself, and those whom he was addressing, had in the most solemn manner, and on the most awful occasions, declared their conscientious disbelief. "Its influence," says he, "has generally been confined to men of some education, whose thoughts have been little employed on the subject of religion; or who, loving rather to question than learn, have approached the oracles of divine truth without that humble docility, that prostration of the understanding and will, which are indispensable to proficiency in Christian Instruction." With what feelings this Reviewer is accustomed to approach those divine Oracles, I do not permit myself to conjecture: I earnestly hope, that they are very different from those which accompany his worldly studies. But the following is the manner, in which he represents the words of the Bishop: "It is the duty of the people to reverence the Church and its members in silent acquiescence," "with that prostration of the understanding and will, which a Right Reverend Prelate has openly prescribed, as the best frame of mind upon all ecclesiastical subjects."

Can the dishonesty of this writer go further? Yes:—and in the instance of this very same Bishop, whose language on another occasion is still more wickedly mis-stated. More wickedly,

* See Life prefixed to Halifax's Edition of his Works: see also Chalmers' Biog. Diet. and Hutchinson's History of Durham.

I say, because the object of this latter fraud is not only to misrepresent the words of the Bishop, for the purpose of serving a present turn,—but also to hold forth his person to public indignation, as a “courtly Sycophant,” one “guilty of an excess of adulation unknown in the most despotic reigns,”—one, whose baseness could only be paralleled by those “fawning preachers” in Charles the First’s time, who in part caused the troubles that ensued, by their extravagant doctrines respecting the right of Kings, “giving unto Cæsar what Cæsar refused to take, as not belonging to him.”

It appears, that in the course of the proceedings in the House of Lords on the Bill for degrading the late Queen, the Bishop of London maintained (what every one who loves the Constitution will maintain with him) that an enquiry into the personal conduct of the King would be unconstitutional; for, said he, citing the words of Blackstone, “the King is not under the coercive power of the law, which will not suppose him capable of committing a folly, much less a crime.” For speaking thus, this distinguished Prelate is charged by our Reviewer with “proclaiming, in his place in the House of Lords, that by the Constitution of this Country, the King is exempt from all moral blame; thus perverting the maxim which protects the Sovereign from personal responsibility, into the monstrous doctrine, that nothing which he does, as an individual, can actually be wrong.”

That in a moment of popular delirium, such a misrepresentation of the Bishop’s words should have been made by those whose interest it was, at all hazards, to keep alive the delusion, could excite no surprise. But it ought to be a matter of astonishment, that so flagrant a perversion of the truth,—now when the frenzy, which alone gave it a chance of being credited even

by the vulgar, has long passed away, —should be hazarded in any journal, maintaining the slightest pretension, I will not say to honesty, but even to prudence. The whole passage of the Commentator on the Laws of England, part of which was cited by the Bishop, will be found below.*

But it is time to advert to those parts of the Review, which more immediately concern myself, and the Clergy of Durham, a body which seems to have earned in a peculiar degree the hostility of every enemy to our Establishment.

The trial of the Editor of the Durham Chronicle, for one of the grossest libels which the licentiousness of the Press, even in these days, has yet produced, and the publication of the proceedings by the defendant, have afforded to the congenial spirit of this Reviewer an opportunity of reviling the Clergy, and the Church of England, of which he has not failed to avail himself to the utmost. Decency and justice might have seemed to require, that he should at least wait till the proceedings have been completed: but decency and justice are antiquated restrictions, which a modern reformer has long since learned to despise. Besides, if he did not send forth his strictures without delay, it might chance that the assertions, on which they were to be built, might lose even the faint semblance of probability, which it was convenient to throw around them. Accordingly, the Reviewer hastens to take for granted whatever the Defendant, a convicted libeller, has thought proper to assert; and, without even sitting the particulars of that Defendant’s story, or noticing the palpable inconsistencies by which it is marked, proceeds to pour forth all the torrent of his eloquence in pity for the meek and suffering martyr, and in indignation against his priestly persecutors.

* “To these several cases, in which the incapacity of committing crimes arises from a deficiency of the will, we may add one more, in which the law supposes an incapacity of doing wrong, from the excellence and perfection of the person; which extend as well to the will as to the other qualities of his mind. I mean the case of the king: who, by virtue of his royal prerogative, is not under the coercive power of the law; which will not suppose him capable of committing a folly, much less a crime. We are therefore, out of reverence and decency, to forbear any idle inquisitions, of what would be the consequence if the King were to act thus and thus; since the law deems so highly of his wisdom and virtue, as not even to presume it possible for him to do anything inconsistent with his station and dignity; and therefore has made no provision to remedy such a grievance.” Blackstone’s Comm. Book iv. c. 2, ad fin.

He begins with the following statement :—" A newspaper of merely local circulation, had published a few remarks upon the factious spirit of some of the Durham Clergy, in ordering the bells not to toll at her Majesty's decease, a mark of respect invariably shewn to all the members of the Royal Family."

Of the three propositions expressed or implied in this statement, the first is a wilful concealment of the truth. An honest man, in stating the case, as this Reviewer professes to do, would at least have said, that the remarks of the newspaper (whether he considered them excusable or not) were of a very coarse and intemperate kind. But of this I shall have occasion to say more hereafter. The other two propositions are direct falsehoods. It is false, that the Clergy of Durham ordered that the bells should not toll at her Majesty's decease ; it is also false, that the tolling of the bells is a mark of respect invariably shewn to all the members of the Royal Family.

It will be said, however, that these falsehoods are not originally of the Reviewer's fabrication,—that he found them asserted by the defendant, and not denied by any one ? No ! even this poor plea cannot be admitted ; for it is only just to the defendant to say, that he expressly declined making the assertion, which the Reviewer has had no difficulty in making for him. "*We know not* whether any actual orders were issued to prevent this customary sign of mourning," are the words of the libel itself.—Or it may be said, perhaps, that it was in the first instance the assertion of the learned Counsel for the Defendant. Be it so ; I shall not trouble myself to distribute the property in these matters between the parties.

But as to the fact not having been denied ; let any one read the libellous attack, and then say, whether the truth

of the fact, which was made the pretext (it could not be the cause) of so much abuse, would have softened (however its falsehood might have aggravated) the criminal character of the libel. Let him say, whether the public denial of the imputed fact must not have appeared to sanction the conclusion, that that fact, if true, would have afforded some justification, or, at least, excuse, of the foul matter which was appended to the statement of it. I say this, even on the supposition that the Clergy who had been libelled were the prosecutors. But this was not the case, as must have been known to the Reviewer from the publication before him, in which it is twice asserted by Mr Scarlett, that the Bishop of the diocese was the prosecutor. In truth, the libelled Clergy knew nothing of the prosecution till they were informed of it through the public prints. It was the venerable Bishop, who, feeling as he always feels, as the friend and father of his Clergy, instituted the proceedings, to vindicate that body from a most foul and groundless attack ; and instituted them under the advice (not merely the cold legal opinion) of his Attorney-General, Mr Scarlett. I stop not to claim all that might justly be claimed from the authority of that name, when advising a prosecution for a libel. No man who knows Mr Scarlett, even by reputation, (and who is there to whom he is not thus known ?) can believe for a moment, that he would give the sanction of his recommendation to any unnecessary attempt to restrain the freedom of the British press, or even to punish its pardonable excesses.

But, the Bishop of Durham being the Prosecutor, it is manifest that he could not make the denial ; his legal officers did not advise that it should be made by any one ;* and the Court of King's Bench ruled, that in such a case it was wholly unnecessary. After

* After the Defendant's affidavit had been filed, an affidavit was made by me (which could not, however, be received in that stage of the proceedings,) from which the following is an extract :—

" Touching the matters really pertaining to the cause now pending before this Court, this deponent saith, that having been in holy orders nearly twenty years, and having lived both in Cathedral cities and also in several other places, he nevertheless does not know nor believe, that ' it hath been notoriously customary,' as the said John Ambrose Williams, in his said last-mentioned affidavit, hath affirmed, upon the decease of the Queen Consort and every member of the Royal Family, for the Clergy of the Established Church to solemnize the event by tolling, or causing to be tolled, the bells of their respective Cathedrals and Churches." That, on the contrary, this deponent believes, that

this, had the Reviewer a right to conclude that the pretended fact was really true, because it had not been denied? and to make this conclusion a pretext for his own vulgar and unbridled rilldery? But enough of this.

In the next passage, which I shall quote, I am myself particularly assailed. It is asserted, that "sometime before the attack complained of, I had published a pamphlet full of violent invectives against those who had taken part with the late Queen, during her unexampled persecution," and that this pamphlet "assumes the form of a letter to Earl Grey."

It is not my intention to hold any controversy with the Reviewer respecting that pamphlet. I wish not, indeed, to recur to it, (nor to any other contention in which it has been my fortune to be engaged), more than is necessary. But since he has thought fit to couple it with another letter to Earl Grey, of which I am not the Author, nor ever was an Approver; and since he has laboured to give the impression, that both these letters are equally violent, and equally reprehensible, and has even designated both as "very libellous publications," I may be allowed to remind all who ever read my pamphlet, that it was strictly defensive; that it was written under no

ordinary provocation; and yet that it was not remarkable for any needless asperity either of sentiment or of language. I would also ask my Reviewer, whether, when he called that pamphlet a "very libellous publication," he had not heard that a consultation of the most eminent Whig lawyers, at the instance of some of the most zealous assertors of the freedom of the Press, had been holden for the express purpose of detecting in it something libellous, and that they were compelled to abandon the attempt as hopeless?

And here I would quit all mention of this pamphlet, had not one particular sentence of it been made the ground of a most shameless attack on me. I had said, that I felt myself called upon to accept the Noble Earl's challenge, and to avow before the world the grounds on which I justified an Address to the Throne from the Clergy of this Diocese, which Address his Lordship had very publicly and very violently assailed. "In doing this," I proceeded, "I am not ignorant, that I may possibly draw upon myself all the fury of all your adherents; from the political Reviewer, who scarcely any longer pretends to regard truth and justice as qualifications for his calling, down to the miserable mercenary who eats the bread of prostitution, and pan-

in most places it is notoriously customary for the said Clergy not so to solemnize such event, nor to order or forbid the tolling of the bells of their said Churches on such occasions. And this deponent further saith, that for more than eleven years preceeding the month of October, one thousand eight hundred and twenty, he was one of the Prebendaries of the Cathedral Church of Durham, and that it was not then customary for the Bell of that Cathedral Church to be tolled on the death of every member of the Royal Family. That it most commonly happened (to the best of this deponent's knowledge and belief) that the bell of the said Cathedral was not tolled on those occasions; but this deponent is confident that the omission was never intended, nor did he ever hear that it was considered by any one as ever having been intended as a mark of disrespect to any, either of the deceased or of the living members of the Royal Family.

"And this deponent further saith, that for upwards of ten years preceeding the twentieth day of November, one thousand eight hundred and twenty, he was minister of Saint Margaret's, Crossgate, one of the parochial churches of Durham, and hath lived in terms of intimacy with some, and acquaintance with the rest of the Clergy of the said city: that during that time many members of the Royal Family deceased, and that on none of those occasions doth this deponent remember that he gave, or was asked or expected to give, any directions whatever about tolling the bell of the said church; and that, as far as the knowledge and experience of this deponent enable him to say, he does not believe that the clergy of the parochial churches of Durham are in the habit of giving any directions whatever on the subject of tolling or not tolling the bells of their said churches on such occasions; and in the particular instance of the death of the late Queen, he is convinced, from his personal knowledge of the said clergy, that (whatever may have been their opinions respecting her Majesty's conduct when she was living) they did not either, by wilfully forbearing from any customary practice of ordering the bells of their said churches to be tolled, or by any other act or omission whatever, intend to insult the memory of the said Queen."

ders to the low appetites of those who cannot, or who dare not, cater for their own malignity."

The latter part of this sentence is the only passage ever written by me, which can be supposed, or indeed is pretended, to have any reference to the Defendant. But because I have written this, the Reviewer has the hardihood to affirm, that "respecting Mr Williams, the Defendant, this meek and Christian Pastor is pleased to say, that *he is a miserable mercenary who eats the bread of prostitution,*" &c.—After this, we may find no difficulty in believing that the ingenious person who converted "*The Whole Duty of Man*" into a series of libels, by labelling each vice with the name of the Squire, the Churchwarden, and so forth, was no other than an Edinburgh Reviewer.

Mr Williams himself is not quite so well acquainted with his own likeness, as his friend the Reviewer. He, in his affidavit, only says that he has been informed and believes that the portrait was drawn for him—and he was, it seems, somewhat tardy in acquiring this belief; for although he took upon himself to swear thus before the Court of King's Bench, in January, 1822, he had, it seems, declared elsewhere, that he did not know who was meant by that description. By what means he afterwards improved so wonderfully in the most important of all sciences, the knowledge of himself,—or how he managed to "screw his courage to the swearing point,"—I shall not trouble myself to enquire. My business is with the Reviewer—of whom I now demand, by what right he presumed to represent me as thus stigmatizing an individual? Could his readers guess from his statement of the case, that all that I had done was to give a general description, which could not possibly be taken by any man to himself, unless he was conscious that it belonged to him,—nor be ascribed to him by any other, who did not already feel convinced that he deserved it? Whether in writing the description, I myself considered it as peculiarly appropriate to any individual, no man has a right to ask; but this I solemnly affirm, that I purposely used terms, which would not admit of particular application, except in the sole case which I have already supposed.

For doing this, however, I have, according to the Reviewer, merited all the abuse which his procreant imagination can pour forth; and not only so—I have likewise justified the Defendant's libels on those who have the misfortune to be of the same sacred profession with me. "Mr Williams," says he, "defends himself, and asserts that such language, and the conduct which accompanies it, are not befitting the sacred character of the Clergy."—Mr W. does no such thing, and this Reviewer knows that he does not. In the libel for which he was convicted, he made no reference to "such language," nor any language of mine. In truth, he was not idiot enough to fit the cap to his own head, till he fancied that he could serve a desperate cause by wearing it. The Reviewer proceeds—"But he is met by a criminal information; and when he alleges that *such violent invectives* as he had been exposed to, *gave him a right to retaliate*, he is told that Mr Phillpotts is not his prosecutor, but some other dignitaries of the Church. So that *one dignity defames him, and his brethren join in beating down, by the intolerable oppressions of the law, the defamed man for retorting upon his calumniator.*"

To this I am bound to say, that it is a series of false—wilfully false, and fraudulent assertions. It is possible that the Reviewer had never heard that this defendant, long before I wrote the sentence, which he chose to take to himself, had been in the habit, week after week, and month after month, of dealing out the coarsest and foulest abuse of me,—that he had, as I have been told, made himself liable to criminal proceedings for libels on me individually: of this, I say, it is possible that the Reviewer may never before have heard. But it is not possible that he could even have read the passage of which the defendant complained, without suspecting that something of this sort must have taken place, without, indeed, perceiving that the obnoxious description was absolutely without meaning, as far as concerned the Defendant, unless some previous and weighty grounds for it had been afforded by his own conduct. It is not possible, therefore, but that he must have known, when he talked me the defamer and calumniator of this person, the author of violent invectives against

him, which gave him a right to retaliate, that he was speaking, not merely without evidence, but in spite of evidence to the contrary.

Neither is it possible but that he must also have known, that in the very Affidavit,* from which he quotes, the Defendant had sworn that which was directly inconsistent with the justification drawn for him by the Reviewer, out of the garbled passage of my pamphlet. In that Affidavit it is deposed, *that the libel solely refers to the Clergy of Durham, and to them because of their conduct at the decease of the late Queen.* Now to that body I did not belong: over the bells of any church in Durham I had no more control than the Defendant, or his Reviewer. This latter personage, therefore, must

admit, either that his protégé was persecuted, or that he, the Reviewer, is what I have too much respect for myself to call him.

In truth, it would not be easy to devise any thing more palpably absurd, as well as wicked, than the conduct of the Defendant on this statement of his new ally. One Clergyman, the Reviewer says, attacked him in a pamphlet seven or eight months before; therefore he falls foul on twenty other Clergymen for doing that, which it is not pretended that the original offender could have joined them in doing;—and this, it seems, is called at Edinburgh an exercise of the right of retaliation.

Of this same Clergy the Reviewer afterwards asserts, that “the triumph of

* And this deponent, &c. “That among other tokens of respect usually paid to the Royal Family of these realms, it hath been notoriously customary, upon the demise of the Queen Consort, and every member of the Royal Family, (though not directed or enforced by law) for the Clergy of the Established Church to solemnize the event by tolling, or causing to be tolled, the bells of the respective Cathedrals and Churches, (a practice which this deponent humbly conceives is not only dictated by the best feelings, but is in unison with and corroborative of the constitutional respect and honour due to the family of the reigning King,) and that the omission of that tribute of respect on the decease of any member of the Royal Family is not only repugnant to the feelings of Englishmen, but is a direct insult to the Sovereign on the throne. That on or about the 7th day of August now last, her late most gracious Majesty Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, Queen Consort of his present Majesty, died, to the great grief of the nation. That although this deponent has been informed, and verily believes, that the customary solemnity above mentioned was duly observed on that melancholy event in almost all the Cathedrals and Churches of the Establishment throughout the land, including the collegiate Church of St Paul's, and other churches in London, yet there was, to this deponent's personal knowledge, one exception thereto, which exception was in the city of Durham, where this deponent resides, the bells of the Cathedral and Churches of which Episcopal City were suffered, by the beneficed Clergy and Pastors thereof, to remain, on that mournful occasion, silent. That in the exercise of his best judgment, he, this deponent, did conscientiously conceive (and he trusts rightly) that an insult so openly and publicly levelled against his Majesty and the Royal Family, demanded an answer, equally open and public, and particularly as such insult emanated from a portion of the community so powerful, wealthy, and considerable, as the ecclesiastics of Durham, inasmuch as the pernicious example was likely to be attended with consequences proportionably injurious to the House of Brunswick, and thereby to the nation at large. And that under that impression, and also under the impression that his respect for the person and family of his Majesty could not be more appropriately evinced on that painful occasion than by expressing his indignation at such conduct, and moreover participating in the grief that then prevailed in every quarter of the country for the untimely decease of her late Majesty, he, this deponent, did, in pursuance thereof, and in the exercise of his rights as an Englishman, and of his duty as a public journalist, publish the article or paragraph set forth in the affidavit of the said James Southron. And that in publishing the said article or paragraph, he referred solely to the conduct of the Clergy of Durham, and not to that of the Church of England generally, (except in so far as the conduct of so important and influential a body as the Clergy of Durham must necessarily affect the character and interests of the Clergy of the kingdom at large;) and that in publishing the said article or paragraph, he, this deponent, was not actuated in the least degree by motives of malice or ill-will towards the Clergy of the city of Durham, much less towards the Clergy of any other part of the united kingdom, and that such unworthy feelings are as alien to his this deponent's known temper and character as to be the voluntary and intended forbearance to exhibit suitable marks of sorrow on the decease of the Queen Consort of a King of England.”

her Majesty's cause was more than they could well bear, and *not daring to shew any open marks of hostility* to her and to the country which took her part, they *contented themselves with Addresses* complaining of what was going on, and with *writing, and encouraging others to write, those foul slanders on her Majesty*, and all who stood by her, which have so signally disgraced the press of this country, and have, in some instances, led to such lamentable consequences."

The conduct here ascribed to the Clergy is so very peculiar, that I may be allowed to contemplate it with some admiration. I will venture to say, that no parallel to it can be found in history or fiction, except in the celebrated Chorus sung by the Conspirators in the German tragedy—to prevent their being heard. "*They dare not shew any open marks of hostility to the Queen, or to the country which took her part,*" and therefore they—do what? slink into corners, and lament over their disappointed hopes of seeing an unhappy Queen degraded? No such thing—they address the Throne, and manage that their Address shall be published in the London Gazette:—moreover, they "write foul slanders on her Majesty, and all who stood by her," that is, the whole "free-spirited people of this country," for every freeman, be it known, must, on pain of losing his freedom, act, write, speak, and think, as these Northern Reviewers shall be pleased to command.

To answer such trash is a degradation to which I cannot stoop. I will only ask, what are the "foul slanders on her Majesty," of which the Reviewer speaks? That a Clergyman of the county of Durham did injudiciously write a very reprehensible answer to a very reprehensible attack on the body to which he belonged, I most readily admit:—that he was not, however, nor ever had been, one of the Clergy, to whom only the defendant swore that

his libel referred, is apparent from that person's own affidavit. I will add, that so far from his being encouraged by the libelled Clergy to do what he did, I never yet heard a single man among them speak of his performance, who did not lament and condemn it.

I will further add, that all the Reviewer's clamour against the Durham Clergy for taking a prominent and violent part on the question of the Queen's guilt, is as wholly devoid of truth, as his other assertions concerning them. *They actually forbore taking any part at all*, till, having been included in the description of a county meeting, which threatened the Sovereign with a Revolution, in consequence partly of the proceedings against her Majesty, but chiefly of other alleged grievances, they exercised that right, which none but those "who," in the cant of the Reviewer, "espouse liberal principles" would deny them, and disclaimed all share in the acts of that meeting. But even in doing this, so little ground did they give for the charge of violence in their language respecting the Queen, that as far as the proceedings of the county meeting related to her Majesty, they considered it sufficient simply to declare their dissent.

I will not pursue the disgusting task of tracing all the frauds and artifices of this person, whoever he be, who has thrust himself into the seat of justice, and, in conjunction with his Brother-Reviewers, professes to decide equally and impartially on all kinds of merit and demerit, literary, political, and moral. But to manifest at once the sort of spirit with which this Northern Rhadamanthus is imbued, I will exhibit the Defendant's libel, and the description of it as given in the Review, desiring our readers, at the same time, to recollect, that *the utmost care has been taken by the Reviewer to keep every part of the libel itself from appearing in his pages.*

LIBEL.

"So far as we have been able to judge from the accounts in the public papers, a mark of respect to her late Majesty has been almost universally paid throughout the kingdom, when the painful tidings of her decease were received, by tolling the bells of the cathedrals and churches. But there is

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REVIEWER'S STATEMENT

Of the Substance of the Libel.

"In pursuance of this system, when the news of her lamented death reached Durham, they forbade the bells to toll, thus withholding that decent mark of respect which was due to her as a member of the

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one exception to this very creditable fact, which demands especial notice. In this episcopal city, containing six churches, independently of the Cathedral, not a single bell announced the departure of the magnanimous spirit of the most injured of Queens—the most persecuted of women. Thus the brutal enmity of those who embittered her mortal existence, pursues her in her shroud. We know not whether actual orders were issued to prevent this customary sign of mourning; but the omission plainly indicates the kind of spirit which predominates among our clergy. Yet these men profess to be followers of Jesus Christ, to walk in his footsteps, to teach his precepts, to inculcate his spirit, to promote harmony, charity, and christian love! Out upon such hypocrisy! It is such conduct which renders the very name of our established Clergy odious till it stinks in the nostrils; that makes our churches look like deserted sepulchres, rather than temples of the living God; that raises up conventicles in every corner, and increases the brood of wild fanatics and enthusiasts; that causes our benedicted dignitaries to be regarded as usurpers of their possessions; that deprives them of all pastoral influence and respect; that, in short, has left them no support or prop in the attachment or veneration of the people. Sensible of the decline of their spiritual and moral influence, they cling to temporal power, and lose in their officiousness in political matters, even the semblance of the character of ministers of religion. It is impossible that such a system can last. It is at war with the spirit of the age, as well as with justice and reason; and the beetles who crawl about amidst its holes and crevices, act as if they were striving to provoke and accelerate the blow, which, sooner or later, will inevitably crush the whole fabric, and level it with the dust."

In order to estimate duly the fairness of the Reviewer, in giving to his readers such a description of such a libel,—stripping it, in fact, of every single expression, which marks its libellous character,—it must be borne in mind, that throughout the whole of his long article, extending to nearly thirty pages, he has not found room for a single line of the libel itself. What honest motive can be assigned for such a suppression? Why is he thus anxious to hide from his readers the extent of the Defendant's crime? Because in his profligate disregard to truth, he chose to say, and wished to have it believed, that the prosecution of this libel, and the attempt to protect the clergy from slanders so un-

Royal Family, and could not be refused without offering an affront to that Illustrious House, and especially to its august Head. This notable piece of vulgar sycophancy, as disgusting, beyond all doubt, to the Prince whom it was clumsily intended to flatter, as to the people whose honest and genuine feelings it was meant to outrage, naturally called for observation from Mr Williams, as the conductor of an independent journal published in Durham. His remarks, which have exposed him to this prosecution, are strong, and indicate some warmth of indignation, such as probably every unbiassed mind felt upon the occasion. He states the fact; contrasts the silence of the bells at Durham with the almost universal tribute of respect rendered by other Cathedrals and Churches; and comments upon such proceedings as indicative of an implacable spirit in those who had done their utmost to embitter the Queen's existence, and whom even her mournful end had not been able to soften. He, not unnaturally, exclaims upon the marked inconsistency of such conduct with the precepts of our religion, and the example of its humane and charitable founder; and asserts, that such men are the worst enemies to the Establishment, making its temples be deserted, and filling the tabernacles of the sectaries. Such is the substance of the remarks, which the Clergy found it easier (possibly it may not in the end prove safer) to prosecute than to answer."

provoked and unparalleled, is "to demand from the civil power that all objectors be put to silence, because the church and its members are sacred;"—"to stifle all discussion of their system and their conduct;"—"to bear down by the intolerable oppression of the law a defamed and injured person, writing in self-defence, and claiming only to retaliate on his calumniators."

Of the speeches of the advocates, as quoted in this Review, it is not my intention to say much. That Mr Searlett, in the able and honourable discharge of the duty undertaken by him, afforded inadvertently one small opening of which advantage was made by his opponent, would be of itself not

worth remarking ;—that Mr Brougham should greedily seize, or make, an opportunity of repeating, in language more abusive even than that of his client, the charge of hypocrisy against the Durham Clergy, may be natural enough :—that the Reviewer should quote at full length, and with entire approbation, the passage which describes them as “ the most consummate of hypocrites,” was quite a matter of course ;—but that the charge itself was wholly without foundation, that no such instructions were given to the Counsel for the prosecution, as Mr Brougham assumed, and the Reviewer echoed, has been proved by the publication of the instructions themselves, a publication extorted by the calumnies of this Review.*

In truth, this eagerness to pervert one incidental, perhaps unguarded, observation of Mr Scarlett, to a meaning as little contemplated by himself, as it was wholly unmerited by those who were made its objects, is only an additional evidence of the spirit in which the defence was conducted, and of the purpose it was designed to serve. No man, who reads the report of Mr Brougham's speech, can imagine that the safety of his client was on this occasion (whatever it may be on others) the sole or the principal end to which he looked. That he had another, and, as he doubtless thinks, a worthier object to animate his efforts, might be inferred from almost every part of that

speech, even without the applauding comment of his Reviewer: “ Though delivered in support of a defence, it contains nothing at all apologetical, and not much that can be represented as even conciliatory. It is criminal, contemptuous, and defying. The tone throughout is that of proud superiority and command ; and its general strain and character may be compendiously described by the single word, *terrible*.”

Happily, there is one other word, the force of which is not yet forgotten in an English Court of Law—TRUTH. Truth is there enthroned, as in her proper seat : and while the Sovereignty of Truth is felt and acknowledged there—in that Sanctuary of Reason, Liberty and Justice—we may despise all the terrors of Mr Brougham's eloquence, and the predictions of his panegyrist. Nay, we may even hear without dismay, what we have since been told,† on the alleged authority of the Defendant, that Mr Brougham's real object was obtained, not in the acquittal of the Defendant—that, it seems, was a hopeless matter—but by exciting in the crowd that heard him feelings hostile to the Clergy. If this indeed be true, the object and the means, the man and the occasion, were admirably assorted ; unity and consistence are thus given to the whole proceeding ; and the friends of the respective parties may exult to see—bound up in one indissoluble knot—

* “ In p. 375, it is said, ‘ It is well known that the defence of the Durham Clergy against the charge of having stood single among their countrymen, in withholding from the late Queen the accustomed marks of respect, consisted in saying, that though they said less than others, they might feel as much,’ and a quotation is given from the speech of Mr Brougham, in which he speaks of the Clergy of Durham having instructed their chosen official advocate to stand forward with this, as their defence.

“ I by no means presume to condemn the learned Gentleman for endeavouring to excite an impression so favourable to his client, nor for seizing on any part of the address of the Counsel for the prosecution, which could be made to bear the semblance of such a meaning. But I feel it due to truth and justice to declare solemnly before the world, that no such instructions were given—no such ground was ever contemplated by me, as a defence for the Clergy, on account of their not ordering the bells of their churches to be tolled.”—*Extract from a Letter of Mr P. Bawley, Solicitor for the Prosecution, to the Editor of the Durham Advertiser.*

† “ When I observe the use which has been unremittingly made of Mr Brougham's speech on the occasion by the Defendant, by the newspapers which make common cause with him, and at length even by one of the most widely-circulated literary journals of the day, I feel it my duty to state publicly, and I do so without fear of contradiction by the Defendant, for he himself has asserted the fact, that the chief object of Mr Brougham's address was gained, in his having succeeded in exciting in the public mind feelings hostile to the Clergy, and that the acquittal or conviction of this defendant was a matter of a secondary consideration.”—*Letter of Mr Bawley.*

the fair fame of Mr John Ambrose Williams, Mr Brougham and the unknown Reviewer.

That this Reviewer may remain unknown, is my very earnest wish. I seek to despise no man. But whether the Reviewer remain unknown or not, it is time that the Editor of the Review should feel

“As feel he will,
If damned custom have not brazed him so,
That he is proof and bulwark against
sense,”)

that he may not with impunity persist in giving circulation to these foul and unmanly calumnies. A man of honour, conducting a Review, would feel himself bound, by the strongest ties, to protect from all gross insult (it would be childish to weigh these matters in very nice scales) those whose only protection against the petulance, or the malignity, of his underlings, must rest on his honour. If, by inadvertence, any thing false, unjust, or culpably offensive to the feelings of an individual, should for once have crept into his Journal, at least he would be anxious to prevent all recurrence of the injury. Has such been the conduct of the Editor of this Review? An article was published in his 64th Number, reflecting in the coarsest terms on my character. I answered that article, by proving the wilful falsehood of its main allegations, and at the same time called on the author to defend his own veracity. Under that challenge he sat down in silence. He seized, indeed, (for some one for

him) on one subordinate particular, and with much confidence of manner, and fresh scurrility of language, triumphed over my supposed misapprehension of a point of law. Here, too, he was defeated: his ignorance of the law was exposed, as his less venial practices had been detected before. Having done this, I addressed the Editor of the Review, in terms of forbearance, perhaps I might say of courtesy,* on the just grounds of complaint which I might urge against himself. After an interval of three years, being again assailed in the same Journal with equal grossness, and, as I have proved, with equal falsehood, I now tell the Editor, before the world, that on him will light all the ignominy of this second outrage. I tell him, too, that he would rather have foregone half the profits of his unbalanced trade, than have dared to launch against any one of his Brethren of the Gown the smallest part of that scurrility, which he has felt no scruple in circulating against Churchmen.

To you, Sir, I make no apology for addressing you on this occasion. If you are not, what the public voice proclaims you to be, the Editor of the Review, you will thank me for thus giving you an opportunity publicly to disclaim the degrading title. If you are, it is henceforth to me a matter of mere indifference, what such a person may think or say. I am, Sir, &c.

HENRY PHILLPOTTS.

Stanhope, 30th Dec. 1822.

[Our readers will, we are assured, be much more obliged to us for giving them the entire Letter of Dr Phillpotts, than an *article* of our own on the “Durham Case.” We had prepared such an article; and perhaps we may yet lay it before the public;—for it is evident that the Edinburgh Review has joined “The Unholy Alliance.” But in this contest we shall take a firm and

* “Before I conclude, I will add one word to the Editor of the Review.

“That he is answerable for all that appears in it, will not be disputed. He is a man of high and (I doubt not) merited reputation, a man of honour and of liberal feelings. Let me then calmly remind him, in the discreditable light, in which he is exhibited by this discussion. He appears in it as a willing instrument to give currency to the base effusions of another man’s malignity: he has allowed his Journal, professing to discharge the duties of fair and equal criticism, to be made the vehicle of wilful mis-statements, and of the most glaring injustice; he has permitted gross personal insults to be offered under the sanction of his authority, to one, whose profession, and, I will add, whose character, would have protected him from all indignity at the hands of an honourable or manly opponent.

“Whether Mr Jeffrey finds any disgrace in all this, is a matter of much more importance to him, than it can be to me.”—See *Remarks on a Note in the Edinburgh Review*, No. LXXV.

decided part, and let the enemies of religion, and of religious establishments, look to themselves. Meanwhile we cannot conclude better than by copying the following excellent remarks by our friend Dr Stoddart:—

“The slight castigation we inflicted on the article in *The Edinburgh Review*, entitled ‘*Clerical Abuses*,’ was but the prelude to a most severe punishment which the author has since received from a far more powerful pen. The Rev. Dr PHILLPOTTS has published a “Letter to Francis Jeffrey, Esq.” which, if the author of the article has not a hide tougher than the seven-fold shield of *Ajax*, must cut him to the bone. He first disposes of the theological matter which the unfortunate Critic was so ill-advised as to introduce into his Review; and he shews that, in pretending to talk about the doctrines of the Church of England, the Reviewer has shewn an *ignorance* which would disgrace a catechumen of ten years old in a country parish. Every syllable that this polemical journal has ventured about Transubstantiation, the Real Presence, and the power of Absolution, is proved to be a *blunder* of the grossest magnitude. Then, what he says of Bishops BURNER and BUTLER, is at woful variance with history. His censures on the amiable and excellent Bishop of LONDON, which we had before noticed, are next exposed with still greater force. And, after disposing of the introductory matter, Dr Phillpotts refutes the edummies against himself and the Durham Clergy, by an exposition of the real state of the case, which leaves the Reviewers without the shadow of an excuse for one of the most intemperate, and, at the same time, most unfounded attacks ever made on the Church.”—*New Times*, January 10, 1823.]

THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.*

THE subject of this poem, when first it rises up dimly and distantly before us, seems to be at once so brightened and shadowed with thoughts and feelings, both human and divine, so richly overspread with the perishable ground-flowers of earth, and so magnificently canopied with the imagery of heaven, that before we have formed any very distinct conception of what may be “The Loves of the Angels,” we are happy to hail them as a beautiful theme for the creations of genius. Every thing antediluvian is poetical. The flood washed away a world from life into imagination. Its universal waters yet divide us from the younger years of the earth. Our generations seem to be from Noah; but Adam was the father of the Races that sinned before the ark rested upon Ararat. Our human sympathies are still with the children of them who lived in Paradise; and from Cain and Abel we follow them, wheresoever they go, on the widening circle of inhabitation over the new fields of the earth. But then these human sympathies which we feel, because we are all one kind, are idealized towards objects in that wild remoteness; and being of themselves insuffi-

cient to satisfy the heart, they are easily transmuted into emotions of pure imagination, and perhaps are never found to exist but in such alliance. Those ages, therefore, seem to be the very domain of pure poetry.

With regard to the Loves of Angels with the human race, it is of no moment, in a merely poetical view, whether or not they are scriptural. Of the nature of such beings, Scripture tells us nothing; but our minds are so framed as to conceive of them, and to endow them with attributes. Whether we endeavour to raise up our thoughts from earth to heaven, or to bring them down imperceptibly from heaven to earth, our minds do of themselves conceive the image of intermediate intelligences between man and God, to which we give a mixed terrestrial and celestial nature. Such beings seem to belong to our own race, because like us they are *created*; but they seem not to belong to our race, because their birth-place was in heaven, and their dwelling round the throne of the Deity. It is easy, therefore, and delightful, for any imagination to think of such creatures hanging between heaven and earth, and partaking, if not of human pas-

* The Loves of the Angels; a Poem. By Thomas Moore. London, printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster-Row. 1823.

sions, at least of those human affections which are in their purity the most nearly resembling divine. Whatever may be attributable to tradition, it is not possible to suppose the human soul, during its sojourn here, not forming to itself such visions, which seem inseparable from its consciousness of a divine origin and an immortal destiny.

Now, if this be the kind of imaginative thought in which we willingly allow the existence of such beings, it is obvious, that if they are to be made the subjects of poetry, they must be preserved in the full beauty or majesty of their angelic character. This Milton has in general done; and in *Paradise Lost*, we desiderate nothing, except when the mighty poet ventures to ascend from his angels, fallen or un-fallen, to their Creator. Then Milton himself is struck with a blacker blindness than that which had veiled his "visual orbs;" and his poetry is at an end.

But Milton spoke of angels in their own world—not in ours—unless when sent on missions of love or anger to our parents in *Paradise*. Had he ever written about the power and dominion given to angels over the races of men, we know from that sublime passage in the First Book of his great poem, in what spirit it would have been conceived.

"For thus the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living strength, and unfrequented
left

His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads as low

Bow'd down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despotic foes. With these in troop
Came Asoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent
horn;

To whose bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on the offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whose heart, though
large,

Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz next be-
hind,

Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate,
In amorous ditties all a summer day;
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded. The love
tale

Infected Sion's daughters with the heat;

Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,
His eye surveyed the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah."

The Loves of the Angels with women were not suited to Milton's spirit; and accordingly, in his eleventh book, he gives his interpretation of that Text.

"For that fair female troop thou saw'st,
that seem'd

Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good, wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise.
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troll the tongue, and toll the
eye.

To these that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious titled them the sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their
fame,

Ignobly to the trans and to the strakes
Of these fair atheists; and now swim in
joy,

Ere long to swim at large: and laugh, for
which

The world, ere long, a world of tears must
weep."

But although Milton's genius put away from itself the idea of Angels mixing in human loves, such an image may yet be brought home to another heart; and there does not seem any thing incongruous, or worse than incongruous, in divine beings, of limited intelligence, and liable to sin like ourselves, being overruled by the beauty of creatures different from them so much, but made almost one and the same by common infirmities and participated guilt.

The subject, therefore, we conceive, is legitimate; but it is one to be managed with extreme skill, and with the native awe of a high mind, conscious at all times of the unapproachable sanctity of that Nature which created all things, both men and angels, heaven and earth. If there be any want of such awe in the poet's mind, then he will be in danger every moment of dashing our delight—of awakening in our souls an insupportable sense of the violation of holiness—and almost a sacred horror of advancing our most earthly thoughts into the presence of the Most High. Milton spoke of the creation and the fall of man, and he shewed us the human soul standing before God. Adam and Eve are ourselves—Humanity. In them, all that have ever lived, or will live on earth, are exhibited. Therefore Milton's poem inspires us with a holy dread. If Mil-

row has spoken of angels, can we not turn from him to the voice of Moore? If we do, we must at least prepare ourselves for a great change.

Now, we say this, with many feelings of love and admiration of Moore's genius. But bright and beautiful as that genius is, we have no doubt that most of our readers will agree with us in thinking, that it ought to keep to this earth. Mr Moore possesses fancy, sensibility, warmth of feeling, grace, elegance, ingenuity, even passion and imagination. But of all highly-endowed and richly-gifted minds we have ever known, his seems most hopelessly bound down to this earth by the chains of the senses. We do not now ungenerously allude to his early poems; for Mr Moore is not now, as he once was, a mere gloating sensualist. But his mind is, nevertheless, even in its most pure creations, the slave of animal beauty. The most soul-felt delights of his men, his women, and his angels, either trespass upon, or terminate in, some kind of passionate desires. If our senses be the source of all our knowledge and of all our feelings, in the poetry of Mr Moore the soul is never sufficed to roam far from the source of all her powers; earthly food is continually administered to her divinest aspirations; and although, in the midst of much beauty, and brightness, and bloom, and music, we may not feel our natures absolutely degraded or debased, yet, most assuredly, when we reflect on what we have been reading, the soul itself seems to have been represented as a delicate material substance, capable of being breathed over by delight, and coloured with gorgeous hues,—but after all a vessel of clay, and if not broken in pieces before our eyes, yet felt to be fragile, a toy of chance, rather than a work of wisdom. Mortality is the essence of it all, whatever Mr Moore may say to the contrary. Vapours, bubbles, clouds, are all beautiful—so are most of his perishable thoughts.

The first great and insuperable objection, therefore, to Mr Moore's "*Loves of the Angels*," is one which may subject him to nothing short of a charge of blasphemy. We bring no such charge against him. But, amiable, pure, and reverent, as he no doubt believed his motives to be in writing these verses, yet if the constitution of his mind be such as to prevent him from

feeling and knowing when he is most blindly and presumptuously bringing himself and the creatures of his own earthly fancy into the presence of God, then whatever excuses we may find for himself, it is impossible not to be shocked by his words; and we lay down the book in a painful wonder, how so fine and even powerful a mind as Mr Moore's should be so fatally and infatuatedly blind, deaf, and insensible to that voice, which in all human hearts humbly whispers to us to bow down in fear before our Creator. The constant approach which Mr Moore's mind makes, if not in its very lightest, at least in some of its most worthless moods, to the name and to our ideas of the being of the Deity, must strike every heart with horror. A Greek or a Roman spoke with more real reverence of Jove, than this poet does of God. We repeat, that such shocking impiety is manifestly unintentional. But intentional impiety is not credible at all; and Mr Moore's sin lies in that state of his soul that could so image to itself its Creator and Judge. No such shocking familiarity is to be found any where that we know of out of the prose ravings of ignorant religious enthusiasts or madmen. Theirs being really what they seem to be, the ravings of insanity, are pitiable and melancholy; but Mr Moore's familiarities with his Maker assume the appearance of cold glittering conceits, and the impertinences of a bad taste. His object seems to be to make his poem pretty, and his piety has a regard to the Row; in his adoration, he never loses sight of his bargain with Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, &c.; and he is anxious, when he writes of heaven, that his lines should be polished to the satisfaction of Mr Jeffrey.

Now, this light and airy, and often utterly indifferent way of approaching the most awful subjects, is exhibited in almost every page of the poem. Never once does Mr Moore speak as he ought to do, when coming near such ideas. Each passage by itself is bad enough; but the continuous strain of the whole composition is utterly destructive of all true religious thoughts. Nay, we have no hesitation in saying, that on the least religious mind now existing in Britain, provided it have any cultivation at all, this poem will produce an offensive effect, by the mere violence which its intended piety and unintend-

ed impiety will do to its taste and to its sense of fitness. For even an atheist must have an idea of Omnipotence; and his intellectual nature will be shocked by the application to it of small paltry words and sentences, and of imagery so meanly disproportionate to that illimitable vastness. Yet, all the while, Mr Moore himself writes away his sparkling sentences with the same apparent air of unsuspecting sincerity of worship that we might expect to see in a poetaster, at the court of a mortal monarch, lavishing eulogies on the greatness of his character, the diamonds of his crown, and the extent of his dominions.

Let the following examples suffice.

1. "Creatures of light, such as still play,
Take notes in sunshine, round the Lord,
And through their infinite array
Transmit each moment, night and day,
The echo of His luminous word!"
2. "The First who spoke was one, with look
The least celestial of the three—
A Spirit of light mould, that took
The punts of earth most yieldingly;
Who, ev'n in heaven was not of those
Nearest the Throne, but held a place
Far off, among those shining rows
That circle out through endless space,
And o'er whose wings the light from Him
In the great centre falls most dim."
3. "Well I remember by her side
Sitting at rosy even-tide,
When,—turning to the star, whose head
Look'd out, as from a bridal bed,
At that mute, blushing hour,—she said,
"Oh! that it were my doom to be
The Spirit of you beauteous star,
Dwelling up there in purity,
Alone, as all such bright things are;—
My sole employ to pray and shine,
To light my censor at the sun,
And fling its fire towards the shrine
Of Him in heaven, the Eternal One!"
4. "That very night—my heart had grown
Impatient of its inward burning;
The term, too, of my stay was flown,
And the bright Watchers near the throne."
5. "There was a virtue in that scene,
A spell of holiness around,
Which would have—had my brain not
been
Thus poison'd—madden'd—held me
bound,
As though I stood on God's own ground.
Ev'n as it was with soul all flame,
And lips that burn'd in their own sighs,"
&c.
6. "That very moment her whole frame
All bright and glorified became,
And at her back I saw unclose
Two wings, magnificent as those
That sparkle round the Eternal Throne."
7. "Most holy vision! ne'er before
Did aught so radiant—since the day
When Lucifer, in falling, bore
The third of their bright stars away—
Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair
That loss of light and glory there!"
8. "You both remember well the day
When unto Eden's new-made bowers,
He, whom all living things obey,
Summon'd his chief angelic powers
To witness the one wonder yet,
Beyond man, angel, star, or sun,
He must achieve, ere he could set
His seal upon the world, as done—
To see that last perfection rise,
That crowning of creation's butt,
When, mid the worship and surprise
Of circling angels, WOMAN'S EYES
FIRST OPEN'D UPON HEAVEN
AND EARTH!!!!"
9. "Can you forget her blush, when round
Through Eden's lone, crested ground
She look'd—and at the seas—the skies—
And heard the rush of many a wing,
By God's command then vanishing,
And saw the last few angel eyes
Still lingering—mine among the rest,—
Reluctant leaving scene so blest?"
10. "Whate'er I did, or dream'd, or
felt,
The thought of what might yet befall
That splendid creature mix'd with all—
Nor she alone, but her whole race
Through ages yet to come—whate'er
Of feminine, and fond, and fair,
Should spring from that pure mind and
face,
All wak'd my soul's intensest care;
Their forms, souls, feelings, still to me
God's most disturbing mystery!"
11. "No, it was wonder, such as thrill'd
At all God's works my dazzled sense;
The same rapt wonder, only fill'd
With passion, more profound, intense,
A vehement, but wandering fire,
Which, though nor love nor yet desire,
Though through all womankind it took
Its range, as vague as lightnings run,
Yet wanted but a touch, a look,
To fix it burning upon *One*!!!"
12. "I had beheld their First, their EVE
Born in that splendid Paradise,
Which God made solely to receive
The first light of her waking eyes!!!
I had seen parent angels lean
In worship o'er her from above;
And man—oh yes, had envying seen
Proud man possess'd of all her love!"

13. "There, at her altar while she knelt,
And all that woman ever felt,
When God and man both claim'd her sighs—
Every warm thought, that ever dwelt."
14. "Then come, oh Spirit, from behind
The curtains of thy radiant home,
Whether thou would'st as God be shrined,
(Or loved and clasp'd as mortal, come !"
15. "Days, months clapsed, and, though
what most
On earth I sigh'd for was mine, all,—
Yet—was I happy ? *God, thou know'st,*
Howe'er they smile, and feign, and boast,
What happiness is theirs, who fall !"
16. "And, though but wild the things she
spoke,
Yet mid that play of error's smoke
Into fair shapes by fancy curl'd,
Some gleams of pure religion broke—
Glimpses, that have not yet awoke,
But startled the still dreaming world !
Oh, many a truth, remote, sublime,
Which God would from the minds of men
Have kept conceal'd, till his own time,
Stole out in these revelations then—
Revelations dim, that have fore-run,
By ages, the bright, Saving One !"
17. "And found myself—oh, ecstasy,
Which even in pain I e'er forget—
Worshipp'd as only God should be,
And loved as never man was yet !"
18. "Thus spoke the maid, as one, not
used
To be by man or God refused—
As one, who felt her influence o'er
All creatures, whatsoe'er they were,
And, though to heaven she could not soar,
At least would bring down heaven to
her !"
19. "Great God ! how *could* thy vengeance
light
So bitterly on one so bright ?
How could the hand, that gave such charms,
Blast them again in love's own arms ?
Science had I touch'd her shrinking frame."
20. "Till there—*oh God, I still ask why
She doom was hers ?*"
21. "But is it thus, dread Providence—
Can it, indeed, be thus, that she,
Who, but for one proud, fond offence,
Had honour'd heaven itself, should be
Now doom'd—I cannot speak it—no,
Merciful God ! *it is not so*—
Never could lips divine have said
The fiat of a fate so dread."
22. "Again, I cry, Just God, transfer
That creature's sufferings all to me—
Mine, mine the guilt, the torment be,
To save one minute's pain to her,
Let mine last all eternity !"
23. "Among the Spirits, of pure flame,
That round the Almighty Throne abide,
Circles of light, that from the same
Eternal centre sweeping wide,
Carry its beams on every side,
(Like spheres of air that waft around
The undulations of rich sound)
Till the far-circling radiance be
Diffused into infinity !
First and immediate near the Throne,
As if peculiarly God's own,
The Seraphs stand."
24. "'Mong these ZARAPH once, and
none
E'er felt affection's holy fire,
Or yearn'd towards the Eternal One,
With half such longing, deep desire."
25. "Often, when from the Almighty
brow
A lustre came, too bright to bear,
And all the seraph ranks would bow
Their heads beneath their wings, nor
dare
To look upon the effulgence there ;
This Spirit's eyes would court the blaze,
(Such pride he in adoring took)
And rather lose, in that one gaze,
The power of looking, than *not* look !"
26. "And, though the Spirit had trans-
gress'd,
Had, from his station 'mong the blest
Won down by woman's smile, allow'd
Terrestrial passion to breathe o'er
The mirror of his heart, and cloud
God's image, there so bright before ;
Yet never did that God look down
On error with a brow so mild ;
Never did justice launch a frown,
That, ere it fell, so nearly smiled."
- We quote these verses with no other wish than to shew (perhaps even to Mr Moore himself) by so many collected examples from one long poem, how the mind may acquire unconsciously a habit of speaking most irreverently of divine things. A hundred others—nay, many hundred others—overload this poem. Some are good—some perhaps harmless—some slightly offensive—some grossly so—and many monstrous and shocking. What the effect of the whole is, and must be, can be known only to those who go through with the whole "Loves of the Angels" without cessation. Our minds are either perpetually shocked or disgusted with Mr Moore's inconceivable levity—or the allusions he so boldly makes produce no effect at all—and we look at the most holy and awful words, as if we saw them not,—or we hear them as if they were from the

lips of a child or an idiot, "signifying nothing."

Now, should Mr Moore himself chance to look over our pages, we do not fear, although he may be displeased with the strong terms we make use of, that he will wholly dissent from our judgment. We think that he has unconsciously familiarized himself, in thinking over his subject, with the name of Deity, and with Jehovah himself, "localized in Heaven." Besides, angels are the interlocutors in his poem; and Mr Moore has certainly been led farther than he would otherwise have been, by being deluded into a belief, that angels might utter language not sufferable from human lips. That is no defence at all. For although it might be admitted in some particular instances, our objection, and we believe the objection of all the readers of poetry in Britain, will lie against the general tone of the whole composition. Nothing can save that from entire and universal condemnation. We are not enemies, but friends to Mr Moore; and little authority as our opinions may hold over his mind, yet in this case, they may at least direct him to inquire what are the opinions of others, better and wiser than we pretend to be; and if he finds at last that he has fallen into a grievous sin, which he resolves never again to commit, he will at least acknowledge that our condemnation, expressed strongly and without reserve, was not arrogantly pressed upon him, nor unaccompanied with what seemed to us to be proofs of its justice. Others may praise him more lavishly, and pretend to see nothing of all this. We would shut our eyes if we could, but we cannot; for few things of the kind would give us greater satisfaction, than to see this Poet at all times writing in a style worthy of his beautiful and original genius.

The second great and radical objection to the poem is, that the character of the angels is almost entirely human. In other words, they are not angels at all. We do not pretend to know how to describe such a character. We have no intention of writing a poem on their loves. But Mr Moore has done so; and his conception of the character, appearance, and conduct of his angels, is, in our opinion, almost woful and lamentable failure. He assigns them different characters indeed,

and different degrees of dignity, knowledge, and power. But they no sooner open their mouths, than they are angels no more, but mere men, "*in cute et intus*," with the blood, brain, thoughts, desires, and passions of men, and no more. Some attempts are made to mystify them into angels; and there it is chiefly that Mr Moore falls into his blasphemy. But except that they have wings, and talk of heaven, they are earth-worms like ourselves. Not only are they men, but they seem as if they were Irishmen; for such furious love was never made out of the land of potatoes. The two first angels bear a strong resemblance to "the wild tremendous Irishman" of this Magazine; and the third, although more demure, and a married man, is little better than O'Lohertry. If these three angels were no more than three young cadets of the family of the Macgillcuddys, or any other vicious hereditary house in Kerry, their amatory confessions would be felt to be characteristic both of country and county. But for *bona fide* heaven-born angels, who probably never had been in Ireland at all, to sit down cheek-by-jowl on a hill-side, and rehearse, and almost recite, each his amour, is something absolutely ludicrous and laughable; unless we are to understand from the first that the poem is a mere *jeu d'esprit*, and then it becomes something rather too serious for a joke. Now that the whole poem, or poems, are essentially and radically bad and worthless, is proved by this—that no person, either man, woman, or child, however much they may admire the luxuriance and tenderness of Mr Moore's fancy, can rise from the perusal of this Tale of Angel-loves, without utter indifference to them and all their loves. Any little interest which is felt for them, during their complaints, arises from the feeling that they are mere human beings like ourselves; but the instant that we remember that they belong to the Hierarchy, the spell is broken, and the whole is a vain, wild, unsubstantial, and fantastical dream. Their stories can draw forth no tears, although the angels themselves are represented as overcome with passion; contradictions, inconsistencies, improbabilities, and impossibilities, are all huddled together without any amalgamating spirit; and although frequently the mind is startled and de-

lighted by a beautiful image, a natural thought, or an ingenious or graceful fancy, yet no permanent emotion of any kind is excited; and we listen to the dreary complaints of beings, for whom we care little or nothing, except as we suppose them to resemble ourselves, and whose merely human transgression is so transmogrified by their laboured and loaded language, that we really know of nothing to compare it to, but that most perilous passage in the Bath Guide, where Aunt Tabby describes her nocturnal vision with Stout Roger the Moravian.

But independently of this entire want of interest in these angels, does it not appear to argue a total want of high invention in Mr Moore's mind—his mere putting of human words into the lips of celestial creatures, and of human feelings into their bosoms? Nothing is here created. There is absolutely no new combination. With a very slight alteration, these poems might be as thoroughly weeded or plucked rather, of angels and their wings, as any of Lord Byron's works—the Corsair or Giaour, or those of Mr Thomas Little. There is a great glitter of wings unquestionably, and the angels are very proud of their feathers. Indeed they speak much more frequently of these appendages than seems to be natural for persons in their situation. Were a man to find himself suddenly in possession of wings—Mr Moore or Christopher North—no doubt he would plume himself greatly upon them, and fluff them in the eyes of the ladies. But an angel had always wings, from the first hour of his existence; and really for him to be folding and unfolding them upon all occasions, and telling those who have wings as well as himself, how one time he used one wing to fan himself, and at another to play at boccep under it with the first pretty girl he saw, and so forth—Why really “we think his prattle to be tedious,” and wish both him and his feathers at the devil. This is no doubt rather a contemptuous way of talking of an angel; but if he jargons thus, he can expect nothing else from the Editors of our Leading Periodicals. Mr Moore has himself to blame, as will be seen from the following quotations:—

1. “Pausing in wonder I look'd on,
While playfully around her breaking
he waters, that like diamonds shone,
She moved in light of her own making.

At length, as slowly I descended
To view more near a sight so splendid,
The tremble of my wings all o'er
(For through each plume I felt the thrill)
Startled her, as she reach'd the shore
Of that small lake—her mirror still.”

2. “In pity to the wondering maid,
Though loth from such a vision turning,
Downward I bent beneath the shade
Of my spread wings to hide the burning
Of glances, which—I well could feel—
For me, for her, too warmly shene;
But, ere I could again unseal
My restless eyes, or even steal
One side-long look, the maid was gone.”

3. “But vain my suit, my madness vain;
Though gladly, from her eyes to gain
One earthly look, one stray desire,
I would have torn the wings, that hung
Few'd at my back, and o'er that Fire
Unnamed in heaven their fragments
flung ! ! !”

“And once, too, was so nearly spoken,
That my spread plumage in the ray
And breeze in heaven began to play.
When my heart fail'd—the spell was
broken—
The word unfinish'd died away,
And my check'd plumes, ready to soar,
Fell slack and lifeless as before ! !

5. “Nay, shrink not so—a look—a word—
Give them but kindly, and I fly;
Already, see, my plumes have stirr'd,
And tremble for their home on high.
Thus be our parting—check to check—
One minute's lapse will be forgiven,
And thou, the next, shalt hear me speak
The spell that plumes my wings for heaven !”

6. “Dead lay my wings, as they have lain
Since that sad hour, and will remain—
So will the offended God—for ever !”

7. “Then fleetly wing'd I off, in quest
Of those, the farthest, loneliest,
That watch, like winking sentinels
The void, beyond which Chaos dwells,
And there, with noiseless plume, pursued.”

8. “My wings shut up, like banners
fur'd,
When Peace hath put their pomp to
sleep;
Or like autumnal clouds, that keep
Their lightnings sheath'd, rather than mar
The dawning hour of some young star ! ! !”

9. “'Twas on the evening of a day,
Which we in love had dream'd away;
In that same garden, where, beneath
The silent earth, stripp'd of my wreath,

And furling up those wings, whose light
For mortal gaze were else too bright,
I first had stood before her sight."

10. "For well I knew the lustre shed
From my rich wings, when proudest
spread,

Was, in its nature, lambent, pure,
And innocent as is the light
The glow-worm hangs out to allure

Her mate to her green bower at night.
Oft had I, in the mid-air, swept
Through clouds in which the lightning
slept,

As in his lair, ready to spring,
Yet waked him not, though from my wing
A thousand sparks fell glittering!
Oft too when round me from above

The feather'd snow (which, for its white-
ness,

In my pure days I used to love)
FELL, LIKE THE MOULTINGS OF HEA-
VEN'S DOVE!!!"

Farther than this we cannot proceed with our quotations. This is really enough to blind the eyes of a feather-monger. We do not know how an angel feels himself during moulting-time; but we do know, that no other animal with feathers, is at that time at all disposed either for love or war; and that the best game-cock that ever flew, is at that time little fit either to exterminate or continue his species.

Of the utterly human nature of angelic love, as it is painted by Mr Moore, a few examples may be given. If we admit the basis at all on which the whole poem is founded, namely, sexual intercourse between angels and human beings, we must admit also the desires of earth to belong to the sons of heaven. But surely we require something more than mere violence of human passion. No more however is given; and what is worst of all, there is an air of gallantry in those angels, which might qualify them for becoming writers, with their own pens, in *La Belle Assemblée*. They talk of woman in that high-flown complimentary style, which is to be met with among the half bred; and as if eyes, glances, thrillings, even dress, and the coquetties of the sex were valuable in an angel's estimation, and the causes of his passion for them. The love, instead of being angelical and scrupulous, is not, except in its warmth and impetuosity, what ought to be the love even of a man; but is a mingled false, and consequently a disgusting and contempt-

ible by the admiration of vanities and follies which can only be understood at all by a reference to the habits and customs of polite society. This is most deplorable. For what may be pardoned, even while we despise it, in one of Mr Moore's madrigals, becomes unendurable in the mouth of a "celestial visage." An angel must not make love as if he were in a stage-coach with "Sweet Fanny of Timmoul," whose band-box was marked, "Miss Fanny — of Timmoul, passenger." But so it is; and even *himself*, the prime Angel in this Poem, presses his suit to an antediluvian damsel, whose lips, in the *Little Language*, seem to have been "eternally biting and kissing each other."

1. "Though gross the air on earth I drew,
'Twas blessed, while she breath'd it too;
Though dark the flowers, though dim the
sky,

Love lent them light, while she was nigh
Throughout creation I but knew
Two separate worlds—the *one*, that small,

Beloved, and consecrated spot
Where *LEA* *was*—the other, all

The dull, wide waste, where she was
not!"

2. "How could I leave a world, which she
Or lost or won, made all to me,
Beyond home—glory—every thing?

How fly, while yet there was a chance,
A hope—aye, even of perishing
Utterly by that fatal glance!

No matter where my wanderings were,
So there she look'd, moved, breath'd
about—

Woe, ruin, death, more sweet with her,
Than all heaven's proudest joys without!"

3. "She, who brought death into the
world,

There stood before him, with the light
Of their lost Paradise still bright

Upon those sunny locks, that curl'd
Down her white shoulders to her feet—
So beautiful in form, so sweet

In heart and voice, as to redeem

The loss, the death of all things dear,
'cept herself—and make it seem

Life, endless Life, while she was near!"

4. "Oh, 'tis not to be told how long,

How restlessly I sigh'd to find
Some *one*, from out that shining throng,

Some abstract of the form and mind
Of the whole matchless sex, from which

In my own arms I might possess,
I might learn all the powers to witch

To warm, and (if my fate unbless'd
Would have it) ruin of the rest!

Into whose inward soul and sense

I might descend, as doth the bee
Into the flower's deep heart, and thence

Rifle, in all its purity,
The prime, the quintessence, the whole
Of wondrous Woman's frame and soul !"

5. " 'Twas not alone that loveliness

By which the wilder'd sense is caught—
Of lips, whose very breath could bless—

Of playful blushes, that seem'd nought
But luminous escapes of thought—

Of eyes that, when by anger stirr'd,
Were fire itself, but, at a word

Of tenderness, all soft became
As though they could, like the sun's bird,

Dissolve away in their own flame—

Of form, as pliant as the shoots

Of a young tree in vernal flower ;

Yet round and glowing as the fruits

"That drop from it in summer's hour."—

6. " 'Twas this—a union, which the hand

Of Nature kept for her alone,

Of every thing most playful, bland,

Voluptuous, spiritual, grand,

In angel-natures and her own—

Oh ! was it that drew me nigh

One, who seem'd kin to heaven as I,

My bright twin sister of the sky—

One, in whose love, I felt, were given

"The world's delights of either sphere,

All that the spirit seeks in heaven,

And all the senses burn for here !"

7. " For never did this mind—what'er

The ambition of the hour—forget

Her sex's pride in being fair,

Nor that adumant, tasteful, rare,

Which makes the mighty magnet, set

In Woman's form, more mighty yet."

8. " So was it with that Angel ; such

The charm, that sloped his fall along

From good to ill, from loving much,

Too easy lapse, to loving wrong.

Even so that am'rous Spirit, bound

By Beauty's spell, where'er 'twas found,

From the bright things above the moon

Down to earth's beaming eyes descended,

Till love for the Creator soon

In passion for their creature ended !"

9. " Those eyes, whose light seem'd rather
given

To be adored than to adore ;

Such eyes, as may have look'd from heaven,

But ne'er were raised to it before !"

10. " That happy minglement of hearts,

Where, changed as chymic compoundate,

Each with its own existence parts,

To find a new one, happier far !"

These are but a few of the least offensive and unangelical of the rhapsodies scattered profusely over these poems. Open the volume at any page, and you cannot read ten lines without meeting with others much worse, in every point of view—false and meretricious even from the lips of human lovers, but from the sons of the Morning, alas ! pitiful indeed—and worthy of being transplanted into Ackerman's Repository.

The poems, therefore, are bad—irredeemably bad, and nothing can save them from oblivion, or from condemning memory.

But while we know this to be the truth, it is equally true, that they are all coloured brightly, and often beautifully, by Mr Moore's genius. The descriptions, though scarcely ever simple or distinct, are often splendid and gorgeous ; the versification is occasionally rich and harmonious ; many fine images are profusely scattered over the whole ; and many sentiments and feelings, natural in themselves, and only denaturalized by the absurdity of the passion or situation of the speakers, are to be found overlaid in the mass of ornament with which the whole composition is embossed. We had intended to give a few long extracts, but were we to do so, they would only present to our readers a few beauties, some of them exquisite, among a mass of follies and *betises* ; and as the popularity of Mr Moore's name must have sent the " Loves of the Angels" into many thousand hands, they who have read them will judge for themselves of the justice of our article—they who have not, must look elsewhere for the eulogies of poems that do not seem to deserve them, and no doubt all the Periodical Publications of the month will be overflowing with extracts.

Mr Moore tells us that he has been engaged for two years on a large poetical work ; and we do most earnestly hope that it will be something very different in conception, plan, and execution from this one, else we must just content ourselves with—*Lalla Rookh*.

HEAVEN AND EARTH, A MYSTERY.*

That strain I heard was of a higher mood.

It is impossible to suppose two poems more nearly diametrically opposite to each other in object and execution than the "Loves of the Angels," by Mr Moore, and "Heaven and Earth, a Mystery," by Lord Byron. The first is all glitter and point, like a piece of Derbyshire spar—and the other is dark and massy, like a block of marble. In the one, angels harangue each other, like authors wishing to make a great public impression; in the other, they appear silent and majestic, even when their souls have been visited with human passions. In the one, the women whom the angels love, although beautiful and amiable, are blue-stockish and pedantic, and their sins proceed from curiosity and the love of knowledge. In the other, they are the gentle, or the daring daughters of flesh and blood, dissolving in tenderness, or burning with passion for the Sons of the Morning. In the one, we have sighs, tears, kisses, shiverings, thrillings, perfumes, feathered angels on beds of down, and all the transports of the honey-moon; in the other, silent looks of joy or despair, passion seen blending in vain union between the spirits of mortal and immortal, love shrieking on the wild shore of death, and all the thoughts that ever agitated human hearts dashed and distracted beneath the blackness and amidst the howling of commingled earth and heaven. The one is extremely pretty, and the other is something terrible. Moore writes with a crow-quill, on hot-press wire-wove card-paper, adorned with Cupids sporting round Venus on a couch. Byron writes with an eagle's plume, as if upon a broad leaf taken from some great tree that afterwards perished in the flood.

The great power of this "Mystery" is in its fearless and daring simplicity. Byron faces at once all the grandeur of his sublime subject. He seeks for nothing, but it rises before him in its death-doomed magnificence. Man, or angel, or demon, the being whom mourns, or laments, or exults, is driven to speak

by his own soul. The angels of the "Mystery" deign not to use many words, even to their beautiful paramours, and they scorn Noah and his sententious sons. But Moore's angels talk like Opium-Eaters, (without the genius of the English Opium Eater,) interminably, and most wearisomely, to each other and to the daughters of men; and when they give over, and hold their tongues, the reader's satisfaction is not to be computed. They are indeed slow to begin, and never ending, like Mr Wordsworth's stock-dove; but we cannot say of them as that great Laker does of his cushat, "that is the song, the song for me!"

The first scene is a woody and mountainous district, near Mount Ararat; and the time midnight. Mortal creatures, conscious of their own wickedness, have heard awful predictions sounding in their souls of the threatened flood, and all their lives are darkened with terror. But the sons of God have been dwellers on earth, and women's hearts have been stirred by the beauty of these celestial visitants. Anah and Aholibamah, two of these angel-stricken maidens, come wandering along while others sleep, to pour forth their invocations to their demon-lovers. They are of very different characters—Anah soft, gentle, and submissive—Aholibamah proud, impetuous, and aspiring—the one loving in fear, and the other in ambition. Anah says,

"Our father sleeps: it is the hour when they
Who love us are accustomed to descend
Through the deep clouds o'er rocky Ararat;—
How my heart beats!"
She expresses fears of her impiety in loving a celestial nature, fears with which the daring Aholibamah cannot sympathize.—

"Anah. But, Aholibamah,
I love our God less since his angel loved me
This cannot be of good; and though I know not
That I do wrong, I feel a thousand fears
Which are not ominous of right."

* From the *Liberal*, No. II. This is a paltry periodical. No. II. is like a lion with a fine shagged king-like head, a lean body, hungered hips, and a tawdry tail.—Byron-Hazlitt—Hunt. We shew now the lion's head. Curcase, hips, and tail by and bye.

Abn. Then wed thee
Unto some son of clay, and toil and spin !
Thine's Japhet loves thee well, hath loved
thee long ;

Marry, and bring forth dust !

Anah. I should have loved
Azazel not less were he mortal ; yet
I am glad he is not. I can not outlive him.
And when I think that his immortal wings
Will one day hover o'er the sepulchre
Of the poor child of clay which so adored
him,

As he adores the Highest, death becomes
less terrible ; but yet I pity him ;
His grief will be of ages, or at least
time would be such for him, were I the
Seraph,

And he the perishable.

Abn. Rather say,
That he will single forth some other daughter

the earth, and love her as he once loved
Anah.

Anah. And if it should be so, and she so
loved him,

Better thus than that he should weep for
me.

Abn. I'd thought thus of Samiasa's love,
All Seraphs as he is, I'd spurn him from me.
But to our invocation ! " 'Tis the hour."

The invocation is extremely beautiful, but it will not admit of any extracts, for its chief beauty lies in the continuous and uninterfering flow of its compressed and versification. At its close and it might well win down to earth entrance is from heaven.—the maidens disappear in the midnight darkness, hoping the presence of their celestial lovers, Azazel and Samiasa.

In the second scene, Japhet, Noah's son, and Irad appear—the earthly and despised lovers of these two maidens. Their talk is somewhat dull, which we presume is natural in such circumstances. Irad disappears, and then Japhet, who knows the approaching doom of the earth, thus laments.—

Japh. (solus.) Peace ! I have sought it
where it should be found,
In love, which I love too, which perhaps de-
served it ;

And, in its stead, a heaviness of heart—
A weakness of the spirit—listless days,
And nights inexorable to sweet sleep—
Have come upon me. Peace ! what peace ?

the calm
Of desolation, and the stillness of
The untrodden forest, only broken by
The sweeping tempest through its groan-
ing boughs ;

such is the sullen or the awful state
Of my mind overworn. The earth's grown
wicked,

And many signs and portents have pro-
phund

A change at hand, and an overwhelming
down

To periclable befalls. Oh, my Anah !
When the dread hour denounced shall open
wide

The fountains of the deep, how mightiest
thou

Have lain within this bosom, folded from
The elements ; this bosom which in vain
Hath beat for thee, and then will beat more
vantly,

While thine—Oh, God ! at least remit
to her

Thy wrath ! for she is pure amidst the
failing,

As a star in the clouds, which cannot
quench,

Although they obscure it for an hour. My
Anah !

How would I have adored thee, but thou
wouldst not ;

And still would I redeem thee—see thee
live

When Ocean is Earth's grave, and, unop-
posed,

By rock or shallow, the Leviathan,
Lord of the shoreless sea and watery world,
Shall wonder at his boundlessness of re-
alm."

Old Noah and Shem now enter, looking for Japhet, who thus " loves the daughter of a faded race," and with a soliloquy between them the scene closes.

Scene third is laid among the mountains, the caverns, and the rocks of Caucasus, and the solitary and mournful Japhet thus sublimely addresses them :

" Ye wilds, that look eternal ; and thou
cave,

Which seem'st unfathomable ; and ye moun-
tains,

So varied and so terrible in beauty ;
Here, in your rugged majesty of rocks

And toppling trees that twine their roots
with stone

In perpendicular places, where the foot
Of man would tremble, could he reach

them—yes,
Ye look eternal ! Yet, in a few days,

Perhaps even hours, ye will be changed,
rent, hurled

Before the mass of waters ; and you cave,
Which seems to lead into a lower world,

Shall have its depths search'd by the sweep-
ing wave,

And dolphins gambol in the lion's den !
And man—Oh, men ! my fellow-beings !

Who
Shall weep above your universal gray ;

Save I ! Who shall be left to weep ? My
kinsmen,

Alas ! what am I better than ye are,
That I must live beyond ye ? Where shall I
be

The pleasant places where I thought of
Anah

While I had hope? or the more savage
haunts,

Scarce less beloved, where I despair'd for
her?

And can it be!—Shall you exulting peak,
Whose glittering top is like a distant star,
Lie low beneath the boiling of the deep?

No more to have the morning sun break
forth,

And scatter back the mists in floating folds
From its tremendous brow? no more to have
Day's broad orb drop behind its head at
even,

Leaving it with a crown of many hues?

No more to be the beacon of the world,
For angels to alight on, as the spot
Nearest the stars?"

Just as he concludes his soliloquy,
which, like all soliloquies we ever ut-
tered, or heard uttered, gets heavy af-
ter the first fifty lines—a rushing sound
from the cavern is heard, and shouts
of laughter. Afterwards a Spirit passes,
which, to the various impassioned ad-
dresses and interrogations of Japhet,
merely answers, HA! HA! HA! As
this scoffing demon disappears, Japhet
exclaims—

"How the fiend mocks the tortures of
a world.

The coming desolation of an orb,
On which the sun shall rise and warm no
life!

How the earth sleeps! and all that in it is
Sleep too upon the very eve of death!

Why should they wake to meet it? What
is here,

Which look like death in life, and speak
like things

Born ere this dying world? They come like
clouds!"

Crowds of spirits now pass from the
cavern, and one of them chaunts to
Japhet a terrible prophetic lament, and
exaltation over the drowned world.
He and Japhet bandy words, and the
spirit taunts him and Noah with sel-
fishness and poltroonery, in wishing
to survive the destruction of the rest
of the race of man. Then there is a
chorus of spirits issuing from the ca-
vern.

"Chorus of Spirits issuing from
Rejoice!

No more the human voice
Shall vex our joys in middle air

With prayer;

No more

Shall they adore;

And we, who peep for ages have adored

The prayer-exacting Lord,

To whom the omission of a sacrifice
Is vice;

We, we shall view the deep's salt sources
pour'd

Until one element shall do the work

Of all in chaos; until they,

The creatures proud of their poor clay,
Shall perish, and their bleached bones shall
lurk

In caves, in dens, in clefts of mountains,
where

The Deep shall follow to their latest lair;

Where even the brutes, in their des-
pair,

Shall cease to prey on man, and on each other,
And the striped tiger shall lie down to
die

Beside the lamb, as though he were his
brother;

Till all things shall be as they were,

Silent and uncreated, save the sky;

While a brief truce

Is made with death, who shall forbear

The little remnant of the past creation,

To generate new nations for his use;

This remnant, floating o'er the undula-
tion

Of the subsiding deluge, from its slime.

When the hot sun hath baked the reeking
soil

Into a world, shall give again to Time

New beings—years—disasters—sorrow—
crime—

With all companionship of hate and toil.

Until—

Japh. (interrupting them.) The eternal
will

Shall deign to expound this dream

Of good and evil; and redeem

Unto himself all times, all things;

And, gather'd under his almighty wings,
Abolish hell!

And to the expiated Earth

Restore the beauty of her birth,

Her Eden in an endless paradise

Where man no more can fall as once he
fell,

And even the very demons shall do well!

Spirits. And when shall take effect this
wondrous spell?

Japh. When the Redeemer cometh; first
in pain,

And then in glory.

Spirit. Meantime, still struggle in the mor-
tal chain,

Till earth wax hoary;

War with yourselves, and hell, and heaven,
in vain,

Until the clouds look gory

With the blood recking from each battle
plain;

New times, new climes, new arts, new men;
but still

The same old tears, old crimes, and oldest
ill,

Shall be amongst your race in different
forms;

But the same moral storm

Shall oversweep the future, at the waves

In a few hours the glorious Giant's graves."*

Japhet is silenced, and the chorus of spirits again yell forth this rejoicing denunciation of death and destruction:

"Howl! howl! oh Earth!

The death is nearer than thy recent birth:
Tremble, ye mountains, soon to shrink below

The ocean's overflow!

The wave shall break upon your cliffs; and shells,

The little shells, of ocean's least things be disposed where now the eagle's offspring dwells—

How shall he shriek o'er the remorseless sea!

And call his nestlings up with fruitless yell, unanswered, save by the encroaching sea;—

While man shall long in vain for his broad wings,

The wings which could not save:—

Where could he rest them, while the whole space brings

Naught to his eye beyond the deep, his

own?

Men, rejoice!

And loudly lift each superhuman voice—

All die,

—the slight remnant of Seth's seed—

The seed of Seth,

Exempt for future sorrow's sake from death.

But of the sons of Cain

None shall remain;

And all his godly daughters

Must lie beneath the desolating waters;

On floating upward, with their long hair

And

Along the wave, the cruel heaven up-
braid.

Which would not spare

Beings even in death so fair.

It is decreed.

All die!

And to the universal human cry

The universal silence shall succeed!

Fly, brethren, fly!

But still rejoice!

We fell!

They fall!

So perish all

These petty foes of Heaven who shrink from Hell!"

The Spirits then disappear soaring upward, and Japhet has again recourse to a very fine soliloquy.

Japhet is now joined by Anah and Abolibanah, who are accompanied by the two angels, Soniasa and Azazel. The angels seem somewhat sulky, and

are extremely laconic; they look like Quakers yet unmoved by the spirit—dull dogs. But Japhet takes them to task very severely, and then turns round upon Anah and Abolibanah—the former of whom gets alarmed, and says,

"My sister! Oh, my sister!

What were the world, or other worlds, or all

The brightest future without the sweet past—

'Thy love—my father's—all the life, and all The things which sprung up with me, like the stars,

Making my dim existence radiant with Soft lights which were not mine? Aholibanah!

Oh! if there should be mercy—seek it, find it:

I abhor death, because that thou must die.

Aho. What! hath this dreamer, with his

father's ark,

The buibear he hath built to scare the world.

Shaken my sister? Are we not the loved

Of seraphs? and if we were not, must we

Cling to a son of Noah for our lives?

Rather than thus—But the enmeshed dreams

The worst of dreams, the phantasies engender'd

By hopeless love and heated vigils. Who

Shall shake these solid mountains, this firm

earth.

And bud those clouds and waters take a

shape

Distinct from that which we and all our sires

Have seen them wear on their eternal way?

Who shall do this?

Japh. He, whose one word produced them.

Aho. Who heard that word?

Japh. The Universe, which leap'd To lie before it.—Ah! smilest thou still in scorn?

Turn to thy seraphs! if they attest it not, They are none.

Soniasa. Abolibanah, own thy God!

Aho. I have ever hail'd Our Maker, Soniasa,

As thine, and mine: a God of love, not sorrow.

Japh. Alas! what else is Love but Sorrow? Even

He who made earth in love, had soon to grieve

Above its first and best inhabitants."

Noah and Shem now join the party, and a conversation ensues between them all, notwithstanding—

* "And there were Giants in those days, and after; mighty men, which were of old men of renown."—*Genesis*.

Arch-angel, who holds a very poetical dialogue with *Samiasa*. At its close, the spirited *Aholibamah* thus breaks forth, and is then replied to by the gentle *Anah*:—

“*Thou*. . . . Let them fly!
I hear the voice which says that all must die,
Sooner than our white-bearded Patriarchs died;

And that on high
An ocean is prepared,
While from below
The deep shall rise to meet heaven's overflow.

Few shall be spared,
It seems; and, of that few, the race of Cain

Must lift their eyes to Adam's God in vain.

Sister! since it is so,

And the eternal Lord

In vain would be implored

For the remission of one hour of woe,

Let us resign even what we have adored,
And meet the wave, as we would meet the sword,

If not unmoved, yet undismay'd,
And wailing less for us than those who shall

Survive in mortal or immortal thrall,
And, when the fatal waters are allay'd,
Weep for the myriads who can weep no more.

Fly, Seraphs! to your own eternal shore,
Where winds nor howl nor waters roar.

Our portion is to die,

And yours to live for ever:

But which is best, a dead eternity,
Or living, is but known to the great Giver:

Obeys him, as we shall obey;

I would not keep this life of mine in clay

An hour beyond his will;

Nor see ye lose a portion of his grace,

For all the mercy which Seth's race

Find still.

Fly!

And as your pinions bear ye back to heaven,

Think that my love still mounts with thee on high.

Samiasa!

And if I look up with a tearless eye,
'Tis that an angel's bride disdains to weep—

Farwell! Now rise, inexorable Deep!

Ana.

And must we go?

And must I lose thee too,

Azazel?

Oh, my heart, my heart!

Thy prophecies were true,

And yet thou wert so happy too!

The blow, though not unlook'd for, falls as new;

But yet depart!

Ah, why?

Yet let me not retain thee—fly!

My pangs can be but brief; but thine would be

Eternal, if repulsed from heaven for me.

Too much already hast thou deem'd

To one of Adam's race!

Our doom is sorrow: not to us alone,

But to the spirits who have not disdain'd

To love us, comely anguish with disgrace.

The first who taught us knowledge hath been hurl'd

From his once archangelic throne

Into some unknown world:

And thou, *Azazel!* No—

Thou shalt not suffer woe

For me. Away! nor weep!

Thou canst not weep; but yet

Mayst suffer more, not weeping: thou forget

Her, whom the surges of the all-struggling

Deep

Can bring no pang like this. Fly! Fly!
Being gone, 'twill be less difficult to die."

The two fallen angels declare to *Raphael* that they will share the doom of their beloved mortals, and *Raphael* replies—

"*Raph.* . . . Again!

Then from this hour,

Shorn as ye are of all celestial power,

And aliens from your God,

Farewell!"

Japhet now hears the approach of the flood—

"*Japh.* Alas! where shall they fly?
Hark, hark! Deep sounds, and deep and still,

Are howling from the mountain's bosom:

There's not a breath of wind upon the bay,
Yet quivers every leaf, and drops each blossom:

Earth groans as if beneath a heavy load.

Noah. Hark, hark! the sea-beds roar!

In clouds they overspread the hard sky
And hover round the mountain, where before

Never a white wing, wetted by the wave—

Yet dared to soar,

Even when the waters wax'd too true to grave.

Soon it shall be then, only shores,

And then, no more!"

Japh. . . . The sun! the sun!

He riseth, but his better light is gone;

And a black circle, bound

His glaring disk around,

Proclaims earth's last of summer days hath shone!

The clouds return into the hues of night,

Save where their brass-colour'd edges streak

The verge where brighter moons were wont to break.

Noah. And lo! yon flash of light,
The distant thunder's harbinger, appears!"

It cometh ! hence, away,
Leave to the elements their evil prey !
Hence to where our all-hallow'd ark uprears
Its safe and reckless sides."

The angels seeing the coming doom, wish to carry off Anah and Ahohbama to "an untroubled star;" but are told by Raphael, that it is in vain to war with the commands of God. Azazel and Samiassa, however, as the waters descend, and distracted mortals come flying for refuge, soar off with their mortal maidens; and Japhet exclaims,

"*Japh.* They are gone ! They have disappear'd amid the roar
Of the forsaken world ; and never more,
Whether they live, or die with all earth's
life,
Now near its last, can aught restore
Anah unto these eyes."

A chorus of mortals then raise a woful and tumultuous song—and "The Waters rise: Men fly in every direction: many are overtaken by the waves: the Chorus of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the Mountains: Japhet remains upon a rock, while the Ark floats towards him in the distance."

It appears that what we have now

quoted from, is but the first part of a poem ; but it is likewise a poem, and a fine one too, within itself. We confess that we see little or nothing objectionable in it, either as a theological orthodoxy, or general human feeling. It is solemn, lofty, fearful, wild, wicked, and tumultuous, and shadowed all over with the darkness of a dreadful disaster. Of the angels who love the daughters of men we see little, and know less—and not too much of the love and passion of the fair lost mortals. The inconsolable despair preceding and accompanying an incomprehensible catastrophe, pervades the whole composition, and its expression is made sublime by the noble strain of poetry in which it is said or sung. Sometimes there is heaviness—dullness—as if it were pressed in on purpose, intended, perhaps to denote the occasional stupefaction, drowsiness, and torpidity of soul produced by the impending destruction upon the latest of the Antediluvians. But, on the whole, it is not unworthy of Byron—might have been published by Murray—and is proof against the Constitutional Association.

THE ENTAIL.

What a man gets the right sow by the ear, we think he does wisely to poll away at it as long as the animal appears to that willingly in hand ; and therefore the author of "The Entail" shows his sense in thus lugging along the Public. For many years Mr Galt was not a very successful writer, although all his works that we have seen exhibit no ordinary grasp and reach of thought. But the truth is, that unsuccessful authors are a numerous race, and this gentleman, if he ever belonged to the clan, had many clever and acute persons to keep him in company and countenance. It is only when a man becomes distinguished, that we wonder why he was so long rather obscure. Many are those of whom we think very highly, and who, without delusion, think very highly of themselves, who will continue obscure writers all their born days. But who is entitled to scorn them on that ground ? Of those who proudly, and even judiciously and ably criticise,

how few could create ? There is more absolute talent, knowledge, invention, required to write a book that shall only be tolerable, than to deliver the best oral critique that ever charmed a coterie, or to scribble a leading article for the Edinburgh Review. We who have written many books only tolerable, (two or three first-rate) and many articles fit for insertion even in this Magazine, know by experience the truth of this assertion. But to write a good book—an excellent book—a genuine book, there comes the rub ; and he who can do so, may turn up his nose, or his little finger, *ad libitum*, at all the critics that ever snarled, from Aristarchus to Mr Jeffrey.

Now, Mr Galt has written many such books—books that do not lie torpid upon counters or tables, or doze away their lives upon shelves, but that keep circulating briskly as the claret bottle at one of our monthly meetings at Ambrose's. Thousands of people delight in them—Thousands admire

* The Entail ; or, The Lords of Guppy. By the Author of Annals of the Parish, St Andrew Wylie, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. Blackwood, Edinburgh ; Cadell, London. 1823.

them—thousands like them—thousands undervalue them out of spite—and thousands despise them out of pure stupidity. This is to be a popular author. His name comes to the ear with a sort of fillup. “Ah! Galt? ay, he is a clever, famous fellow that Galt; his Sir Andrew Wheelie is rich, sir; why, in some things he treads on the heels of the Great Unknown.”—“He tread upon the heels of the Great Unknown! no such thing; I hate Wylie, he is a cursed bore; but his ‘Annals of the Parish,’ if you had spoken of them, I would have been your man—so natural—so humorous—so pathetic even. I knew old Micah Balwhidder perfectly well; I attended his funeral one snowy day in February, and I remember we dined at widow Howie’s on corned beef and greens.”—“You might have dined on steved pole-cat, with tobacco-stuffing, my man; but the Provost for my money, auld Tain Pawkie. If that cunning cadger had gone southwards in his youth, he would have been Lord Mayor of London.”—“But what sort of stuff is this Entail? I suppose, the same eternal stuff over and over again, like a seventh-day-task. I am wearied—perfectly worn out with Galt and his everlasting volumes.”

Since this gentleman or lady, and many others beside, wish to know what sort of a book is this “Entail,” we shall tell them; so, meanwhile, Molly, my dear, make me another tumbler, and hoist that half-hundred-weight of a lump of coal from the hearthstone on the fire. Take your knitting, my love; hold your tongue, if you can, for one hour; if not—I think I hear the children crying—so take a look into the nursery.

These volumes, then, contain the history of the Walkinshaws, a family in the “West Country;” and without any attempt at fancy or imagination, either in the contrivance of incidents or the delineation of passions, that history affords many vividly and strongly drawn pictures of human life. Perhaps, if our eyes could penetrate thoroughly into the domestic economy of any one family whatever, of human beings, we should see much to agitate and interest. The personages here are all merchants; and, in the exhibition of the mercantile mind, in its intensest or milder states of money-wishing, with all the accompanying affections,

and enjoyments, and sufferings, which they necessarily bring along with them, Mr Galt gives us such insights into the constitution of human nature, as are at once interesting and useful, and enlarge our knowledge of its original tendencies and powers, acted upon and modified, and varied by the pursuits and plans, and institutions of civil society.

It is not very easy, in a work picturing human life, not upon any simple and classical theory of representation, but by fragments, and, as it were, large piecemeals of existence, to say who is the principal character—the chief hero. In the works of the Author of *Waverley*, accordingly, we find no one leading spirit influencing and stamping the destinies of all, towards one great consummation. Each does his own work, and sometimes the work of each is the most important and dignified. The want of a hero, therefore, is, we think, a great excellence, in all works of this kind; for, thereby, they are liker reality, and keep us among our own experiences. Where every thing is to be bent and moulded to meet our ideas of proportion, fitness, beauty, and so forth, in a composition, our mind is apt to feel that art and nature are two different things, and that the latter is sacrificed to the former—the stronger to the weaker—that of which we care little, for that of which we care every thing. This is the case, (to speak of smaller works, though not small, with the very greatest) with the “Entail.” It has many leading characters, according to the disposition of the mind that reads it; and while one person will think old Claud the hero, another may, perhaps, fix upon poor Wattie the Natural.

However, old Claud Walkinshaw is, if not the hero—certainly a hero in his way, and a very original hero. He was the sole surviving heir of the Walkinshaws of Kittlestonheugh. His grandfather, the last laird of the line, having been deluded by the golden visions that allured so many of the Scottish gentry to embark their fortunes in the Darien expedition, sent his only son, the father of Claud, in one of his ships, to that ruinous Isthmus. He perished; the old man was ruined; the wife of the young adventurer died; Kittlestonheugh was sold; and infant Claud was taken, by his grandfather,

to the upper story of a back house in Aird's close, in the Drygate, Glasgow.

Claud Walkinshaw, therefore, was the poor, almost the beggar son of an old family; and he is described as having been supported in his boyhood by an old female servant. As he grew up he came to know of what blood he was sprung, and that if it had not been for the malice of fortune, he might have been Kittlestonheugh. Endowed by nature with a strong intellect, and with a heart certainly not callous or insensible, but capable of contracting and concentrating all its feelings to one selfish and yet honourable purpose, young Claud became a packman, and internally bound himself, by an oath, to retrieve the fortune of his family, and by his own parsimony, industry, perseverance, and enterprise, to stand

his grandfather's shoes. This is his ruling passion; and such a character is no fiction. All packmen are not needed like Claud Walkinshaw, neither are all packmen like Wordsworth's plover. But we humbly conceive that Galt's hero is a more natural, and perhaps, a less powerful, although certainly a less poetical personage than Wordsworth's. Through storm and sunshine, on plain and over mountain, by day and by night, hungry and with aching feet, and drunk at others' expense, and sober at his own—in town, village, grange, chieftain, and solitary farmhouse, Claud Walkinshaw, the packman, travels with his wares on his back, sells them cheap, dear, or moderate—cheats, we suppose, occasionally, and sometimes is strictly honest, till at last, cheered all the time by the uncommunicated solitary joy of one steadfast purpose, he gathers together a few hundred pounds. Then he sees Kittlestonheugh, not in the hopeless perspective of imagination, but he almost touches with his ell-wand, the gable-end of the hereditary house. Then he dolls the pack, is erratic no more, and sets up a shop in Glasgow—a city immortalized by the saving genius of its population, and by the destroying genius of this Magazine. Claud Walkinshaw waxes rich; and with a passionate and gloating joy, which all who read Galt will see searchingly delineated, purchases a farm—part of the very Kittlestonheugh estate, and becomes absolutely, and *bona fide*, Laird of Glare.

What shall the close-listed, strong-

souled, stiff-backed packman do next? Why, marry to be sure, to beget a son, (for daughters are not in such a case worth mentioning) who shall one day yet be Kittlestonheugh. Accordingly, he looks about with the eye of a Walkinshaw and a packman. He fixes his keen, grey, money-making Kittlestonheugh eye upon Grizzly Hypel, a gem of the first water, a maid of the Molindinar, a sylph of the Saltmarket, a grace of the Gallowgate, and a very "creature of the element" of the Caidleiggys. Her character, as it is most admirably portrayed, we shall not endeavour to sketch. It is a rich original. The ingenious editor of the Inverness Courier, (one of the best newspapers in Scotland) exclaims over Grizzly Hypel, "What exquisite delight must she have afforded our biographer, as coyly and by reluctant degrees, her various charms of character unfolded to his imagination! We have her in all relations—from a blooming bride to a reverend grandmother; but 'age cannot wither her.' Our author's fancy seems to have run riot with Grizzly Hypel, and he has ransacked every element to find some name and appropriate attribute to adorn this perfect heroine, till she comes at last a perfect counterpart of the lovers of Apelles—a thing compounded of every creature's best."

Children of course are born, and Claud floats over the hidden board of his ideas of uniting at last Pleaklands, the estate of his wife's father, with his own, which he hopes will one day comprehend Kittlestonheugh. He is not an ordinary miser; ground, land, soil, earth, old steadfast property of houses, fields, and trees, that had belonged to his ancestors, but had been blown out of the family by the very winds that wafted his grandfather's ship over the seas to death and perdition—these are the solid permanent objects of his imagination, and to repossess these, and to send into the gate of the old hereditary house a son of his own loins,—this is the fire that burns perpetually in his heart, and flings its light over his strong-box. But old Pleaklands, his father-in-law, is a man somewhat of the same kidney, and destines that property to Claud's second son, on condition of his taking the soft, sweet, ancient, and august name of — Hypel. Here we have good fellows well met; and Claud Walkinshaw, disap-

pointed of a long cherished scheme of ambition, feels all his purposes sent back upon his heart to gnaw it with unavailing and angry repinings. But the devil in that heart suggests a counter-plot, and Claud disinherits Charles, his eldest son, on the plea of an imprudent marriage, and executes a deed of entail. (hence the name of the work,) which settles all the property on the second son Walter, an idiot; and failing him, to George the youngest. He therefore marries Watty, the idiot,—ay, Wattie, the idiot,—to one who is no idiot, but a bonny bouncing lass, one Betty Bodle, that they may raise up seed to inherit both Grippy—Kittlestonheugh, if it should be so—and also the Plealands. But Betty Bodle dies in childbed, and her child is—only a daughter. The old man is thus baffled by death. Charles, his eldest son, dies of a broken heart; and George, the youngest, is married, but has no male children. Claud, therefore, with all the thoughts, feelings, desires, and passions of his strong and seemingly unnatural or denaturalized heart, is left thwarted, disappointed, baffled, enraged, and despairing in his old age; but, though ready to curse God, is not ready to die.

Preyed upon now by remorse for his injustice to his eldest son Charles, whom he had disinherited, and awaked to a sense of his own hard-hearted folly, the old man is at last stricken with palsy, and gives up the ghost. Wattie, the idiot, has been cognosed—that is, proved to be an idiot in a court of justice, and dies—as does also his daughter, “little Betty Bodle,” and the Plealands estate goes to George—the youngest son, who assumes the title of Laird of Grippy—a chip of the old block; but he is drowned somewhere or other in a storm off the north of Scotland. An extraordinary character is now introduced; a lady, whom we beg leave to cut short, as she is only as a considerable bore, and as she has the second sight, we presume she is a great deal more than ourselves, and worthy the admiration of novel readers. Great part of the third volume is about her; and Odoherry thinks that her history and character show great imagination. We are happy to hear it, so let the Adjutant make the most of her and all ladies of her class. Charles Walkinshaw, the eldest son of Claud’s eldest

born, (he who had been disinherited and died of a broken heart,) succeeds at last to the property, being, as his name imports, an heir-male. He had married a pretty girl, Helen Fraser; and after all his toil and trouble, double double, things go all right at last, and the young Laird of Grippy has a “gude houff;” and, as nothing is said to the contrary, begets sons and daughters.—*Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Now this is indeed a very slight sketch or outline of the “Entail,” and perhaps not a very good one. But the truth is, that we read the work, on its first publication, through from beginning to end in one day; and about a fortnight afterwards, we glanced it all over again, devouring all the prime bits. But of all people that ever lived, we are the worst at comprehending a story. No doubt we have its meaning, its soul, and of that we miss nothing. But the outs and ins, the expressions, the means, instrumentalities, and so on; why, of these we never know enough in any book to be able to give any true like a rational account of them, even to the Silly. But farther, in such works as the “Entail,” we know an analysis to be unnecessary; and, therefore, that it would be foolish. People will read it for themselves. We have said enough just to let those into whose hands it has not yet fallen—for it takes a book at least six months to make the rounds—know what they may expect; and “*ex pule Herculem, fuit from his toe.*”

Indeed what is the value of a mere one-page sketch of a work in three volumes? Especially when its chief interest lies not in incidents, but in the delineation of character, and in pictures of passion. There is little gained when we merely state what such or such a character is; we must see how it has been made, how it acts, and what it bears. Claud Walkinshaw, for example, might be said to be thus, and the other thing; and we could compose many excellent sentences on the old Packman. But to see “the Jew whom Mr Galt drew” read the “Entail;” and then you will see how a man of observation and genius can give even a tragic interest to the lowest passions of our nature, by combining them with others that are not low, and showing their united operation in the soul of a travelling dealer in small wares, afterwards a shopkeeper.

and then a smallish laird;—and last of all, death-stricken at the heart by that iron-handed fiend Remorse, who unites alike princes and pedlars, and stirs up from the depths of the human spirit, feelings that with the “lofty equalize the low.” So might we tell who Wattie Walkinshaw was—how he wept over both his Betty Bodles—was cognosed, dwined away, and died. But all that is told in about a volume by Mr Galt; and it must not be expected from us in half a page.

We must, however, give a couple of good extracts, and then take leave of our dear Public with a few observations on the said “knail,” and some other matters.

“Immediately after the funeral, Cland returned home to Grippy, where he continued during the remainder of the day secluded in his bed-chamber. Next morning, being Sunday, he was up and dressed earlier than usual; and after partaking slightly of breakfast, he walked into Glasgow, and went straight to the house of his daughter-in-law.

“The widow was still in her own room, and not in any state or condition to be seen; but the children were dressed for church; and when the bells began to ring, he led them out, each holding him by the hand, innocently proud of their new black clothes.

“In all the way up the High Street, and down the pathway from the church-yard gate to the door of the cathedral, he never raised his eyes; and during the sermon he continued in the same apparent state of stupor. In retiring from the church, the little boy drew him gently aside from the path to show his sister the spot where their father was laid; and the old man, absorbed in his own reflections, was unconsciously on the point of stepping on the grave, when James checked him,—

“‘It’s papa—dinna tramp on him.’

“Aghast and recoiling, as if he had trodden upon an adder, he looked wildly around, and breathed quickly and with great difficulty, but said nothing. In an instant his countenance underwent remarkable change—his eyes became glittering and glassy, and his lips white. His whole frame shook, and appeared under the influence of some mortal agitation. His presence of mind did not, however, desert him, and he led the children hastily home. On reaching the door, he gave them in to the servant that opened it without speaking, and went immediately to Grippy, where, the moment he had seated himself in his elbow-chair, he ordered one of the servants to go for Mr Keelevin.

“‘What ails you, father?’ said Walter, who was in the room at the time; ‘ye

speak unco drumly—hae ye bitten your tongue?’ But scarcely had he uttered these words, when the astonished creature gave a wild and fearful shout, and, clapping his hands above his head, cried, ‘Help! help! something’s riving my father in pieces!’

“The cry brought in the servants, who, scarcely less terrified, found the old man smitten with a universal paralysis, his mouth and eyes dreadfully distorted, and his arms powerless.

“In the alarm and consternation of the moment; he was almost immediately deserted; every one ran in quest of medical aid. Walter alone remained with him, and continued gazing in his face with a strange horror, which idiocy rendered terrific.

“Before any of the servants returned, the violence of the shock seemed to subside, and he appeared to be sensible of his situation. The moment that the first entered the room he made an effort to speak, and the name of Keelevin was two or three times so distinctly articulated, that even Walter understood what he meant, and immediately ran wildly to Glasgow for the lawyer. Another messenger was dispatched for the Leddy, who had, during the forenoon, gone to her daughter-in-law, with the intention of spending the day.

“In the meantime a Doctor was procured, but he seemed to consider the situation of the patient hopeless; he, however, as in all similar cases, applied the usual stimulants to restore energy, but without any decisive effect.

“The weather, which had all day been lowering and hazy, about this time became drizzly, and the wind rose, inasmuch that Leddy Grippy, who came flying to the summons, before reaching home was drenched to the skin, and was for some time, both from her agitation and fatigue, incapable of taking any part in the bustle around her husband.

“Walter, who had made the utmost speed for Mr Keelevin, returned soon after his mother; and, on appearing before his father, the old man eagerly spoke to him; but his voice was so thick, that few of his words were intelligible. It was, however, evident that he inquired for the lawyer; for he threw his eyes constantly towards the door, and several times again was able to articulate his name.

“At last, Mr Keelevin arrived on horseback, and came into the room, dressed in his trottosey; the hood of which, over his cocked hat, was drawn so closely on his face, that but the tip of his sharp aquiline nose was visible. But, forgetful or regardless of his appearance, he stalked with long strides at once to the chair where Cland was sitting; and taking from under the skirt of the trottosey a bond of provision for the widow and children of Charles, and for Mrs Milrookit, he knelt down, and began to read it aloud.

"Sir," said the Doctor, who was standing at the other side of the patient, "Mr Walkinshaw is in no condition to understand you."

"Still, however, Mr Keelevin read on; and when he had finished, he called for pen and ink."

"It is impossible that he can write," said the Doctor.

"Ye hae no business to mak ony sic observation," exclaimed the benevolent lawyer. "Ye shou'd say nothing till we try. In the name of justice and mercy, is there nobody in this house that will fetch me pen and ink?"

"It was evident to all present that Claud perfectly understood what his friend said; and his eyes betokened eagerness and satisfaction; but the expression with which his features accompanied the assent in his look was horrible and appalling."

"At this juncture Laddy Grippy came rushing, half dressed, into the room, her dishevelled grey hair flying loosely over her shoulders, exclaiming,—

"What's wrang noo?—what new judgment has befallen us?—Whatna fearful image is that like a corpse out o' a tomb, that's making a' this rippet for the cheatrick instruments o' pen and ink, when a dying man is at his last gasp?"

"Mrs Walkinshaw, for Heaven's sake be quiet;—your gudeman," replied Mr Keelevin, opening the hood of his trotcasey, and throwing it back; taking off, at the same time, his cocked hat.—Your gudeman kens very weel what I hae read to him. It's a provision for Mrs Charles and her orphans."

"But is there no likewise a provision in't for me?" cried the Laddy.

"O, Mrs Walkinshaw, we'll speak o' that hereafter; but let us get this executed aff hand," replied Mr Keelevin. "Ye see your gudeman kens what we're saying, and looks wistfully to get it done. I say, in the name of God, get me pen and ink."

"Ye'se get neither pen nor ink here, Mr Keelevin, till my rights are cognost in a record o' sederunt and session."

"Hush!" exclaimed the Doctor. He was silent, and every eye turned on the patient, whose countenance was again hideously convulsed;—a troubled groan struggled and heaved for a moment in his breast, and was followed by short quivering through his whole frame.

"It is all over!" said the Doctor. At these words the Laddy rushed towards the elbow-chair, and, with frantic cries and gestures, flew on the body, and acted an extravagant sorrow ten times more outrageous than grief. Mr Keelevin stood motionless, holding the paper in his hand; after contemplating the spectacle before him for about two or three minutes, his head disconsolately, and, replacing his cocked hat, drew the hood of the

trotcasey again over his face, and left the house.

"There are times in life when every man feels as if his sympathies were extinct. This arises from various causes; sometimes from vicissitudes of fortune; sometimes from the sense of ingratitude, which, like the canker in the rose, destroys the germ of all kindness and charity; often from disappointments in affairs of the heart, which leave it incapable of ever again loving; but the most common cause is the consciousness of having committed wrong, when the feelings recoil inward, and, by some curious mystery in the nature of our selfishness, instead of promoting atonement, irritate us to repeat and to persevere in our injustice."

"Into one of these temporary trances Claud had fallen when his wife left him; and he continued sitting, with his eyes rivetted on the ground, insensible to all the actual state of life, contemplating the circumstances and condition of his children, as if he had no interest in their fate, nor could be affected by any thing in their fortunes."

"In this fit of apathy and abstraction, he was roused by the sound of some one approaching; and on looking up, and turning his eyes towards the path which led from the house to the bench where he was then sitting, he saw Walter coming."

"There was something unwonted in the appearance and gestures of Walter, which soon interested the old man. At one moment he rushed forward several steps, with a strange wildness of air. He would then stop and wring his hands, gaze upward, as if he wondered at some extraordinary phenomenon in the sky; but seeing nothing, he dropped his hands, and, at his ordinary pace, came slowly up the hill."

"When he arrived within a few paces of the bench, he halted, and looked, with such an open and innocent sadness, that even the heart of his father, which so shortly before was as inert to humanity as case-hardened iron, throbbled with pity; and was melted to a degree of softness and compassion, almost entirely new to its sensibilities."

"What's the matter wi' thee, Watty?" said he, with unusual kindness. The poor natural, however, made no reply,—but continued to gaze at him with the same inexpressible simplicity of grief."

"Hast t'ou lost ony thing, Watty?"—"I dinna ken," was the answer, followed by a burst of tears."

"Surely something dreadful has befallen the lad," said Claud to himself, alarmed at the astonishment of sorrow with which his faculties seemed to be bound up."

"Caust'ou no tell me what has happened, Watty?"

"In about the space of half a minute,

Walter moved his eyes slowly round, as if he saw and followed something which filled him with awe and dread. He then suddenly checked himself, and said, 'It's naething; so, 's no there.'

"'Sit down beside me, Watty,' exclaimed his father, alarmed; 'sit down beside me, and compose thyself.'

"Walter did as he was bidden, and, stretching out his feet, hung forward in such a posture of extreme listlessness and helpless despondency, that all power of action appeared to be withdrawn.

"Claud rose, and believing he was only under the influence of some of those silly passions to which he was occasionally subject, moved to go away, when he looked up, and said,—

"'Father, Betty Bodle's dead!—My Betty Bodle's dead!'

"'Dead!' said Claud, thunderstruck.

"'Aye, father, she's dead! my Betty Bodle's dead!'

"'Dost thou ken what thou's saying?'

But Walter, without attending to the question, repeated, with an accent of tenderness still more simple and touching,—

"'My Betty Bodle's dead! She's awa up aboon the skies yon'er, and left me a

baby!' in saying which, he again burst into tears, and, rising hastily from the bench, ran wildly back towards the Divethill house, whither he was followed by the old man, where the disastrous intelligence was confirmed, that she had died in giving birth to a daughter.

"Deep and secret as Claud kept his feeling from the eyes of the world, this was a fortune which he was ill prepared to withstand. For although in the first shock he betrayed no emotion, it was soon evident that it had shattered some of the firmest talents and purposes of his mind. That he regretted the premature death of a beautiful young woman in such interesting circumstances, was natural to him as a man; but he felt the event more as a personal disappointment, and thought it was accompanied with something so like retribution, that he inwardly trembled as if he had been chastised by some visible arm of Providence. For he could not disguise to himself that a female heir was a contingency he had not contemplated: that, by the catastrophe which had happened to the mother, the exchange of the Pleaslands for the Divethill would be rendered of no avail; and that, unless Walter married again, and had a son, the re-united Kittlestonhough property must again be disjoined, as the Divethill would necessarily become the inheritance of the daughter.

"The vexation of this was, however, alleviated, when he reflected on the pliancy of Walter's character, and he comforted himself with the idea, that, as soon as a reasonable sacrifice of time had been made

to decorum, he would be able to induce the natural to marry again. Shall we venture to say, it also occurred in the cogitations of his gordid ambition, that, as the infant was prematurely born, and was feeble and infirm, he entertained some hope it might die, and not interfere with the entailed destination of the general estate? But if, in hazarding this rash supposition, we do him any injustice, it is certain, that he began to think there was something in the current of human affairs over which he could acquire no control, and that, although in pursuing so steadily the single purpose of recovering his family inheritance, his endeavours had, till this period, proved eminently successful, he yet saw, with dismay, that, from the moment other interests came to be blended with those which he considered so peculiarly his own, other causes also came into operation, and turned, in spite of all his hedging and prudence, the whole issue of his labours awry. He perceived that human power was set at naught by the natural course of things, and nothing produced a more painful conviction of the wrong he had committed against his first-born, than the frustration of his wishes by the misfortune which had befallen Walter. His reflections were also embittered from another source; by his parsimony he foresaw, that, in the course of a few years, he would have been able, from his own funds, to have redeemed the Divethill without having had recourse to the exchangio; and that the whole of the Kittlestonhough might thus have been his own conquest, and, as such, without violating any of the usages of society, he might have commenced the entail with Charles. In a word, the death of Walter's wife and the birth of the daughter disturbed all his schemes, and rent from roof to foundation the castles which he had been so long and so arduously building. But it is necessary that we should return to poor Walter, on whom the loss of his beloved Betty Bodle acted with the incitement of a new impulse, and produced a change of character that rendered him a far less tractable instrument than his father expected to find.

* * * *

"The sorrow of Walter, after he had returned home, assumed the appearance of a calm and settled melancholy. He sat beside the corpse with his hands folded and his head drooping. He made no answer to any question; but as often as he heard the infant's cry, he looked towards the bed, and said, with an accent of indescribable sadness, 'My Betty Bodle!'

"When the coffin arrived, his mother wished him to leave the room, apprehensive, from the profound grief in which he was plunged, that he might break out into some extravagance of passion; but he re-

fused; and, when it was brought in, he assisted with singular tranquillity in the ceremonial of the coffining. But when the lid was lifted and placed over the body, and the carpenter was preparing to fasten it down for ever, he shuddered for a moment from head to foot; and, raising it with his left hand, he took a last look of the face, removing the veil with his right, and touching the sunken cheek as if he had hoped still to feel some ember of life—but it was cold and stiff.

“ ‘She’s clay noo,’ said he.—‘There’s nane o’ my Betty Bodle here.’

“And he turned away with a careless air, as if he had no farther interest in the scene. From that moment his artless affections took another direction; he immediately quitted the death-room, and, going to the nursery, where the infant lay asleep in the nurse’s lap, he contemplated it for some time, and then, with a cheerful and happy look and tone, said, ‘It’s a wee Betty Bodle; and it’s my Betty Bodle noo.’ And all his time and thoughts were thenceforth devoted to this darling object, in so much, that when the hour of the funeral was near, and he was requested to dress himself to perform the husband’s customary part in the solemnity, he refused not only to quit the child, but to have any thing to do with the burial.

“ ‘I canna understand,’ said he, ‘what for a’ this fykerie’s about a lump o’ yird? Sho’elt intil a hole, and no fash me.’

“ ‘It’s your wife, my lad,’ replied his mother; ‘ye’ll surely never refuse to carry her heath in a gude-manlike manner to the kirk-yard.’

“ ‘Na, na, mother, Betty Bodle’s my wife, yon clood in the black kist is but her auld boddice; and when she flang’t off, she put on this bonny wee new cleiding o’ clay,’ said he, pointing to the baby.

“The Lelldy, after some farther remonstrance, was disconcerted by the pertinacity with which he continued to adhere to his resolution, and went to beg her husband to interfere.

“ ‘Ye’ll hae to gang ben, gudenian,’ said she, ‘and speak to Watty.—I wis the poor thing hasna gane hy itsel wi’ a broken heart. He threeps that the body is no his wife’s, and ca’s it a hateral o’ clay and stones, and says we may fling’t, gude guide us! ayont the midden for him.—We’ll just be affrontit if he’ll no carry the head.’

“Claud, who had dressed himself in the morning for the funeral, was sitting in the elbow chair, on the right side of the chimney-place, with his cheek resting on his hand, and his eyelids dropped, but not entirely shut, and, on being thus addressed, he instantly rose, and went to the nursery.

“ ‘What’s t’ou doing there like a hussey-fellow?’ said he. ‘Rise and get on thy mournings, and behave wise-like, and leave the bairns to the women.’

“ ‘It’s my bairn,’ replied Watty, ‘and ye hae naething, father, to do wi’t.—Will I no take care o’ my ain baby—my bonny wee Betty Bodle?’

“ ‘Do as I bid thee, or I’ll maybe get thee fin the weight o’ my staff,’ cried the old man sharply, expecting immediate obedience to his commands, such as he always found, however positively Walter, on other occasions, at first refused; but in this instance he was disappointed; for the widower looked him steadily in the face, and said,—

“ ‘I’m a father noo; it would be an awfu’ thing for a decent grey-headed man like you, father, to strike the head o’ a motherless family.’

“Claud was so strangely affected by the look and accent with which this was expressed, that he stood for some time at a loss what to say; but soon recovering his self-possession, he replied, in a mild and persuasive manner,—

“ ‘The frien’s expek, Watty, that ye’ll attend the burial, and carry the head, as the use and wont is in every weel-doin’ family.’

“ ‘It’s a thrifless custom, father, and what care I for burial-bread and services o’ wine? They cost siller, father, and I’ll no wrang Betty Bodle for ony sic outlay on her auld yirden garment. Ye may gang for fashion’s cause, wi’ your weepers and your mourning strings, and lay the black kist i’ the kirk-yard hole, but I’ll no noddge the ba’ o’ my nuckle tae in ony sic road.’

“ ‘T’ou’s past remedie, I fear,’ replied his father thoughtfully; ‘but, Watty, I hope in this t’ou’ll oblige thy mother and me, and put on thy new black clae;—t’ou kens they’re in a braw fassoon—and come ben and receive the guests in a dour and sober manner.’

“ ‘The minister, I’m thinking, will soon be here, and t’ou should be in the way when he comes.’

“ ‘No,’ said Watty, ‘no, do as ye like, and come wha may, it’s a’ ane to me—I’m positeeve.’

“The old man, losing all self-command at this extraordinary opposition, exclaimed,—

“ ‘There’s a judgment in this; and, if there’s power in the law o’ Scotland, I’ll gar thee rue sic dourness. Get up, I say, and put on thy mournings, or I’ll hae thee cognost, and sent to bedlam.’

“ ‘I’m sure I look for nae naiv at your hands, father,’ replied Walter, simply; ‘for my mither has often telt me, when ye hae been sitting sour and sadky in the nook, that ye would na begrudge crowns and pounds to mak me *compus mentis* for the benefit of Charlie.’

“Every pulse in the veins of Claud stood still at this stroke, and he staggered, overwhelmed with shame, remorse, and indignation, into a seat.

“ Eh !” said the Laddy, returning into the room at this juncture, ‘ what’s come o’er you, gude-man ? Pity me, will he no do your bidding ?’

“ ‘ Girzy Hypel,’ was the hoarse and emphatic reply, ‘ Girzy Hypel, t’ou’s the curse o’ my life; the folly in thee has altered to idiotical depravity in him, and the wrong I did against my ain nature in marrying thee, I maun noo, in my auld age, reap the fruits o’ in sorrow, and shame, and sin.’

“ ‘ Here’s composure for a burial !’ exclaimed the Laddy. ‘ What’s the matter, Watty Walkinshaw ?’

“ ‘ My father’s in a passion.’

“ Claud started from his seat, and, with fury in his eyes, and his hands clenched, rushed across the room towards the spot where Walter was sitting, watching the infant in the nurse’s lap. In the same moment, the affectionate natural also sprang forward, and placed himself in an attitude to protect the child. The fierce old man was confounded, and turning round hastily, quitted the room, wringing his hands, unable any longer to master the conflicting feelings which warred so wildly in his bosom.

“ ‘ This is a pretty like house o’ mournin’ !’ said the Laddy ; ‘ a father and a son fighting, and a dead body wairin’ to be tak’n to the kirk-yard. O Watty Walkinshaw ! Watty Walkinshaw ! many a sore heart ye ha’e gien your parents,—will ye no be dymd till ye ha’e brought our grey hairs o’ sorrow to the grave ? There’s your poor father floun den-out-d, and a’ the content in his cap and mine game like water spilt on the ground. Many a happy day we ha’e had, till this contumacy o’ thine grew to see a head. But tak your ain warr o’t. Do as ye like. Let strangers carry your wife to the kirk-yard, and see what ye’ll mak o’t.’

“ But notwithstanding all these, and many more equally persuasive and convincing arguments, Walter was not to be moved, and the funeral, in consequence, was obliged to be performed without him. Yet still, though thus tortured in his feelings, the stern old man inflexibly adhered to his op’n. The entail which he had executed was still with him held irrevocable; and, indeed, it had been so framed, that, unless he rendered himself insolvent, it could not be set aside.”

Now we think that the first feeling that will arise in the mind of every one who reads these volumes, will be pleasure in the manifest extension of the author’s powers of observation, and in the exhibition of a prodigiously improved and enlarged conception of character. He has not perhaps left his own circle, but he has greatly widened it ;

and the “ Entail” entitles him to take his place in the second rank of British novelists. When we say this, which we do fearlessly, we consider him inferior only to two living writers of fictitious narratives,—to him whom we need not name, and to Miss Edgeworth.

Claud Walkinshaw is a character so excellently conceived and executed, that he might have figured away with effect in the best of the Scottish Novels ; and poor Watty the natural, (for he was found guilty of being so,) need not shun a comparison with David Gellatly himself ; and if he had not been brought forward by Mr Galt, would probably have had his melancholy hour on that other enchanted stage. But really we hate analytical criticism, so we shall let the public form their own opinion of the “ Entail,” and also the Congress at Verona—the second number of the “ Liberal,” and that apparent impostor, the “ Mermoid.”

• We therefore bid farewell to Mr Galt, not exactly hoping to see him again soon, for we give his mind a year’s fallow ; but assuring him of what he probably knows, that the “ Entail” is out of all sight the best thing he has done, and shews his genius to have stamina that will yet send forth still more vigorous shoots and shady branches.

This is a Scots Magazine, and most of us are Scotsmen, who, to the admiration of the world, construct the edifice, and guard it, sword in hand ; but some Englishmen are in the sacred troop. To England we look, as to a country in advance of our native land, in the knowledge and power of civilization. We despise the cant of our countrymen about modern Athens, Parthenons, and so forth ; and glory in the name of “ Sawmies.” We are of the Land of Cakes—of William Wallace, and Robert Bruce—of Burns, Scott, and Christopher North. Our dearly beloved Southrons, therefore, will not lay narrow nationalities to our charge. But still, we take the liberty of wondering why England does not do more for herself in native literature than she is now doing—why they who are sprung of “ earth’s fast blood,” and “ have titles manifold,” do not look into the heart of their national character, and ~~dig~~ dig up and bring to light its hidden treasures. Are the peasantry—the people of England—so poor in originality and native power,

as to afford no materials for gifted men to mould them into striking personifications, and to enrich thereby the possessions of English literature? Are there no labourers worthy of hire to collect the harvest, or is there no harvest to collect? We wish to have an answer to this simple question. Scotland produces annually crops of printed books, that smack of her fields and her atmosphere—redolent of spring. Our country is reflected in the mirror of imagination, and we are all proud to see Auld Scotia's weather-beaten face in such shadowy portraiture. We are an arrogant set of people, no doubt, even the bluntest of us, and many airs we give ourselves, even down to the very finger-nails, not always the clearest of horn. But, after all, we have something to be proud of, going on in Auld Reekie, and elsewhere; and we will just trouble England to beat us upon our own ground—and to produce a Great Unknown—or even a Small Known—or a Burns—or a Galt—or a Hogg—or an Allan Cunningham. Our friends in London may laugh;—but if, with the exception of the first,

it be an easy matter 'to beat all these national painters hollow, and leave them at the distance-post, pray do so, and allow them all to come hobbling in, like so many broken-winded ones, or roarers, among shouts of derision from the multitude.

Gentlemen of Cockaigne, we send you the compliments of the season. You are a puny pen of Bantams, feathered down to the toes, and assiduous crowsers; but little worth, either for breeding or for battle. It seems that you write books. Indeed! why, that is very comical. Do send us presentation copies of your works, and we will review them. It seems you hate Galt. That is natural enough, for you pretend to admire Allan Cunningham. The strapping Nithsdale swain must look like an ogre eyeing a covey of pignies—what a flutter of wings when he appears to give them their crowdy!—what a clatter of pecking beaks!—what a strutting of toes in and toes out!—and what a reddening of cock-combs! Fowls and feathers!—Fee, fa, fum!—and farewell!

The Confessions of an English Glutton.

Puisque les choses sont ainsi, je prétend aussi avoir mon franc-parler.

D'ALLUMBERT.

THIS is confessedly the age of confession,—the era of individuality—the triumphant reign of the first person singular. Writers no longer talk in generals. All their observations are bounded in the narrow compass of self. They think only of number one. *Ego sum* is on the tip of every tongue and the nib of every pen, but the remainder of the sentence is unuttered and unwritten. The rest of his species is now nothing to any one individual. There are no longer any idiosyncrasies in the understanding of our essayists, for one common characteristic runs through the whole range. Egotism has become as endemic to English literature as the plague to Egypt, or the scurvy to the northern climes. Every thing is involved in the simple possessives *me* and *mine*—and we all cry out in common chorus,

What shall I do for ever known,
And make the age to come mine own?

Since, then, the whole tribe of which I am an unworthy member, have one by one poured out their souls into the confiding and capacious bosom of the public; since the goodly list of scribblers, great and small, from the author of *Eloise* to the inventor of *Vortigern*—since the Wine-drinker, the Opium-eater, the Hypochondriac, and the Hypercritic, have in due succession "told their fatal stories out," I cannot, in justice to my own importance, or honesty to the world, leave the blank unfilled, which stands gaping to receive the Confessions of a Glutton, and thus put the last leaf on this branch of periodical personality.

I have one appalling disadvantage beside my contemporaries, in that want of sympathy which I am sure to experience from readers in general. Many a man will be too happy to acknowledge himself hypocondriacal—it is the fashion. Others are to be found in great abundance who will bravely

boast of their spongy intemperance, and be proud of their brotherhood with the drunkard. Even opium-eating, like snuff-taking, may come into vogue, and find unblushing proselytes—but who will profess himself a slave to gluttony—the commonest failing of all! Nevertheless, with all the chances of public odium and private reprobation impending over me, I hasten to the performance of my duty, and I am proud to consider myself a kind of literary Curtius, leaping willingly into the gulf, to save my fellow-citizens by my own sacrifice.

The earliest date which I am able to affix to the development of my propensity is the month of August 1764, at which period, being then precisely two years and two months old, I remember well my aunt Griselda having surprised me in an infantine but desperate excess, for which she punished me with a very laudable severity. This circumstance made a great impression on me; and without at all lessening my propensity, added considerably to my prudence. My voracity was infinite, and my cunning ran quite in a parallel line. I was

— Fox in stealth, wolf in greediness.”

I certainly eat more than any six children, yet I was the very picture of starvation. Lank, sallow, and sorrow-stricken, I seemed the butt against which stinginess had been shooting its shafts. I attacked every one I met with the most clamorous cries for cakes or bread. I watched for visitors, and thrust my hands into their pockets with most piteous solicitings, while aunt Griselda bit her lips for anger, and my poor mother, who was a different sort of person, used to blush to the eyes for shame, or sit silently weeping, as she contemplated the symptoms of my disgraceful and incurable disease. In the mean time every thing was essayed, every effort had recourse to, to soften down the savageness of my rage for food, or at least to turn what I eat to good account. I was pampered and crammed, with my increasing years, like a Norfolk turkey—I had an unlimited credit at the pastry-cook's shop, and the run of the kitchen at home, but in vain. The machinery of my stomach refused to perform its functions. I think I must have swallowed every thing the wrong way, or have been unconsciously the prey of

an interminable intestine war; for every article of sustenance took, as it were, a peculiar and perpendicular growth, but never turned into those lateral folds of flesh, which produce the comfortable clothing of men's ribs in general. At fourteen years of age I was five feet ten inches high, covered almost entirely with the long hair, that boys come home with at the Christmas holidays from a Yorkshire cheap academy—my bones forcing their way through my skin—and my whole appearance the fac-simile of famine and disease—yet I never had a complaint except not getting enough to eat.

I am thus particular as to my appearance at this period, in the hope, that by this exposure of an unvarnished portrait, I may excite some commiseration for sufferings, which did not proceed from my own wicked will. I was constitutionally a glutton: nature had stamped the impress of greediness upon me at my birth, or before it. In the sucking tenderness of infancy, and the upshooting of boyhood, it was the preponderating characteristic of my nature—no self-begot habit, growing on by little and little, fostered by indulgence, and swelled out, until it became too large for the constitution that enshrined it, like those geese-livers which are expanded by a particular preparation, until they become, as a body might say, bigger than the unhappy animals to which they belong. Will you not then, reader, grant me your compassion for my inadvertent enormities? Must I look in vain for the sympathising tear of sensibility falling to wash out the scorching errors of invincible appetite—as forcible at least as the invincible ignorance of heresy, for which even there is hope in the semi-benignant bosom of the church? To you I appeal, ye cooks by profession—ye gormandizers by privilege—to the whole board of Aldermen—to the shade of Mrs Glass,—to Mrs Rundell, Doctor Kitchener, and the rest of the list of gastronomical literati, who, in teaching the world the science of good living, must have some yearnings, one would think, for those victims whom ye lead into the way of temptation.

But lest this unsupported appeal to the melting charities of mankind might be ineffectual in its naked exhibition, I shall proceed to cover it with a short

detail of some of the particular horrors to which I have been a prey for upwards of half a century, and I think it must be a hard heart that will then refuse me its pity, and a ravenous maw that will not involuntarily close, to shut out the possibility of sufferings like mine.

Up to the age of fifteen, when I presented the appearance faintly sketched above, I may be considered to have gone on mechanically gormandizing, with nothing to distinguish my way of doing so from that common animal appetite which is given, in different proportions, to all that creep, or walk, or swim, or fly. Those vulgar gluttonics, thus eating for eating-sake, unconnected with mental associations, have no interest and no dignity. A man who supplies instinctively his want of food, without choice or taste, is truly *Epicuri de grege porcum*, or may be compared rather to the *Porcus Trojanus* of the ancients, a wild boar stuffed with the flesh of other animals—a savoury, punning parody upon the Trojan horse. Such a man is no better than a digesting automaton—a living mass of forced meat—an animated sausage.

I was sent home from six successive schools, on various pretences; but the true reason was, that inordinate craving which no indulgence could satisfy. I eat out of all proportion; and my father was obliged to take me entirely to himself. My mother was miserable, but of inexhaustible generosity; my aunt Griselda was dead, and I had no check upon me. Doctors from all parts were consulted on my case. Innumerable councils and consultations were held, ineffectually, to ascertain whether that refrigeration of stomach, which they all agreed was the primal cause of my malady, was joined with dryness, contraction, velleitation, or absterision. They tried every remedy and every regimen, without success. The fact was, I wanted nothing but food, for which they would have substituted physic. So that between my mother and my physicians, I had both an abundance—and for the mind as well as the body. The *Λαγριν* *latruncius* was plentifully supplied me by my father, for I had natural parts, and loved reading. But the whole turn of my studies was bent towards descriptions of feasts and festivals. I devoured all authors, ancient or modern, who

bore at all upon my pursuit. Appetite, mental as well as bodily, grew by what it fed on; and I continually chewed, as it were, the cud of my culinary knowledge. I rummaged Aristophanes for the Grecian repasts, and thumbed over Macrobius and Martial for the Roman. While seizing on every delicacy within my reach, I feasted my imagination with dainties not to be got at,—the Phrygian attigan, Ambracian kid, and Melian crane. I revered the memory of Sergius Arata, who, we are told by Pliny, was the inventor of oyster-beds; of Hortensius the orator, who first used peacock at supper; of Vitellius, Apicius, and other illustrious Romans,

Their sumptuous gluttonies and gorgeous feasts.

These classical associations refined my taste, and seemed to impart a more acute and accurate power to my palate. As I began to feel their influence, I blushed for the former grossness of my nature, and shrunk from the common gratification to which I had been addicted. I felt an involuntary loathing towards edibles of a mean and low-lived nature. I turned with disgust from the common casualties of a family dinner, and began to view with unutterable abhorrence shoulders of mutton, beef, and cabbage, and the like. A feeling, I should rather say a *passion*, (the technical phrase at present for every sensation a little stronger than ordinary,) a passion seemed to have taken possession of my mind for culinary refinements, dietetic dainties—the *delicata fercula*, fit only for superior tastes, but incomprehensible to the profane. A new light seemed breaking on me; a new sense, or at least a considerable improvement on my old sense of tasting, seemed imparted to me by miracle. My notions of the dignity of appetite became expanded; I no longer looked on man as a mere masticating machine—the butcher and sepulchre of the animal world. I took a more elevated view of his powers and properties, and I felt as though imbued with an essence of pure and ethereal epicurism, if I may so express myself—and why may I not?—my contemporaries would not flinch from the phrase.

My father was a plain sort of man—liked plain speaking, plain feeding, and so on. But he had his antipathies,—

and among them was roast-pig. Had he lived to our times, he might probably have been won over by a popular essay on the subject, which describes, in pathetic phrase, the manifold delights attending on that dish—the fat, which is no fat—the lean which is not lean—the eyes melting from their sockets, and other tender touches of description. Be this as it may, my unenlightened parent would never suffer roast-pig upon his table, and so it happened, that, at sixteen years of age, I had never seen one. But on the arrival of that anniversary, I was indulged by my mother with a most exquisite and tender two-months porker, in all its sucking innocence, and succulent delight, as the prime dish in that annual birth-day feast, to which I was accustomed, in my own apartment—all doors closed—no ingress allowed—no intruding domestics—no greedy companions to divide my indulgences—no eyes to stare at me, or rob me of a portion of the pleasure with which I eat in, as it were, in vision, the spirit of every anticipated preparation, while savoury fragrance was wafted to my brain, and seemed to float over my imagination in clouds of incense, at once voluptuous and invigorating. Ah, this is the true enjoyment of a feast! On the present occasion, I sat in the full glory of my solitude—sublimely individual, as the Grand Lama of Tibet, or the Brother of the Sun and Moon. The door was fastened—the servant evaporated; a fair proportion of preparatory foundation—soup, fish, &c.—had been laid in, *secundum artem*—the *mensa prima*, in short, was just dispatched, when I gently raised the cover from the dish, where the beautiful porker lay smoking in his rich brown symmetry of form and hue, enveloped in a vapour of such deliciousness, and floating in a gravy of indescribable perfection! After those delightful moments of dalliance (almost deater to the epicure than the very fullness of actual indulgence) were well over—after my palate was prepared by preliminary inhalations of the odorous essence—I seized my knife and fork, and plunged in *medias res*. Never shall I forget the flavour of the first morsel—it was sublime! But oh! it was, as I may say, the last; for losing, in the excess of over-enjoyment, all presence of mind and management of mouth, I attacked, without eco-

nomy or method, my inanimate victim. It was one of my boyish extravagancies to conform myself in these my solitary feasts to the strict regulations of Roman custom. I began with an egg, and ended with an apple, and flung into the fire—lance (as there was no fire, it being the summer season) a little morsel, as an offering to the *dii patellarii*. On this occasion, however, I forgot myself and my habits—I rushed, as it were, upon my prey—slashed right and left, through crackling, stuffing, body, and bones. I flung aside the knife and fork—seized in my hands the passive animal with indiscriminate voracity—thrust whole ribs and limbs at once into my mouth—crammed the delicious ruin by wholesale down my throat, until at last my head began to swim—my eyes seemed starting from their sockets—a suffocating thickness seemed gathering (no wonder) in my throat—a fullness of brain seemed bursting through my skull—my veins seemed swelled into gigantic magnitude—I lost all reason and remembrance, and fell, in that state, fairly under the table.

This, reader, is what we call, in common phrase, a surfeit. But what language may describe its consequences, or give a just expression to the sufferings it leaves behind? The first awakening from the apoplectic trance, as the lancet of the surgeon gives you a hint that you are alive, when the only taste upon the tongue—the only object in the eye—the only flavour in the nostril, is the once-loved, but now deplorable dish! The deadly sickening with which one turns, and twists, and closes one's lids, and holds one's nose, and smacks one's lips—to shut out, and stifle, and shake off the detested sight, and smell, and taste:—but in vain, in vain, in vain! But let me not press the point. Forty-two years have passed since that memorable day—forty thousand recollections of that infernal pig have flashed across my brain, and fastened on my palate, and fannated my olfactories; and there they are, every one, as fresh—What do I say? a million times more fresh and more intolerable than ever. Faugh!—It comes again.

But if such were some of the local and particular waking miseries of my excess, what, oh what tongue may give utterance to, what pen pourtray, the intolerable terrors of my *dreaming*

hours ! For many months of my protracted and painful re-establishment, I dreamt every night—not one respite for at least three hundred weary and wasting days—quotidian repetitions of visions, each one more hideous than the former. I dreamt, and dreamt, and dreamt—of what ? Of pig—pig—pig—nothing but pig. Pork, in all its multiplied and multiform modifications, was ever before me. Every possible form or preparation into which imagination could convert the hated animal, was everlastingly dangling in my sight, running around me, pursuing and persecuting me, in all the aggravation of the most exaggerated monstrosities. The scenery which accompanied these animal illustrations was always it, keeping with the sickening subject. Sometimes, as I began to doze away in the mellow twilight of an autumn evening, or the frosty rarefaction of a winter's day, or a day in spring, it was all one—a sudden expansion of vision has begun to open upon me ; and be it remembered that I always fancied myself of Hebrew extraction, Abraham, or Joseph, or Isaac—a Rabanite or a Caraites, as the case might be—the high-priest of the synagogue, or an old clothes-man ; but in all cases a Jew, with every religious predilection and antipathy strong fixed in my breast. A sudden expansion of vision, I say, began to open upon me—vast wildernesses spread far around—rocks of tremendous aspect seemed toppling from mountains of the most terrific elevation. The forms of the former were of the strangest fantasy, but all presented some resemblance to a boar's head ; while the hills shewed invariably, in their naked and barren acclivities, an everlasting sameness of strata, that presented the resemblance of veiny layers of pickled pork, and the monstrous flowers with which the earth was bespread were never-ending representations of rashers and eggs ! A sickness and faintness always began to seize upon me at these sights ; and, turning my glances upwards, I was sure to see the clouds impregnated with fantactic objects, all arising out of associations connected with my antipathy and loathing. Gigantic hams were impending over my head, and threatening to crush me with their weight. My eyes sunk, and I caught glimpses of the horrid hills frizzled with the grinning heads, and

pointed with the tusks of the detested animal. The branches of the trees were all at once converted to twisted and curling pig-tails. Atoms then seemed springing from the sand ; they were soon made manifest in all the caperings and gambols of a litter of sucking gruntlings. They began to multiply—with what frightful celerity ! The whole earth was in a moment covered with them, of all possible varieties of colours. They began to grow bigger, and instantaneously they gained dimensions that no waking eye can bring into any possible admeasurements. I attempted to run from them : They galloped after me in myriads, grunting in friendly discord, while magical knives and forks seemed stuck in their hams, as they vociferated in *their* way, “ Come eat me, come eat me ! ” At other times I pursued them, in the frenzy of my despair, endeavouring to catch them, but in vain ; every tail was soaped, and as they slipped through my fingers they sent forth screams of the most excruciating sharpness, and a laugh of hideous mockery, crying, in damnable chorus, “ What a bore, what a bore ! Bubble and squeak ! Bubble and squeak ! ” with other pumming and piggish impertinencies of the same cut and pattern. Then, again, an individual wretch would contract himself to a common-sized hog, and, rushing from behind between my legs, scamper off with me whole leagues across the desert ; then, gradually expanding to his former monstrous magnitude, rise up with me into the skies, that seemed always receding from our approach, and stretching out to an interminable immensity ; when the horrid brute on which I was mounted would give a sudden kick and grunt, and fling me off, and I tumbled headlong down thousands of thousands of fathoms, till I was at length landed in a pig-stye, at the very bottom of all bottomless pits.

At other times I used to imagine myself suddenly placed in the heart of a pork-shop. In a moment I was assailed by the most overpowering steams of terrible perfume, the gravy of the fatal dish floating round my feet, and clouds of suffocating fragrance almost smothering me as I stood. On a sudden every thing began to move, immense Westphalian hams flapped to and fro, banged against my head, and

beat me from one side of the shop to the other—huge fitchets of bacon fell upon me, and pressed me to the ground, while a sea of the detestable gravy flowed in upon me, and over me. Then frightful pigs' faces joined themselves together, and caught me in their jaws, when, called in by my shriek, which was the expected signal for their operations, three or four horrid-looking butchers rushed upon me, and, as a couple of them pinioned and held me down on my back, another stuffed me to choking with pork-pies, until I awoke more dead than alive.

Once, and once only, I had a vision connected with this series of suffering, which I must relate, from its peculiar nature, and as the origin of a popular hoax long afterwards put upon the world. I dreamt one night, that preparations were making, on a most splendid scale, for my marriage with a very beautiful girl of our neighbourhood, to whom I was (whatever my readers may think) very tenderly attached. The ceremony was to take place, methought, in Canterbury Cathedral. I was all at once seized with a desire to examine the silent solemnity of the Gothic pile. I entered; I forget how. A rich strain of music was poured from the organ-loft. A mellow stream of light flowed in through the stained glass of the windows. I was quite alone, and the most voluptuous tide of thought stole upon my mind. While I stood thus in the middle of the aisle, a distant door opened, and the bridal party entered. My affianced spouse, surrounded by a clustre of friends, glittering with brilliant ornaments, and glowing in beauty, approached me. I advanced to meet her, in unutterable delight; when, as I drew near, I saw that the appearance of every thing began to change. The pillars seemed suddenly converted to huge Bologna sausages; the various figures of saints and angels, painted on the windows, were altered into portraits of black porkers; the railings of the different enclosures took the carved form of spare ribs; the walls were hung with pig-skin tapestry; the beautiful melody just before played on the organ, was followed by a lively and familiar tune, and a confusion of voices sang,

“The pigs they lie,” &c.

while a discordant chorus of diabolical grunting, wound up each stanza. In the meantime the bride approached; but what horror accompanied her! The wreath of roses braided round her head, was all at once a twisted band of black-puddings. Hog's bristles shot out from the roots of what was so lately her golden hair; a thin string of sausages took place of her diamond necklace; her bosom was a piece of brawn; her muslin robe became a piebald covering of ham-sandwiches; her white satin shoes were kicked, oh, horror! off a pair of petticoes; and her beautiful countenance—swallow me, ye wild boars!—presented but the hideous spectacle, since made familiar to the public, under the figure of THE PIG-FACED LADY!!! Hurried on by an irresistible and terrible impulse, I rushed forward, though with loathing, to embrace her; when instantly the detested odour of the hateful gravy came upon me once more; the pillars of the Cathedral swelled out to an enormous circumference, and burst in upon me with a loud explosion; the roof fell down with a fearful crash, and overwhelmed me with a shower of legs of pork and pease-pudding; while, in the agony of my desperation, I caught in my arms my hideous bride, whose deep-brown skin crackled in my embrace, as I pressed to my bursting bosom the everlasting fac-simile of a roast pig!—In after years I took a fit of melancholy enjoyment in setting afloat the humbug of the Pig-faced Lady.

I will not press upon the reader the manifold miseries that attended upon subsequent surfeits, for a period of more than five-and-twenty years. From what I have feebly sketched, some notion may be conceived of the nature and extent of my disorder. I need not, therefore, dwell on the consequences of my second memorable excess, which took place on the occasion of my eating turtle-soup for the first time. The misery in this matter was more from fright than from repletion; for when, after the sacrifice of repeated helpings of calipash and calipee, I found my teeth immoveably stuck together—in the style which my city readers well understand—I was seized with the horrible conviction that I had got a locked-jaw. Imagination worked so powerfully on this occasion, that

when I had pulled my mouth wide-open, beyond even its natural capacity, (which is not trifling, believe me, reader,) I sat for hours, roaring out for a dentist to punch in two or three of my front teeth, that I might get some sustenance introduced through a quill. Even when I perfectly recovered my senses, I was long before I could bear to sit a moment with my mouth shut, from the dread of a return of my imagined danger. Then came the *dreaming* again—the crawling tortoises; the clammy glutinous liquid; the green fat—but enough of this!

Repeated sufferings like these broke in upon the crust of my constitution, if I may use the trope; so that when I became of age, and possessed of a good fortune without incumbrance, by the demise of my father, and the second marriage of my mother, (who by that step forfeited her jointure, and with it every claim on my regard,) I was in appearance a middle-aged man, and in mind a septuagenary, of the *common* sort I mean—I, like old Burton, had “neither wife nor children”—my early attachment—my beautiful neighbour—the prototype—spare me the repetition, reader!—but *she*, you know, *she*—the *Lady* was lost to me forever! She had but one failing, poor girl—nervousness, just then coming first into fashion; and she took it strongly into her head, that if she married me, I should play the part of the wolf with the Little Red Riding-hood, and eat her up one night in bed. To avoid this unusual and uncomfortable consummation of our nuptials, she discarded my suit altogether, and I lost her forever. To get over the effects of this blow, I resolved to look for consolation in the joys of foreign cookery. I determined to travel, and I did travel, in pursuit of what I never have been able to discover—the art of allaying an uncontrollable appetite. As for the love affair, I soon swallowed my grief.

I shall not enumerate my adventures in distant countries, nor detail my observations on objects foreign to my purpose. *Ac sutor ultra crepidam*. I shall therefore merely say, that having eaten frogs in France, macaroni at Naples, olapodrida in Spain, opium in Turkey, camel’s-flesh in Egypt, horse-flesh in Arabia, elephant-flesh in India, cat’s-flesh in China, and

hog’s-flesh—no, never, never after the affair of the pig—it was a slip of the pen—I returned to England to sit down to plain beef and mutton; convinced that I had come back to the real, healthy, honest standard of good taste. In the broad interval, however, which I have jumped over so rapidly, I had many and many a visit of direful consequence. At one time I fancied that I was doomed to die of starvation, and the excruciating agonies then endured from cholics and indigestions (proceeding from my even more than natural efforts to eat up to the standard of sufficiency) beggar all description. On another occasion a horrid apprehension oppressed me, that I should one day—but how express myself in English? I cannot, and I should have been silent perforce, did not the *delicacies* of the French language come in to my aid—then I should one day, *me crever le ventre*. To guard against this expected calamity, I had a pair of stays made—yes, reader, I was the first of the dandies—the lacing and un-lacing of which, before and after meals, was attended with torments more horrible than those pelting and pitiless showers, imagined by Dante for the Gluttons of his Inferno.

I forget precisely how many years have elapsed since the exhibition of fat Lambert. It is enough to know, that I went to see the show. I saw him.—Would that I never had! Oh Heavens! what agonies has that sight cost me! The by-standers who observed me as I entered the room, burst into a loud and involuntary laugh, and no blame to them; for never was there a more ludicrous contrast than Lambert was to me, and I to Lambert. I am six feet five inches and a half high in my stockings; extremely like Justice Shallow, only taller. As like to a man made after supper of cheseparing, for whom the case of a crab-hautboy would make a misnomer?—and I will venture to say that the skeleton of the Irish giant, dressed in my habiliments, and its back turned, might be taken for my figure by my nearest acquaintance. You all remember, readers, what Lambert’s figure was. I do, alas! at any rate!—The very instant I saw him, the notion struck me that I had become his second-self—his ditto—his palpable echo—his substantial shadow—that the ob-

servers laughed at our "double transformation," for he was become me at the same time—that I was exhibiting as he then was,—and, finally, that I was dying of excessive fat. The idea was like an electric shock, and in one moment I felt that the double identity was completed—that the metamorphosis of Salamis and her lover was acted over again in the persons of myself and the fat man—that I, in short, was Lambert, and Lambert me!—I shot out of the exhibition-room—rushed into the street—quitted the confines of the city—ran up towards Hampstead-hill—tried back again, and made off in the direction of the river, endeavouring in vain to shake off the horrid phantasm that had seized upon my mind. I darted along with lightning-speed, my long legs seemed to flim themselves out spontaneously, as if they no more belonged to me than *Utriusque* do to him, yet I fancied that I *leap* with the pace of a tortoise—that my fat totally prevented my quicker motion—that I should be rushed to death between the hedges, the temples, or the carriages that passed me—and thus I ran in the middle of the road vacillating for assistance, fighting against the foul fiend, and followed by a crowd of draggled and blackguards, till I reached the banks of the river, and saw myself reflected in the stream. Oh, Heavens! what a delightful sight was that!

"Then like Narcissus——"

But I must leave the quotation unfinished, and come at last to a full stop; for I fear I am trenching upon the privilege—poaching upon the preserve—of some contemporary hypochondriac. And so, if any may have led the way in giving to the world, like me, their *real unexaggerated* Confessions, I can only complain, with the modern poet who accused Shakespeare of forestalling his thoughts, that they, be they who they may, have very unhandsomely and plagiaristically anticipated my own original incubations. And now having fairly unbosomed my sins, if they are sins, I trust to receive from a grateful public, in whose interest alone have I compiled these sheets, the absolution which should always follow confession. Then, as is usual in these cases, that having disgorged my over-loaded conscience, I may be allowed to return to my *old courses*—following in this the example of Caesar, who, according to Cicero, *post carum comere cibum, idemque largus cibum*. Should any harsh hearer or rigorous reader be inclined to constrain the bowels of his compassion, and still deny me pardon, to him I beg to propose a question in the words of our immortal Bard, which he may answer the next time we meet at dinner,—

"——— If hard it be,
Shall not be with'd, but how 't we stretch
our eye,
When capital crimes, claw'd, swallow'd,
and digested,
Appear before us!"

VINDICTA GÆLICA.

We think it our duty, for the sake of our *English* Readers, to say a very few words about some matters which are so perfectly understood by every one in Scotland, (however certain people may be interested in disguising what they know and feel,) that it would be worse than idle to address any words about them to our readers here.—We allude to the affair of the *Rectorship*, or, as it has been absurdly called, the *Lord-rectorship* of the University of Glasgow. The subject is really so very humble, that had we seen a single paragraph of common sense about it, in any one newspaper, Scotch or English, we should have been quite contented with copying it. But the fact is, that nobody appears to have comprehended, in the smallest degree, the real nature

and character of the affair: nobody, at all events, has spoken or written as if he did; and observing with what zeal the Whig press in England is trumpeting Sir James Mackintosh, and magnifying his triumph, we must just entreat the forgiveness of our friends for occupying two or three pages with a very brief and plain statement of the true facts of the case.

We are well aware that the Whig news-writers in London are, for the most part, Scotchmen—more's the shame and the pity!—but humble in every possible point of view as these creatures are, there is not one even of them that does not know quite well how gross is the imposition that he has been lending himself to. They all know what sort of a thing the Rectorship of Glas-

gow is: but their readers do not; and THESE must really not be suffered to nourish the exquisitely absurd notion that Sir James Mackintosh, Knight, has been here to receive a compliment resembling, even in *genus*, any of those high marks of distinction for which the first Noblemen and Statesmen of ENGLAND are accustomed to be competitors on the banks of the Cam or the Isis. In fact, there is a kingdom of Congo as well as a kingdom of England—but nothing beyond a sucking baby supposes that the two kings are the same sort of persons in rank and dignity. The Rector of Glasgow stands in just the same relation to the High Steward of Oxford or Cambridge.

The "UNIVERSITY" of Glasgow is composed of two things; first, a school where boys from *twelve years of age*, up to *sixteen or seventeen*, are instructed in the first elements of Classical learning—for they do not know even the *alphabet* of the Greek tongue when they are matriculated—and also, in the first elements of Mathematics, Logic, Ethics, &c.; and secondly, of an institution in which lectures are delivered on Medicine, Law, and Theology, for the benefit of those of rather riper years. The *boys* who attend the *school* are dressed in gowns of red frieze, the sleeves of which they convert, by casting knots and inserting brickbats, into very decent weapons of offence, during the hours of relaxation which their masters permit them to enjoy. In every sense of the word, they are *boys*—many of them, indeed, might be more properly styled *children*—and miserably filthy little urchins the far greater part of them are. To dream of comparing them with the boys of Eton, or Westminster, or Winchester, or Harrow, either in regard to external appearance, or manners, or what is of higher importance than all, in regard to SCHOLARSHIP, would be about as absurd, as it would be to compare a Spouting Club in Cheapside with the British House of Commons. The Charter House boys, for example, are a hundred times above them in every species of respectability.

But—It is in these *boys* alone that the right of electing what they call their *Rector Magnificus* has been, and is now vested. No doubt they acquired the right at a period when *children* the wearers of the red frieze but that is a matter of no im-

portance: so it is that they do possess the right to make this election—and more, that they *alone* possess it. When people in England read of an University Election, they naturally conceive that the electors are, as with themselves, the *men* who have finished their education at that University, and taken some of its higher degrees. They know that at Oxford and Cambridge nobody has a vote in any such matters until he has been at least seven years a member of the University—they know that there the young gentlemen actually studying in College at the time have no more to do with such matters than the man in the moon, and knowing that *these* are persons entitled, for the most part, to be called *men*, how should it ever be imagined that in a Scotch University *boys* are not only admitted to do that from which *these men* are excluded—but that they *alone* are admitted to do so? Yet such is the fact. Not only have the persons whose education is at an end no concern in this election; even those whose education is going on have nothing to do with it after they have ceased to belong to the *school* part of the seminary. The moment one of these boys becomes a stripling, he becomes of course a student either of divinity, or of medicine, or of law—from that moment—that is to say, from the moment he is seventeen or eighteen years old at the utmost,—he ceases to wear the red frieze gown, and has nothing whatever to say as to this most pure and enlightened franchise. He is a *non togatus*: he cannot wear the gown: and he consequently cannot vote. He has left the *school*, and he is no longer entitled to balance and reward the merits of the Sir James Mackintoshes, and the Mr Francis Jeffreys of the age.—The only grown *men* who do possess the privilege of voting along with about A THOUSAND noisy and illiterate urchins, are the Professors—about twenty in number.

In former times, the absurdity of having such mere boys for electors, was productive of no bad effects—or rather it was productive of no effects at all, good, bad, or indifferent. The lads made it a rule to obey the direction of their respective masters—so that, in effect, the election lay with the Professors of the University.—But a variety of causes has operated so as

to produce an entire change as to all this. First of all, the Professors themselves were so imprudent as to introduce politics—the Rector has a vote in the deliberation of the *Scabulis Academicis*, and the Whigs must try to have a Whig, the Tories a Tory. Accordingly, for many years a disgraceful scene was exhibited—one Professor recommending one man, another Professor recommending another—Boys of thirteen or fourteen years of age attending the prelections of both these Professors, deciding which of their teachers had given the sager advice—cabals of all sorts—jealousy—spleen—the suspicion at least of professorial favour or disfavour, following according to the vote given—in a word, a shameful disruption of the most important ties which bind together those whose duty it is to speak with authority, and those whose duty it ought to be to listen with silence and respect.—This degrading spectacle was repeated for a succession of years—but it was at length terminated by the good sense of the Professors. Weary of the disgusting occurrences which were continually taking place, they laid their heads together, and agreed that a Whig should have it the one election, and a Tory the next.—“Time about fair play,” is a good old adage; and, more especially, as the Rectorship is really a thing of no sort of importance in any point of view whatever, perhaps this was just as equitable an arrangement as any that could have been suggested to that learned and respectable body—and, on the whole, the arrangement “worked well.”

Gentlemen of eminence, in some way or other, but all belonging to the neighbourhood of Glasgow, were elected. Mr Campbell of Blythswood (one of the best of Tories) was elected—he was a member for the city, and possessed of great estates in that part of that country, and his ancestors had conferred benefits on the University itself. Mr Kirkman Finlay was elected—he was at that time a Whig, or at least was thought to be so—but he was one of the first and most intelligent merchants in the world, and the majority of the electors were the sons of the mercenants and manufacturers of Glasgow—he was, moreover, the Chief Magistrate of their city, and he was its representative in Parliament for the time. Lord Archibald Hamilton was

elected—he was a man of talents, and a member of a noble family, which in former times conferred obligations of the most important kind on the University of Glasgow.—So far all was well.—But THE WHIGS, who everywhere, but especially in Scotland, are the enemies of every thing like repose and order, thought that by a little management they might convert this paltry election into an instrument for serving some of their own paltry purposes, and THEY determined to flatter the boys, thereby win them to themselves, and in defiance of the Professors of both parties, perpetuate this precious Rectorship as a sort of possession for themselves. They for whom nothing, either in object or in means, can ever be too low, resolved to set these children permanently at variance with their preceptors, that they might have the opportunity, for it really amounts to nothing more, of spouting a couple of Whig orations *per annum*, in the Common-hall of Glasgow College. And it appears, that by dint of the most despicable but unwearied intriguing, they have at length attained this magnificent object of their ambition.

Mr Francis Jeffrey was the first person elected after the system of dispute was revived. He is a person of considerable talents, and at one time he was a person of considerable reputation in the world of letters. He is an eminent barrister and reviewer, and he had received his education at the University of Glasgow; and, altogether, nobody certainly could have had much right to say that he was not entitled to receive from such a body of electors any such mark of attention as they might have it in their power to bestow. But how did Mr Jeffrey acquit himself on the occasion? Why, just as a clever man, who happens from excess of vanity to mistake himself for a man of genius, is very apt to do—like a *ninny*. He went to Glasgow not in the modest style of his predecessors, to make a little speech to the boys, and eat a great dinner with their masters, but he went with a mighty train of “LEADING WHIGS.”—He made a speech, the tendency of which was but too perceptible in the midst of all his youthful electors. He was attended by men *all of them* politicians, most of them political partizans of a very humble class. He instituted a prize, produced a medal, and did all he could

to create a *sensation* in favour of himself, a Whig, the Whig friends who were, by his side, and the great, the deathless cause of "liberal principles all over the world!" The flattery, that would have been nauseous and sickening to any thing in the shape of men, went down, and little Jeffrey, the Rector *magnificus*, came back to his chums in Auld Reekie, crowing and clapping his wings, as proud as ever a bantam-cock that scratched a barley-corn out of a dunghill.

But the great matter was to make assurance doubly sure of a Whig successor for this worthy. The whole of the Professors, (with just two exceptions,) anxious to have done with the fret and fever which the Liberals had excited, joined in proposing to the boys Sir Walter Scott—thinking, of course, that that great name would unite all suffrages, and that even the Whigs would be ashamed of opposing any of their own paltry schemes and prejudices to the election of him of whom all Scotland has so much reason to be proud. But no—Sir Walter was a Tory, and that was check-mate to the pacific Professors: for it was sufficient to set every Whig engine at work with redoubled zeal and energy, for the noble purpose of bringing in—whom?—Sir James Mackintosh!!! And accordingly, in due season, westward once again moved our illustrious Aristarchus, and he and his two humble adherents and worshippers in the Senatus, and a majority of the children, did elect that "chevalier sans peur et sans reproche."

Now, we have, *imprimis*, to observe, that neither Sir Walter Scott nor Sir James Mackintosh had any right, or title of any sort, to be Rector of the University of Glasgow. Neither of them belonged, in any sense, to that University—neither of them had been educated there, nor even lived in its vicinity; and there was no propriety whatever in introducing the novelty of a Rector that had no sort of connexion with the institution; and, accordingly, we have no doubt neither of them would ever have dreamt of such a thing. Sir Walter, it is now well known, never heard of the affair at all until the election was over; and we are willing to believe that the case may have been—in so far—the same with Sir James Mackintosh. To suppose that any Scotchman, at all above

Joseph Hume, could, for any other than a party purpose, have been ambitious of such a distinction, would be too absurd. We can scarcely be so uncharitable as to imagine that Sir James, even as he is situated in some particulars, could have deemed it possible that such a "cock-chicken's feather" should do his cap any service. But, laying all these preliminary matters out of view, we really must be permitted to say, that we are sorry to find that Whig calumnies, and Whig flatteries, have been able to persuade even a knot of children, that two such names *could* be put in competition in any Christian country. We shall not stoop, however, to waste one word upon *this* matter, since we are addressing, it is to be hoped, grown reader.

But now comes the grand affair of the speeches. Mr Jeffrey's claims a little notice in the first place, because it was the first delivered; and we have no hesitation in saying, that we consider it to have been as precious a display of *dishonesty* and *debauchery*—(we mean public political dishonesty, and public political dirtiness.)—as ever disgraced the lips of a man of any thing like talents. It was *debauchery* throughout, dishonest in *every* part, because it said nothing of *politics*, the only thing that was in the speaker's mind. Is there that sucking pig in Brentford that can be persuaded that any man, laying *politics* entirely out of view, would ever dream of mentioning the name of Sir James Mackintosh in the same breath with that of Sir Walter Scott, to a body of British youth—above all, of Scottish youth—and this, too, within the walls of a building reared and maintained solely for the promotion of *literature*? Is there that "thrice-soddenness," who believes that Francis Jeffrey in his heart conceives Sir James Mackintosh's pamphlets, either in or out of the Edinburgh Review, to be equal in merit with the works of the greatest and most popular author of this most rich and inventive age of English literature? What is it that Mr Francis wished to convey, (for the question is not as to what he really thought) when he dared to speak of Sir James Mackintosh as being superior to Sir Walter Scott "in what is properly called *learning*?" What does the doctissimus Francisculus mean by, "*learning*?" Did he ever read *IVANHOE*? Did he

mean Greek? He abused PINDAR in his REVIEW, as Lord Byron long ago told him. Is it Latin? Could Sir James Mackintosh write one hexameter? Did Sir James Mackintosh prove himself to be a scholar by reading the old song about "*Hæc Studia*," &c. the most hacknied quotation in all the world, off a paper in his hand, to the assembled children of the Glasgow manufacturers? Is the "*Vindicia Gallicæ*" a classical work, merely because its title is Latin, and its author a friend and correspondent of Dr Parr? Is Sir James Mackintosh a *David Hume*, merely because he has advertised a "*History of England*?"

What, in the name of wonder and admiration, is it that Sir James Mackintosh has done? His "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*," is a raw, boyish, flowery rhapsody, of which he himself must long ago be ashamed. His only other acknowledged work is an "Introductory Lecture," of which he himself wisely thinks little, and will not suffer it to be republished. His contributions to the Edinburgh Review are dull, heavy, but less inert masses of prosing, for which he is exceedingly glad, no doubt, to be paid now and then a few guineas by Mr Francis Jeffrey. But still the question recurs, "*What has he done?*" And, laying politics out of view, we once more assert, in the face of men and angels, that every man, Whig or Tory, who speaks his mind, must answer, "*He has done nothing.*" It is all in fact; it is all on the *ipse dixit* of Sir James, or on the *ipse dixit* of the Whigs. The same Whigs who pronounced Queen Caroline to be "pure as unsunned snow," have pronounced that, politics being entirely kept out of view, there is no living man now living, "*who can be preferred, or even compared,*"—these are little Jeffrey's big words!—to Sir James Mackintosh!!! Oh! hour of rapture, or glory, of beatitude, for "the men of words and not of deeds!" Oh! hours of blissful consolation,

"To Langman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown,
Our fathers of the Row."

Oh, triumph of triumphs! Oh, puff of puffs! Our friend Coulburn is but a type of thee, thou puffer of the first magnitude!

But "stop a moment," we think we hear some one that does not read the

newspapers, say, "Stop a moment, What is all this?" Gentle reader of Blackwood, ignorant of the daily press, we heartily sympathize with thy feelings of astonishment!

Yet the fact, gentle, most gentle reader—the fact is indeed so. Yes, reader, Mr Francis Jeffrey, a well-known practitioner at a provincial bar, but a person whose only acknowledged work is the Account of "*Beauty*," not the "*Beauty*" in Bracebridge-Hall, but the "*Beauty*" in Macvey Napier—this Mr Francis Jeffrey—nay, start not, it is quite true—this identical Francisculus, did really stand up in a great hall full of children, yet containing some men, and there and then he did deliberately, and in cold blood, utter *his* opinion, Francis Jeffrey's opinion, as to the relative literary merits of Sir James Mackintosh and Sir Walter Scott. What the opinion was, is nothing to our present purpose; but, *bona fide*, if there be faith in man, he did deliver his opinion!

There is nothing to go beyond this. We have at length reached our ultimatum. The age of mere *brass* is over.

That little Mr Francis Jeffrey, when seated in his little library, with a little pair of tallow unsnuffed before him, a little red night-cap on his head, and a little tumbler of hot whisky and water at his elbow, should think himself entitled to say "*w.*," and to indite, with the air of one having authority, puff of books written by Whigs, or published by Constable, or quizzes of books written by Tories, and published *not* by Constable—this is much;—but still we are accustomed to it, and many other things of the same sort, and indignationem minuit usus. But here quite a new picture is opened upon our admiring gaze. Here we have not only the stimulants of secrecy, toddy, and £1,500 per annum all awaiting, but we have even the "*w.*," the Editorial "*Nos*," *inter desideranda*. "Farewell, a long farewell to all my w.e-ness! Here am I—here I am, good people!—Here am I, Francis Jeffrey, author of the article "*Beauty*" in the Encyclopedia Britannica, and of a note about Coleridge and tea-drinking, signed F. J. in the Edinburgh Review.—Here am I, come to tell you what are the characters, public and private, of Sir Walter Scott

and Sir James Mackintosh. Here am I ! I tell you that they are both wonderful men, and "almost equally my friends."—They admire me, and I admire them and myself.—Sir Walter is a man of the greatest genius now in existence—indeed he is the greatest genius that ever did exist—but when you come to speak of learning, accomplishment, &c. &c. the author of the "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*" is still the man for my money. He wrote that admirable article on Poland in my last Number. I am to have another on Greece from him for my next Number. Politics should be entirely laid out of view in an university ; but I am sure, that, looking at the whole public career of *my* illustrious friend Sir James Mackintosh, and hearing what you have heard *from me* about his private purity and amenity, you will at once perceive that Sir Walter is, after all, rather a humbug compared with him ! Vote, vote by all means for Sir James—Madame de Stael always said he was one of the most penetrating men she had ever known—do, vote for Sir James, and I will come to Glasgow, and be present at his Installation ; and I will come with *my tail on*, like the great Chieftain of Clanjamphrey, as I am—for I will make Cockburn, and John Murray, and Tom Thomson, and Tommy Kennedy, come too—and, perhaps, even some graver dunniwassels of my clan, when they are convinced this is quite an unpolitical business, will also descend from their high sphere, and come along with us for once—for they are old, very old friends of Sir James's—they knew him, both of them, when he was only Mister James—they knew him ~~ere~~ *ere* Watt was hanged, or GERALD banished."—Upon my faith, Mr Francis, your speech was a whacker ! and now do say, 'pon honour, that this *gloss* is an unfair one ; or, if you do not dare to say any thing of the sort, hear POPE.

"And you, who seek to give and merit fame,

Who *boldly* bear a critic's noble name,

Be sure YOURSELF, and YOUR OWN REACH you know,

For your Genius, Taste, and Learning go ;

Which not beyond your depth, but be discreet,

And mark that point where BRASS and BRAVERY meet."

So much for Jeffrey. We are almost sorry to say any thing farther and more directly about his successor. Sir James Mackintosh is, no doubt, a man of very considerable talents. The origin from which he has raised himself is so humble that it must be so ; indeed, every one disgusting thing about "the *Philosophe Beau* of unloveable Stael," asserts and proclaims the magnitude of his merits. We admit them.

We do not say that Sir James is a blockhead ; on the contrary, we consider Mr Jeffrey as a clever man, and Sir James as able to eat three Jeffreys. But *our* respect for Sir James Mackintosh's talents is founded *entirely* on two or three speeches which we have happened to hear him deliver in the House of Commons ; and our wonder is simply upon what grounds (these speeches and all the rest of his *political* merits being laid out of view) even a Francis Jeffrey could dare to talk of him as a great man.

He himself speaks more decently—he distinctly tells the Glasgow urchins (we shall give his own words :) " In me, gentlemen, you have selected a person who has little *claim* to your favour beyond the love of letters, a warm attachment to his native country, and an honest performance of public duty ; for in every other respect I should hold out to you, as a warning, the unfortunate effect of that variety of pursuits which has so long retarded the execution of the literary projects of my youth, and has converted into a period of anxious and fearful labour, the approaches of that age which excuses some remissness and industry, and tempts to some indulgence of repose." Upon which text many comments might be fastened ; but we shall content ourselves with just asking Sir James Mackintosh, firstly, What he means by his *love* of letters ? Is it so indeed that a mere taste for reading, together with an occasional itch for scribbling, may constitute a *claim* to the Lord Rectorship of the University of Glasgow ? Secondly, *How* has Sir James Mackintosh shewn his warm attachment to his native country ? The answer is plain—by writing in the Edinburgh Review, by presiding at the Edinburgh Fox Dinner, and by retaining, after an absence of thirty years, the charming brogue of "the County of Nairn." Thirdly, What is it that entitles Sir James Mackintosh

to represent himself as so eminently distinguished by HONESTY—in the discharge of public duty? Does he mean to insinuate that he is the only honest man, or member of Parliament, now alive? Fourthly, What is the meaning of all that palavering about retarded projects, and a laborious old age? Is this the old story hashed up once more?—Is this still the *crambe recocctu* of “The History of England?”—We fear that such has been Sir James’s weakness, and we are truly sorry for it.

On the same day when Francis Jeffrey, Esq., convinced at length, with Pope, that they only should “censure freely who have written well,” publishes an excellent treatise, novel, or poem,—on that same happy day, will Sir James Mackintosh, Knight, publish an excellent history—on that illustrious day also will Mr Henry Cockburn utter a speech, “excelling by no specimen of forensic eloquence in ancient or in modern times”—on that ever glorious day will some Tory master of the lyre proclaim,

“Sir James geated, and Jeffrey six feet high,”

and we be the first, the loudest, and the most sincere in applauding his dictum. About the same period, some WING will present a petition to the House of Commons, *anent* the Register-Office in Edinburgh—the Scotch Jury Court will be oppressed with cases—Professor Leslie will invite Dr Olmthus Petre to cards and supper—Hogg write another Chaldee MS.—Glengarry establish his title to the Lordship of the Isles—and Ensign and Adjutant Odoherty sport the grand cross of the Cacique of Poyais, his order.

We had a great many more topics to touch upon; but our limits forbid farther expatiation. If there be any body who wishes to find more evidence as to the humbug of the totally *unpolitical* views, which influenced Mr Jef-

frey in his patronage of Sir James Mackintosh among the boys of Glasgow, let him look to the Scotch newspapers of the week immediately succeeding. He will there see that Sir James took the chair at the Fox Dinner in Edinburgh, and was buttered by Mr Cranstoun for the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*—that Sir James, in return, buttered Mr Cranstoun, declaring the speech in his own laudation to be “one of the most beautiful speeches that ever fell from human lips.” He will there see, that Mr Jeffrey (“the delight,” as Sir James expressed it, “equally of his hearers and readers,”) buttered himself, sung palinode, and toasted RADICAL REFORM like a man. He will there see that Mr Abercrombie buttered Mr John Clerk; and that Mr Cockburn buttered Joseph Hume; and that Mr L. Horner buttered Mr James Gibson; and that Sir J. Mackintosh buttered Lord Johnny Russel; and that Mr John A. Murray buttered the Lord Rosslynn; and that the Lord Glenorchy buttered Sir Ronald Fergusson; and that Mr R. Hunter buttered Mr Henry Brougham; and that Mr P. Brown buttered Lord Archibald Hamilton; and that Mr Cranstoun buttered Earl Grey; and that Major Hay buttered Lord Lausdown; and that Dr Thomson buttered Dugald Stewart; and that Sir Renald Fergusson buttered Rothiemurchus; and that they all buttered each other, and abused all the world besides, until one in the morning!

Upright, amiable, enlightened, charming, amiable Whigs! Long may such butter be melting on your lips, and such gall boiling in your bosoms! Long may ye find, in fulsome exchange of flattery among yourselves, the only consolation which universal contempt and derision leaves within your reach! Long, very long, may Mr Jeffrey puff his contributors—and soon, oh very soon, may we have “The History of England!”

ANTI-PHRENOLOGIA ;

A PLAIN STATEMENT OF OBJECTIONS AGAINST THE SYSTEM OF DRS GALL AND SPURZHEIM.

[We have already said, that in our opinion, Fool and Phrenologist are terms as nearly synonymous as can be found in any language. One writer in this work demolished the Edinburgh Phrenological Society, by one article, equal to any thing in Arbuthnot or Swift. The Phrenzied called out against wit, and clamoured for pure argument. Here they have it, and with a vengeance. C. N.]

SECT. I.—*On the Legitimate Province of Reason, and the Nature of Gall and Spurzheim's pretended experiments.*

OUR assertions, say the phrenologists, relate not to the reasonableness of hypotheses, but to the correctness of observations. It is therefore unphilosophical to call in question any doctrines of ours, on the ground of their apparent absurdity. A fact may be *strange*, but it cannot be *absurd*. And would not many of the most familiar facts in nature appear, if they were as new to the world as those which Gall and Spurzheim have discovered, to be just as wonderful as they? The latter seem altogether incredible to mere *a priori* reasoners, on the very same principle on which the fact of water becoming solid was deemed incredible by the Indian king. In the one case, as in the other, statements of facts are discredited, only because they are opposed, in the absence of experience, to pre-conceived opinions. A wise man ought, however, candidly to acknowledge that he is altogether unqualified to judge of the truth or falsehood of our system, until he has made our experiments, and determined their results.

Such is the simple statement of an argument, which, in one shape or another, presents itself in almost every page of the works of Gall and Spurzheim, and those of Mr George Combe and others of their disciples. It may, indeed, be termed the sole argument of the phrenologists: for they have brought it forward for the avowed purpose of freeing themselves from the necessity of using any other general reasoning, as well as to shew the folly of all their reasonings, when employed by their opponents. Hence, it has happened, that their assertions are in general purely dogmatical, as if Drs Gall and Spurzheim were entitled to demand man's belief in matters of philosophy, with an authority as absolute

and universal, as was ever exercised by the Pope in the affairs of religion.

It is undoubtedly true, that observation and experience form the only rational basis of conviction, in all those cases where we can have no knowledge independently of them. It is true, for example, as Mr Combe tells us, that no one who knows the first rudiments of philosophy would think of proving by arguments, disregarding experiments, that Sir Humphry Davy has failed in attempting to make any particular discovery in chemistry. For, as we are utterly ignorant of the ultimate causes upon which chemical affinity depends, we cannot reasonably argue *a priori*, against the probability of any given particles of matter being united together in one compound, or of their displaying any given phenomena when so united. The general principle that *probabilities* must in all such cases, yield to *facts*, is indisputed; it is only in attempting to apply that principle to the case of their own peculiar doctrines, that the phrenologists have erred.

It certainly would be rather foolish for any one to argue *a priori* against the probability of Messrs Gall and Spurzheim having observed any *simple facts*, relating to peculiar formations of the human skull, or peculiar manifestations of moral or intellectual character. But, even admitting that they may have stated many such facts correctly in regard to individuals, still we may be entitled to deny that they have drawn from them any just *conclusions* with respect to mankind in general. Who knows, for example, whether, for every case brought forward by them, there may not be one of an opposite kind, kept in the background? But, besides, it is most evident, that when, in order to account

for any uncommon appearances which he has observed, or thinks he has observed, a phrenologist tells us that there must exist in the brain a particular *organ*, and in the mind a particular *faculty*, he frames a mere *hypothesis* or *supposition*, which may be satisfactory to himself, but which may not be so to other people. Perhaps these appearances may be better accounted for on some other supposition;—perhaps they may be utterly unaccountable in the present state of human knowledge. To prove that certain unvarying correspondences subsist between particular developments of the brain, and particular manifestations of human character, is one thing; to prove that the former indicate distinct corporeal organs, and the latter distinct mental faculties, is another. A huge collection of unequivocal and unvarying facts, selected at random, and stated by men devoid of all undue attachment to theory, might possibly succeed in convincing us, that the shape of a person's skull is really and truly an index of his mind; but, on the other hand, reason is not to be so satisfied of the existence of such faculties and organs as those of *conscientiousness* and *individuality*. Nay, we may quite well conceive of manifestations of mind being usefully indicated by the external configuration of parts of the corporeal system reputed to be of a much more ignoble nature than the brain; but in that case, the phrenologists themselves would, it is to be feared, be apt to revolt against any system of "specific faculties" and "distinct organs," similar to their own.

Two questions here naturally present themselves: In the *first* place, what is a phrenological *faculty*? and, *secondly*, what is the real nature of its supposed instrument, an *organ of the brain*?

Mr Combe's definition of a faculty is, "That it is a specific power of feeling in a certain way, or of forming ideas of a certain kind; and that each is distinct from the feelings which it produces, or the ideas which it forms." The whole amount of the information which these words convey to us, is, that there is *something* called a faculty, which gives us particular kinds of feelings or ideas. Now, although upon the peculiar signification attached by the phrenologists to this one term, the chief peculiarity of their system depends, yet we may safely defy any

one, to obtain for himself, by perusing their works, any more satisfactory explanation of that signification than is here given by Mr Combe. All that can possibly be learnt upon the subject is, that it is a much more convenient term for them than for any one else; and that, to what they suppose it to denote, they attribute, not only those phenomena which result from the action of the mind, or any other way from the operation of *powers* commonly so called, but *states* of the soul in which it is entirely passive, or *qualities* which distinguish the individual. It is obvious, therefore, that they must either have used the same term indefinitely, in reference to things which in nature are totally distinct, *viz.* *powers*, *feelings*, and *qualities*, or else they must have applied it to some one airy nothing, the product of their own imaginations,—some *ignis fatuus* of the mind, by which they are at once amused and misled, amid the eagerness of fancied discovery. In the same way, philosophers have often been in use to attribute to an unknown something, which they have termed *instinct*, all actions, however various their real nature and origin might be, provided only these were unknown to them at the time. Hence, as our knowledge of the human mind has been increased by reasoning and reflection, human instincts have been found to become gradually fewer in number, until at last they have been almost altogether discarded; whereas those attributed to the inferior animals still remain, because we have it not in our power to ascertain, by reflection, the true nature of their active principles, and can only reason concerning them from an imperfect analogy. Gall and Spurzheim, however, avowedly choose to reject all the knowledge which has been accumulated concerning the human mind by others, and to recur to a total ignorance upon the subject, in order that they may have the sole merit of removing it. But surely it is reasonable to conclude, that they have *not* removed it, since the terms which they employ are such as can only be taken to signify *ignorance*, and since even *instinct* itself is a favourite word with them.

With respect to those *distinct organs* which the phrenologists pretend to have discovered in the brain, it is only necessary at present to remark, that their true nature cannot be made

known to us, through any affinity which they can be supposed to bear to organs of sense. We would ask, then, what conception can we possibly form of them? The eye, with its appropriate nerves, is a thing visibly separated from the surrounding parts. Nay, it consists in a whole system of separate parts, each of which is visibly separated from the rest, and has a distinct use of its own. But between one supposed organ of the brain and another there is no apparent difference of organization,—no actual or visible separation of parts. We may, it is true, suppose that there exists an invisible separation between them; but there is certainly a strong presumption, founded as well on reason as on analogy, against such a supposition. Now the proof of their alleged distinct existence rests with the phrenologists; and we need hardly add, that that mode of proof which is described as consisting in “the comparison of manifestations with developments,” is, in the present case, manifestly incompetent. The evidence of our senses, which assures us, (as far as that sort of evidence can assure us,) that the brain really does not consist of a number of separate organs, is *direct*, and cannot, therefore, be overturned by any *indirect inferences* from other observations.

Upon the whole we may conclude, that Messrs Gall and Spurzheim's theory of the philosophy of the human mind,—that is, their system of specific faculties acting by means of distinct organs,—may be overturned by what they are pleased to call *a priori* reasonings, and that there is really no necessity for having recourse to experiments in order to shew, that that system is one which involves numberless absurdities, and which, were it to gain ground, would throw a disgrace upon the philosophy of this enlightened age. Our chief object, then, in the present essay, shall be to prove, that what may be called Messrs Gall and Spurzheim's ethical doctrines, are utterly untenable, and to substitute in their room better and more rational views of the moral and intellectual nature of man. In the mean time, however, we may state one or two causes of fallacy which seem to be inseparable from the nature of all phrenological observations; and the consideration of which ought to render us at least extremely sceptical with respect to those facts themselves, for which the theory

of Gall and Spurzheim is intended to account.

In the *first* place, then, we are by no means to suppose that each faculty of Gall and Spurzheim's enumeration has one determinate function, and that we can always attribute to it, without any danger of mistake, the particular feelings and actions which result from its operation. On the contrary, such is the uncertainty which reigns among the phrenologists themselves with respect to the functions of their supposed faculties, that, in numberless instances, not only the same actions, but even the same feelings, may be ascribed to many of them indifferently. Illustrations of this remark are so numerous, that there is scarcely a phenomenon in the moral world, the consideration of which does not suggest several. Thus, an act of *killing*, or *murder*, may often be ascribed, with the same degree of plausibility, to Destructiveness, or Combativeness, or deficiency of Benevolence, or lastly, deficiency of Conscientiousness; and to these Covetiveness, or Amativeness, may occasionally unite their operation. “Combativeness,” according to Mr Combe, “gives courage.” Now it will be observed that, according to the same author, Cautiousness gives fear;—therefore, defect of Cautiousness gives courage also. In the same way, a person who receives praise with much pleasure, may be said to manifest either the love of Approbation, or Self-esteem, since it is only because he values himself, that he values the esteem or approbation of others; and yet, according to Mr Combe, David Haggart possessed the organ of the former of these faculties small, that of the latter large! How can the phrenologist warrant to us the propriety of his choice, among such a multiplicity of possible agents!—If it is difficult for those devoid of all theory to trace actions to their proper source in the mind, surely it must be next to impossible for him.

But, *secondly*, it is curious to observe what a wonderful power Gall and Spurzheim have procured to themselves over their enemies, by placing *faculties within faculties* in such a manner, that, like good generals, they can defend themselves either at their outposts or their citadel, or whenever their strength may lie. Thus, when a person shews himself, by his actions, to be resolutely determined to gain any object, these actions may be

said to spring either from the faculty which is thought to point particularly to that object, (as Amativeness, for example,) or else from the more comprehensive faculty of Firmness. Or, let us suppose that a man, who has committed a murder, chooses to suffer death, rather than inform against his associate in the crime,—and that his skull comes into the hands of the phrenologists.—What a multitude of resources have they here!—Secretiveness or Firmness will either of them suit their purpose. But if both of these should be found deficient, the general faculty of Conscientiousness, which gives a sense of justice, will suffice,—since the foundation of all justice is the maxim, *do to others as you would be done to by them*. Failing all these, however,—(and surely we need not be at pains to shew that the deficiency of Conscientiousness would be no less welcome in this case than the abundance of it,)—the faculty of Benevolence, which gives the sentiment of compassion, may be had recourse to;—for, without doubt, the phrenologists might plausibly say, that that man shewed a kind and compassionate heart, who sacrificed his own life to save that of his friend or associate. According to their established custom, the circumstance of the atrocity and cruelty of all his former conduct would go for nothing, when weighed in the balance with this one last act of compassion.—*The weight of a certain portion of his brain would turn the scale*. For we find that, in the case of Haggart, who had displayed no such redeeming act of kindness, the *faith of Gall and Spurzheim's system* was sufficient, in the eyes of Mr Combe, to make the mere *supposition* of his having had an original capacity or fitness to display such acts outweigh the *knowledge* of all his cruelty and heartlessness. Instead, therefore, of bringing forward facts in support of their system, it appears that the phrenologists have hitherto only brought forward the faith of that system, ere yet they have proved it to be entitled to any faith, in order to add weight to certain gratuitous hypotheses respecting the causes of actions.

Thirdly, It still remains to be shewn that the phrenologists are always in use to make a separation which is conformable to truth, between those features in the characters of individuals which indicate *natural* peculiarities,

and those which result from *acquired* habits. Surely it is not to be taken for granted, that their attachment to their system does not often induce them to take an undue advantage of the latter, when they happen to suit their present purpose, or that they do not, for the same reason, frequently place the former to account of the latter, without consideration. Indeed, it is very natural that they should do both of these things.—Since it is impossible to go back to infancy, in order to trace out the influence of all those minute causes which contribute to form the distinguishing qualities of individuals, it is therefore truly beyond the power of man to say, with certainty, that any of these qualities is wholly original, or wholly acquired.

Taking the whole of the above circumstances into consideration, we cannot surely be much surprised if it should turn out, that the results of the observations of Gall and Spurzheim, and their disciples, however unsatisfactory to a rational mind, should yet seldom fail to be *successful* in the degree which they, in their wisdom, have deemed requisite. But if we consider the matter with some farther attention, we shall find that there would really be room for surprise, if the case were otherwise. We would request our readers to endeavour, for a moment, to consider the question purely as one of chances. Let us view, in that light, the case of the only phrenological observation whose details happen to be now before us, viz. that of Mr Combe on the skull of Haggart the murderer, already mentioned.

There are only six of Haggart's faculties that are stated by Mr Combe as *small*, or *very small*, or *rather small*, viz. the Love of Approbation, Hope, Ideality, Colouring, and Wonder. All the rest are entitled by him, either *very large*, *large*, *full*, or *moderate*. Now, if we were to select any faculty whatever, out of the thirty-three, for which we think it likely, *a priori*, that Haggart was more or less remarkably distinguished, it is clear as noon-day, that there would be nearly six chances to one in our favour, that any portion of the skull, where we might suppose the organ of that faculty to be placed, would, at all events, *not be defective*; so that we would have a good chance to be considered very much in the

right, and we would be unfortunate, indeed, if we proved very much in the wrong. Yet, Mr Combe did exactly what we are supposing. The conformity of the development of three or four of the organs of Haggart's brain, with the manifestation of certain of the more prominent qualities of his mind, was all that this gentleman pretended to determine: the correctness of his observations as to all the others, was left by him to rest on the faith of his system merely. No regard ought, surely, to be paid to the partial success of such an imperfect and indecisive observation as this. Yet, it seems to be generally admitted that Mr Combe has proved eminently unfortunate in his observations on the "cerebral developments" of David Haggart. The murderer's higher powers, of Judgment, &c. appear to have been great; and his Conscientiousness, or his power of judging with respect to the nature and consequences of his actions, is triumphantly stated, after a second examination, to have been rather defective. His organ of Benevolence unfortunately turns out to have been large, and that of Destructiveness only moderate. But the latter appears to have been happily eked out by its neighbour Combativeness, which was very large; so that Haggart was at least qualified to kill people by fighting with them, if he could not, or would not, do it otherwise. His organ of Cautiousness, or the organ whose action gives birth to the emotion of fear, was large; although his character was undoubtedly that of a daring and fearless villain; and although, as has been already mentioned, Mr Combe states, that the largeness of combativeness gives courage. But the most unlucky of all Mr Combe's statements, with regard to Haggart's faculties, respects his Love of Approbation, whose organ is stated to have been small; whereas, it appears to us that the desire to appear clever in the eyes of his associates, and the world, was one great main-spring of his actions, and not only prompted him to the commission of many an iniquity during his life, but led him, regardless of the terrors of futurity, to publish a host of falsehoods at his death.

We may, however, in jus-

tice to Mr Combe, quote his account of the circumstances which he himself conceives to denote a weak state of the Love of Approbation. "He in whom this faculty is feeble, shews, by the undisturbed fixity of his countenance, that our censure and applause are alike unimportant to him. When we censure, he stares us in the face with absolute indifference, or gapes with *stupid wonder*." We conclude therefore, then, that it was only by manifesting signs of *stupidity* and of *wonder* (although his *higher powers* were great, and his *wonder* was small), that Haggart displayed any indifference to praise. O, the unfathomable mysteries of Phrenology!

We have seen, then, that Gall and Spurzheim, and their disciples, are, by the nature of things, and independently of the truth of their system, secured, in a great measure, against any signal failure in their pretended experiments, or at least against what they themselves would conceive to be such. Now, surely we need not be surprised if, employing as they do their chief attention in "comparing manifestations with developments," they should sometimes appear surprisingly fortunate in the discovery of correspondences between them, and rival the fortune-tellers themselves, in the astonishment which they are able to excite in vulgar minds. "*Quis, enim, qui totum diem jaculans, non aliquando continet?*"

Having now briefly examined Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim's method of reasoning in support of their doctrines, and also noticed a few of the fallacies which seem necessarily to spring from the nature of their pretended observations, it is time to proceed to the more particular investigation of those doctrines themselves, considered as forming a System of Ethical Philosophy. In doing so, we shall, for the sake of convenience, conform to their own classification of the powers of the human mind into two grand orders, distinguished by the general names of Feeling and Intellect; disregarding that subordinate division, which they have attempted to establish, of the faculties belonging to the former of these orders, into Sentiments and Propensities.^a

* Each of those faculties whose operation gives birth to sentiments, is said, by Mr Combe, to give rise to a propensity also; accompanied, however, with an "*Emotion, or manner of feeling of a specific kind*." It is evident that this gentleman's meaning here cannot be understood, until he gives us some specification of the manner of feeling to which he alludes.

SECT. II.—Feeling.

The facts observed by Messrs Gall and Spurzheim can only be supposed to prove, that there exists an unvarying correspondence between the manifestation of certain *qualities* of mind or body, such as *Amorousness*, (or *Amativeness*,) *Benevolence*, *Cautiousness*, &c. and the development of certain *portions* of the brain. They knew, however, that all qualities, whether of body or mind, are the result of the combined influence of multitudes of different causes, affecting the modes of thinking, feeling, and acting, peculiar to individuals, and operating upon a few broad natural characteristics; and hence they must unavoidably have seen, that the doctrine of an invariable connexion subsisting between their display and any *single* circumstance whatever, much less any mere peculiarity of bodily structure, was quite unaccountable, or rather contrary to reason and experience. They therefore had recourse to the old expedient of attempting to deceive themselves and others by names, when common sense shewed things themselves in a light unfavourable for their doctrines; and instead of simply maintaining, like Lavater and his disciples, that the quality of amorousness, benevolence, or cautiousness, is always indicated by a certain external configuration of countenance or skull, they said, that the *faculty* of Amativeness, &c. *acting* by means of an organ of the brain, is always more or less *powerful*, according to the greater or less development of that organ. In order to make room for their system, they have been under the necessity of thus attempting to make men conceive of certain qualities of the mind, as if they were something of the same nature with the external senses, the perfection of each of which is known to depend upon nothing but the state of its own organ. The absurdity of this theory, particularly as applicable to the doctrine of *propensities*, we shall now attempt to shew in a very striking light.

Desires are of two kinds. One class of them are excited by objects calculated to give bodily sensations, which nature has fitted all men to receive; and these are called *natural propensities*. Another class, being excited by objects which are suited to give plea-

sure or remove pain, in circumstances of more rare occurrence only, are never so called.

Gall and Spurzheim have not thought fit to admit hunger, any more than a desire to sleep, and various others of the same class, into their list of propensities. Indeed, the only one analogous to these, or the only natural propensity, which they have admitted into that list, is amativeness, which, it is necessary to observe, that they treat of as a passion "common to man with the inferior animals," and which, therefore, is to be carefully distinguished from the passion of love, as it exists in man alone;—for the latter is an exceedingly compound sentiment, formed of the propensity which we have now mentioned, blended with various other feelings of which human beings alone are capable, but which are always present, more or less, in what is properly called love.

Were we to tell a person newly recovered from a disease, which had for a time destroyed his appetite, that his renovated desire for food results solely from the activity of a certain portion of his brain, and not from the renewed action of his organs of digestion, he would either think us very foolish, or strangely inclined to divert ourselves. But we cannot, for our parts, see any greater absurdity in this assertion, than in the doctrine of Gall and Spurzheim, with respect to the circumstances which cause amativeness, considered as a desire common to man with the lower animals, to begin to be felt at a particular period of life. Nor can we understand why that desire should be different in its nature from hunger, which every one knows to be always more or less intense according to the kind of food which happens to be its immediate object, the state of the stomach, the habits to which its indulgence has been subjected, and other circumstances of a similar nature.

We can only account for the circumstance of the phrenologists' choosing to admit amativeness into their system of faculties, and not hunger, nor any other desire consequent upon a bodily uneasiness, and the prospect of a bodily pleasure, by considering that, owing to its compound nature, *as it exists in man*, that part of it which alone

they have *professed* to consider, is not so readily seen as those other desires to be modified by the causes to which we have alluded ;—for it is to be observed, that the *sentiments* which we have mentioned as blending in love, properly so called, as they do not necessarily depend upon these causes for their production, so they bear no uniform or necessary proportion to their effects. But if Gall and Spurzheim really view the passion of love as including these sentiments, although they profess not to do so, they cannot have the shadow of a pretence for attributing it to one single faculty, employing a particular organ of the brain, since they must in that case admit that it does not even depend upon any one set of causes, but upon a multitude of totally different and independent ones.

If the doctrines of the phrenologists are untenable and absurd with regard to amativeness, which is truly a natural propensity, and which depends upon sensations universally felt among men, much more must they be so with regard to those desires which are only the occasional offspring of imagination or reason. Now, we deny that there exists in the human mind any natural propensity, or any desire independent of intellect, to *build*, or *destroy*, or *inhabit*, &c. We appeal to the common sense of every one, whether or not the very same process of mind goes on when a man desires to have a house to shelter him from the inclemencies of the weather, as when he desires to have clothes to warm and conceal his body. In either case, there is an act of reason, seconded, perhaps, by the suggestions of fancy, which points out to him good to be obtained, and evil to be removed, and also the proper means of attaining these ends ; and that state of mind which is termed desire arises, in both cases, in consequence of the operation of one and the same general law of our nature. If the phrenologists assert that it is the mere act of building, or laying one stick or stone upon another, which is the object of desire, not the consequences flowing from these actions, we maintain that they are under a great mistake ; and that if men, when civilized, could have found the same comfort or elegance in the caves which formed their habitations in a savage state, which they find in palaces fitted to give, the latter would never have been heard of, and the whole orders of

architecture, and every thing else relating to that art, would have been at this day unknown. Children, no doubt, seem often to take a pleasure in imitating the works of men employed in building, as they do those of all others whom they esteem ingenious persons ; but we have too good an opinion of the phrenologists not to feel confident, that they themselves have not experienced the same childish propensity, after other and more manly desires have occupied their minds, in consequence of Nature and Reason pointing out to them better sources of enjoyment.

It appears to us to be no less absurd to talk of a natural propensity to *fight*, than to talk of a natural propensity to give and receive pain. These, indeed, are the only immediate and inseparable consequences of fighting. We submit, however, that these must necessarily be the objects of aversion, and that its occasional and more remote consequences, as for example, the compensation of an injury, or the acquisition of applause, or lady's favour, or dominion, or the preservation of life or honour, can alone be the objects of desire. If the phrenologists affirm that there is a pleasure in the mere act of fighting, independent of any of its accidental and contingent consequences ; we would only recommend to them to redeem their pledge of putting all their doctrines to the test of experiment, by attacking each other in perfect friendship,—with their minds free, if possible, from every wish but that of giving and receiving blows,—and thus gratifying the pure and unalloyed propensity of combativeness.

Mr Combe endeavours to prove that Combativeness is a distinct faculty of the mind, in the following manner :—" Allow me," he says, " to request every peaceable citizen who may read this speculation, to examine his own feelings, and say if any prospect of emolument would induce him to follow the calling of a prize-fighter on a public stage. If, on the other hand, there are other men who enter into such exhibitions, not only without reluctance, but with avidity and delight, is it not clear that there is some modification of feeling in their minds, that is not in his?" &c.—Now, this argument either proves nothing at all, or else it proves a great deal too much ; since it is applicable to every possible manifestation of human character alike.

If the professed boxer must necessarily have a specific faculty of combativeness, which is not possessed by the peaceable citizen, why must not the professed angler not be endowed with a specific faculty of *piscaticiveness*, which is not possessed by the mere huntsman? Those who fight on a public stage, whether for the mere pleasure of bruising and being bruised, (if the phrenologists will so have it,) or for the sake of revenge, or emolument, or fame, do not surely manifest feelings more peculiarly their own, than are the predilections of the genuine disciples of old Isaac Walton, for pleasant streams, stored with fishes. Accordingly we find that Mr Combe's very words may be used, *mutatis mutandis*, in reference to the love of angling, as distinct from the love of hunting and shooting. "Allow me," it may be said, "to request every keen angler, who is not a keen huntsman, to examine his own feelings, and say if any prospect of amusement would induce him to follow the 'hounds or the pointer dog for a season, and forego the joys of angling.' Let me ask him whether his own feelings do not restrain him from such 'sports' as effectually as if 'the game laws put them out of his reach.' If, on the other hand, there are men who enter into such 'amusements,' not only without reluctance, but with avidity and delight, is it not clear that there is some modification of feeling in their mind, which is not in his?"

We may add, that the phrenologists are quite mistaken in supposing that the feelings and actions of a true sportsman are at all such as can be ascribed to their faculty of *Destructiveness*. For it is well known, that whenever his attachment to his favourite amusement ceases, for a moment, to prevent him from reflecting upon the suffering which he inflicts, his pleasure is, for that moment, converted into pain. Indeed it may be easily proved that there is no such faculty as that of *destructiveness*, in more ways than one. Thus, according to Gall and Spurzheim, there is one organ of the brain appropriated to a faculty which renders us *benignant*, and inclines us to acts of mercy and compassion, and another to a faculty which renders us cruel and malicious. Nature, then, according to them, has bestowed upon

us certain precious gifts; and, as if she had begun to repent of her favour, has also implanted in us what acknowledge to have no other end than to render these gifts unavailing. They suppose that God Almighty has done by us, what is exactly the same as bestowing upon us organs of vision of a given perfection, and then, in order to attain the end which he had originally in view, framing for us other organs, for no other purpose than to defeat, more or less, the object for which he had given us the first. Without encroaching upon controverted subjects, is this supposition, we would ask, consonant to the simplicity and unity of purpose, which we every where observe throughout the works of nature? Or, does any object in the whole creation furnish us with one single instance in which she has accomplished her ends by similar means? But let us leave, for a little, the consideration of particular faculties, and return to our general argument.

Our present question, with the phrenologists, simply is, whether a murderer, or a combatant, or a builder of houses, manifests a propensity to perform certain actions which are agreeable in themselves, or only a predilection for the consequences to which actions, which are indifferent in themselves, may happen to lead. For, if it is the desire of honour, for example, and not the wish to obtain any direct and peculiar sensation of pleasure, which, in certain circumstances, prompts a man to fight, it is evident that the same desire will, in different circumstances, prompt him equally to refrain from fighting. Now, there is undoubtedly no direct and peculiar sensation of pleasure in the mere act of striking a man with a stick or a sword, any more than in the act of striking a tree, or a block of wood, with the same weapons, or in any other ordinary exertion of the muscles. To talk of fighting and killing, for the mere pleasure of giving and receiving blows, as if these actions gratified distinct propensities of the human mind, and not the desire of life, pleasure, fame, &c. is, therefore, in reality, to talk of actions performed without any motives at all.

Surely, no one ever stated, as his reason for *pulling down his house*, that although it might be useful to him, yet he felt a natural tendency to de-

stroy it, and anticipated a natural pleasure in contemplating its ruin. On the contrary, it is quite certain that there is no person who would not rather remain altogether inactive, than be at the pains of either building up or pulling down a structure, which he sees to be neither useful nor hurtful to him. It would, in fine, be no less absurd to maintain that the African manifests a distinct faculty of *shell-gathering*, because he delights to pick up *couries* on the sand, aware that in them he will possess the means of indulging in his natural love of ease, eating and sleeping, than it is to hold that the European manifests a distinct faculty of *Constructiveness*, because the love of pleasure, in general, and the desire of gaining distinction, by shewing that

he has the means of gratifying it, induces him to rear a handsome country-seat, or a splendid palace.

We conclude, then, that Gall and Spurzheim have been in use to state as *faculties of having particular desires*, merely certain qualities of mind, or whatever else they may be called, which are not manifested by any particular desires at all.—This practice of theirs we shall next proceed to illustrate, by some remarks on what may be called the *chef-d'œuvre* of Drs Gall and Spurzheim,—the faculty of *Acquisitiveness*, or *Covetiveness*. These remarks, together with some considerations relative to the faculties included under the denomination of *Intellect*, we shall insert in our next Number.

THE CANDID.

No. I.

[We have, we believe, given a few light, open-hearted slaps to that Paltry Periodical of Pisa—and no more. We hear people about us saying that it is quite beneath our notice; but we do not know that. It seems to be making mouths at us, and we shall probably chastise it. If it were merely that grinning idiot, which it appears to be, we should let it alone,—but it is also knavish, and may therefore legitimately be kicked. It is not the first time (before gout and rheumatism) that we have turned to, and served out claps who were insolent—a-la-Belcher. Many men would not have taken the trouble; but to us the trouble was a pleasure; and we enjoyed the sound of our manly on the frontispiece of the blackguards. Just so with such writers as these Liberals. Should we chance to be in the humour, we will knock them down, right and left, like so many Cockney nine-pins. There is one Cur among the set in particular, whom we must put down. A cankered turnspit must not be suffered to snarl at the heels of a good-humoured mastiff. When we turn round upon him, he will wish his long wiry back, and turned-out toes, and hidden tail, out of the growl that will sound as if we were devouring him alive. But we will only cuff his ears—or perhaps hang him up by the tail for a while—or tie a kettle to him—or drop him into a horse-pond; for he is not worth killing, his skin being mangy.]

The following paper about these gentry was left at No. 17, a few evenings ago, with a written request either to print it as a pamphlet, or to throw it into the fire. Pamphlets don't circulate—and the stove in the Sanctum is not well adapted for incrimination. Therefore we publish the paper in *Maga*, which we trust our unknown contributor will think the best way of disposing of his lucubrations; and we shall be happy to hear from him when he is at leisure, either on this or any other subject, but have at present no means of a private communication. We have left out one long passage of his paper, for reasons which he will understand, and we hope approve.—C. N.]

It is a frequent and proper custom with those who write on scientific subjects to discuss controverted questions in philosophy, to commence with definitions and explanations of technical terms, and also of such common words

as they find it necessary to use in a peculiar or technical sense, in order to prevent their meaning from being misconceived; and when the writer and reader perfectly understand each other, it matters little what words are used.

Yet, AN AUTHOR, that is to say, one who publishes what he writes to be read by he knows not who, should not, when it can be avoided, use common words in any other than their common meaning ; and should be particularly careful not to use the same word in different senses.

Were it not less the purpose of party, or as they choose to call themselves, political writers, to be understood than to be admired by their readers, and to convince than to perplex an adversary, they would perceive it to be more necessary to them than to any other class of writers to settle the precise sense in which their words are to be received, not so much because party words are constantly changing their meanings, as because a common word, when applied to party purposes, or adopted by a party as a name or watch-word, at once acquires a new signification ; and although it does not lose the old one, the *party* and the *ordinary* significations are sometimes the very reverse of each other.

But this would not answer the purposes of the bulk of those whose occupation it is to keep up the cry of a party by word or writing. Words that are capable of various interpretations, and may be used in a double or doubtful sense, are amongst the tools of their trade. Could every word be restricted to one sense, their occupation is gone. The adoption of a new term has the effect of a new argument, which continues to be unanswerable till the quibble is detected. A sentence that can be interpreted in more ways than one, possesses for a time, and to a certain extent, an advantage that has been supposed peculiar to one that cannot be interpreted at all, or what is usually called nonsense. This property of their productions, (being *unanswerable*;) the most approved party-writers often boast with more reason and truth than their readers or rivals are willing to give them credit for, or, perhaps, than themselves are aware of.

To give an instance or two of this diversity of meanings in the same words, according to the circumstances of the party who uses them.

In the mouth of a party zealot, AN INDEPENDENT MAN signifies the slave of a party, and AN ENLIGHTENED MAN the slave of a prejudice. It is needless to state the ordinary meaning of words in such general use.

When one meets with the word REFORM, in a religious or moral discourse, or in any work unconnected with party politics, he knows that it means a change for the better, a correction of something that was amiss, an improvement of something that was defective. Every body knows this, yet nobody scruples to allow the name of a Plan of Reform to be applied to any projected change in the laws, or the constitution of the government of his country, whether he considers such projected change to be an improvement or not ; and the reformer and his opponent can converse or dispute on the subject without being at cross purposes with each other. Were the word restricted to its proper meaning, it could not be said that a man opposed reform because he disapproved of all the changes that have been projected in the government of England, but that he denies them to be reforms. The differences among our state reformers do not prevent the name from suiting them all. He who would tear up our constitution by the roots, and level our liberties with the ground, calls himself a radical reformer : whilst he who would be content to leave it standing, provided he might lop off its boughs, strip it of its bark, and change the form of its trunk from round to square, in order to promote its growth, and make it bear a rich harvest of poniards, daggers, and tri-coloured flags, instead of its wonted crop of leaves and fruit, is a moderate reformer. There are reformers more moderate than these, who would be satisfied with lopping off a doomed branch ; but as they are not agreed among themselves, and there is no branch against which some one has not a grudge, the tree would fare no better in their hands than in the hands of the radicals ; for if one were indulged, no reason could be given why another should be denied. Others more moderate still, would reform our sacred tree of liberty by rule and compass, and clip its majestic boughs into regular figures, some preferring the cone, some the pyramid, some the cube, and others the sphere.

Let it not be deemed impertinent, kind reader, if I, for a moment, interrupt the feast of reason you are enjoying, to take off my glass, and name a toast :

“ May the British tree of liberty

never be hewn down by the ruffian axe of radicalism, or undermined by the dirty shovel of reform."

In the foregoing instance, though the word Reform loses an important part of its signification when applied to party schemes, its meaning is not totally reversed; nor are the meanings of words necessarily reversed by party use, in a majority of cases. A party calling itself moderate does not necessarily run into extremes, although its pretensions to superior moderation may be unfounded and ridiculous. Should, for example, a set of gallants choose to be known by the name of the Elegants, it does not follow, nor is it likely, that they would be remarkable for their awkwardness or coarseness. A society who should style themselves the Gentle, would be very unlikely to distinguish themselves by their rudeness; but there is something so palpably *illiberal* in a person's appropriating the name of *The Liberal*, exclusively, or even by way of eminence, to himself or his own party, that one would expect, without previous information, to find the grossest illiberality, and a deficiency of common candour in the sentiments, and of common good breeding in the behaviour, of him who had assumed it.

The Liberals, or *Libéraux*, as they were called when the name was first imported, were a party in France. I mean not to quarrel about words, much less shall I enter on a discussion about the spelling and pronunciation of a word; yet I wish, for the credit of my countrymen, the French spelling and pronunciation had been retained, to shew from whom derived. Any thing so exceptional could not have had the sanction in an English brain, though, like all foreign follies, it was easily adopted when imported. A party in this country, acting and thinking in unison with the *Libéraux* of France, as far as French and English heads or hearts can be in unison, at once complacently applied it to themselves; and the deriding world confirmed it in scorn. When a word, by becoming the name of a party, acquires a meaning opposite to its usual and natural acceptation, there is irony in uttering it, and I trow it has adhered to them. This party supposedly was at no time characterized by any thing that could be called liberal; yet before they gave themselves

the name of *Liberals*, no one would have at once pitched upon illiberality as their distinguishing characteristic; but since they became *The Liberals*, hardly an act has been performed or attempted, a sentiment uttered, or an opinion published by them, that does not outrage common candour. The French have their ultra-liberals and their ultra-royalists. We have not yet adopted the terms—that is to say, we use them only when speaking of French parties. Ultra-liberal! Ultra-royalist! A man in France, it seems, may be too candid in heart, and generous in conduct, and too loyal to his King and country. An old-fashioned man, who had never before heard of Liberalism, might suppose the ultra-liberal and the ultra-royalist to be two names for the same party. But that would be the devil of a mistake. Nothing, according to the liberal creed, being more anti-liberal than loyalty, or more anti-liberal than liberalism.

Were I to define Liberalism to a man versed in our ordinary language, but a stranger to the jargon of parties, I would say that liberalism is exactly the reverse of liberality, and I think with little risk, that my definition could mislead him. Formerly, a man who made pretensions to common candour, which is but the lowest degree of liberality, thought it incumbent upon him to do justice to the merits of all men, especially a rival or an adversary; and where the conduct was proper, to suppose the motives and intentions were good; to applaud sincerely and heartily where applause was due; to put a favourable construction on doubtful actions; to overlook small faults where there were great merit and apparent good intention; to make due allowances for great difficulties; and where it was proper or necessary to blame, carefully to abstain from exaggeration and misrepresentation. Nothing was considered more low and illiberal than reflections on communities, professions, and bodies of men—the clergy, for instance—and the absent and the dead, the helpless and the diffident, had rights which a liberal man held sacred. Are these the sentiments that acquire for a man the title of *A Liberal*? Ask the Liberals themselves. The conduct and language which naturally flow from such sentiments, form what the author of a new work, entitled "*THE LIBERAL*,"

calls "a kind of cant, confounding liberality with illiberality, narrow views with large, the instincts of a selfish choice with those of a generous one, the mere amenities and ordinary virtues of private life," &c.

Pledge me, gentle friends, to a toast:

"A spark of candour to the liberal, and a glimpse of good sense to the enlightened."

"The Liberal" was announced in advertisements, placards, and puffs in various forms, as the work of Lord Byron and others residing in Italy, some weeks before it was published. John Wilkes called his satire on Scotchmen "The North Briton." Had "The Liberal" been announced without a name, it would have been supposed to be a hit at the Liberals. Indeed it is a hard hit, though it proves not to be an intended one. It was right, therefore, to name as the author a sturdy Liberal, of whom it was before known that

he went the full length in matters of opinion," to use his own words, (*see* preface), "with large bodies of men who are called Liberals." All mistakes as to the nature of the work were thus prevented by these heraldic puffs. The Liberal appeared at length without name or date, and it may not be Lord Byron's.* I have no doubt of its being his; but it is right to make

known that I have no authority for thinking it so, except the common belief, and the placards of interested booksellers. It continues to be puffed in liberal papers, and to be sold at the libraries, as "The Liberal, by Lord Byron." I have seen, in different parts of the town, three or four copies set up side by side, open at different pages—exposed in windows to promote the sale, As puffers hang out signs to sell their ale; and a staring placard at the door—

THE LIBERAL,

BY

LORD BYRON.

From the preface to the Liberal may be picked out, by one versed in the quaint and involved style affected for wise purposes, all the leading principles of Liberalism; and on this account it is worth analyzing for the benefit of the uninitiated, who would learn but little were they to peruse

it without the aid of a preceptor, an office for which I recommend myself as eminently qualified. It is solely on this account that it is worth noticing at all, and this gives it a value. I had it in my thoughts, before the Liberal appeared, to draw up a compendium of the mysteries of Liberalism—but dropped the intention, because I could not fix on any arrangement of the subject that I was pleased with. I had forgotten it, when the Liberal coming in my way, brought it to my recollection. By walking over the preface with my readers, and picking up the flowers of Liberalism in the order in which they lie in our path, I am spared the pains of a systematic arrangement—of which, indeed, the subject is not capable. The pieces which this preface ushers in are "poor indeed," and this is all that can be said of most of them. The less that is said about some of them the better. I do not think the publication *wholly* harmless; but so poor a work can do but *little* harm, except to the reputation of its authors—and the best answer would not make that little less. I therefore shall say but little of the work, except as it may be illustrative of the principles and opinions expressed or insinuated in the preface, and of the character and opinions of the *party* whose name it bears.

* The preface opens with some tolerably ingenious, but trite and common-place, remarks, on the uselessness of prefaces—the idle vanity of ushering in publications with a parade of pompous professions. This is a favourite theme with preface-writers; the preface to many a book could not be written without it. Our prefacer tells us, "The greater the flourish of trumpets now-a-days, the more suspicious what follows"—"We waive our privilege of having the way prepared for us by our own mouth-pieces."—Notwithstanding this, he goes on to flourish his trumpet, and to exercise his unquestionable privilege of preparing the way for his work by his own mouth-piece, through a preface that fills eight pages. "Common scribblers," says Lestranger, "have the privileges of common prostitutes; the most forward strumpet ever knew had these words constantly in her

mouth—"Lord! to see the impudence of some women."

The pith and marrow of the whole work is concentrated in the next passage. It is a compendium of liberal sentiments, as taught in the most approved liberal schools, but expressed in terms so mysterious, that we can only ascertain its meaning by comparing it with other parts of the work, as well as its general tenor, and with the avowed and published sentiments of the authors, and the objects of their panegyric, especially the late Mr Shelley, whom they call "one of the noblest of human beings," and who appears to be the person meant by "the accomplished scholar and friend who was to have shared their task." Some of the author's purposes and principles he first announces as what have been *imputed* to him by somebody or another, he does not say who; and would rather be thought to disclaim than to avow them. Amongst these are "hostility to religion, morals, and every thing that is legitimate." In these few words the sum and substance of all Liberal principles are comprised, and it was judicious to place them foremost. When he comes to particulars, his riddles become harder to solve. His meaning must be gathered from the enmity he avows against the conduct and sentiments of some nameless parties. Could we guess who *they* are, the mystery is cleared up. When he tells us, "there is not a greater set of hypocrites in the world than these pretended teachers of the honest and inexperienced part of our countrymen," we are no wiser than before, unless we know who the pretended teachers are; and this is a mystery involved in studied obscurity. To give meaning to what follows, it must be conjectured that the pretended teachers are the ministers of religion, especially those of the established church. This may be denied—and if the proof rests wholly on any thing distinctly or directly expressed in the passage itself, to deny is to disprove it; but hear and judge for yourselves. I would beg my pupil's pardon for the length of the extract, but it will enable us to get on without long quotations afterwards.—

"When we know that their religion, when it is in earnest on any point, (which is very seldom), means the most us and untenable notions of the and in all other cases

means nothing but the Bench of Bishops; when we know that their morals consist, for the most part, in a secret and practical contempt of their own professions, and for the least and best part, of a few dull examples of something a little more honest, clapped in front to make a show and a screen, and weak enough to be made tools against all mankind; and when we know, to crown all, that their legitimacy, as they call it, is the most unlawful of all lawless and impudent things, tending, under pretence that the whole world is as corrupt and ignorant as themselves, to put it at the mercy of the most brute understandings among them—men, by their very education in these pretensions, rendered least fit to sympathize with their fellow men, and as unhappy, after all, as the lowest of their slaves;—when we know all this, and see nine-tenths of all the intelligent men in the world alive to it, and as resolved as we are to oppose it, then, indeed, we are willing to accept the title of enemies to religion, morals, and legitimacy, and hope to do our duty with all becoming profaneness accordingly."—This is sad prosing, and if I am mistaken in the guess I have hazarded, a rigmorole without head or tail. But let it be granted that the ministers of religion are the hypocrites and pretended teachers, and that it is what is taught and practised by *them*, their "religion, morals, and legitimacy," of which "he accepts the title of the enemy, and hopes to combat with all becoming profaneness," and then we begin to know what to make of a great part of it. Every man can say for himself whether or not this is a just description of his minister's preaching and practice, and I need say nothing about it.

It is a remark that should be kept in mind on perusing Liberal productions, that in all such compositions, from the single sheet to the most massy volume, the Bishops, or the "Bench of Bishops," is a figure of speech meaning the Church of which the Bishops are the governors, and every thing pertaining to, or connected with it. Those who aspire to be liberal in the extreme, extend its meaning to all religion whatever. But what does our prefacer mean by "NINE-TENTHS of all the intelligent men in the world?" The authors of The Liberal must surely know that they have a right, sure-

tioned by universal usage, to claim for their party (however small, worthless, and contemptible it may be in reality) ALL that is estimable in the world; and, since it is necessary to acknowledge that it does not include every body, to treat the rest as an inconsiderable party, so dull; so perverse, or so wicked, that it is in vain to reason with them.

Is not the party in whose service The Liberal is written, the same who some time since styled themselves "EVERY enlightened man in Europe," and more lately, "the liberal party all over the world?" Why, then, do they give up a tithe of them? Methinks if a tenth, or a smaller proportion than a tenth, of all the intelligent men in the world belongs to us, we are entitled, for their sakes, to a little more respect than the Liberals usually express for us. What proportion of enlightened men, or whether any, belong to us, is a question in which I am not personally concerned. I am neither Liberal nor enlightened myself. The old light of reason and common sense, and the new light of Liberalism, seem to possess the property of extinguishing each other, so that both cannot at one time illuminate the same skull.

The author proceeds forthwith to give a specimen of the "becoming profaneness which he promised to his "intelligent" readers. I feel a repugnance to the task of transcribing the remaining sentence of the passage last quoted, for it is not with his blasphemies or his profanities that I venture to meddle. It is only his illiberalities or liberalisms, (take which word you like best) that are to my purpose. There is such a display of both in what follows, that I cannot pass it over. "God defend us from the piety of thinking him a monster!—God defend us from the morality of slaves and turn-coats, and from the legitimacy of half-a-dozen lawless old gentlemen, to whom, it seems, human nature is an estate in fee."

"God defend us from the piety of thinking him a monster!" Shocking expression! Yet, to the matter of this petition, a pious man can say, Amen. "God defend us from thinking of him as the authors of Cain and Queen Mab would teach us to think!—May we ever be enabled to think and to believe of our gracious Creator, as he has in-

structed us to think and believe in His Holy Word!"

Who are the slaves and turn-coats whose morality our pious and liberal author deprecates, I pretend not to guess. It may be, that no particular persons are meant; but all independent men who refuse the yoke of a party are the slaves, and all who are constant to honest principles are the turn-coats. But it would be great dulness to find any difficulty, and gross affectation to pretend a doubt, about the "half-dozen old gentlemen to whom human nature is an estate in fee." I pass over the *nonsense* of human nature being an estate in fee; for, as a literary production, the pages I am searching are far below criticism. The first of the lawless old gentlemen, doubtless, is our own good and gracious Sovereign; for, in the eye of sturdy Liberalism, to be King of England, both by right and possession, is of all crimes the most inexcusable. The other five are the monarchs who evince the most sincere desire to live in peace and friendship with our King and country; for, to be a king any where, is a crime only excusable by becoming the determined enemy of liberty and Old England. This, indeed, is a merit that would expiate any crime, and make a man a hero with "the Liberal party all over the world," though he were seated on the greatest throne of the world; nay, even though he were the legitimate possessor of that throne; but much more if he had waded to it through the blood of slaughtered millions, and raised himself by deeds which men not hardened by a course of Liberalism shudder to think of.

The preface thus proceeds: "The object of our work is not political," [the pleasure conveyed by the information in the first clause of the sentence was instantly dispelled,] "except inasmuch as all writing now-a-days must involve something to that effect, the connexion between politics and all other subjects of interest to mankind having been discovered, never again to be done away." Having been discovered! who made the discovery? and, who are they that assent to the truth of it? Nobody, I believe, but politico-struck maniacs, who have been bit by a mad pamphleteer or news-writer. I might doubt whether I should call this a liberal idea, never having before

met with it in word or writing, but that I have frequently observed Liberals to be politic-struck. We have a practical proof of it, in those liberal and enlightened bodies and individuals who ascribe natural calamities, and such moral and physical evils as kings and laws can neither cause nor cure, to political causes. It is the observation of a philosopher whose name is invoked by the author, and with whose writings he may not be wholly unacquainted, that "if a man be given up to the contemplation of one sort of knowledge, that will become every thing. An alchemist shall reduce divinity to the maxims of his laboratory, and explain morality by sal, sulphur, and mercury." What alchemy was to Mr Locke's enthusiast, politics may be to the votary of Liberalism. There is no disputing about tastes, or accounting for them. I have seen a man rub the hot plate which he was to eat his steak off, with assafoetida; and have been reproached for my want of taste in declining to partake of the same delicacy. When wearied by the perusal of a political work, or after being bored by company whose whole conversation smacks of political economy, and the papers of the day, if I turn to an article in a magazine or review that promises relief by its title, and there meet with any thing that shews the author's head so to run over with filthy politics, that it must mingle with every thing that drops from it, I hastily throw it aside and have recourse to a battledor and shuttlecock, as the more rational and polite recreation of the two. I advise this preface-writer not to rub the plates of his readers with the assafoetida of Liberalism on all occasions, for even the few who relish the flavour with a steak, may loathe it in a fricassee or ragout. Let him think of this before he publishes again, if he wishes to be read; for he may be assured that R. S. represents no small or inconsiderable portion of the reading world.

After some words about "Poetry, essays, tales, translations, and amenities," that show the connection between politics and all other subjects to be intimate in the author's brain, he lets his readers into the knowledge of a grand secret — another discovery! There are other things in the world besides kings, or even sycophants. What a happiness it is to the age to

possess a genius whose researches bring to light such unthought-of wonders, and who imparts them so freely! And what are the other things in the world besides kings and sycophants? "There is one thing in particular, which is NATURE." Attend, ye liberal and enlightened readers! for liberal and enlightened ye must be, if it has been your fortune to peruse the surprising work, of which it is my pleasing task to display the beauties; and if it has not, liberal and enlightened you shall be made, ere we part, by my quotations; for I pretend not to have any light to dispense but what I borrow from my author. There is NATURE in the world! And what besides Kings, Sycophants, and Nature? We are not told in express terms that there is any thing else. But as the passage which opens with this discovery, proceeds to inform us that the author has also a regard for Dandies who have ideas in their heads, and for certain modern Barons, we may assume that there are Dandies who have ideas in their heads, and certain modern Barons in the world. The world, then, consists of Kings, Sycophants, Nature, Dandies who have ideas in their heads, and certain modern Barons. And now let me ask, who, that is furnished with this circumstantial knowledge of the world, and all that it contains, can lose his way in it? It seems to me to be a blameable omission, though the author doubtless has good reasons for it, that he does not tell us what world it is that he speaks of. It cannot be the wooden world; for he might search many of England's bulwarks without finding one of the elements of which his world is composed. "You talk of the world, sir; the world is in its dotage," says Goldsmith: That must be the learned world. Prior told his readers, that the world

"Is a mere farce, an empty show,
Powder, pocket-glass, and beau."

Prior.

Prior, as appears by the context, spoke of the fashionable world, or *beau monde*.

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

The great or real is here compared to the mimic, reflected, or theatrical world. I cannot find that it is the learned world, or the fashionable world, or *beau monde*; neither is it the great

world, nor the theatrical world that our Liberal author speaks of; nor does his description exactly suit any of the little worlds into which it has been my chance to find admittance. It is true, I have found a fair share of sycophants in some of them, and of dandies (some with and some without ideas in their heads) in others. But I cannot say that I have met with kings in any of them, (I may be more fortunate if ever I attend the Carnival at Venice,) and it is but in few of them that I have seen much of nature. It is of some world of his own, then, that the author speaks, and a future Number of his Liberal work may make us still better acquainted with it. Who is it that acts the king? and who are they that play the sycophants? and what are the operations of nature in the little world at Pisa, the world with which he is at present most conversant? These are among the arcana of state, of which the reading world must remain in contented ignorance, till his Liberalship shall see fit to reveal them.

This looks like straying from my purpose; for the relationship between Liberalism and this world in petto is not very discernible. The connexion between it and the invocation which follows, is more easily traced. As I have already trespassed on the patience of my reader, by one long extract, I shall give him the names of the spirits invoked by the author, omitting the fiddle-faddle of words with which he connects and disconnects them, and fills up the intervals between squad and squad. First, the spirits of John of Gaunt, of Wickliffe, and of Chaucer; or, as he calls them, in the pamphlet and newspaper style, the John of Gaunts, the Wickliffes, and the Chaucers; then the Henry Howards, Surrys, and Wyatts; next, the Buchanans and Raleighs; after these, the Herberts, Hutchinsons, Lockes, Popes, and Peterboroughs; and, lastly, the Miltons, Marvels, Hoadleys, Addisones, Steeles, Somerses, Dorsets, and Priors, are invoked to assist in giving birth to "The Liberal." Incongruity is a natural source of the ludicrous. Incongruous grouping of names, persons, and things, when dexterously managed, is among the efforts of humour that generally please, and produce a laugh. But though generally fair, and often successful as a joke, it is always unfair and disingenuous in

an argument, either expressed or inferred. In this catalogue of worthies, of different ages, conditions, professions, and principles, whose spirits are invoked to give life to "The Liberal," I do spy the name of one, perhaps the names of two, who would not have been much misemployed in such an office. Whilst the conjuror is playing the unutterable trade, to call up spirits who do not come, others, who seem to have come uncalled, and offered their services unasked, as thinking the task better suited to their capacities and principles, are rejected. Of these I shall only name the last group. Abscond, then, "ye LEGITIMATE PRETENDERS, ye Titus Oateses, Bedloes, Gardiners, Sacheverels, and Southey's." The Southey's! Avaunt, ye spirits of the Southey's! Take any shape but that! Hence, horrible Southey, dread Reviewer; hence! The spirit of Mr Southey (be it known to whom it concerns) gave the mortal frame of that gentleman, the slip at his residence in Cumberland, and sped its flight to Italy, to assist the authors of Cain and Queen Mab, and the Emperor of Cockenzie, who is also an author of something or other, in giving birth to the composition, entitled "The Liberal."

Of the long passage that follows, (and it is the last of the Preface but one,) I shall quote but the first line. "We wish the title of our work to be taken in its largest acceptation, old as well as new." It is here acknowledged, rather unadvisedly, I think, that the title of the work, that is to say, the work "Liberal," has an old and a new signification. Did these only differ from each other, however widely, the wish might not be unreasonable. But as they are the reverse of each other, it is impossible to receive it in both senses at once. If, instead of "The Candid," I had named these pages "The Liberal," suggested by the composition so entitled, my title would have left it a question whether I was a member of "The Liberal party all over the world," or a "legitimate pretender," the object of their horror and execration. But although I might have chosen a title that would not have decided the question, I want assurance to desire any one to believe me to be both the one and the other, if it could be my aim to be so considered. I do not mean to accuse the

writers of the Liberal, of making a demand so unreasonable; for, although this be the natural and only possible sense of the line I have quoted, every line of the two pages that follow seems intended to shew that it is in the *party* or *new* acceptation of the word only, that they mean to shew themselves liberal, whatever pretensions they may sometimes advance. Indeed, if any thing is plainly and directly intimated in the work, it is that they understand the distinction. That the two meanings of the word are opposite to each other, and that they shall be careful not to confound them by treating any one with fairness and decency who displays any of the liberality in his conduct, or manifests a difference in opinion from themselves. "This would be to confound liberality with illiberality, &c." But I have already adverted to this observation, and have only to say, that I heartily concur in it. The expression would have been less liable to misconstruction, if he had said "confounding liberality with liberalism," but it is very well as it is, and needs no correction.

The preface concludes in a delirium of Liberalism, raving against the late Marquis of Londonderry, and the Duke of Wellington.

Our Liberal tells us that the Marquis, whom it pleases him to style Lord Castlereagh, "was one of the most illiberal and vindictive of statesmen." Most of his charges against this distinguished statesman, are but an enumeration of some considerable acts of the government during his administration, on the merits of which every man has long since formed his judgment; and as nobody will think the worse of them for being condemned in *The Liberal*, or the better of them for being applauded by me, it is useless to waste words upon them. As to the general charges of "coldness of heart," and "fondness for imprisoning," with which he swells his list of particular acts, I shall tell this most liberal of Liberals, in the name of the reading public, that a cant that has been cantcd over so many thousand times, is equally tiresome to the ears of men of all parties; to those who have been deluded by it to those who from the first were disgusted by it; to the "Liberal," as to the "legitimate pretender;" to the nine-tenths," as to the remaining title "of all the intelligent

men in the word;" to those who thought most hardly, as to those who thought most favourably, of this accomplished and highly-gifted nobleman.

One charge of a very singular nature asks notice, as it displays the *tolerant* spirit of Liberalism, with regard to what is called the press, or the free expression of sentiments not sanctioned by the party; and if "*The Liberal*" any where speaks the universal sentiment of the party whose name it bears, it is here. Lord Castlereagh "patronized such infamous journals as *The Beacon*." Heavy charge! His Lordship's patronage of the *Beacon*, I believe, was never before heard of; and I suspect the authors had another journal, "now flourishing," in their thoughts, but which it was not thought prudent to name. To revile a dead nobleman for favouring a defunct paper, was certainly a more liberal course to follow. Whether the charge is founded or not, is of no sort of consequence; it does not in the least affect the tolerant and Liberal character of the spirit which these Liberals evince towards the press, in making it a matter of accusation.

Lord Londonderry's patronage of the *Beacon*, if it was a reality at all, probably consisted in purchasing and reading it; for in the case of another "infamous journal," the *John Bull*, this was affirmed to constitute patronage, and by the Liberals denounced as bribery and corruption, and an abuse that called out for reform. It will be generally remembered, for it afforded too much fun to be soon forgotten, that some of the King's ministers were charged in open Parliament, with *something more* than patronising this excellent weekly paper, the *John Bull*, which I never see without regretting that the day of its publication is Sunday. It is to me matter of wonder that any gentleman gave those who chose to advance this, so much satisfaction as to deny a charge (however unfounded) in which, had it been true, there was nothing illegal or discreditable. But denied it was; and an honourable member, Lord John Russell, if I rightly remember, (I beg his lordship's pardon for mentioning his name on such an occasion, if I am in an error,) but some member of the party with whom he usually acts, stood up and said they patronised the

John Bull, if they read it. Perhaps the honourable member would have furnished the house and the country with a list of papers that might, and of papers that ought not to be read. The idea, though a Liberal, is not a new one. The days have been, when no good catholic would open a book not sanctioned by his confessor. A board of confession, to determine what books and papers Englishmen may read, is a very liberal idea, and, when established, may prove a means of converting the unliberalised tithe to the opinions of the other nine-tenths of all the intelligent men in the world. Yet this is one of the blessings of the triumph of Liberal principles, for which the projectors may get little thanks; and I beg leave to warn the Liberals, that the experiment is a hazardous one. Their disciples (we find) when flattered into a conceit that they thus give a proof of their superior intelligence, obligingly shut their eyes, and call every thing black that is called black by their instructors, in order to shew how very enlightened they are; but might be apt to turn restive and insist on using their eyes, if *ordered* to keep them shut. They silenced the Beacon, (which it was weakly permitted them to do);* but the attempt to forbid the reading of the John Bull, has certainly tended to procure it a more general and favourable reception, than its own merits, great as they are, might have done had it never been persecuted.

Many works of little merit, and more of no merit at all, have been raised into celebrity and esteem by being proscribed. The government and country have experienced this, and have profited by their experience. If the Liberals *will* imitate the conduct of their superiors in any thing, let it be in some point on which their conduct is universally allowed to be proper; at any rate, not on one that is condemned by themselves, as well as others; not that prosecutions are in all cases either unjustifiable or useless. Mr Paine's writings excited a very general curiosity at the time they appeared, in consequence of the notorious character of their author, as a rebel and a profligate. The unsettled state of the world, and the ferment produced by unusual occurrences in

the minds of the multitude, to whom the questions which he professed to discuss were then new, and who were therefore liable to be misled by his shallow sophistries, rendered his writings really dangerous; and it was perhaps proper, at such a time, to put a stop to their circulation (as far as it could be done) by authority. But there were foolish things prohibited about the same time, that could have done as little harm as The Liberal is likely to do; and might have been safely left alone. If these did harm, or attracted the regard of the weak-minded, it was because the sale of them was forbidden. Of this class of publications, I shall mention as an instance, "THE POLITICAL PROGRESS OF BRITAIN," a trifle which its author seems to have produced in a capricious mood, more in jest than in earnest, and with a view of displaying the odd peculiarities in his own character and sentiments, rather than of injuring his country, or producing a serious effect of any kind.

Men who seek celebrity, and the emolument that usually accompanies it in England, by courting prosecution, have of late years fallen upon a method which must succeed, unless the government neglects an essential, but painful duty. The railers in print, seem now to perceive that every thing that can be advanced in the form of argument, as objections against the religion or the civil government of England, has been advanced and refuted again and again. But though they can produce nothing in the way of argument against them, they can do what answers their purpose as well. They can shock the ears of the pious, the decent, and the loyal, by treating sacred things with a coarse familiarity, and putting rude blasphemies into the mouths of wretches to whom ribaldry and profanity are jests; and a jest is an argument, indeed the only argument they value or comprehend. The vendors of such things must be prosecuted, and should be punished too, did our laws inflict a penalty on libel, which such miscreants would feel to be punishment; for it is degrading to the character of our country, that it produces men who can compose or read such things; and they admit not of being answered in any

* A sad mixture it was of internal stupidity and external weakness that permitted this. Witness my hand.—M. O'DONELTY.

other way, for argument can only be used against argument. To answer railing with railing, is to repeat the offence with aggravation. The circumstance which renders the prosecution of such writers particularly painful to officers of government, is, that their scoffs and blasphemies against law and religion, are so mixed up with abuse of the ministers of state, and agents of government, as to give to the prosecution some shew of being undertaken on their behalf. It is many years since any libel against the ministers, either individually or as a party, has been written with sufficient ability, or even plausibility, to provoke resentment, or attract serious notice.

So little have I of the *esprit de corps* of authorship, that I feel a greater concern for my rights as a reader than as a writer. I would much rather see the press subjected to a judicious censorship, than be accountable for what I read to any tribunal, however liberal and intelligent, or liable to control in my choice of books and papers that are *allowed* to be published; and such only I desire to read. A loyalist and patriot never knowingly looks into a work, of which the publication and sale have, by a verdict and sentence of a court, been declared to be illegal, though no penalty attaches to the reading of it; for a patriot's is a generous and willing, not a slavish and forced, obedience to the laws. It is not the dread of the penalty, but a consciousness, that to transgress or to countenance the transgressors of the laws is wrong, that withholds him from offending.

In a former part of the preface, the author calls his Grace of Wellington, "The Duke of What's-his-name now flourishing;" and at the part to which we have arrived, where he condescendingly recollects the title of this very insignificant person, he tells us that "he is a good hunting captain, a sort of human setter, who has confounded the rights of nations with those of a manor." Were the cause of the spleen shewn by the Liberals against the Duke otherwise sufficiently apparent, it receives an ample explanation in one of the profane stanzas, that form the principal article in the volume, where the battle of Waterloo is called "the crowning carnage" of that era of horrors, the French Revolution, when each day slew its thousands. In almost every line of this

abominable composition, (*The Vision of Judgment*), there is something to shock the feelings of every man who has the least respect for religion, or love of his country, which makes it improper to quote the author's identical words. It probably was meant as a security against its being too freely quoted. The abhorrence, on some occasions, expressed by the Liberals at scenes of slaughter and bloodshed, were it sincere, would teach them to rejoice at the issue of the battle of Waterloo; for who sees not, that if it had been different, the carnage, in all probability, must have continued to this day? But on that auspicious day, the cause of Liberty and Old England was completely triumphant, and at once the carnage ceased. Reasonable and honourable terms of peace, our country could never get from her enemies, whilst a hope remained of enslaving her; but the moment that her righteous cause, (the cause of all mankind, not excepting her enemies,) was triumphant, she accorded indulgent terms to them, and not one man has since fallen by the hand of war, in Christendom. And this is the sad catastrophe deplored above all others, by the Liberal party all over the world.

But the issue of our glorious struggle, had it been merely that the fortune of England prevailed over that of her ancient enemy, though that would have been hard to digest, would have been endurable; but, alas! the cause of England was the cause of freedom against tyranny, of right against violence and usurpation. There was the rub. The foul and deformed spirit of jacobinism, when touched by the sword of liberty, was compelled to quit his disguise, and appear in his own hideous shape; and the charm being broke, the less intellectual half of mankind, (if I may thus speak of nine-tenths of all the intelligent men in the world), waked from the vain dream in which their faculties had been entranced for half an age, never to be subjected to the spells of the demon again. Many of them give their deliverer no thanks. With Caliban, they could cry to dream again, and some there are who wilfully shut their eyes, and talk as if they were dreaming still. But they are awake for all that. Something now and then slips out, to shew that they see and understand as other people do, and their perversity serves but to divert

those whom they wish to vex by it. The composers of the Liberal would laugh at any besotted Jacobin, (for some few there are so besotted as to dream on, and are not to be awakened), that supposed them to be serious in their anticipations of success for the cause which they advocate and eulogise. They do not, (and it is creditable to their wits that they do not), seriously attempt to disguise from any but dunces and dreamers, that the motives that prompt them to write are, a desire to be admired as wits and clever fellows; to fill their pockets, (motives which I do not blame, for they are my own); and to ease their hearts of a part of their load of bitterness, by spitting out venom at those who have wounded their vanity, or lessened their gains by neglect or censure. Foremost amongst these stands Mr Southey, against whom they denounce sentence of hanging, (see the Vision of Judgment, near the end), to be executed whenever Liberalism shall prevail over legitimate pretence. In the excess of their glee, when pronouncing sentence of summary execution against Southey, they seem for a moment to have forgotten that Jacobinism is a dream from which the world has awaked, and to be dreaming themselves. The execution of Southey is the only particular advantage to be derived from the triumph of Liberalism, which they condescend to specify. Come what will of the rest of us legitimate pretenders, Southey's doom is fixed. He is a "MARKED MAN!" This term, by the bye, in such high favour among the Jacobins in their high days, I observe, has fallen into disuse of late; and it is not amiss that the party on whom a portion of their spirit has fallen should occasionally let us see, that if they do not use the words, they have not forgotten their meaning, nor lost sight altogether of the humane and liberal purpose they

expressed. But Southey, though hanged, or sentenced to be hanged, in verse, will live the term of nature, if nothing befalls him till the triumph day of Liberalism.*

I know not whether to call "The Vision of Judgment" a travesty on a composition of the same name by Mr Southey, or a gloss on a sorry and witless sarcasm of Quevedo's. A jest that does not excite a smile, drawled out through nine-and-thirty pages, must be a dull one. I wish this were the worst that could be said of it. The object of its author is less to amuse than to shock.

It will be perceived, that the few observations that follow, though occasioned by the perusal of this vile composition, are not criticism on the work itself.

Southey's Vision of Judgment appeared to me to be an ill-judged, and not a well-executed work. It certainly has added nothing to the reputation of its author in any respect. The nobleness of his motive, (to do justice to the memory of our late sovereign, the great and good George III. whom I venerate above any other man recorded in history), does not atone for the indiscretion of putting it into so reprehensible a form. Milton's example will perhaps be pleaded in his vindication, as it has been pleaded in defence of the author of Cain. But Milton alone has ever founded a fiction on the basis of revelation, without degrading his subject. He alone has succeeded in carrying his readers into the spiritual world. No other attempt of the kind has ever appeared that can be read without a constant feeling of something like burlesque, (it requires no travesty to excite this feeling), and a wish that the Tartarus and Elysium of the idolatrous Greeks should still be the hell and the heaven of poetry. A smile at the puerilities, and a laugh

* The proper word here would be Jacobinism, but Jacobin is a mere party nickname, a word that had not a meaning till it became the name of a party; and having received its meaning from the character and conduct of a party who were every thing that is infamous, unrelieved by any thing that is tolerable, it is a name not to be written or uttered by the Candid where there is a possibility of its being misapplied. It was the more than implied, the strongly expressed regrets at the triumph of Liberty and Old England at Waterloo, and the more than Liberal sentiments conveyed in that ingenious piece of satire, the threat of a halter denounced by the poet against his reviewer whenever a *reform* shall take place, that led me to use it at all. As the Bishop is a figure that denotes the church, "the Southey's" may mean all reviewers and authors who presume to despise the works of "The Liberal."

at the absurdity of the poet, might then be enjoyed by the reader without an apprehension that he was guilty of profane in giving way to it. Milton has been blamed by the most judicious critics, and his warmest admirers, for expressing the counsels of Eternal Wisdom and the decrees of Almighty Power, by words assigned to the Deity. It offends against poetical propriety and poetical probability. It is impossible to deceive ourselves into a momentary and poetical belief, that words proceeded from the Holy Spirit, except on the warrant of inspiration itself. It is here only that Milton fails, and here Milton sometimes shocks. The language and conduct ascribed by Milton to his inferior spirits, accords so well with our conceptions and belief respecting their nature and existence, that in many places we forget that they are in any respect the creatures of imagination. The blasphemies of Milton's devils offend not a pious ear, because they are devils who utter them. Nor are we displeased with the poet's presumption in feigning language for heavenly spirits, because it is a language that lifts the soul to Heaven; and we more than believe, we know and feel, that whatever may be the nature of the language of angels, the language of the poet truly interprets their sentiments. The words are human, but the truths they express, and the doctrines they teach, are divine. Nothing of the same kind can be said of any other fable, serious or ludicrous, pious or profane, that has yet been written in any age or language. No one ever for a moment thought of Cain, or of good or evil spirits, or of St Peter, or of John Wilkes of disinterested memory, or of the lying and braggart author of Junius's Letters,* on reading the writings of Byron. It is the author alone who scoffs and blasphemes throughout.

These pages may fall into the hands of some who have not seen the Vision of Judgment, or the travesty. Having

mentioned the authors of the North Briton and of Junius's Letters, it becomes necessary to observe, that these worthies are in some sort the heroes of the travesty. The OLD JACOBIN, who was a liar from the beginning, calls myriads of spirits to prove his claim to George III., and this respectable pair are selected as spokesmen. Junius utters a notable Liberalism in the only line of the travesty which I shall quote.

"I loved my country, and I hated him."

That is to say, the King. I do not think that any injustice is done to this writer in having such a sentiment imputed to him, for it is one that he often betrays, though he is careful not to utter it. If he had plainly expressed his hatred to the King, his pretence of loving his country would have availed him little, and his popularity would have been at an end; for when he wrote, even the mob were but half liberalised, or, if there were some truly liberal and enlightened spirits among us, (as there always are in every country,) they were men who had not been taught to read, and whose favour was of no value to an author. But with this man of bombast I have nothing to do. I take the expressions put into his mouth to be the sentiments of the authors of The Liberal, and the party for whom they write. It is in vain to disclaim them as none of their own, and to say they are expressions in character, which they put into the mouth of a noted liar, speaking at the instigation of the father of lies. The author, speaking in his own person, pretends no love for his country, and it is creditable to his sincerity that he does not. His unnatural hatred to the great and good King is ostentatiously displayed throughout. It is not easy to explain how it is perceived, yet it is always easy to perceive, when the words which an author puts into the mouth of any of his characters express his own sentiments, or sentiments which he wishes his

* I remark not on the meanly conduct of the writer of the letters of Junius, in persisting in his concealment after outraging the feelings of respectable individuals by injurious misrepresentations of matters with which the public had no concern, as well as the feelings common to every honest Briton by insulting his King, because, for the present, I mean not to entrust the reading public with more of my own name than the initials; although I trust I shall never publish any thing that should make it inconvenient to avail myself of it in my wish, or unbecoming to remain concealed whilst such is my pleasure.

reader to approve. The inference deducible from the line quoted is, that the authors think, or wish it to be thought, that there is no necessary connexion between loyalty and patriotism, but that it is possible for a man at the same time to hate his King and love his country. Instead of commenting on this paradox, I shall state my own opinion of the matter, which I need not say is completely the reverse of theirs.

Loyalty and patriotism, it is admitted, are not terms that mean the same thing; they are not always convertible terms that may be used indiscriminately; and a metaphysician, when inquiring into the nature and cause, the origin and end, of our feelings and affections, does right to distinguish between them. But it is distinguishing too curiously to attend to this on any other occasion. For though loyalty and patriotism are terms that do not denote the same affection, they are affections that cannot subsist asunder; and where the one is destroyed, the other vanishes. Each, in its turn, becomes a criterion by which to judge of the soundness of pretensions to the other. It is no want of charity to consider that man's pretensions to patriotism as hypocrisy, whose loyalty may be fairly called in question; and it is in vain for any man to pretend to love his King, who betrays a want of feeling for the honour and prosperity of his country. That man neither fears God nor honours the King, nor loves liberty and Old England, whose heart does not glow with gratitude and pride at the name of Trafalgar or Waterloo.

Of the other pieces that fill up the publication, (with the exception of some lines in the last page, to be considered by themselves,) I have never heard any body speak, and believe few but myself have ever read them. The perusal was a task I should never have got through, had I not considered it a duty, and made it a point of honour with myself to perform it, after making choice of their preface for my foot-cloth, in walking over the dreary and dirty field of Liberalism.

If any one else has done the same, I venture to say, he will hereafter be disposed to yawn whenever "The Liberal" is mentioned in his hearing.

From the imperfect remembrance I have of some of Lord Byron's productions, which I read not many years since, I cannot but think that this is not what his readers had a right to expect, in a work given to the world evidently with his Lordship's sanction, though published without his name, although there has been a woful falling off in his more recent productions; and it is also understood, that whilst engaged on *The Liberal*, he has been condemned to keep very dull company, not all unknown to the reading public within the bills of mortality.

When a man is banished from genteel society, it is usual to say that he is sent to Coventry. When an author is refused a second hearing at the theatres, or a perusal by the reading public, he is said to be damned. "The spirit of the age—the current of opinion," sets strong against capital punishments; and I think the sentence of damnation pronounced against the unsuccessful poet may very well be commuted in future for banishment to Pisa. A lady cannot, without violating decorum, express the sentence passed on a poor poet who is damned; but could have no hesitation in telling her company, that the audience at the theatre last night sent the author of *Fustiano* to Pisa. The spirit of Mr Southey, till he shall have redeemed the error he committed in writing the *Vision of Judgment*, by producing something more worthy of himself, is condemned to wander in the doleful purgatory of Pisa. His penance, it is to be hoped, will be of short duration. But a new kingdom, another Erebus, opens before me, and I must not pursue the tempting theme farther, or people my new dominion too fast. Being about to appear before the reading public,* with many chances against me of being sent to Pisa myself, it would be imprudent to make too many enemies amongst those who may be there before me.

Were it not probable, that the composers of *The Liberal* have attempted to hoax their readers by imitating and burlesquing the style and manner of each other, I should say that the ingenious conceits, the happy alliterations, such as a *collar made by Wilkins*, forming a main ingredient of life, *Mother-wit* and *Mother West-end*, and flowers

* In the form of a folio, which all the world must read.

of the same class, that bloom only in a smoky atmosphere, which adorn every page of the *preface*, indicate the horticulture of Cockenzie, and the hand that reared them, by a pungency not to be mistaken; and that there is scarcely a line, and not an entire stanza, in *The Vision of Judgment*, that does not bespeak its author a proficient in the school of the Master-spirit who spoke by the mouth of Ahab's prophets. The other pieces, "poems, essays, tales, translations, and amenities," may be from the hand of any body who has not a literary reputation to lose. It is but justice to these

"Five nothings on five plates of delf," to say, that either they are not besmeared (as the preface threatened that they would be) with the filthy slime of Liberalism, or my faculties are too obtuse to perceive it; and that if there is little or nothing in them to please, there is little or nothing to offend. Which of them are by the author of Cain,—which by the tea-inspired prince of Cockney bards,—which by the ladies of the party,—or whether any unfledged and hitherto nameless candidates for literary eminence have assisted in furnishing out this intellectual picnic, we are not told, and nobody will ever ask. One piece is given as Shelley's, in order, no doubt, to justify the epithets of noblest of human beings, and accomplished scholar and friend, bestowed on him in the preface. It is doing injustice to the odouriferous herb, to suppose any thing so vapid as the best of them, to be genuine inspirations of a comfortable dish of tea. If any of them are from the pen of the Cockney, his beverage has been stronger of the water than of the leaf on the evenings that gave them birth; the canister has been low, the kettle has not boiled, the water has been smoked, and the nymph or goddess, who presides over the pot, has been in one of those unpropitious moods, usually called the strums.

The publication is wound up to a climax of Liberalism at last, and concludes with a page of what are called "Epigrams on Lord Castlereagh." These epigrams are expressions of exultation at triumph, and attempts to be jocose on the manner of the Marquis of Londonderry's death. To say that they are failures, is not to charge the writers with want of talent; for on such a subject it was impossible to

succeed. The most essential qualifications in a turn for what is called humour, are, a quick perception of the ludicrous, and a nice and just sense of what are proper objects for ridicule. A very improper choice of a subject affords a surer proof of want of talent in this way, than the completest failure in the execution. The man must have a depraved taste, and a dull head, as well as an unfeeling heart, who could discover any thing to laugh at, or to make a jest of, in the death of any human being, especially a man of eminence, (whether eminently good or eminently bad,) by his own hand. The death of any man in any way, is a most unfit subject for mirth; and it is only the death of public enemies, slain in open fight, that can ever be just or becoming subjects for rejoicing. Should any of the composers of *The Liberal* cut their own throats, or should they cut the throats of each other, the tale would be heard with feelings of unmingled horror by those who might not think their deaths a loss to society. A man could not be found among us "legitimate pretenders," who would either laugh or rejoice at it. Perhaps, a man who but a short time since, and not wholly without reason, was looked upon as a superior genius, reduced to such a state of intellects as to be capable of composing or aiding in the composition of such a publication as *The Liberal*, is a more melancholy spectacle, and furnishes a more instructive warning against misusing the gifts of Heaven, than his being overtaken by death, the lot of all, in its most appalling form, or overwhelmed with any calamity to which every man is liable.

If the professors of the Liberal schools persist in their endeavours to deprave the minds of their followers, and root out the better feelings of our nature from their hearts, it will be impossible much longer to distinguish between Liberalism and Jacobinism. They already begin to approximate. It matters little what name a party choose to be known by, or what name is bestowed upon them by others. As a name, it just signifies the party who are known by that name; and in so far as it conveys an idea of any thing good or bad, it changes its meaning as the party changes its character and conduct. The Achilles of Bristol is a name that no more suggests the dread of Troy to

the ship-owner, the merchant, the underwriter, or any body, than the Simon Taylor of London, the James Watt of Leith, or the Cut-luggit Sow of Kirka'dy. The Achilles is a perceivable trader, a carrier of rum and sugar; and the most fervid admirer of the valiant and irascible Greek (if my readers can imagine a classical underwriter) will be as ready as any other man at Lloyds' to declare that the timbers of the Achilles are unsound, and to insure the Hector of Cork at a lower premium. When we, whose wits are mellowed in the clumsy air of Cockenzie, hear the name of Achilles, we more readily think of an unseemly and shameless man of brass standing up before the threshold of 'Mother West-end,' than of the hero of Greece, or the good ship of Bristol. When we, whom the clowns call Cockenys, speak of Greeks, we think not of 'Of deathless deeds achiev'd on Trojan plains,'

but of

'Inglorious toils endur'd at Brixton Mill.' Let me ask a question of the Liberals themselves. When you call the steady supporters of established rights 'The Legitimates,' does the idea of rigid observers and stern enforcers of the laws present itself to your minds? or do you think it a reproach to a state that the government is established and continues to be supported by law, and not by violence? When you speak of a party in the state by the name of 'the Saints,' do you think of men of holy lives and pure and heavenly minds, with hearts estranged from the world, its pomps and vanities, its honours, pleasures, and pursuits? 'No,' you will say, 'in both these cases we mean to reproach the parties with making pretences to which they do not act up.' But the parties in question never arrogated to themselves the names you give them; and if at any time they seem to accept them, it is evidently because they will not be at the trouble to dispute about a word. They make no pretensions to which they do not endeavour to act up. If you think the last named party such pretenders as to deserve to have this designation fixed upon them as a reproach, in giving them the name of Saints, you in effect call them hypocrites. Is this Liberal? Is there any thing in the conduct of the gentlemen who are thus stigmatised to warrant

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such a reproach? Were this understood and considered by the Liberals and other party zealots, we should not see them contending with such earnestness, as if their reputation depended upon it, for the right to appropriate to themselves a favourite party nickname, or to fix another, which they suppose to be in less repute, on their adversaries.

The writers of these epigrams seem to have been aware that there was something shockingly indecent in thus insulting the ashes of the mighty dead, and endeavour to mitigate the detestation it is calculated to excite, by telling us, in the preface, that a daily newspaper said, that 'Mr Percy Shelley, a writer of infidel poetry, was drowned.' And where was the offence here? or, supposing the conductor of a newspaper to have committed an impropriety, what kind of justification is this for men of liberality and letters to set up, for repeating the offence and improving upon it? Improper and shameful things have been done by kings, and sycophants, and dandies who have ideas in their heads, and certain modern barons, and modern bishops too. Does it follow that a Liberal is therefore justifiable in doing the same things? But here there is not the excuse of example, not even the example of a newspaper to plead in justification or extenuation. It is part of the proper business of a newspaper to announce such facts as Mr Shelley's untimely end. In this simple announcement of the fact, I perceive nothing like an attempt to be facetious; no expression of mirth or exultation on the occasion. It surely will not be said that the notification of such an event ought to have been accompanied with expressions of regret, from men who were known to hold Mr Shelley's writings in abhorrence, and knew the man only by his writings. It was an event that afforded ample occasion for serious reflections, but they were of a nature that would have rather looked like insulting than doing honour to the memory of the dead; and it may have been for this reason, that the notice was unaccompanied by any remark whatever. Perhaps the offence consisted in calling Mr Shelley a writer of infidel poetry. Mr Shelley, in his life-time, would not have refused the appella-

Q.

tion, or considered it a reproach. It was his pride to be known for a writer of infidel poetry. It was only as a writer of infidel poetry that the world knew of him at all. If there is a misnomer here, it is in calling his writings, *Poetry*. Whether poetry or not, *infidel* they were, if they were any thing. Had any thing so devoid of meaning, and of merit of every kind, as some of the publications of Mr Shelley, been written in support of any other cause but that of vice and irreligion, it would never have found a reader or a publisher. Indeed, even the enlightened begin to perceive, in spite of their endeavours to conceal it from themselves, that in proportion as a man is destitute of talents for any thing laudable or useful, he will excel, when he betakes himself to the trade of blaspheming his Maker, and reviling every thing that is usually accounted honourable and excellent among men. Even the merit of being infidel poetry, is understood to have been insufficient to put off an edition of Mr Shelley's principal work.

The composers of the Liberal are

supposed to be Lord Byron, Mr Leigh Hunt, (what an association of names!) the late Mr Shelley, and some ladies. Whosoever they may be, I assure them that I mean it not in contempt, but as a compliment, implying a belief that they are capable of better things, when I say that they are surpassed on every point on which they strive to shine, by the most worthless miscreants, and the meanest of mankind: by Mr Hone, Mr Henry Hunt, Mr Wooler, Mr Waddington, Mr Carlile, Mrs Carlile, Mrs —, Miss —, &c. &c. &c. I earnestly, and in perfect sincerity of heart, recommend it to them to apply their powers, before it be too late, (I hope it is not too late already,) to some undertaking in which it is creditable to be engaged; in which it is a high honour to excel, and no disgrace to bear a humble part; in which they will have the prayers and wishes of all good men for their success; and in which they can have none but the excellent for competitors or imitators.

R. S.

London, 24th December, 1822.

For Populi.

At the commencement of a new volume, and another year, it may be expected that we should say something by way of proœmium, prolegomenon, or preface. But our natural and invincible modesty prevents us, as it has always done, from talking much, either of ourselves or of our work. We have nothing to wish in the form of praise, and nothing to fear in the shape of censure, from any of the four quarters of the world, all the civilized inhabitants of which, we have the honour to number among our constant readers. To gratify our numerous friends and admirers, however, rather than from any feeling of vanity in our own person, we shall copy from a few of the periodical works of the day, some of the passages in which *THE MAGAZINE* is mentioned; and as we shall make the selection at random, this must be our apology to friends who may think themselves neglected by not finding their names at present consigned to fame in our immortal pages.

The "Recommendatory Verses" and poetical compliments, in various languages, that have been transmitted to us, averaging, when put together, about three folio volumes per annum, have last year amounted to double that number, or six volumes; of which we may be induced, some day or other, to print a couple of 8vo volumes of the more Elegant Extracts; and the flattering letters that every day arrive by the mails and packets from every quarter of the globe, we find, by our post-office account, have this year exceeded the former, by a sum of not less than two hundred pounds. An empty lodging, hired by Mr Blackwood, has been filled with these documents, so interesting to the future historian; but we believe that measures are in contemplation for appropriating a portion of the National Monument to the preservation of these valuable papers.

A demi-official letter from India, mentions, "That the greatest benefit which our eastern empire derives from the opening of the trade, is the more regular transmission of Blackwood's Magazine, which is always looked for with impatience, and devoured with rapture. Happy is he who has the good fortune first to receive a packet

of this invaluable treasure—his fortune is made;—and if a lady, no other attraction is necessary to secure a rich and respectable husband. It is regularly translated into the seven languages of the Peninsula by the Missionaries; and the Bramins are now beginning to evince a scarcely concealed curiosity to look into its pages."

Our last letter from the Emperor Alexander, accompanied by the order of the Grand Cross, and a handsome box with his picture, solicited our appearance at Verona, and offered, if we would remove to Russia, to settle upon us an estate, equal in size to our own Highlands, in any part of his empire that we chose. We have been invited to assume the sceptre, as a limited Monarch, of the revolted provinces of Spain in South America, as the only means of a permanent settlement of the distractions of that fine country; and a dispatch from Washington, sealed with the arms of the Union, hints that we have but to set our foot on the American shore to be elected President. The general feeling in the Chambers of Paris is, that failing the succession of the present family, no one would have a fairer chance of being nominated as the most Christian King of the French people; and by the last packet from the Mediterranean, we find that we have been named Protector of the Liberties of Greece. But we are not ambitious, and feel more satisfied with doing our duty to our own country and our own King, than we could be by any change that would remove us from our dearly beloved British Public.

Besides the written testimonies to the utility of our labours, the public marks of gratitude which we daily experience, in requests to sit for pictures, busts, and so on, demand our warmest thanks. Mr Scouler has just finished a full-length model of our person, to be executed in marble, for the Emperor of China; and our esteemed friend, Sir Henry Raeburn, has painted us so often in his own inimitable style, that it is not now requisite for us to sit—he dashes us off from mere recollection, and a long knowledge of our face and form. The last picture of us in our court dress, when we waited upon

our excellent Sovereign at Holyrood-House, with Mr Jeffrey in the background, has, like all the productions of John Watson's pencil, been much admired.

We feel equally grateful for the attentions of less able artists, who attempt to delineate our features for the more humble purpose of decorating sign-boards; and though we cannot admire the likeness, or praise the execution, yet, as an expression of national feeling, the circumstance speaks volumes. When we passed through Stirling lately, it gave us some surprise to see the Saracen's-Head of our worthy friend Mr Dow metamorphosed into the grave features of Christopher North, with but little attention to our particular costume. The turban is indeed removed; but in place of our water-proof hat, an immense Highland bonnet is placed on our head, and we still wield the identical scymitar which was in the hand of our Mussulman predecessor. Scarcely an inn of any note in Glasgow is now to be seen without our picture as an attractive sign; and in those at Paisley, our effigy is generally crowned by a Kilmarnock cowl or night-cap. All over the west country, the same insignia point out where entertainment for men and horses may be procured in the most comfortable manner, and at the cheapest rate. In England, we have extended our face even to Manchester; and we believe we could travel from the Land's-End to John-o'-Groat's-House, and lodge every night in NORTH'S INN. Cross-Keys, and Black and Brown Bulls have given way to the attractive features of our benevolent countenance; and even the martial frowns of Wellington, Blücher, and Abercromby, have been altered so as to resemble our features, though the prominent nose of the first, the mustachios of the second, and the gilded epauletts of the third, enable a connoisseur in painting to discover the original representation.

In Edinburgh, where our face is better known, a kind of likeness may

be traced in the numerous sign-boards; and we have to thank the honest publican who put up the very terrible representation of our phiz which appears at the bottom of the stair where the Scotsman is sold. Many people, it is said, who have come with the bad intention of purchasing that paper, have been so terrified at our stern look, though only on canvass, that they have carried their money elsewhere, and saved their credit by purchasing at the other newspaper offices in the neighbourhood.

The delicate manner in which we were nominated as one of the stewards for the next Northern Meeting, and the change in the name from *Northern* to *North*, demands a separate paragraph, and our best thanks to the noble Marquis who proposed it, and to the Earl of Fife, who made such an excellent and appropriate speech on the occasion.

We have, in fact, been so much harassed by all parties since the King's Visit to Edinburgh, that we scarcely dare trust ourselves on the streets, out of the protection of our carriage. We took up less than an hour to get along the North-Bridge the other day, and had at last to take refuge in No. 17, Prince's-Street, though we meant to walk farther, to avoid being embraced to death. We were leaning on the shoulder of our clever little friend, Mr Jeffrey, and accompanied by Professor Leslie; and the Sillys who did not know that we were the dearest friends possible, seemed quite surprised at the circumstance. We had not the use of our right hand for nearly a week after; for the Whigs squeezed unmercifully at finding us in such company, and the ladies (dear creatures) pressed upon us so closely, that our habiments smelt of otto of roses for a fortnight. But we detain our readers from learning the sentiments of the great literary republic, of which it has pleased them to name us Perpetual Dictator; and so we begin, as the clocks we have appointed to class the articles have so chosen it, with our dearest friend, in the

• SETTLEMENT TO THE LAST NUMBER OF THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

"*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, No. LXVIII.—It is really refreshing in these days of cant and absurdity, to meet with something worth reading. The King's Visit was calculated to reconcile the moderate of all parties, and it has had that effect to a marvellous degree. The best informed and liberal-

minded Whigs must now confess that the zealots of the party went a little too far; and it has occurred to more than one to regret the rashness of the meeting at the Pantheon to address the late Queen. But of this enough. His Majesty is too much of a scholar and a gentleman to disregard known talents for a little aberration of judgment, and his present ministers are too wise and too prudent unnecessarily to call up disagreeable recollections. Among the other desirable consequences of the Royal Visit, it has had the effect, more than any thing we know, of striking out, by the friendly collision of the crowds at the Levee, new sparks of genius in the Scottish capital, of which, to say no more, the last Number of the *Edinburgh Review*, and *Blackwood's Magazine* for September, are ever-during specimens.

"Of our own work, it becomes us not to speak; but the friendly and manly tone in which we are mentioned by Mr North, in his December Magazine, calls forth our unaffected acknowledgments. Liberal-minded and upright men ought to be above the little selfish passions which actuate vulgar souls; and both Mr North and ourselves have done too much for the literature of our country to fear that our motives may be misrepresented. Violent and uncalled for personalities have been attributed to us both by those, who, if they were asked what the word meant, would be diffculted for an answer; and we have both been unnecessarily blamed for exposing the shallows of learning and the cant of party-spirit, as if it were possible to criticise the one or discuss the other, without reference to the books or persons in which they are most offensively prominent. It has been said, that the object of both is to serve party purposes—that Mr North has eye to the Governor-generalship of a distant colony, and that our views are directed to certain official offices and emoluments to which in certain circumstances we might be appointed. But we can answer for ourselves, that we shall accept of no office to which we have not a fair claim; and we are morally certain, that our great contemporary is equally beyond the reach of mercenary motives. We may both be occasionally mistaken in our views of the present, and in our calculations of the future, but in all cases we write from the purest principles, and with a view to what appears to us to be the public good for the time. In Scotland, we are proud to say, that there are no Cobbetts nor Hunts, and only one Joseph Hume.

"To return, however, to the subject which has called forth these observations, the Royal Number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, of which a second edition has been advertised, and which we sincerely hope will be speedily bought up, contains more solid reasoning, infinitely more wit and humour, and a larger portion of good sense and good feeling, than any twenty volumes we could name since we began our critical labours. As a model of fine writing, we consider it equal to the best passages of Playfair and Stewart, while, in wit and humour, and playful satire, it equals, in some respects, what the public have been accustomed to applaud in our earlier essays. To particularize any of the articles, would be an injury to the others; and we could not venture to quote one passage, without transcribing the whole. We cannot, however, refrain from pointing out a singular fact, in confirmation of a hypothesis which we have often advanced, that the intellectual faculties of the human species are not to be judged of by the bulk of the corporeal frame. We had occasion to see our respectable friend, Oniai, at his Majesty's Levee, and met him more than once afterwards in private society; and though a little dark-complexioned man, scarcely perhaps so tall as ourselves, yet his striking aptitude for information, and the correctness of his general views, so well exemplified in his picturesque account of the joyous reception of the King, augured well for the civilization of the island which gave him birth. We could dilate with pleasure on this subject; but the limits which our publishers have assigned to this Supplement compel us to stop. We may resume the subject in a future number."

THE EDINBURGH MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL.

"Regarding the efficacy of stimulants in chronic diseases, accompanied by derangement of the mental powers, the letters of our correspondents for the last quarter, and from every part of the empire, bear strong testimony. From recent circumstances, too, it would seem that mental stimulants have a more

speedy effect, than those preparations under that name, introduced into the stomach, and mentioned in our Dispensatories: For instance, our letters from New Galloway say, that the fever which had been brought to that town by some Irish vagrants, and which was attended with fatal effects in a great number of cases, totally and suddenly ceased in two days after the Number of Blackwood's Magazine for September arrived there. Our correspondent in Paisley announces the same fact, in a kind of incipient madness, which had prevailed there at intervals for three years, but which was totally checked on the first of October, by the appearance of the Royal Number, which the affected devoured greedily; and the excellent Professor of Medicine in the College of Glasgow publicly declared in his class, at the commencement of the present session, that it had acted as a specific in most cases of *Typhus Radicalis* and *Hydrorexia*.

"In the North of England, we are happy to state, that the Orange fever has been on the decline since the 5th of October; and in the narrow and confined streets of Dublin, inhabited chiefly by the poorer class of citizens, few cases of *Pyro-phagnathus* have occurred since the arrival of the packet with four bales of Blackwood's Magazine.

"The accounts from Manchester and the West of England are equally favourable, no cases of *Phrenitis Radicalis*, or *Delirium Huntia*, having been seen at the hospitals since the 15th of October. The two bad cases of *Insanitas*, accompanied by total loss of memory, which we formerly mentioned as having occurred in August last, at No. 166, High Street, Edinburgh, are the only ones, which, to our knowledge, have resisted the powerful stimulus of the Royal Number. The disease has now assumed the character of low continued fever, which threatens to end in hopeless fatuity. It is needless to mention, that blistering, cupping, and profuse bleeding, had been previously tried by Drs Stevenson and Nimmo, who had been called in on the appearance of the first symptoms, without success;—scarification and the actual cautery had been proposed, but the remedy was thought too harsh. We are happy, however, to state, from the information of the fever-committee, that there is now no danger of the contagion spreading, provided proper precautions are taken, and enforced by the magistrates and others concerned.

"We conclude, with declaring our belief in the efficacy of Blackwood's Magazine, as one of the best stimulants to nervous energy with which we are acquainted; and those to whom the public health is of importance, would do well to give it a fair trial, particularly in *Delirium Constitutionale*, *D. Taxator*, *D. Nobilitas*, *D. Agraria*, *D. Infidelitas*, and the other species of this tantalizing disease."

THE NEW EDINBURGH REVIEW AND PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

"*Blackwood's Magazine*, No. LXVIII.—In our Number for October 1821, at the conclusion of the article on *Mob Power*, we maintained the policy of Royal Visits, and claimed one for Scotland; and, in this instance, we claim the merit of having convinced the Privy-Council, and his Majesty himself, of the propriety of our advice. The result shows that we were not mistaken—the King arrived in the Frith of Forth in the beginning of August last; and if Scotland has been benefited by the presence of her Monarch, we trust the public will not forget the share the conductors of the New Edinburgh Review had in bringing about this desirable event."

"Although much has already been written upon this great theme, with every

* I have seen Mr. Peel, and Sir William Knighton, give a very different account. Not one member of the Privy-Council, we dare say, ever saw the *Phrenological Journal*, and three-fourths of them are not at this moment aware of its existence. I should not be surprised, after this plumper, to find it asserted that the *Phrenological Journal* dictated Bruce's *Travels*, brought home the Elgin Marbles, or was the patron of Don Juan and the Scotch Novels. The *Observer* newspaper mentions, in an admirable paper on Salt, in this same Review, was the true cause of the repeal of the Salt Tax; but we should as soon believe that the worthy editor of that paper, and not the Duke of Wellington, beat the French at Waterloo.

variety of talent, we think that the work before us is of a different class from all its contemporaries, and totally eclipses them all. It is partly didactic, and partly descriptive—partly in prose, and partly in verse—partly humorous, and partly grave—inculcating the noblest lessons in the finest style of reflection, and describing, with great vivacity, perfect truth, and the most generous enthusiasm—scenes which will indeed live long in the memory of the present generation of Scotsmen, but of which even the delighted witnesses must desire to preserve this admirable record. The whole of this incomparable Number, we have been informed, was written by the Great Unknown, with the exception of one paper, at the particular request of his Majesty; and it is said the publisher paid no less than four thousand guineas for the manuscript. We cannot, however, vouch for the truth of this on our own personal knowledge; but, be that as it may, the author's great aim, and he has had the skill to execute his purpose, is to combine a lively description of recent events with the grand moral and political reflections to which they give rise.

"As we are assured that any comment of ours on a work such as this would be worse than superfluous, we give the contents of the Number at full length, assured that the work will be permanently popular—unless, indeed, we have miscalculated the literary taste and the loyal enthusiasm of the country.

"Before closing the delightful subject, however, we would direct the attention of our readers to one paper, strikingly calculated to illustrate the doctrines of Phrenology, which we have elsewhere maintained—we mean the "Royal Days Entertainments, by Omai the Traveller." Knowing that a gentleman, eminently skilled in Phrenology, had examined the development of Omai's head upwards of three years ago, we endeavoured, by a careful analysis of his narrative, to discern what faculties were strong, and what less vigorous in his mind. For instance, finding that he always mentions the ladies with peculiar animation, we were induced to set down the *amative feeling* (that almost universal ingredient in the human male) as not deficient in Omai. His rising in the Parliament House at the Banquet, to make a speech after the Duke of Hamilton had finished his unexpected harangue, and his appearance in Mr Blackwood's shop with a club, when he received a message from Glengarry, shew that *self-esteem*, *combative*, and *destructive*, were in ample proportion. The allusion to his wife in Otaheite, in the verses which he has composed, demonstrate that *individuality* and *philoprogenitiveness* were leading parts of his cerebral organization; and his adoption of the Highland costume at the Levee, his temerity in shaking hands with his Majesty when he embarked, and his companionship with Lord Fife and Mr North, are pretty strong evidences that *colouring*, *self-esteem*, and *adhesiveness*, would be found strongly marked. The red painted waggons of Mr Morton, which he commissioned for the King, his admiration of the mouse-trap, and his efforts at making of nails, shew that he possessed the organ of *acquisitiveness* and *constructiveness*; and his similes and expressions of novelty may, without straining, be thought to indicate *ideality* and *wonder*. Such were the leading features of Omai's head, as they occurred to us, on a careful perusal of his narrative. Let us now see the connection between the inferred development and the real development, as noted by the eminent individual to whom we have alluded, and the present President of the Phrenological Society. The terms of comparison increase in this order—'moderate'—'rather full'—'full'—'large'—'very large'—'extraordinary.'

of Faculties	Size inferred.
1. Amativeness, . . .	full.
2. Combative, . . .	very large.
3. Destructiveness, . . .	full.
1. Individuality, . . .	very large.
5. Philoprogenitiveness,	extraordinary.
6. Colouring, . . .	full.
7. Self-esteem, . . .	very large.
8. Acquisitiveness, . . .	moderate.
9. Adhesiveness, . . .	large.
10. Constructiveness, . . .	moderate.
11. Ideality and wonder,	extraordinary.
12. Wit, . . .	unascertained.

Size ascertained.
I examined the head of Omai the traveller, and found it to be an oblate spheroid, without any distinctive mark, other than a gnomon-like excrescence about the middle, and a gash a little further down, resembling the scar in a turnip, which had been produced by growing close to a sharp stone.

LOUSETRAPIUS.

"On comparing the previous sketch with the result of the examination, we were rather disappointed at the result, although Omai's case, as well as Haggart's, afforded peculiar facilities for establishing the doctrine. The author of the 'Gathering of the West' politely refused to allow his head to be manipulated by the same hands that so successfully developed the cerebral organization of Haggart the murderer. However, we hope our successors in the Phrenological Society, if he dies within Britain, will not fail to secure his head, as well as that of the Great Unknown, for the benefit of science. Professor Leslie's and Mr Tickler's may not be unworthy of looking after, with the same view, when they shall have 'shuffled off this mortal coil.' The head of the author of the 'Sorrows of the Stot,' if the whole Number be not the work of the Great Unknown, should display a superabundance of the organs of wit, ideality, veneration, and righteousness, with respectable bumps of combativeness and destructiveness, which we have no doubt the Scotsman finds to his cost. We had a great deal more equally instructive to say on this subject, but we must conclude at present with recommending to our readers, if they wish to be good subjects and good men, to study with earnestness the Royal Number of Blackwood's Magazine, and regularly take out the New Edinburgh Review."

THE CHRISTIAN MONITOR.

"Honour the King." 1 Pet. ii. 17. Various have been the opinions of divines, in different ages; upon the import of these words. In the original Greek, the word *τιμω*—honour, laus,—implies, honour, esteem, and respect; and when, as in the words which we have quoted, this honour, esteem, and respect, is taken in connection with the other clause of the sentence, *HONOUR THE KING*, this by no means implies, that the honour, esteem, and respect of subjects is required in the same degree to foreign or outlandish magistrates, but is only required by the Apostle to the reigning Sovereign, under whom we are for the time. But whether this honour, esteem, and respect is due to all and every King, whatever may be his public or private character. (a proposition which a paper called the Scotsman, and circulated among the unlearned, doubteth,) or whether this honour, esteem, and respect, is necessarily limited to a King worthy of them, has long been a matter of argument among commentators. (See Euseb. St August. and Horsley, *in loco*.) We hope we do not err in giving it as our opinion, that honour, esteem, and respect, are eminently due to the first magistrate of every country where a contrary conduct would be unsafe; but, in our own country, primarily to the Protestant succession, established at the Revolution in 1688, and eminently to the person of his present most gracious Majesty, the most entire honour, esteem, and respect, are justly due. Though it becomes all men, generally speaking, to be sober-minded, yet there are times when a little relaxation of spirit is pardonable; and we know no book where this relaxation and hilarity is so becomingly illustrated in practical lessons, as in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine for September last, written upon occasion of his Majesty's royal Progress to his ancient Kingdom, and his visit to our National Church. The paper, however, in that Number, entitled "Noctes Ambrosianae," which, to weak minds, may seem an apology for indulging in profane merriment, promiscuous dancing, and excess in spirituous liquors, should be torn out, or the pages pinned up, before putting it into the hands of the thoughtless."

EDINBURGH PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

"Blackwood's Magazine, No. LXVIII.—It is scarcely within our province to notice publications not professedly scientific; but, though we cannot entirely convince our judgment of its propriety, we gratify our feelings by announcing, as one of the fruits of his Majesty's late visit, the publication of the sixty-eighth or Royal Number, of Mr Blackwood's unrivalled Magazine. This most excellent publication, to which every man of talent in the country has occasionally contributed, and which is even said to have been the vehicle of some admired essays from Royalty itself, frequently contains important though detached notices on subjects of uncommon interest; and in the Number which

we have just mentioned, there is an admirable paper on the comparative warmth and decency of breeches and kilts. When we read the Sketches of our respected friend Colonel Stewart of Garth, we were almost convinced, that the phylabeg was better adapted than any species of clothing hitherto invented for withstanding the extremes of heat and cold. We did not advert at that time to the circumstance, that the Colonel's excellent observations applied only to naked Highlanders, to whom the slightest shade of clothing might be deemed a luxury; but since we have read the "Letter from a Goth to a Celt," our views have entirely changed, and we now feel more than ever attached to breeches, whether considered as objects of art, or bulwarks of morality.

"The narrative of our ingenious friend Eree Omai, too, is curious, as shewing the effects of education and civilization upon an intelligent foreigner, from an island which has been discovered within the memory of man. Nothing so interesting in the natural history of the human species has occurred since the appearance of the Esquimaux, who, however, was infinitely removed in point of intelligence from our respectable friend. We hope to be able to give the article entire, with our remarks, in a future Number; together with the description of some minerals which he brought us from Otaheite, and which do not appear to have been noticed by the French mineralogists. We hope, also, to be able, by that time, to communicate some particulars regarding the Society of Arts in Otaheite, for which we drew up some regulations, at Omai's request, upwards of three years ago, and which he undertook to establish by the extensive influence of his family among the native tribes."

EDINBURGH EVENING COURANT.

"We are happy to announce a new edition of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, for September, last; which we recommend, as containing a lively picture of the feelings which prevailed among all classes of our fellow subjects upon his Majesty's visit, and the hearty "welcome to Auld Reikie" which he then received.—See *Advertisement*."

CALEDONIAN MERCURY.

"*Blackwood's Magazine, No. LXVIII. 2d Edition.*—In the present dearth of continental intelligence, we cannot do better than call the public attention to the new edition of Blackwood's Magazine now announced. Nothing extraordinary has occurred in Edinburgh, since the union of the two kingdoms, of more importance to its citizens than the Royal Visit of his Majesty to his ancient Capital, and the publication of this unrivalled work, if we except the reduction of the police assessment from 1s. 6d. to 1s. in the pound, for which the public are indebted to the late commissioners. Though we happen to differ on some minor points of political economy from the writers of this celebrated journal, we shall ever remember the display of loyalty exhibited on this auspicious visit, and the transparent metaphorical expressions of joy which lighted up every window and every countenance on that occasion. We venture to doubt, however, though the Courier asserted the fact, that the publication of the Royal Number raised the funds two per cent; but we assert nothing positively upon the subject, as our private letters make no mention of the occurrence. We may again advert to the circumstance, when we have ascertained its possibility, by a reference to Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations,—a book we have frequently occasion to quote, as containing much sound information, and the edition of which, in four volumes, we hold to be one of the very best works ever published in this country. The reader who wishes to possess this invaluable book will recollect, that Buchanan's edition is the one we universally refer to. Of Blackwood's Royal Number, the contents, which will be found at length in our first page, will be the best recommendation.—See *Advertisement*."

THE EDINBURGH ADVERTISER.

"*LITERATURE.*—*Blackwood's Magazine, No. LXVIII., Second Edition.*—In our first page, our readers will see an advertisement of the LXVIIIth, or Royal Number, of this respectably-conducted and entertaining Miscellany, with Vol. XIII.

the contents inserted at full length. This supersedes, in a great measure, what we intended to say upon this valuable work, which is advertised oftener in our Journal than the Edinburgh Review of late; and we always judge of books by this criterion. Dr Solomon's esteemed work, which he describes as of great service in certain diseases, and the Balm of Gilead, we wish to see as often as we can. In common with the greater part of our fellow-subjects, we regularly take out Blackwood's Magazine whenever its announcement appears in our paper;—and the Royal Number, as it is called, is, as far as we are able to judge, equal to any thing we have ever read in print. The descriptions of Omai, the South-Sea Islander—(he was pointed out to us by Mr Murphy, at the Cross, on Wednesday)—are given in his own native style, which is considerably different from the late Principal Robertson's; and the "Gathering of the West" is said to be written by the author of the "Ayrshire Legatees." If that be the case, it is of course good. "The Sorrows of the poor old Stot," as the Scotsman is now announced for Wednesday and Saturday, it is not our business to increase; we leave that to the gentlemen who publish on those days; but *experientia docet Scotibus*, as Colloquius says in his *Cordery*,—that is, a twice-a-week paper is no joke if it do not sell. We shall not enter at present into the "Glengarry Controversy," as we heard our worthy Sheriff was displeased at its appearing in a contemporary, and we would avoid giving unnecessary offence. As loyal subjects, however, we recommend the work as worthy of a careful perusal; and we mention, for the information of our country readers, that it may be had in most of the market towns for threepence a-night, a price which we think very reasonable."

THE EDINBURGH WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

"The Royal Number of Blackwood's Magazine is just now advertised to a second edition—the first, of no less than 50,000 copies, as we have been informed, being out of print. If we were not afraid of giving offence to some respectable friends, we should have inserted several extracts from this amusing and instructive publication, which contains more wit and humour, and even information, within its covers, than many quartos of ten times the bulk and twenty times the value. In saying this, we by no means wish to reflect upon publication of a similar nature, of which it has happened us to have some experience; but we know that Mr Blackwood pays more for a single sheet of his respectable work, than we have had for a volume twice as thick, and ten times as heavy, as any two of his. Though much inclined, therefore, to give extracts, we cannot at present spare room, as matters of more importance to the general welfare of Europe—our own observations on the Congress at Vienna—demand our attention, and that of the public. As a specimen of Asiatic manners, however, we cannot help thinking the narrative of Omai curious, and powerfully corroborating what is said of the Friendly Islanders, in a book lately published, entitled, History of the European Discoveries in Asia, in three volumes 8vo., written by a gentleman of this city, of whom we have a very high opinion."

"When the first edition of the Royal Number appeared, we were not so much disposed as now to give an opinion on the article entitled "The Sorrows of the Stot," partly from friendship to the great political Economist, to whom we thought the article alluded; but now, since that gentleman has left the Scotsman Newspaper, and that it is announced to be published twice a-week, not one of these days Wednesday, we cannot, in justice to our selves, but say, that the article in question is a very clever, sensible, mild, and amiable expostulation, with a disloyal junta, and such as we would have written our selves had not Mr Blackwood taken up the subject. With his permission, we shall print it in our paper some day soon; as we observed that the present editors of the Scotsman did not wear heath in their hats, nor smiled, so long as his Majesty continued with us in Edinburgh, while we sold our large and loyal bouquet for a boon to an honest woman at Stockbridge for twopence, to sweep her shop, after his Majesty's royal departure."

THE EDINBURGH STAR.

"Blackwood's Magazine for September.—We gave ourselves credit for being very particular in mentioning every thing that occurred during his Majesty's

late most welcome visit to the Modern Athens, and we thought we had even exhausted the subject. But the publication of this number of the *Magazine* has shewn us, that much as we supposed we had done, much more remained of which we were not aware, though had the same topics occurred to us in the same light, it is very probable that we should have treated them in the same manner. As we should not like to hurt the sale of this work, which, moreover, is said to have been written by the Author of *Waverley*, by going over the ground again, we take the liberty of referring to the contents of the number in the advertisement below, and to mention, that it is the general and almost exclusive subject of conversation among the first society of Edinburgh, and that the newspapers in the reading-rooms and coffee-houses are almost totally neglected for this attractive brochure.

"It would be unjust to a very meritorious institution not to mention, that those who are waiting for copies till the new edition is printed, which we understand is now in the press, may have an opportunity of seeing it, for a very small rate subscription, in the Reading-Room, Merchant's-Hall, Hunter's Square, where are also to be seen a greater variety of newspapers than in any institution of a similar kind in the three kingdoms. It is not perhaps generally known, that the worthy conductor of this establishment has also spare rooms for the sale of his estate for sales of property, extremely commodious for men of business, and that regular subscribers have the use of a water-closet below stairs, the convenience worth more than the money asked, and of incalculable benefit to all persons visiting Edinburgh, either for business or pleasure."

THE SCOTSMAN.

Some of our readers may have heard that there is a detestable book published in Edinburgh under the name of *Blackwood's Magazine*. There is not a word of truth in it from beginning to end. The writers are all paid by government to headwink the people, and laugh them out of their liberty. This we know for a fact; else, why the secret visits of Mr North to Dalkieth Palace during the late visitation of the King, and the abuse of the mild and virtuous patriot and accomplished gentleman who established this work for the benefit of the public, and sold it at the moderate profit of a farthing per number, which we honestly declare is all that has been made by it for the last three years.

We have seen, by chance, the September Number of this work, and have only to say, that no person who reads the *Scotsman* should ever look into it. The insidious flattery of the King, who, as all our readers know, is but a man, much disgusting; and the conduct of the people on a late occasion, gave but too much occasion to our enemies to triumph. It was little to the honour of the thinking part of the community, that so many seemed glad at an event which must cost them so many privations in the shape of new taxes. The city banquet, too, and all the unnecessary and wasteful expence of equipages for the Town-Council, it is easy to demonstrate, must be subtracted from your weekly earnings. Even those who should have been with us, forgot for a time their radical interests, and shamefully and disgracefully humbled themselves before Royalty at Holyrood-house. We blush to write it; for we were not there—not we—but in our silent apartments mourned the miseries of our ruined country. We could not look at shows which we knew must be paid for by the widow and the orphan; nor hear of banquets with patience, devoured by swindlers, phlegm, and emptionists.

From this time we resolved to reduce the price of the *Scotsman* from ten-pence to sixpence, the present price of a quartern loaf—only publishing twice a-week in place of once—so that the public in future might have for four-pence what we charged twenty-pence for before. The rise is thus nothing, when the additional quantity of information which will be given is considered, and we shall be actually losers by the measure. But the good of our suffering fellow-citizens is above every thing to us; and supposing the price of oatmeal to be fourteen-pence, and that seven respectable individuals agree to take one copy of our paper, and pass it to one another on Saturday and Sunday in succession, it is quite evident that the additional expence to each person will not much exceed per week a single half-penny, or a quarter of a pound of meal, and this deducted from the porridge or ale pot, can make but a small and im-

perceptible difference in the quantity used by each person or family. Or if there be any of our readers (a supposition which we will not hastily indulge) who can for a moment hesitate to abridge his meals to that trifling extent, for the mass of moral and political information which fills our pages, if he have a family, let him keep a child from school, or without shoes, for only one quarter, and the same result follows. For it is a notorious fact, that schoolmasters are too well paid, as well as the clergymen of the establishment, and that children are generally more disposed to play than learning.

"One word more. In the book to which we have alluded in the beginning of this article, and which is sold to the rich for the monstrous price of half-a-crown, there is an article entitled, "The Sorrows of the Scot." We do not pretend to misunderstand the nature of this attack, and we shall meet the writer manfully. We are accused of saying one thing one week and contradicting ourselves the next, and so on. But we appeal to the experience of our readers, if it be possible, on any given Saturday, to recollect all that we have said or done on the Saturday preceding; and we maintain, that hissing and groaning, and contemptuous silence, is as good loyalty as cheering and eating, and not by one-half so expensive. Besides, James Ballantyne has not yet condescended to tell us why he prints Blackwood's Magazine, the Weekly Journal, and the novels of the Author of Waverley, though we have asked him again and again. Neither has Sir Walter Scott accounted to us for his appointment as Deputy-lieutenant of Roxburghshire, his visits to the King, and his other private transactions. When these gentlemen come forward with their answers, then we will tell them why our printers have given us up, — why we determined to publish twice a-week, and take in advertisements to help our sale, — and why the great political economist found it more profitable to write for the Edinburgh Review, for which he is paid, than for the Scotsman, which paid him nothing.

"We have received four pence half-penny for the use of the Greek, which will be appropriated accordingly to the good cause."

EDINBURGH EPISCOPAL MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

"We understand, that at the late Convocation of the Bishops of our Scottish Episcopal Church, held at Aberdeen, it was unanimously agreed upon, that at their next visitation they should urge among their dioceses the necessity of reading Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, as the best antidote against the unconstitutional and infidel publications circulated by the enemies of God, with so much assiduity, and recommend to every priest and deacon under his jurisdiction, to be possessed of at least one copy for the use of their respective flocks."

THE FARMER'S MAGAZINE.

"*Blackwood's Magazine* No. LXXVIII.—It is perhaps not unknown to some of our readers, that we furnished the agricultural reports for this celebrated Magazine at its first commencement, and before it had attained to its present character and extensive circulation. We therefore hold ourselves entitled to recommend this work, got up by the Intellectual Interest, as a desirable addition to every farmer's library, and particularly the number for September last, which contains no views hostile to the Agricultural Interest of this kingdom. We recommend it particularly as an excellent intellectual compost, and peculiarly favourable to the germination of the seeds of loyalty, religion, and good feeling, in those minds which are not sadly overcropped, or otherwise deteriorated by unskillful management.

"Ye generous Britons venerate the plough,
And honour Blackwood's Royal Number too."

THE EDINBURGH WEEKLY JOURNAL.

"*Blackwood's Magazine*, Royal Number, Second Edition.—We do not think it decorous, on common occasions, to criticize contemporary periodical publications, whether daily, hebdomadary, or enlightening the intellectual hemisphere.

* Well, I say, Scot! There is frodistry with a watter."

once a-month, like 'the silver orb of night.' In this particular case, however, we hope we shall stand excused with our friends for obtruding on their notice (if obtrusion it can be called) the Second Edition of the Royal Number of Mr Blackwood's Magazine, published on the joyous occasion of his most Gracious Majesty's paternal Visit to the ancient Capital of his royal ancestors. We have heard it asserted in more than one respectable quarter, and by those who, we presume, should have known better, that the whole of this intellectual treat was written by the GREAT UNKNOWN. The delay of the publication of Peveril of the Peak may, with plausibility, be supposed to have had some share in giving rise to this absurd rumour; but we should be far from doing justice to the claims of imperative truth, did we allow the idle story to circulate further, without the most positive and unqualified contradiction. That number of Mr Blackwood's Magazine, whatever may be the towering ability which it displays (and there can be no doubt that it is characterized by a happy exhibition of talents of the first order), *was not wholly written by the very eminent personage, who is usually discriminated from the herd of ordinary writers, by the title of the Great Unknown.* He is 'himself alone;' and though the writers in this wonderful periodical have shewn themselves capable of 'exhausting worlds,' and then 'imagining new ones,' yet, having heard the report, we feel the imperious necessity of setting the public right. Further, perhaps, it is not necessary for us to say any thing; but in our 'mind's eye,' the Royal Number of Mr Blackwood's Magazine will long remain a brilliant monument of the genius and talent that shone with such effulgent brightness at the Court of Holyrood! So 'May the King live for ever; it will be the better for all of us, my boys!'

THE EDINBURGH OBSERVER.

Blackwood's Royal Number.—We have just read over for the third time, without an interval, the second edition of this excessively splendid and interesting picture of the feelings and doings of our countrymen. We need not repeat what we said upon occasion of its first appearance. Our sentiments regarding it are still unchanged, and will never change; and those who have not the good fortune to possess the series of our paper for the Royal fortnight, would do well to avail themselves of the present opportunity of buying No. 68. of Blackwood, of which we hear 50,000 are now printed. In addition to what was formerly said, however, we may be pardoned for remarking, that our predictions regarding 'The Sorrows of the Scot' have been remarkably verified. The Scotsman has, we understand from good authority, now sunk so much in public esteem, that its proprietors have determined to lower its price, and try it twice a-week, before finally giving it up. As lovers of our King and country, we rejoice that the trade of masking the ignorant has not proved a lucrative one—and we are happy to hear that the tread-mill in Bowdell goes on to admiration.

While on the subject of periodical publications, we cannot avoid noticing the 6th Number of the New Edinburgh Review, and calling the attention of the public to that work. It seems, however, to have attracted more attention in the highest quarter, for we observe, in a note to p. 571, that his Majesty was induced to visit Scotland solely from the modest hints given his Ministers in this work; and we happen to know that the Salt Tax, and the Malt Tax, were repealed in consequence of the observations of the excellent writers of that book. It is particularly fortunate for the country, that men possessing such influence in the Cabinet, and in Parliament, are always disposed to exert it with moderation and prudence. Such excessive and unconstitutional power, however, is really dangerous; and if they should take it into their heads to repeal the Union, emancipate the Catholics, or interfere in the affairs of Portugal and Spain, the country might be placed in very critical circumstances."

GLASGOW CHRONICLE.

"After all this, can any rational creature hesitate about adopting our opinion? From the mass of evidence now adduced, the whole world *must* be satisfied

that, as we indeed had all along suspected, this precious Christopher North, Esquire, is one and the same person with MRS GRANT OF LAGGAN. We wish the old girl much joy of her versatility,—and no more disclaimers, if you please, Madam!!!!

GLASGOW SENTINEL.

“No, fore gad, *truth* is a jewel—EBONY is *really* prime—hang up this number. The miserable, *rascally* Hamilton *Humbugs* must be in a fine *stew*. Ware *whip*, you dogs—but the whole *race* of you will soon be viridicated.”

* Nothing of Spalding YET & Ah, you *here*, look to your *hits*!

THE EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE.

“Some of the faithful have been taken unawares this month, by the publication of an extraordinary work, entitled, The Royal Magazine of Blackwood, which has been seen in many, very many parlours, by the authors of the present address, in company with much better books, and even in the hands of babes. This is a work we never sit down to read, though we generally happen to see it in the shop of Brother Suivel. We are credibly informed, however, that it sells to a great extent—a great extent, indeed—even among the serious; and that the profits, the real sterling profits, are immense, and beyond calculation. It is also said to be loyal and religious—yet, even an enemy to infidel principles, and infidel Reviews. If so, though we cannot conscientiously recommend it to the exclusion of the Evangelical Magazine, yet, if other Magazines or Reviews are to be read, (and we fear they must,) that would be the book we should point out—trusting that our recommendation may have the effect of inducing Mr Blackwood, who they say is a very liberal man—a very liberal man indeed—to dedicate the profits of one Number to the support of ministers, the erection of chapels, and other good works. With this hint, we take leave of our readers for another month.”

LITERARY CHRONICLE.

“As a record of the opinions and observations of the greatest man that ever lived, (this is blarney with a witness from a Cockney!) on one of the most important events to Scotland that ever adorned her history, this Number (our Royal Number) is invaluable.”

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

“We honestly believe that there is scarcely a man now living, and arrived at the years of discretion, who does not regularly take out this amusing Magazine.”

LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

“The prevailing colour this month is tartan: the Christopher bonnet is universally worn; and the hair is arranged most becomingly à-la-North, with brilliants in the form of a St Andrew's Cross.”

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

“Blackwood's Magazine for September has been published since our last, and is brim-full of loyalty on the King's Visit to Scotland. We knew something of Courts many years ago, and shall only say, that his Majesty's Ministers might have availed themselves of our services, had they so wished. The whole Number is full of wit, humour, and learning, beyond common. The atoms of talent which float in the intellectual atmosphere, seem to have left the old city, and to have concentrated themselves, from some secret cause which philosophers may yet discover, over Prince's Street, which is now the Paternoster-Row of Edinburgh. On this principle, any measure of ability which the Royal Number displays may be easily accounted for.”

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

"We have to apologize to our readers for departing from our ordinary and established rule in noticing any Periodical; but Blackwood's Magazine, especially the Royal Number, the advertisement of the Second Edition of which is this day in our columns, may justify worse transgressions. We are glad to see such a display of loyalty and talent united. In a former volume, we demonstrated that the 'Ayrshire Legatees' must have been written by the Author of the Scottish Novels, and we think we can perceive the same pen in the present Number. It is also certain, that the appearance of 'Peveril of the Peak' has been unaccountably delayed. A sketch of the story on which this celebrated writer is supposed to have founded his tale, was given in a former Number.

"We have seen a few sheets of Mr Southey's new work, and we have no hesitation in saying, that he is no less eminent as a historian, than as a poet and a biographer."

The other English periodicals are all equally loud in our praise. Our steady friend, *The Courier*, lauds us to the skies—*The New Times* eulogises our immortal Magazine in good set phrases—*The Sun* lends its rays to light us to the Temple of Fame—*The Star* wastes its feeble glimmer in our service; and there is nothing else but Blackwood in *The Globe*. The minor publications, (for we have not room even to name the tenth part of the cry) exhaust the hyperboles of Cockney phrase to do us homage; and the towns and provincial papers of England revere the name of North from county to county, as the supporter of the Throne, and the Protector of the People.

The Scottish provincial papers, too, are almost unanimous in our praise;—one terms us "the immortal North;" another calls us "the terror of Radicals;" a third designates us as the "Champion of Religion;" and even the *Aberdeen Chronicle*, forgetting for a moment its usual rancour and vulgarity, views with complacency our Royal Number, and only bewails its own decreasing sale.

We must not lead our public to believe, however, that we have no enemies for this would not be true. No, we have still a few in the low supporters of Radicalism, and the enemies of public morals, public order, and public men. Even these, since the King's appearance, and the publication of the Royal Number, have sadly changed their tone; and our mild and manly way of expressing ourselves has polished even the style of the lowest execrations of the press. We are now termed only "rigidly righteous;" our morality is said to be "too stern and severe;" and our political principles "too unaccommodating," by those who, before being tamed into gentility

by our example, would have exhausted the slang of Billingsgate or Newgate against us in the multifarious terms of vulgar abuse.

Our warm-hearted friends in Ireland are, as usual, loud in their joy, and tumultuous in their applause; and much of the present quiet of the sister island is most truly attributed, in the Irish newspapers, to the universal circulation of Blackwood's Magazine, and the temperate and manly firmness of the present Lord Lieutenant. The Royal Number, from the immense quantity that Mr Ballantyne has to print, and the delay of the packets from contrary winds, being a few days later than usual in reaching the Emerald Isle, had well nigh roused the people to tumult. A Kilkenny county meeting, on the spur of the occasion, resolved, with the usual impatience of Irishmen, "that a subscription should be immediately opened for making a road, on the M'Adams plan, between Donaghadee and Portpatrick;" and a meeting at Antrim "agreed to petition Mr North, that his January Number should be published in December."

The *Chamney News Letter* mentions, in a very well written article, that it was entirely through the inadvertence of our parents that we were not born in Ireland; for that the O'Norths of Ballynafad must have been our progenitors, and, of course, that we must be completely Irish, though born on the north side of the Tweed. This last circumstance might be thought conclusive in favour of the Land of Cakes, but Mr Murdoch O'Reilly, who has published a handsome octavo on the subject, argues, with great sincerity, "that though we were born in a stable, it did not necessarily follow that we should be a horse."—But the "Beauties of Ireland" next month.

We intended to have made a selection from the flattering compliments received from the foreign universities ; but this is the less necessary since the publication of the "Corona" of Professor Schneiderkopff of Leyden, in fifteen volumes folio, with annotations, in which the chief of these are inserted, and to which we refer.

The sensation excited in France by the appearance of the Royal Number of "Le Grand Magasin," as one of our translators (M. Chateaubriand, it is supposed) terms it, has not been exceeded by any thing since the entrance of the allied army into Paris. Poor old Louis forgot his gout for a week to read us ; and when the "L'Etoile du Nord," as another translator names our Magazine, was published at Lyons, its appearance was hailed by rustic

dances, family meetings, universal rejoicings, and bumpers of the best wines in France turned up "à la santé du Christophe le Grand."

In Germany, Poland, and Russia, THE MAGAZINE is equally esteemed, no less than twenty-seven printed editions, Mr Perthes of Hamburgh writes us, made their appearance at the last Leipsic fair, besides the nine regularly translated into German with Mr Blackwood's permission. One thousand copies are privately sent monthly to the Grand Signior, which as many learned Jews translate into the Turk's language ; and if ever the Ottoman power be destined to rise in the scale of civilization, there is no question but this must be solely attributed to the beneficial effects of THE MAGAZINE.

Want of room obliges us to omit the names of the New Books, respectively.

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, 17, PRINCE'S STREET, EDINBURGH;
AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON;

To whom Communications ought particularly to be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

JAMES BALLANTYNE & CO. PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

* * We have been requested by Dr Phillpotts to notice an Error in the first Edition of his Letter to Mr Jeffrey, which we copied in our last Number. In p. 7, (page 52 of our Magazine,) he speaks of the Reviewer, as “denouncing *all* living Bishops, *in the gross*, for living sumptuously,” &c. Whereas the Reviewer’s words do not necessarily apply to *all*. In the subsequent Editions it is corrected thus: “denouncing Bishops of the present day for living sumptuously,” &c.

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OF DANTÉ, AND HIS TIMES.

THE lovers of sentiment and Italian literature generally turn, most unjustly, their exclusive attention to Petrarch; and seem to regard Dante as a sublime but repulsive genius, untouched by those tender passions, of which he has so justly and so justly complained. It is very generally supposed, that the Beatrice whom Dante has so fondly and so beautifully immortalized, was but a mere abstract personification of Theology; and that if he ever had known a female of the name, it was at an age when both must have been unsuitable of more than childish attachment. Beatrice Portinari, however, born at the same time nearly with the poet, died at the age of twenty-six; which leaves ample space to the poet for the rapturous dream of first love. How much deeper his passion was than that of Petrarch, may be judged not only from the poetry, but the character of both; from the bold, indignant spirit of Dante, that throws into shade the feeble pliancy of his successor. But what is singular with regard to Dante, is, that the most ardent temperament, the most glowing poetical spirit on record, should have been also the most pure of imagination. Owing, perhaps, as much to his early loss and subsequent misfortune, as to his original disposition, his love is the very ideal of the passion. Others have sung their impotent desires and dreams of bliss, the pangs of absence, and the pleasures

of possession. Numerous are the poets of love-song and elegy; but Dante alone has consecrated the memory of first and of lost love. He alone elevated the passion into a devotion and a religion, and pursued the object of his affection even to the heavens.

It would be idle here seeking to prove what must be evident to every one that has read the "*Vita Nuova*," that Beatrice was a real personage, a living love. This work was undertaken by Dante soon after the death of Beatrice, to console himself for her loss. It is an allegorical but tender history of his passion, in which he introduces all the poetical effusions which he had previously addressed to his mistress. Not contented with this record of his love, he promises, in the same work, yet to compose another in her honour; "in which he will say things of her that never have been said before of woman." Whence it is not only evident that Dante had thoughts of his great work so early as this, (1295,) but that its original end was the same with that of the "*Vita Nuova*," to celebrate his Beatrice. Notwithstanding this, it must be confessed, that, like many of his brethren both of the world and of the muse, the poet became once or twice oblivious of his "deported saint." However, as we have the knowledge of these weaknesses, principally from his own confession; and as Beatrice, in the very act of accusing him, mentions

* In the "*Vita Nuova*," as well as in the "*Purgatorio*," where he makes Bonagiunta of Lucca address him thus:—

"Femmina è nata, e non porta ancor beatà,
Commo ci è che ti farà piacere
La mia città, come ch'uom la riprenda."—*Canto* 24.

them as slight,* we may very well follow her example. Many powerful causes in the mind of the poet contributed, no doubt, along with the original one of sentiment, to extend and complete the "Commedia." In the famous passage of the "Convito," so often quoted, he confesses his exiled state and poverty as one great incentive :—

"It has pleased the citizens of Florence, of that beautiful and celebrated daughter of Rome, to cast me forth from her bosom, where I was born and nourished all my life, and where it is my earnest wish, if she permit it, to rest my wearied spirit, and linger out the little time that there is left me. In every country where our tongue is known, have I presented myself, wandering, and almost a beggar, displaying the wounds that fortune has inflicted on me, and the blame of which is ever unjustly flung upon the sufferer. I have been truly like a vessel without sail or rudder, cast upon strange shores and harbours by the rigorous wind of poverty and misfortune, and have appeared to the eyes of many, who, from my renown, had formed of me a far different idea; and the miserable spectacle I offered, not only degraded my person, but diminished even the value of my works.— It is therefore I wish to elevate these to the utmost of my abilities both in thought and in style, that they may possess the more weight and authority."

From this pathetic appeal we perceive how much wounded pride urged him to exertion; and his indignation against his country, (for he was seldom in the soft, forgiving mood of the above quotation,) his *splendida bilis*, must have been another powerful excitement.† These, however, can be considered but as auxiliary causes. The principal feature in the "Divina Commedia," is its being a monument to the memory of his first love. This was the original thought, which, swelled and modified by the peculiar circumstances of the poet's life, his philosophic acquirements, and melancholy habits, produced the noble work on which so

much ink and admiration have been shed.

Wishing to introduce Dante to our readers in some other light than that commonly received and repulsive one of his being the poet of Hell, we have somewhat anticipated the course of biography. Durante Alighieri, or more briefly and familiarly, Dante, was born in May, 1265, under a lucky horoscope, according to the observations of his preceptor, Brunetto Latini—the sun being then in Gemini. Nor was his mother, if we credit Boccaccio, without a dream prophetic of his future renown. The biographers of the poet having thus ushered him into the world with a due accompaniment of prodigies, proceed, in the same spirit of veracity, to assign to him an illustrious race of ancestors. Villani and others mention him as descended from the Frangipani, a family renowned for having been the most effective destroyers of the Colosseum. In seeking to establish for the poet the honour of noble birth, they certainly but follow his own intimations. From a passage in the *Inferno*, it is supposed by some, that Dante considered himself one of the descendants of the ancient Romans :—

"In cui riviva la sementa santa
Di quei Roman," &c.—*Canto 15.*

Though not altogether conclusive of itself, the passage is nearly so, when joined with the numerous others in which he attacks the *nuova gente*—the new comers—to whom he attributes in several places all the misfortunes of his country :—

"La gente nuova, e i subiti guadagni,
Orgoglio, e dismisura han generata,
Fiorenza, in te," &c.

Canto 16.—Inferno.

And,

"Sempre la confusione delle persone
Principio fu del mal della cittade," &c.
Canto 16.—Paradiso.

"Si tosto, come in su la soglia fui
Di mia seconda etade e mutai vita,
Questi si tolse a me, e diessi altrui," &c.

Purg. Canto 30.

And

"Mai non t'appresentò natura od arte
Piacere, quanto le belle membre in ch'io
Rinchiusa fui, e che son terra sparte."

Purg. Canto 31.

He could scarcely hope, although in a poetic moment he has uttered such, that his containing so much bitterness against his countrymen, could ever conciliate or induce them to recall him from exile.

Cacciaguida, whose son, Alighieri, (so called from his mother, a noble Ferrarese of the name,) was the great-grandfather of the poet, is the chosen ancestor whom he addresses in Paradise. This Cacciaguida, whom Lionardi Aretino styles Cavaliere Fiorentino, was, we may suppose, among the most honourable of their family. In his conversation with Dante, he ambiguously says, that it is better to be silent than to speak of his ancestors :—

“ Basti di miei maggiori udire questo :
Chi ci si furo e onde venner quivi,
Più è tacer, che ragionare, onesto.”

Paradiso, Canto 16.

And it still is a doubt with commentators, whether this *onesto* should be interpreted to the credit or discredit of Cacciaguida's ancestors. There can be no doubt, however, that the poet was born of respectable parents, and was left by his father, who died, his son being yet a child, in easy circumstances. He was brought up by his mother, Bella; and her care, as well as his affluence and respectability, is proved by his having had for preceptor, Brunetto Latini, the most celebrated man of learning then in Florence. But his elevation to the priorship is erroneously advanced by many as a proof of the poet's rank—the law* declaring that no noble, or cavalier, or one attached to any such families, was eligible to that office. Moreover, the number of priors being twelve, and these changed every two months, it is rather a proof of Dante's mediocrity of circumstances, if it be not attributed to his age, that he was chosen so late. It is also remarkable, that the contemporary historians, Villani and Dino Compagni, eye-witnesses of the troubles of these times, and the latter more than once Prior, in their relations of the very events of Dante's priorship, never once mention his name. It is only at a later date they recur to the active part taken by the poet during the time of his magistracy.

The next disputable point in the poet's life, is his love of Beatrice, which we have in part discussed. It is not to be denied, that once or twice he con-

found her spirit with some divine personification; but it is equally evident, that the Beatrice whom he meets in Paradise, is the Beatrice of his early and human passion :—

———“ Men che dramma
Di sangue m'è rimasa, che non tremi;
Conosco i segni dell' antica fiamma.”

Purg. Canto 31.

Nor is it worth while to mention the assertion of Boccaccio, who makes a Decameron of every thing, in which he declares Beatrice to have been married. He even mentions the name, Simon dei Bardi. Mr Simon may have married a Beatrice, and Boccaccio may thence have taken his story; but such an idea it is impossible to reconcile with the “ Vita Nuova,” and other writings of Dante. The poet met his Beatrice, he himself informs us, at nine years of age; and his passion, of course, gave birth to his muse. “ *Con questa donna mi celai alquanti anni, e mesi, e feci per lei certe cosette per rima.*” The “ certain little things for rhyme,” however, bespeak knowledge acquired from the perusal of other volumes than ladies eyes. Besides the philosophic and scholastic acquirements which enabled him afterwards to gain the prize of controversy in the University of Paris, music and painting, we know, also shared his attention; and Cassella, whom he introduces so beautifully in the commencement of the Purgatory, is said to have been his master in the former art. Whether Dante knew Greek, has been as much debated as whether Shakespeare knew Latin. Pelli thinks he was acquainted with that language, and quotes in proof many terms, such as *perìoma, entomata*, &c. in the *Commedia*, which Dante might have easily gleaned from Latin translations. Maffei holds the opinion contrary to Pelli, which is the more probable. Dante was certainly deeply read in Aristotle; but from the rarity both of Greek books and Greek knowledge, as well as from the frequent confutations of Averroes, it is likely that he studied the Stagyrte through the medium of a translation from the Arabic.† The extent of his acquaintance with the La-

* It may be alleged in contradiction, that this law, with the others passed by Giano della Bella, was repealed on his expulsion in 1294. It however sufficiently proves out of what rank in life the Priors were to be chosen.

† Frederick the Second, and his successor, Manfred, caused many works of Aristotle to be translated from the Arabic.

tin classics could be easily marked out. In the commencement of his great work, he enumerates four great poets in addition to Virgil and himself, (for he was not without a just opinion of his own importance)—these are Homer, Horace, Ovid, and Lucan. The first he knew merely by fame, and the second, notwithstanding the honourable place assigned him, Dante seems either to have not read or not enjoyed. After Virgil, Ovid, Lucan, and Statius were his favourites; and in this preference he was followed not only by his countrymen, but by Chaucer and our early poets. Nothing can be more *naïve* than the question which Statius puts to Virgil respecting his poetical brethren.

"Dimmi, dov'è Terenzio no-stro amico,
Cecilio, Plauto, e Varro, se lo sai;
Dimmi, se son dannati, in qual vico?"

Purg. Canto 22.

"Tell me, where is Terence our ancient,
Cecilius, Plautus, and Varro, do you know?
Tell me, are they damned, and in what place?"

To elucidate his knowledge of the Latin tongue, we might quote his barbarously written treatise, "*De Monarchia*," and his strange construction of the well-known line of his favourite author, "*Auri sacra fames*," &c. —he takes *sacra* literally, so as to make avarice a virtue. Whatever was his knowledge of classic literature, his veneration was ample. He seems to have regarded it precisely in the same light as the holy Scriptures; and whenever he has occasion to quote precepts or examples, he chooses them alternately from the Bible and from ancient history.

"Quinci advien, eh' Esau si diparte
Per senie di Jacob; e vien Qurquo
Da sì vil padre, che si rende a Marte."

The Israelites that murmured against Moses, and the Trojans that murmured against Æneas, are punished by him in Purgatory together for their disobedience. He sees in a vision the Virgin Mary, and Pisistratus, and St Stephen,—a jumble only to be equalled by the "*Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus*" of the Irish song. His distribution of punishments is as unaccountable; though a republican, he puts Judas, Brutus, and Cassius, each in one of Lucifer's three mouths, and condemns to eternal mastication Virgil in hell and Orestes in

Purgatory, to the no small embarrassment of commentators. And Myrrha is punished with the liars, not for incest, but deception. The poet, in fact, must have put down, without distinction or previous arrangement, whatever was suggested to him by afterthought or casual reading. And if we can suppose that he either originally conceived, or borrowed elsewhere than from Virgil, the fundamental idea of his poem, his superficial classical acquirements are to be regretted, as spoiling the unity of a work, which was to be the foundation of modern literature.

The classic writers were not the only preceptors of Dante. He could not fail to become acquainted with the poetry of his age and of the preceding one, by no means contemptible either in extent or excellence. Indeed, we find in him frequent instances of imitation, a crime to which the present times are severe, but the studious avoiding of which is more a sign of affectation than of genius. The spark of poetry had been struck and kept alive by numerous minstrels, among the Saracens and Troubadours, in Spain, and Provence, and Sicily. But these, an idle and a wandering race, with the quick fancies incident to their age and manner of life, had continued harping, for a century on those every day passions, which, if twice sung, must be once feigned. The Italians, who cultivated the muse, if they did not all bring real passions, at least brought learning and thought to its support; and although the Dialectics and Physics of Aristotle were no very fit source of inspiration, as those may know who have waded through the "*Paradise*" of Dante, yet much Platonism had found its way into verse even before the days of Petrarch; while, independent of philosophy altogether, the study of the sacred writings, and of the Fathers of the Church, which the newly acquired freedom of the Italian cities had opened to their laic and poetic scholars, gave a basis and dignity to their verse, which that of the Troubadours wanted. The earlier poets of Italy adopted the themes, the allegories, and the stanzas of the Provencals, but eclipsed the renown of their masters by the philosophic knowledge and subtilties which they forced into such a dress. Thus, the separating barrier that existed between

the followers of the muse and those of the schools being taken away, the learned, finding poetry the most popular vehicle for publishing and disseminating their doctrines, framed their whole stock of acquirements into rhyme.* The object of verse became to instruct, not to amuse; and this rage for the didactic, carried to the extreme of pedantry in Brunetto Latini, the preceptor of Dante, strongly infected that poet himself, who has devoted no small part of his great work to a display of his vast and useless knowledge. But if we owe to this prevailing taste some tedious and unintelligible cantos of the *Commedia*, we are most likely indebted to the same for that work's being what it is, and not a mere sonnet or elegy to his Beatrice;—it was the lover and the scholar united that produced the poet.

From the writers of his age, little is to be gathered concerning Dante previous to his unlucky advancement to the magistracy in 1300. His fame as a poet, before the composition of his great work, we should conjecture, from one of his own expressions, not to have been extensive;—

“Dura chi sia, saria parlare indarno,
Che l'nome mio ancor molto non suona.”

Purg. Cant. 14.

Yet his *Canzoni* must have excited attention; and he makes Bonagiunta, whom he meets in Purgatory, (the time supposed being 1300,) address him with the commencing line of one of his pieces. Of the circumstances of his early life also, little is recorded; it is said that he became a Franciscan monk in his youth, but the story is unsupported and unlikely. All we know is, that in 1289 he was at the battle of Campaldino, in which the Florentines defeated the Arctines; that in the following year he fought

with his countrymen against the Pisans; and that in 1291, he married Gemma of the Donati, a celebrated family, afterwards at the head of the Guelphic faction. She proved, it is said, a perfect Xantippe, and was at last separated from the poet, not, however, till she had borne him several children, among the rest, Pietro, who became the first commentator of his father's poem, and another, whom he called Beatrice, after his first love, the daughter of Portinari. His quarrel and aversion to his wife, a Donati and a Guelph, may have been no slight inducement to his afterwards joining with the Ghibellini faction, in opposition both to his own former opinions, (for he had fought on the side of the Guelphs,) and even expressed in a letter his delight (*allegrezza*) at their victory, as well as to those of his ancestors, whom he confesses to have been universally Guelphic. But it is time we should endeavour to give some account of these famous parties.

Florence, like the rest of the towns of Italy, had gained a tacit kind of independence from the absence and the concessions of the German emperors. The body of her citizens sought to preserve the republican form of government, to which she was biassed, by her free municipal institutions, inherited from Rome. These classic propensities, however, ill agreed with the feudal ideas of her nobles, so that to the private quarrels of family hatred, were added the continual struggle for power between the citizens and the nobles. Every means that the people could devise to advance their favourite and laudable scheme of freedom were put in execution; law was heaped on law, and new systems of government followed one another almost in monthly succession.† The first method by

Not tosto,
Teologi, di Legge

“Tu Toschi, speaking of these times, “incontriamo il nome di di Medici, di Guericci, i quali non si sdegnarono di poetare.”

† This is the subject of one of the finest and grandest passages of the *Commedia*. *Purgatoria, Canto 6.*—

“Atene e Lacedemona, che fenne
L'antiche leggi, e furon sì civili,
Fecero al viver bene un picciol cenno,
Verso di te, che fu tanto sottile
Provvedimento, ch'a mezzo Novembre
Non giunge quel, che tu d'Ottobre fili,
Quante volte del tempo, che rimbombe?
Legge, moneta, e ufficio, e costume
Ha tu mutato, e rinnovato membre?
E se ben ti ricorda, e vedi lume,
Vedrai te simigliante a quella inferma,
Che non può trovar posa in su le piume,
Ma con dar volta suo dolore scherma.”

which they sought to keep down the influence of the nobles, was to appoint a foreigner to be their governor or *Podesta*, the Senate and *cento buoni nomini* not possessing vigour enough; this was in 1207, soon after which sprung up in the city the factions of Guelph and Ghibelline, the former partizans of the Pope, the latter of the Emperor.

The quarrel, at first private, but which in a little time came to veil its inveteracy under these more general party names, originated in one of the Buondelmonti, who, betrothed to a lady of the family of Uberti, broke the promise given, and married into the house of Donati. He was soon after killed in the streets of Florence by the relations of his slighted mistress. The party of the Buondelmonti became Guelphs; the Uberti, on the other hand, especially one of the family named Ferinata, immortalized by Dante, espoused the cause of the Ghibellines. The parties, being pretty equally matched in power and numbers, remained for some time in a state of enmity and war, with much blood spilled, but without any signal advantage on either side, until 1218, when the Ghibellini party, with the aid of Frederick the Second, drove the Guelphs completely out of the town. Frederick dying two years afterwards, the exiled party returned. The Ghibellines, however, did not rest, but endeavoured to supply the loss they had sustained in Frederick, by forming a connection with Manfred, his natural son, who then reigned over Sicily and Naples. Their intrigues were discovered, and the republican party, who had established a government according to their own views, after the return of the Guelphs, joined with this party, and expelled their enemies from the city. They retired to Sienna, and demanded aid from Manfred, to restore them to their country. The Sicilian prince complied with their request, but sent a force so small, as to prove of little advantage to his allies. A trick of their general, Farinata, however, soon procured a more efficient supply; he took care so to expose the troops of Manfred, that they should be routed by the Guelphs, and the royal standard taken. Having obtained a considerable force from Manfred, owing to this stratagem, Farinata prepared another against his enemies,

the Florentine Guelphs, with no less success. By instructing men whom he sent, and who pretended to desert, he led them to believe that there was a Guelphic party in Sienna, ready to open the gates, if the Florentine army approached their walls. Deceived by this false intelligence, they marched towards Sienna under the conduct of Count Guido Guerra, and a battle ensued between them and the Ghibellines, aided by Manfred, at Artua or Mont-Apesti, in September, 1260; in which memorable action the Guelphs were defeated with great slaughter, and retiring to Lucca, their enemies once more took possession of Florence.

In the mean time, Urban the Fourth, who then occupied the pontifical throne, had called in the aid of Charles of Anjou against Manfred, who was defeated by the French under Charles near Beneventum in 1265, the very year in which Dante was born. Manfred himself perished in the action. Upon the news of his death, the Florentine citizens in vain endeavoured to establish once more their popular form of government, for the restored Guelphs, chasing out in their turn the opposite party, gave up the dominions of the city for ten years to Charles, who sent them one of his captains for governor, with a sufficient force. Notwithstanding this, the Ghibellines found means gradually to return, and to keep alive the party dissensions of Florence. Pope Gregory, in 1272, vainly attempted to heal these, by making the Syndics of both parties kiss one another in public. In 1279, Cardinal Latino, by order of Pope Nicholas, undertook the task of mediator with more success. He also obliged the Syndics on both sides to kiss in token of reconciliation; while, to satisfy the imperial party, and at the same time to leave the preponderance in the hands of the Papal, he established a government of fourteen *buoni nomini*, or good men, eight of whom were Guelphs, and the remaining six Ghibellines. The next form of government established at Florence were the Priors, celebrated for having caused the exile and misfortunes of Dante; and, like the brief historical sketch into which we have digressed, on that account, if on no other, worthy of attention.

In the pacification of Cardinal Latino, the Guelphic party, as above ob-

served, had been left predominant ; commencing to increase their power, and to use their ascendancy haughtily, they at length drove the popular party to unite with the Ghibellines, so that, in June, 1282, a kind of insurrection took place, which ended in Priors being appointed. The office was but for two months : at first three were chosen, then six, and at last the number became increased to twelve. They were elected each from one of the incorporated trades or professions, called sects, into one of which every citizen of Florence was obliged to enrol himself.* Dante was among the body of physicians ; but it is not thence argued, that he ever devoted himself particularly to the study of medicine. The Priors chosen, says Villani ; “ they were shut up to hear, eat, and sleep, at the expense of the public.” There was also associated in the government a Capitano del Popolo, or Captain of the People, whose office, except as we can gather from the name, it is not easy to ascertain. The ten years which followed this arrangement were, if we believe the historians of those times, halcyon days for Florence ; Villani gives a splendid account of the increasing riches, the feasts, hospitality, diversions, and universal tranquillity of the city, until the year 1291, when, according to him, commenced the troubles of the Neri and Bianchi. Two years, however, must be taken from this period of tranquillity, for, in 1292, we are informed Giano della Bella brought about a revolution in the state. He passed many severe laws, called *Ordini di Giustizia*, by which the nobles were to be taken and put in judgment for homicide, as well as the rest of the people ; and in support of these laws, he caused one of the Priors to be above the rest, with the title of Gonfaloniere di Giustizia,

who should have the command of a thousand armed foot. At the same time was passed the law, declaring that no noble, cavalier, or any one belonging to the great families, should be chosen Prior, or be of the electoral colleges. This bring the state of affairs and government, arose the feud between the Neri and Bianchi, which, like that of old, between the Buondelmonti and Uberti, at length came to merge its private quarrels in those of Guelph and Ghibelline.

There existed at Florence an enmity between the Cerchi, and the Donati, originating in a disputed heritage, and increased by the usual food and consequences of dissension in these barbarous times, poisoning, splitting of noses, &c. This quarrel had not acquired much virulence, (for it appeared that the parties united in 1294 for the purpose of driving away Giano della Bella,) till its union with that of the Bianchi and Neri of Pistora, which, at it took place between members of the same family, (the Cancellieri,) was the more bitter—“ Quaque apud concordæ vincula caritatis, incitamenta irarum apud infensos erant : ” —on the same account, for the sake of mutual distinction, the parties took the names of the Neri and Bianchi, the Blacks and Whites. The Florentines held Pistora in a kind of subjection, and had the privilege of appointing the Podesta, or governor of that town, which, being disputed among the different families, naturally produced an alliance between the opposed parties of both cities. The Neri joined the Donati, the Bianchi allied themselves with the Cerchi—this, however, with many exceptions extremely perplexing to any one who enters into the history of these events.† The Donati, as of old, were Guelphs : “ all the Ghibellines,” says Dirao

* The mode of election is described by Villani : “ E la lezione del detto officio si faceva per li priori vecchi con le capituline delle dodici maggiori arti, e con certi arroti che ellegevano i priore detti per ciascun sesto andando a squitino segreto ; e qual piu voci havea era fatto priore.” *Lu. 7. c. 79.*

† Pelli, the only biographer of Dante that enters into the detail of these party squabbles, is so embroiled, that there is no knowing what to make of him. Villani, the historian, is worse. He talks of the Cerchi Neri in almost the same sentence in which he tells us that the Cerchi were Bianchi, and afterwards speaks of some of the Cerchi Neri and of the Ughi being poisoned together. And to crown the perplexity, he has the following sentence : “ Per laqual cose i detti caporali di parte Bianca, cio' furon tutti quei della casa de Cerchi Neri.” It would require a doh of an antiquary to go through these contradictions.

Compagni, "and those who held with Giano della Bella," favoured the Cerchi.

Sometime previous to Dante's elevation, the Donati had urged Pope Boniface to send a legate to Florence, who, after the example of Cardinal Latino, might restore tranquillity, still leaving the predominance to theirs or the Guelphic party. Boniface sent Cardinal Aquasparto; the consequence was a riot, in which the Cardinal was insulted and obliged to leave Florence. The Priors, who also were personally insulted in this tumult, took the opportunity of banishing to the confines the heads of both parties. The decree seems not to have possessed much force; for Corso Donati left the town assigned for his residence, and went to Rome to demand aid of the Pope, upon which the rest of the exiles returned to Florence. It was soon after this, in June 1300, that Dante was chosen one of the Priors. The Donati at that time held a secret meeting at the church of the Santa Trinita, and deliberated upon the proposal of Pope Boniface, who, finding that his cardinal possessed not enough of power to compose the troubles of Florence in a way favourable to his interests, had resolved to call to his aid Charles Valois, as his predecessor had called in Charles of Anjou. This being reported to the Priors, and another tumult ensuing, they, it is said, by Dante's advice, banished once more the chiefs of both parties to the confines. So far they acted impartially, but the Bianchi party returning soon, while the others remained in exile, Dante was censured for unjustly favouring the former party; especially as one of them, Guido Cavalcanti, whose ill health was pleaded as an excuse for all returning, was his most intimate friend.

It has been before observed, that the family of the poet had been Guelphs, and that he himself had in his twenty-fourth year fought for that cause. How, or what time he came to change his opinions, is not easy to determine. His friendship with Guido Cavalcanti, a brother poet, who was a bitter personal enemy of Corso Donati, is mentioned by his biographers as likely to have influenced him. His quarrel with his wife, one of the Donati, might also tend to produce the same effect. Moreover, Corso Donati, the head of that family, was an insolent, overbearing aristocrat, calculated to excite the odium of all the middling, but independent rank of citizens. And the quarrel between the Donati and Cerchi, or Neri and Bianchi, being at first distinct from that between Guelph and Ghibelline, the poet, while yet a Guelph, pursuant to his education, might have become from one or all of the above causes interested in favour of the Cerchi, and thence being implicated, and a sufferer with them, from the persecution of the Neri and the Guelphs, he might have found himself, in the course of events, involuntarily, or at least without foreseeing it, a Ghibelline.* Thus opinion, not altogether the most honourable to the poet, seems nearest to truth. He does not speak like one who altered his opinions from rational conviction, or weighing the arguments on both sides—his reasonings are but the invectives of a bitter partizan. He did not become the enemy of the Popes on any of the noble grounds or principles of rational freedom, which ought to have been obvious to a mind like his, and upon which, in truth, he often struck without being conscious.† Though a republican and a sufferer from power, his principles are those of a ser-

* A Ghibelline meant a partizan of the Emperor, but no one at that time thought of the Emperor Albert. The Cerchi can at first be considered Ghibellines in no other light, than as being enemies of the Donati, who, being allied with the Pope, were certainly so far Guelphs.

† So much so that Father Hardouin asserts that he was an heretic, and a follower of Wickliff; in Canto 19 of the Inferno, he plainly calls the Pope the whore of Babylon:

"Di voi pastor s'accorse 'l Vangelista," &c.

"'Tis ye the prophet saw, when she who sitteth upon the waters, and committeth fornication with kings, was seen to him," &c. "Ye have made God of gold and of silver, and how differ ye from idolatry, who worship not one but an hundred gods?"

"Ah! Constantin, di quanto mal fu matre,
Non la tua conversion, ma quella dote,
Che da te prese il primo santo padre."

vile cast, worthy of having proceeded from an Asiatic court, and he only protested against one absolute power, to put himself with all his might under another. His indignation is merely personal, and his warmth, like that of most passionate characters, seems to have been inspired by nothing so much, as by a monstrous idea of his own importance.

But perhaps we should not censure any mind which had the misfortune to exist in that age, for not having been able to shake off the weight of prejudice and moral bigotry that enlaved it. There existed, however, many reasons, obvious and powerful, especially to a poet and a lover of literature, which ought to have influenced Dante in favour of the Ghibelline cause. The Emperor, Frederick the Second, had been himself a poet, an eminent patron of literature, and endowed with all the noble and chivalrous qualities that could adorn the poet and the king. Educated in the Papal court, and thence acquainted with all its crooked arts and policies, he no sooner grew up to manhood, than, perceiving the insidious designs of his guardians, who sought to appropriate his hereditary dominions to themselves, he became a most determined enemy of the Holy See.—Whatever justice was wanting to the Ghibelline cause under Barbarossa, was restored to it under the reign of Frederick the Second, by the odious and unwarranted arms which the Popes employed against him and his successors. “The Emperors,” says Sismondi, “experienced from the Popes the most crying injustice; their most sacred rights were invaded; their domestic repose troubled by treasons in their very family; their reputation soiled by calumnies, and, in fine, deprived of the very crown by insolent and iniquitous judgments. Those who were the objects of this unjust persecution were placed, by their rank, their power, and their virtues, in that exalted situation, whence their mis-

fortunes were calculated to make the most profound and universal impression; for although compassion be due equally to all the unfortunate, still that which we feel for sovereigns takes the form of a more exalted sentiment—it elevates us to the rank of those whom it prompts us to succour—we call it loyalty, and are ennobled by the enthusiasm it inspires.” Vol. iii, p.132.

How much incentive to crime this conduct of the Popes must have afforded, may be judged, when we consider, that owing to the infamous falsehoods which they industriously propagated, the virtuous princes of the house of Stabia were esteemed in the same light, and as much abhorred as the execrable Eccelino. But Dante was too bigoted to discover these interesting advantages of the Ghibelline cause, even after he had adopted it.—He condemns in hell or in purgatory the opposers of the church, without distinction, and introduces himself, as the only exception, to the pleasures of Paradise.

Upon the whole, the conclusion most likely to be true is, that Dante, ere he entered upon the magistracy, was, like all of the middling and independent class of citizens, one of Giano della Bella's party, which was originally more Guelph than Ghibelline, and which then favoured the Cerchi, on account of their being of popular origin, and less overbearing manners than their enemies; that upon his advancement to the priorship, he, with his party, became more declared against the Neri, on account of their seeking to yield up the independence of the city rule, by calling in Charles of Valois; and that, being condemned as a Ghibelline by that prince, he became a downright one from indignation. In one of the early cantos of the *Commedia*, which he might have written previous to his exile, he speaks far more in Guelph than Ghibelline, at least, with an impartiality not to be met with in the writings of his latter years.

And in the Paradise, Canto 27, he makes St Peter speak angrily enough against his successors:—

“Nor was it our intention, that of the Christian people, one part should be on one side, and one on another side of our predecessors: nor that the keys, which were granted to me, should be made the banner of warfare, to combat against the baptised: nor that I should be stamped in wax for false and vendible indulgence, at which even here I often blush,” &c.

Charles of Valois entered Florence in November 1301, and although he at first promised not to infringe or alter any of the fundamental laws, nor exercise any jurisdiction over the city, yet he in a little time took advantage of a tumult, to pass any laws or decrees he wished. By one of these, in January 1302, was Dante banished from Florence for two years, and a fine imposed upon him of 8000 *lire*. This fine being utterly beyond his power of paying, whence we may judge his fortune was not very great, his goods were confiscated. The decree of condemnation mentions as causes, his having opposed the coming of Charles to Florence, and his corruption when in office.* The poet was extremely indignant at the latter accusation; and to shew his horror of the crime, he condemns all the *burattieri*, as those so culpable were called, to a gulph of burning pitch, in one of the lowest circles of the Inferno. Upwards of six hundred of the Bianchi were expelled at the same time; and it may not be uninteresting to add, that the population of Florence was then computed at 30,000. As soon as Dante heard of the decree of his exile, being at the time on an embassy from the Bianchi to Rome, he repaired instantly to Sienna, and thence joined the rest of the exiles at Arezzo. By some act or other there, with which we are unacquainted, he must have increased the inveteracy of his enemies against him, for on the tenth of March following, another decree (which had escaped all his early biographers, and even Pelli) was passed against Dante and fourteen others, condemning them, if taken within the walls, to be burnt alive. Perhaps the fourteen and Dante were the counsellors or chiefs, which, we are told, the exiled party chose for themselves at Arezzo. This decree was never recalled till after 1316, when it was offered to the banished, that they might return, on condition of paying a certain sum of money, and publicly asking pardon at the Cathedral altar. A proud and noble letter of the poet on this subject, which had escaped Dante's biographers, has been found in the Laurentian library; in this he rejects recall in such degrading

terms:—"What!" says he, "shall I not everywhere enjoy the sun and the stars? Can I not possess the delightful contemplation of truth in any spot, no matter where, beneath the arch of heaven, without offering myself up, deprived of glory, and laden with ignominy, to the people and the citizens of Florence? Nor will bread, I trust, be ever wanting to me."

In 1304, the Bianchi party, and among the rest, it is supposed, Dante, made an attempt to enter Florence by force. They had succeeded in getting possession of part of the town, but in fine were expelled. After this it was certain that Dante despaired for a while of regaining his country by hostile measures. Leonardo Aretino says, he immediately retired to Verona, and then endeavoured by letters, and every other means in his power, to procure the repeal of his exile. Maffei agrees with this opinion, which is strongly supported by the verses of the *Paradiso*, where Cacciaguida tells him that his first refuge shall be with the Scalligers of Verona:—

"Io primo tuo rifugio, e'l primo ostello
Sarà la cortesia del gran Lombardo,
Che 'n sulascala porta il santo uccello, &c."
Parad. Canto 17.

In spite of this, however, Pelli thinks that Dante did not come to Verona till 1308, since in the very passages, argues he, the poet speaks of two reigning in Verona, and Cane was not associated with his brother Alboin till 1304, whereas Dante was banished in 1302. Pelli seems to forget that Dante remained with his brother-exiles at Arezzo, till 1304. His other arguments are, a document, by which it appears that Dante was at Padua in 1306, and the certainty that he was with the Ghibellines at Mugello, in Tuscany, some time in 1307. Pelli is evidently wrong in his conclusions; the visit to Padua was most likely a casual one to the university, and he probably quitted Verona in 1307, went thence to Mugello, and thence took refuge with the Marques Malaspina in Lunigina, to which nobleman the poet dedicated the *Purgatory*. From this asylum, as well as from Verona, he seems to have been driven by his cy-

Leonardo Aretino adds different causes of expulsion, very unlikely, and little connected with the decree; Pelli prefers following the opposite account of Dino Com-

nical spirit and fretful disposition. The answer by which he offended Cane della Scala, is well known ; who, having asked him, why buffoons and jugglers were more agreeable to the court than he, a poet, who was esteemed learned and wise ; the other replied, that the preference was a subject of little wonder, similarity of character being the strongest tie of friendship.

The next tidings we have of Dante, is his famous letter written from Toscanella, a small town in the Papal dominions, to Henry the Seventh, who had at that time entered Italy. Dante exhorts him, in the most furious manner, to turn his arms immediately against the Florentines. "Why tarry at Milan," says he, "cutting off the heads of the Hydra, which but spring up double as you destroy them? Florence is the vital spot to be attacked."—"This," continues he, speaking of his native city, "is the viper coiled in its mother's bowels—this is the mangy sheep, that with its contact infects the whole flock of the Lord—this is the Myrrha, impious and execrable." After such language as this, we wonder Count Perticari did not see the absurdity of writing an essay to prove the *amore patrio* of Dante. The Emperor, however, disappointed all the hopes of the poet ; having remained for several weeks uncamped before Florence, he retired after a fruitless attempt, and died in 1313.

From this period to that of 1319, the wanderings and residences of Dante are uncertain. There is scarce a town in Italy that does not claim the honour of having afforded him a temporary exile. Some say that he retired immediately upon the Emperor's death to the monastery of Fonte Avellana, "*luogo orrido e solitario*," where his chamber is still shown. But it is likely, that in this interval he travelled to France and England, when he studied in the universities of both kingdoms.* Yet this

voyage must be limited in time, in order to be reconciled with a letter of his, written in Italy in 1315, refusing to avail himself of the permission to return to Florence on what he considered degrading conditions. What time he became an inmate of Busone da Gubbio, is not certain ; Pelli thinks in 1318—perhaps immediately after his return from foreign travel. In 1319 he retired, probably for the second time, to the protection of Guido da Polenta, lord of Ravenna, in which town, after spending the years preceding his death in religious exercises, among the rest his *Credo* and seven penitential psalms, he died in 1321. Some attribute his death to chagrin, occasioned by not having succeeded in an embassy, which he undertook for Guido de Polenta to Venice ; but almost all the *fourteen* embassies of Dante are apocryphal. His remains were deposited in the Franciscan convent, which probably gave rise to the report that he had been a friar of that order. Guido da Polenta, his friend and patron, did not remain long enough in power at Ravenna, to erect, according to his intentions, a monument to the poet. This honour was first performed for Dante in 1483, by Bernardo Bembo, father of the famous cardinal, who was in that year Prætor of Ravenna, for the republic of Venice.— Bembo's inscription was as follows :—

Exigua tamuli. Dantes. hic sorte jacebas
Squalentibus nulli cognite pene situ ;
At nunc marmoreo subnixus conditis arcu,
Omnibus et cultu splendidiore nites.
Nimirum Bembus musis incensus Ethruscis
Hoc tibi, quem imprimis hæc coluere
dedit.

ANNO SALUTIS MCCCCLXXXIII. VI. KAL. JUN.
Bernardus Bembus ære suo posuit."

The other inscription said to have been written by Dante himself, is as follows :—

"Jura non avaritie. superos, Phlegethonta,
lænque

* "*Anagorice dilexit Theologiam sacram, in qua diu sœdavit, tam in Oxoniis in regno Angliæ quam Parisiis in regno Franciæ ; et fuit Baccalarius in universitate Parisiensi, in qua legit sententias pro forma magisterii, legit Biblia, respondit omnibus, ut moris est, et fecit omnes actus, qui fieri debent per doctorandum in sanctâ Theologia. Nihil restabat fieri, nisi inceptio, seu conventus ; et ad incipiendum, seu faciendum conventum, decrat sibi pecunia, pro qua acquirenda rediit Florentium optimus Artista, perfectus Theologus, &c.*" And again,

"*Oxonis, et Parisiis, ubi fecit multos actus mirabiles in tantum, quod ab aliquibus magnus Theologus, ab aliquibus magnus poeta, &c.*"

Servavalle Tiraboschi, 2^a 11th, and Combeson: Sull' Originalità dell' Dante.

Lustrando cecini voluerunt fata quousque :
Sed quia pars cessit melioribus hospita cas-
tris,

Auctoremque suum petiit felicior astra,
Hic claudor Dantes, patriis extorris ab oris
Quem genuit parvi Florentia mater amoris."

In Ravenna still rest the bones of the poet,

"And Florence begs her banished dead,
and weeps."

Of Dante's personal appearance it is recorded, that he was of middling stature, bent in his latter years, and dark of complexion. His features are preserved in numerous pictures and medals, all the representations resembling each other, and seeming to convey the true character of the poet. Boccaccio gives numerous instances of his moroseness, love of reading, and absence of mind, not very extraordinary in a literary man, and little worth transcribing. Villani's character of him is a curious example of the historian's estimate of his own importance and that of Dante:—

"This Dante was somewhat presumptuous on the score of his great learning, sly, also, disdainful; and, like an ungracious philosopher, scarce knew how to converse with ladies; but for the other virtues, wisdom and worth of this great citizen, it seems fit that his memory should be preserved in this our Chronicle, &c."

Of the public character of the poet we have already spoken. As to his being originally a Guelph, no man can be censured for having been in youth of that party in whose principles he was reared; and in such a case, a change, if it be from conviction, is only the more honourable. That Dante espoused the Bianchi party from principles of justice ought to be supposed, but it is evident, that in so doing, he had in the commencement no idea of being involved with the Ghibellines. The tenth canto of the *Inferno*, and the scene with Farinata, must have been written in an impartial moment, and, although it is said that at most he wrote but the first seven cantos before his departure from Florence, yet the other he might have written during his embassy to Rome, certainly before he became a decided Ghibelline. Latterly, his political principles were completely those of a "poet," now furious, now relenting, now oblivious, menacing, and relenting by turns, and rising to fresh heights of indignation, as

soon as he perceived that his supplications were disregarded. Indulging himself continually, like a living poet of our own times, in expressions of contempt toward his country, he betrays at every second word that all his hopes and ambitions are centered there. Dante's aversion, however, was real, bitter even to the bitterest irony, but passing; the same pen that traced the venomous letter to the Emperor Henry, entreating him to extirpate the Florentines, sent, a little time previous, an expostulatory letter to his countrymen, (now lost,) commencing in the words of Scripture, "What have I done to ye, O my people?"—After those indignant passages of the *Commedia*, unequalled in depth of hatred and passion, follows, in one of the concluding cantos, a hope, that his renown may melt the enmity of his fellow-citizens. In one place, Florence is, in irony, called the "*ben guidata*," and congratulated upon her extensive colonies in Hell; in the other, she is the "*bel ovile*," the lovely sheep-fold, which the wolves will not let him enter. So in the living poet, perhaps of equal genius, at least of equal bile, we have "*your country*," addressed to a compatriot, and in another page we find it "The inviolate island of the sage and free;"

where, even though his bones should be exiled, "his spirit will resume the sanctuary." The British bard may have some causes of resentment, as well as the Italian; but it grieves us to see a noble spirit, capable of conceiving original and splendid poetry, yet deigning to imitate the antipathies and moroseness, even of Dantes and Alfieri.

Count Giulio Perticari, whose loss Italy yet laments, in his early arguments again at the Tuscans on the subject of their supremacy over the language, brought in Dante to his aid, and showed that in his essay "*De Volgari Eloquutio*," he who was the very founder of the Italian language, gave no pre-eminence to the Florentine dialect above those of the rest of Italy; and not only this, but that he particularly marked the baseness of many of their idioms. The Tuscan polemics in reply urged, that these judgments of Dante's essay hostile to them, were owing merely to the resentment of the fierce Ghibelline against his native country, "*e che fuore d'ogni umano*

filosofico istituto, il fiero poeta volesse a quella città che aveagli tolta la propria stanza, torre in vendetta la propria lingua. Vendetta vile, stolta, e indegna di quel santo petto," justly adds Perticari:—the Tuscans were no doubt unjust to the memory of their illustrious bard. These attempts to defend their pre-eminence of language by sacrificing the character of their poet, called forth an essay on the "*Amor Patriæ di Dante*," from Perticari, in which the noble essayist, like all the prose writers of his country, indulging an elegant and languid style of thought, sought to establish for Dante, an unexceptionable and unblemished patriotism, by weighing word against word, and building conclusions upon syllables. But character is not a thing to be deduced from this anatomy of words and expressions; a logic altogether inept to any subject, but those of grammar and antiquities.

A brief notice of this Essay, written by one considered of the first rank of Italian literati, may be interesting, not only as it relates to Dante, but also to afford a specimen of the style of thought and writing, which bears away the palm in a country so much talked of amongst us. The noble author commences by observing, that indignation is not anger, and that, although easily confounded by a person who does not enter into the "reasons of Ethics," one is vastly superior to the other; in farther support of which assertion Aristotle is quoted. He then gives the first lines in which Dante attacks his country, purporting, "that *Pride, Envy, and Avarice*, are the three sparks that have inflamed every heart." Upon which passage he thus comments:—

"*Envy*" springs from a superfluous love of contention, and is the foundation of *malice*. "*Pride*" springs from the too great thirst of glory, which is the foundation of the *magistrature*. And "*Avarice*," from too great a desire of the *useful*, which is the *ragione* of traffic and of arts. Hence the *force*, the *wisdom*, and the *riches* of a people, which are supported by *war*, by the *magistracy*, and *commerce*, are lost in *envy*, *pride*, and *avarice*; so that the very happiness of each has its root in these very propensities, &c."

Thus, to prove what can be of no use to prove, a pedantic strain of reasoning is adopted, of which not one

proposition is true, and scarce has the merit of being false,—being rather absolute nonsense. But we give the passage as it is, dashes and all, for the sake of a specimen. In continuance, the essayist proves by reference to the original historians, that the Florentines were somewhat *proud, envious, and avaricious*; and in support of the proposition, that freedom of speech is laudable, he quotes Polybius, and afterwards, for the same purpose, Dion, Chrysostom, Lycurgus, Marcus Fabius, and Cicero. The passage of Dante, however, with which all this trouble is taken, is one from which nothing could be inferred, and one which the assignees of Dante and Perticari would never have thought of bringing forward. The next philippic of Dante referred to, is allowed to be "terrible, and as if drunk with indignation;" but the patriotism of the poet is vindicated, like the piety of the author of "*Chin*," by the plea, that it is not Dante who speaks, but Brunetto. Perticari, however, pleads once too often this dramatic principle, which leaves a poet irresponsible for his expressions:—Dante bitterly vituperates his country in the person of Brunetto, and pathetically laments its fate in the person of Sordello; and his noble eulogist makes the best of both, arguing without any farther proof than the assertion, that his *indignation* was merely dramatic, but that his *compassion* was real.

Dante, in his Essay "*de Volgari Eloquentia*" mentions three themes of poetry, *Arms, Love, and Rectitude*; and Perticari undertakes to prove, that Dante himself was the poet of *Rectitude*, and that he uttered all these severe satires, "like Cato," merely for the sake of amending his country. This Cynic philosophy is ever, we fear, most selfish at bottom. The censorship that pretends to correct the world by calling its inhabitants foul names, such as dogs, hogs, bastards, &c., as Dante does, appears to us more the mark of spleen than of benevolence. It is dictated by the same feeling that inspired Gulliver's Travels,—a wish to gratify the spleen of the individual at the expense of the species. Yet, after enumerating all these Billingsgate terms, Perticari calls them, not in irony, "*questo acceso ed impetuoso zelo per la salute degli afflitti popoli Italiani*." He also accounts for,

and excuses Dante's abusive language, by pleading that he was an aristocrat, and noble "by birth and bearing,"—an excuse, the *truth* of which we deny, and which, even if true, we do not allow to be an excuse; and like a true Italian, the Count condemns the lower and industrious order of the people as unfit to possess any power or influence, "*perche la forza politica si crea nel ozio*,"—political strength is acquired in idleness,—according to this system, Italy still deserves to be the mistress of the world. In conclusion of the proofs of Dante's patriotism he adduces the beautiful canzone of the poet's old age, which he bids to proceed to his country, "*since love guides it*;"—But on what errand does this said patriotic canzone go?—to tell the poet's friends to take arms against his enemies:

"Prendete l'arme, ed esaltate quella."

After all, what is this quarrel about? whether Dante preferred Florence in every respect to the rest of Italy?—how lamentable, how contemptible is this municipal spirit, that isolates every petty village in its own importance, and arms it with all the virulence of sword and pen against its brethren!

Although we call in question these strained eulogiums of the poet, we have no wish to depreciate his character unjustly. Dante's must have been a proud, upright mind, possessed of all the political honesty that can be expected from an age ignorant of every rational principle. Nor, indeed, can we see how his character is to be exalted, by proving it so narrowly patriotic, as to have vowed absolute allegiance and flattery to his native town. A just and noble admiration of Dante would have aimed at a proof of the contrary—at a proof, that the great bard was above provin-

cial prejudice, and that he was, in a word, Italian. The attempt would have been more worthy, but not more successful; the *Commedia* is full of that mean, municipal prejudice, that thinks a nick-name or abusive epithet enough to brand its enemies with shame. He seldom or never rises to a comprehensive feeling for Italy, and in the few instances where he does, the only remedy for her woes which his independent spirit can devise, is the march of a German army, and emperor, into Italy, for the sake of crushing his foes. Considering that such was his practical creed in politics, and knowing what his theory on the subject was, from his *Essay de Monarchia*, in which he out-Hobbes even Hobbes, we are surprised at modern writers representing, or at least wishing it to be understood, that Dante was one of the apostles of liberty.

"Dante applied his poetry to the vicissitudes of his own time, when liberty was making her dying struggle against tyranny; and he descended to the tomb with the last heroes of the middle age. Petrarch lived amongst those who prepared the inglorious heritage of servitude for the next fifteen generations." Foscolo—*Essay on Petrarch*.

We should very much like to know who those said heroes were. But, in the mean time, if Mr Foscolo and Mr Sismondi will once more look into the *Essay "de Monarchia"*, we think they will find Dante the most strenuous partizan of absolute power, and not only a strenuous, but a very rational one.* The latter gentleman, who is of the speculative or Genevese school of politics, which we respect for good intentions and poetical prose, has written a History of the Italian Republics, in order to advance the cause of liberty. His opponents, if he have such, ought to be much obliged to him; for

* We give the following specimen of this famous essay, of which the reasoning is much better than the Latin:—

"Genus humanum solum imperante Monarcha, sui et non alterius gratia est. Tunc enim solum Politia diriguntur oblique, democratia scilicet, oligarchia atque tyrannides, quæ in servitutem cogunt genus humanum, ut patet discurrenti per omnes: et politizant reges, Aristocratici, quos optimates vocunt, et populi libertatis zelatores. Quia cum monarchia maxime diligit homines, ut jam tactum est, vult omnes homines bonos fieri; esse non potest apud oblique politizantes; unde Philosophus in suis Politia in politia obliqua bonus homo est malus civis; in recta vero, bonus homo bonus convertuntur," &c. The concluding question, which is decided by this essay, the reader may guess on which side, is, "An autoritas Monarchia dependeat a Deo immediate, vel ab alio Dei ministro seu vicario?"

if there ever was a picture to disgust us with the Goddess, it is the one he has presented. It not only offers dissension, blood, crime, and universal insecurity and unhappiness; but these are not even retrieved by a single noble character or noble principle. And whether we regard the actions or the writings of this vaunted period, even the writings of their first men of genius, it does not appear that *they* were influenced by one motive nobler than hereditary animosity, and the choice of a master. But the political principles of a poet are perhaps of not much importance, nor should we have entered into the discussion, had not the controversy been already raised. The merits of their verse are, in general, much better worth inquiring after.

Great stress has been laid by Dante's admirers upon his imagination, by which is generally meant, the original conception of the three kingdoms of the other world—Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven; the local arrangement and division of the several realms, the distribution of pleasure and of pain, and, in fine, all the immense forrago of his creation. And great pains have been taken to prove, as well as to contradict, that the ideas originated in his own mind, and were not borrowed or suggested by any other person or work. Many critics have shown, as they think, the sources whence Dante took the idea of his *Commedia*. Ginguene argues in favour of the "Tesoro" of Brunetto Latini; others assert, the origin of it was taken from the Romance of Guerin Meschino, and its pits of St Patrick; others, the Vision of Alberic, Monk of Mount Casino.* They all seem calculated to furnish hints to Dante, who was of an age and a spirit above the petty fear of being called a plagiarist. His having borrowed the original idea or not, leaves his genius with us estimated at precisely the same value.

Johnson's criticisms upon Addison's simile of the Angel may be applied to the case; "If I had given the theme," said the Doctor, "to ten school-boys, and nine of them had brought me the Angel, I should not have been in the least surprised." In the same way, we should not only be little surprised at a school-boy's arranging Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory, equal to Dante, but we should be astonished if many did not manage it much better. The vehicle of the poetry, the frame-work, is nothing; it is unworthy of Dante; and to say that he borrowed it from the account of St Patrick's Purgatory in Guerin Meschino, which is most likely, is merely to exculpate his genius from having originated such nonsense.

Lord Byron says, that imagination is a vulgar quality, and no great exertion of genius; his antagonists think much the same of his *Ethics*; and taking the terms in the particular significations in which they are applied, both sides are right. It is not for that faculty which supplied Dante with his stores of ice, and hail, and pitch, and torture, an imagination more worthy of a Dominican than a poet; for that which inspired him with the noble idea, that Hell was laid out like a corkscrew, nor yet for the *Ethics* or *Reti-tudine*, which so absurdly perform the office of supreme judge—it is not for these, that we rank his genius in the first grade of excellence, but for that faculty by which he imagined so many beings, depicting them in person and situation with all the powers of a descriptive poet, and making them speak and act with all those of a dramatic one. The variety of his characters, as of those of Shakespeare, is the more natural and admirable for not being purposely arranged and contrasted, like that in the classic poets. The heroes of Homer, of Virgil, and, in imitation of them, the Angels of Milton,

* Ginguene's opinion is so far right, that Dante must have taken the commencement of his poem from the "Tesoro;" Brunetto, like Dante, is lost in a wood, where Ovid offers himself as a guide, &c. The body of the poem is said to be taken from Guerin, or Alberic. The learned Abate Cancellieri has discussed this question fully in his Essay on the "Originality of Dante," in which he has inserted a copy of Alberic's Vision, accompanied by a translation. He proves it to be very improbable, that Dante could ever have seen the Vision. He also proves that the representation of Hell upon the Aino was subsequent to Dante's conception. Guerin was probably the source to which he was most indebted; it was a well-known and popular romance that could not have escaped him. Guerin visits the pits of St Patrick in Lough Neagh, famous in the middle ages; mentioned also by Ariosto, Canto 10, which he arranges like a corkscrew, precisely as Dante manages his Hell.

differ in shades, and present so many regular gradations of human excellence. But Dante had none of this poetic foresight; his personages start upon the canvass, undrilled and unprepared, depicted from life or familiar fame; they are not brought forward to represent any *ideal*, or produce any moral effect; they are simple nature, and no more. Of the same kind are Shakespeare's pictures, conveying certainly a moral, as nature in all modes must present, yet only that which nature would suggest of herself. Dante, though he raises an hundred characters, enters but into one. As a descriptive poet, he had command over all Europe; as a dramatic poet, he possessed the key but of one portal; though alive to all in depicting what was external to him, he could lose himself in no character that was not warmed by political resentment. But Shakespeare was the poet of all mind—no matter what personage his fertile imagination raised—no matter what character or figure, with what fantasy or passion endowed—Ariel or Imogen, or Caliban or Richard, the proper spirit of the poet instantly informed it; he was like the demons of which we read in Scripture, which could not quit one body, without instantly entering another. Thus Shakespeare, lord of all the passions, and Dante, powerful over one, are like two eccentric circles that touch but in one point; and when they do touch, there are to be met many points of resemblance. The beautiful abruptness, with which Wolsey changes from his deep lament to Cromwell, "Pr'ythee, lead me in," &c. reminds one not a little of Guido's abruptness in the 11th Canto of the Purgatory, where, after having given vent to his indignation, he breaks off with

"Ma vâ via, Tosco, omai, ch'or mi diletta
Troppo di pianger più, che di parlare,
Sì m'ha vostra ragion la mente stretta."

We have no translation of Dante by us, nor are we ourselves inclined to the task; but any one that will refer to Farinata's speech in the 10th Canto of the Inferno, the Canto of Ugolino, towards the conclusion, and that where

Sordello is introduced, in the 6th Canto of the Purgatory, which last is the model of Byron's "Prophesy," will find specimens of indignant and pathetic poetry, which have never been equalled, and certainly never can be excelled.*

But comparisons, especially between poets of our own and those of other countries, we are always led into unwillingly; and Perticari's silly comparison between Dante and Milton will excuse what we have said respecting the former poet and Shakespeare. To say that a great dramatist is superior in dramatic power to one who never attempted a drama, is no great boast. And if Dante, in his great poem, has developed few but political passions,

"And to party gave up what was meant
for mankind,"

we are not to suppose that he was without others. The high walks of imagination and passion he did not enter upon; but there is every reason to think, that if he had, he would have been inferior to none.

Dante's powers of expression were immense, and indeed ought to have been so, considering that he had an infant language to mould as he pleased. But this rudeness of the tongue was of disadvantage as well as advantage; if it led to novelty, force, and denseness of expression, it also checked a continued flow of thought. The ear alone, as in perfected languages, did not instantaneously suggest the musical expression; and the poet was obliged to pause and search for unfamiliar terms—a process, that, however favourable to taste, completely checks the glow of inspiration. Thus the descriptions with which he opens his cantos seldom extend beyond six lines, and a round period of thought is often shrunk within the limits of half a line. The poet never seems elevated to a complete mastery over his verse, unless when giving vent to those political passions and resentments, in which he became absorbed. His descriptive poetry resembles etching, where all is told by the magic of a single stroke; and the genius of Flax-

* We must be excused for passing over in silence Mr Carey's translation, the writer of this article not having read it, and being resident for the present where it is not to be had. Many persons of taste speak highly of it; but we may recur in a future Number to this and other translations of the *Divina Commedia*.

man proves the truth of the comparison. How beautiful is the picture of Beatrice addressing him,—

“Regalamente nell’atto ancor proterva,
Continuò, come colui, che dice,
E’l più caldo parla dietro riserva.”

’Tis needless again to mention the pictures of Farinata, Ugolino, and Ser-dello,

“In guisa di leon, quando si posa;”

Nor the brief compressiveness of the few words of Francesco da Rimini,

“La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante;
Galeotto fu il libro, e chi lo scrisse:
Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante.”

But we have already exceeded limits, and must take another opportunity of speaking more fully on the subject of Dante’s genius, of his influence, and the variations of his fame. Moreover, there are several late publications on the subject, difficult to be obtained, and worth perusal. One of these has been printed in Lord Byron’s press at Pisa, and is said to be written by his friend, Mr Taaffe. Another, highly spoken of, is a Corsican publication, by Ambrogio, Viala, &c. Learned criticisms on Dante, printed at Cagliari, are signs of the extension of taste and literature.

[The above Essay was sent off to us some months ago, by a friend travelling in Italy. Had it been written *here*, and *now*, the author would not surely have failed to make use of the many interesting particulars concerning Dante collected together by Mr D’Israeli, in his late work, “Curiosities of Literature, Series Second.” He would there have found the loves of the poet and his Beatrice, treated both with historical accuracy, and with much sweetness of feeling: and he would have found some speculations about the *primary idea* of the Divina Comœdia, well worth all that either Pisa or Cagliari is likely to put forth. The “Vision of Charles the Bald,” translated by Mr D’Israeli, is in itself a magnificent poem, and better than fifty Guerino Meschino’s. We hope our friend may be fortunate enough to lay his hands on Mr Taaffe’s “Commentary,” which, from what D’Israeli says of it, we should think must be a curious book in its way—If so, let him review it immediately for us.]

Letter to C. NORTH, Esq.

SIR,—In one of the oldest and best books in the world, we find it written by a wise man, “The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun.” Now the wise folks of our time are apt to contain old books, (excepting the Roxburghe Club, &c.) and old sayings, and old people too. I mean not to include among the latter your worship, nor myself, nor Miss Goldtrap, that most worthy and wealthy spinstress of sweet seventy-six; but the fact is so, most preposterously; and hence so many moderns who lay claim to pure originality of thought and invention, by spinning matter out of their own small brain-pans—as a spider does to catch flies out of its posterior extremity—without ever considering that the world is not now a sucking world, but has lived long enough to get stout and strapping for its years, and to have been able to give ample employment to myriads of strong-headed brain-spinners, since it became a civilized and commercial world. Very possibly the spiders are of the same way of thinking; each of them believing itself to be the first that ever spun a thread out of its own proper podex, and prancing about upon its long legs in great triumph at its own original and ingenious contrivances. But both you and I, Mr North, are afflicted—I mean favoured—by Nature with numerous bumps upon the head, among which stand prominent the organs of cogitateness and inquisitiveness.—A worthy Scottish lady has often been heard to declare, that “Maister North’s head was like the outside o’ a pine-apple. Just *prodigious* wi’ bumps!—only, some vera big, and some vera little, but a’ in fine proportion, an’ no ae single organ o’ deevildry sae big as a prin-head; naething but just the sprootins that had been checkit an’ rubbit down by the heavy and rough-han’ o’ Wisdom hersel.”

What a fine thing it would be if you could bring the sledge-hammer of Maga to come down smash at once upon the whole concentrated brains (which might easily be stowed away in a filbert-shell) of all those modern men of science, and inventors, and discoverers, who are of the spider genus before mentioned, and who think it quite beneath them to ascertain what others have done, invented, and discovered, before they themselves get mortally drunk on their own old-world notions, and caper about with their hiccapping *heureka*s, to the great annoyance of sober-minded and bump-developed people like us of the North!

I have two reasons for writing the following letter to you in a foreign lingo, not much known in these parts. Reason the 1st,—The *popolaccio musicale* will not understand it; and, therefore, will not be aware of what will happen if it be found necessary to spring the mine by throwing an English *light* upon the subject. Reason the 2d,—The Southern *Discoverer* will not eat and drink the less in his vocation while people do not know that he is *not* a second Newton, and the matter will still be preserved in the pages of Maga, to be referred to, date and circumstance, if occasion require. One must be as good-natured and forbearing as possible. Let the spiders thrive, provided they do not spin filthy webs upon our valued books in out-of-the-way corners, or dangle from the roof and bob against our spectacled nose with their horrid garbage-filled bellies. We will not crack and eat them as a young English lady used to do who had a particular strong fancy that way, and declared that they “tasted very like nut kernels.”

Your most humble,

E.

Edinburgh, 4th January, 1823.

LETTERA SPETTANTE A CERTI PUNTI MUSICALI, INDIRIZZATA AL SIGNORE CRISTOFORO NORTH.

Edimburgo, li 6 Gennajo, 1823.

ORNATISSIMO SIGNORE,

Da lungo tempo, come voi sapete, io mi son proposto di scrivervi riguardo a certe cose musicali che mi parevano o mal' intese, o affatto sconosciute non solamente dal pubblico ma anche dai Professori di Musica di questo benedettissimo paese. Sarebbe inutile il dirvi come, e quando, e perchè non ho potuto far quello che io voleva fare—ma tutto comprenderete pensandovi un poco alle pene della Gotta, sia chira-gra, sia podagra. Se tut tidue si combinino per tormentarvi—povero voi! vi computisco!—Ω συγνον ἄνομ' ὃ θεοῖς συγμένον, Πεδάγμα, πολυσύναντε, κακὸν τέκνον, etca. Rammentatevi dei dolori vostri proprj, ed avrete una giusta compassione verso di me, che appena (ah pena?) posso tener la penna in mano. Già grido, Οἱ μοι, παπαί γ', τεινέαι, ῥοιλύμαι, Ἀπαν περιεργαί γυιον σκεπὲ καίγ'.

Per adesso mi pare che basterà l'indicar, in breve, (tanto bene come potro avendo la Gotta,) l'quanto di quelle cose di cui spero ragionar più a lungo con voi quando il tempo e la Gotta ci permetteranno.

1. In un libretto stampato a Edimburgo, nell' anno 1817, (presso R. Purdie, mercante di musica, Prince's Street,) e intitolato, " Osservazioni Generali sopra la Musica," etca, si trova alla pagina 56, l'indicazione di quella base armonica di cui si è servito, di recente, un certo Professore Inglese per fondarvi quella parte della sua teoria musicale che spetta al modo (ossia la formola), comprensivo dedotto dai suoni armonici della risopanza multiplice. Il modo (ossia la formola), de' suoni armonici sotto-multiplici si fonda sugli sperimenti di Tartini ed altri, — e tutti due que' modi comprensivi non meno che la corrispondenza che qualche volta si osservi tra la serie dei suoni armonici multiplici (ovvero le divisioni armoniche del monocordo) e la serie naturale dei numeri 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, etca, sono stati indicati e rischiarati da *****, u, *****, e, *****, u, *****, i, *****, ed altri scrittori forestieri.*

Di più, * *** e attribuisce agli accordi ricevuti in armonia, e secondo alla natura di essi, 1mo, un fondamento unico e semplice; 2do, un fondamento doppio, e qualche volta anche triplice; cioè a dire, che, secondo a lui (* ***) vi sono degli accordi che hanno un' basso unico, o più di uno basso, realmente e fisicamente fondamentale.

Per esempio, che l'accordo perfetto $\begin{smallmatrix} g \\ c \end{smallmatrix}$, ha, per basso unico e semplice, il suono C come fondamentale e generatore dei suoni e, $\begin{smallmatrix} g \\ c \end{smallmatrix}$, etca; ma che l'accordo del nove $\begin{smallmatrix} g \\ c \end{smallmatrix}$, ha, per basso fondamentale i due suoni C, e G; e così discorrendo.

* Tutto questo e molte altre cose che si trovano nelle opere di que' scrittori forestieri, si trovano anche nella teoria del nostro Inglese, e vene formano la base e tutto il pregio.—Fra le altre cose di cui parla l'Inglese, sono quei picciolissimi intervalli per i quali differisce un suono da un altro che porta lo stesso nome. Egli li chiama in Inglese " slides," (e in vero, portano in Francese lo stesso nome tradotto,) e crede averli scoperte e ridotti a principj fondamentali, prima di qualunque altra persona. Ma egli non sa che quegli intervalli diacromatici sono stati osservati e ridotti a principj fondamentali da * *** e ed altri scrittori. Qui, bisogna ch'io faccia rimarcare una opinione falsissima ricevuta comunemente da' Professori nostri. Dicono che, esistente l'intervallo di un tuono, se si diminuisca l'acutezza del suono superiore per mezzo di un bemolle, e si aumenti l'acutezza del suono inferiore per mezzo di un diesis, il suono segnato col diesis sarà più grave del suono segnato col bemolle. Ma, in verità, la cosa è tutta al contrario. Poichè, e. g. nel modo di Do maggiore, il Re segnato con un bemolle indica un suono più grave di quello che vien indicato per il Do segnato con un diesis.

2. Nel libretto soprammentovato, si trova, p. 57. l'indicazione di " una maniera semplice, accurata, e soddisfacente di esemplificar le scale diato-

* Nota.—Ho scritto i nomi così a bella posta. Un altro tempo vi dirò il perchè.

niche ed altre per le divisioni del *monocordo*." L'autore di quel libretto è il primo che ha raccomandato al pubblico di questo paese l'uso del monocordo per far conoscere ed intendere dalla gioventù, imparando la musica teorica, la natura e le misure di tutti gli intervalli musicali sensibili.

Il monocordo, non meno che il *polycordo*, è uno strumento antichissimo, di cui l'uso e l'importanza nell'esibire i rapporti, etea, degli intervalli musicali, fu ottimamente inteso da quel popolo arguto ed ingegnoso i Greci antichi. I Greci antichi!—que' maestri di tutta l'Europa nelle belle arti, nelle scienze, e nell'amena letteratura!

Il *canone monocordo* (*μονόχορδος κανών*), il *canone armonico* (*ἀρμονικός κανών*), e il *canone* (*κανών*),—tra i quali l'ultimo fu spesso uno strumento da più corde, ossia un *polycordo*—sono specialmente mentovati da parecchi Greci scrittori, fra cui entrano anche nelle più minute particolarità intorno alla grandezza e la costruzione del *Canone*.

Fra gli altri, vedi il passo che comincia così:—Τῶν ἡμῶν θεωρημάτων, ἃ ἡμεῖς ἀποκαταστήσαμεν ἐπὶ τὴν ἀρχαίαν ἀρμονικὴν, ὅπως ἡμῶν τὰς ἀπαντὰς ἀριστείας καταδείξεται, διὰ τῶν, πρὸς ἡμεῖς ἀναλυσθέντων ψαλμῶν, εὐρεθῶνται συμπαντες ἡμῶν αἱ φιλόσοφαι, etea.

E l'altro che comincia:—Κανὼν δὲ πάλιν ἀρμονικός ἐστι, μετρῶν ὁρίστικος τῶν ἐν τοῖς φθογμοῖς ἡμερομένην διαφορῶν, etea.

Ed ancora l'altro cominciando:—Ἡ δὲ ἐπὶ τῇ καλλίστῃ Κανόνος, διατεταμένη χορδῇ, etea.

3. Ho già osservato che i fenomeni della risonanza armonica moltiplice sottomoltiplici furono noti ai Greci antichi, vedi * * * * * e proba, e * * * * *

4. Nella Nuova Rivista di Edimburgo, No. 4^o, ho parlato dello stato miserabile in cui si trova da noi l'arte del cantare, ed ho accennato al pubblico i metodi del canto con tanto felice successo osservati nelle scuole musicali d'Italia. Che si consulti il metodo del Conservatorio di Milano, di Bologna, etea, e del Conservatorio di Francia. In quelle opere si parla delle regole per condurre la voce al suo più alto grado di eccellenza, e si differenzia i registri della voce umana, e del Portamento e del Fila-

mento dei suoni, ed in somma, di tutto che abbia relazione coll'arte del cantante.

5. In detta Rivista ho parlato della imperfezione e della confusione che già esistono nella moderna nomenclatura musicale. Davvero ven'è gran bisogno di riforma.

6. Mi lusingo di poter far vedere, in un'altra lettera, la necessità in cui si trova il vero cantore, non meno che il vero compositore di musica, di studiare la vera espressione musicale per mezzo dei fenomeni della voce parlante e, in somma, della voce esprimente, in tutti i modi naturali, gli affetti, le passioni ed i sentimenti del nostro essere; e inoltre, che l'analogia tra la parola e il canto non è tanto rinota quanto vien creduta da molti.

7. Spero anche di mettervi sott'occhio una brevissima spiegazione dell'uso pratico dell'armonia in tutti i modi, ovvero scale musicali.—Per mezzo di tre suoni presi come formanti un centro concordante e principale (se sia lecito parlar così)—al quale l'orchestra attende come alla norma o regola governatrice di tutti gli altri suoni subordinati, ed al quale tendono, altri più altri meno rigorosamente, tutti i suoni che non entrano, per generazione diretta, nell'armonia concordante di quel detto centro.

8. L'Inglese soprammentovato ha di già fatto stampare un abbozzamento della sua teoria della musica, e così creduta essere da tutti quelli (tollone uno solo No. 2222) che ne l'hanno avuta notizia. Su di questo punto avrò in seguito qualche cosa da dirvi. Intanto dirò solamente che nel No. XIV. della Rivista musicale di Londra vi si trovano certe osservazioni su i fenomeni dei corpi sonori da me fatte anni sono, e da me comunicate non solamente al detto Inglese, ma, di più, a quattro rispettabilissime persone in Edimburgo, lungo tempo prima che il nostro teorista abbia creduto a proposito darle alla luce per la stampa in quella maniera gentilissima.

9. Mi pare che vi abbia qualche analogia tra il fenomeno dei suoni detti armonici, che alcune volte si possano sentire allorché il suono principale, ossia fondamentale del corpo sonoro tutto, abbia incominciato a divenir più debole, e il fenomeno dei colori complementari, ovvero suggeriti, che si fanno sentire dal senso visivo come spettri oculari, poco tempo dopo che si

abbia incominciato a guardar fissamente un qualsivoglia color primitivo ben chiaro, e risentito. Quest'idea mi è venuta in pensiero, osservando, con lo sperimento, le circostanze tanto belle quanto singolari di quest'ultimo fenomeno. Ho osservato che a poco a poco come si diminuisce, o che si venga meno distinto all'occhio, il color primario si comincia a sorgere, a stendersi, ed a venir più fortemente risentito e percettibile lo spettro del color secondario, ossia complementario, il quale ondeggia sopra il color primario, e lo circonda in guisa di alone. Se il color primario è il rosso, per esempio, lo spettro del color complementario sarà di un azzurro-verdastro. Così accade, in modo simile, nel caso de' detti suoni armonici. Diminuendo l'intensità, e la chiarezza del suono principale, vengono più risentiti, e distinguibili i suoni armonici che ne accompagnano la sensazione, o che la seguano come spettri ministranti al suono moribondo. Per quanto che io sappia, quest'analogia non è stata mai fin qui osservata da persona. Se io avessi la volontà di farmi architettura in una teoria musicale, potrei benissimo tentare di fonderla sopra la base di una così bella analogia supposta, e di innalzarmivi una struttura non meno grande, e stupenda che la torre antica di Belo. Ma, disgraziatamente per me, non sono gran fatto disposto a tal intrapresa! Per ora mi contenterò col dire che mi sembra più che verisimile che i detti suoni armonici, così prodotti, e sentiti, non se ne siano oltramente contemporanei del suono principale, come si crede, ma sieno piuttosto suoni che ne seguano la sensazione, o che ne vengano suscitati come suoni secondari ma ad esso relativi. La relazione che passa tra la nostra sensibilità organica, e gli oggetti delle nostre sensazioni non è cosa che io pretenderò mai spiegare. So come sia, i fatti della sensazione sono cose a noi sensibili come.

Ed ancora, rispetto ai colori, ricevuta che si abbia l'impressione prolungata di un color primario pieno, e ben illuminato, e che si chiudano poi gli occhi, non si perderà subito l'impressione del color primario, ma, perduta questa, un'altra dissimile vi succederà; cioè quella del color complementario corrispondente.

Lasciando da parte per ora moltissime altre cose dello stesso genere, non posso fare a meno di notar qui certi fenomeni ottici assai curiosi, osservati

molti anni fa da un filosofo rinomato, e in che si potrebbe, forse, riconoscer qualche analogia colla generazione armonica di sopra mentovata. S'intende parlar dei fenomeni della trasmissione, e riflessione della luce che ebbero luogo alternamente allorchè certi due vetri obbiettivi, l'uno di essi piano-convesso, e l'altro doppio-convesso, erano stati collocati insieme in guisa che la faccia piana dell'uno riposasse in su di una delle faccie convesse dell'altro. In quelle circostanze si osservò che nel centro, e al punto del loro contatto, vi era una macchia pellucida, attraverso della quale passava la luce senza soffrir alcuna riflessione. All'intorno a questa macchia vi erano, a certe distanze, dei cerchi o anelli successivi coloriti in maniere diverse, e in cui, i colori dei cerchi più rimoti da detto centro comune, divenivano sempre più deboli, e finivano nel bianco. Di quei cerchi era possibile enumerarne infino a sette. Avendo preso nella parte più lucida di ciascuno de' sei primi di quei cerchi coloriti le misure de' loro diametri, trovò il nostro filosofo i loro quadrati esser come la progressione dei numeri impari 1, 3, 5, 7, etc. I quadrati delle distanze dal centro della macchia a ciascun di quelle circonferenze, erano, perciò, nella stessa ragione, e conseguentemente l'altezza delle lamine aeree o degli intervalli tra i vetri, erano come i numeri 1, 3, 5, 7, etc.

Allorchè si erano misurati i diametri degli anelli euri o pellucidi che separavano gli anelli coloriti, i loro quadrati si trovarono esser come i numeri pari 0, 2, 4, 6, etc., e per questo le altezze delle lamine aeree attraverso le quali si era trasmessa interamente la luce erano come quei numeri stessi.

Ma allorchè si volle risorgere qualche filosofo musicale che sapra tornar al profitto dell'arte sua questi e molti altri fenomeni non mai finora paragonati coi fenomeni musicali.

In altra occasione vi farò cenno del mio parere riguardo all'analogia che sembra passar tra i fenomeni della trasmissione, e riflessione, etc. del suono, e della luce per diversi mezzi aeriformi.

10. Quanto al Tempo musicale, son' d'avviso che certe opinioni comuni intorno ad esso sono assai mal fondate. Si dice, per esempio, che le sbarre, o stanghette, dividono tale o tal'altra melodia, etc., in un certo numero di parti uguali chiamate *battute*, e che i suoni compresi in una battuta richie-

dono, per eseguirsi, uno spazio di tempo *precisamente uguale* a quello che appartiene a qualsivoglia altra battuta della medesima melodia, etc. Ed ancora, si dice che in una medesima melodia, etc., ogni suono rappresentato all'occhio per una *minima* (c. g.) o per una *semininima*, etc., dovrà necessariamente durar tanto tempo *precisamente* quanto qualunque altro suono della stessa melodia, etc., indicato per un simil' carattere musicale. Ma io nego assolutamente che tutto questo sia vero in ogni circostanza. Perchè, ogni buon cantore o suonatore non sempre bada *rigorosamente* alla misura supposta relativa dei suoni e delle battute, indicata dai caratteri musicali scritti in sulla carta; ma anzi procura di render sensibile al cuore, allo spirito, il vero intendimento, e la giusta espressione del pezzo di musica che intraprende ad eseguire. Un tal maestro si serve, a proposito, del *Crescendo*, del *Calando*, del *Rinforzando*, del *Piano*, del *Forte*, etc., prolunga questo suono, e raccorcia quell'altro, prende dal tempo di questa battuta per darne a quella; e, in breve, non riconosce

nella carta di musica altro che un'abboccamento imperfetto di quelle idee, e di quelle espressioni, le quali, benchè si possano venir suggerite al vero maestro dai caratteri musicali, e così accender il fuoco del suo genio e sentimento, non offriranno mai agli occhi del *popolaccio* musicale se non se un'ammasso muto di segni freddi e morti.

Si parla ancora del Tempo $\frac{3}{4}$, o $\frac{6}{8}$, etc., come se fosse un Tempo affatto impracticabile. Ma questo è un altro errore, come farò palese in altro luogo.

Non sarei punto sorpreso se qualche musicucchiolo facesse profitto delle cose che qui vi ho indicate. La razza è capace di far ogni cosa asinesca, e bestiale. Per imparar il significato di quel che ho scritto in Italiano, si corre a qualche persona che intende la lingua, sene ode la traduzione, e si affretta a trarne qualche profitto. Nella bettega musicale così fanno i musicucchioli tutti!

Essendo l'affare così, ed io un poco sonnacchioso, vi saluto e vado a dormire, se la gatta—Oime! Credetemi, etc. etc. R

THE NEW SERIES OF THE CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.¹

IT is now several years since we took occasion to review a work of this very interesting writer; yet he has not been idle. The Essay on the Character of King James I., which we take shame to ourselves for not noticing at the time when it was published, has not, we believe, gone into quite so extensive circulation as most of his works. This, perhaps, was to be expected, because it did not present the same *variety* of subjects, which commonly forms one of Mr D'Israeli's most pleasing attributes; but, on the other hand, its very want of that popular charm, gave it something at least as acceptable, to those who read for other purposes than those of mere amusement. Without any formality of design or structure, Mr D'Israeli, concentrating his powers upon a most picturesque character, and a most picturesque time, threw great and permanent light upon both. His book, pretending in form and style, before to the true materials of English history. It is a work, which no student of our history ever can neglect, and which no intelli-

gent one can ever undervalue. And we take this opportunity of expressing our opinion, that those readers of the *Fortunes of Nigel*, who have not looked into Mr D'Israeli's illustrations of the same personages, of which that brilliant novel furnishes so many entertaining views and sketches, must certainly be very ill-qualified to judge of the use which the novelist made of his historical materials. It is curious in every point of view, that the enthusiastic Scotchman, should, on the whole, lower one's notions of James; and, that this intelligent Englishman should have been, about the same period, producing an effect so very opposite. We rather incline to think, that the author of *Nigel* had not read Mr D'Israeli's Essay at the time when he wrote his romance, and that if he had done so, he might have represented the character of James in a much higher point of view, as to some important things, without at all diminishing the graphic and delightful effect of his portraiture. The fact is, that James had really, in the midst of all his oddnesses and

¹ A Second Series of the Curiosities of Literature: consisting of Researches in Literary, Biographical, and Political History; of Critical and Philosophical Inquiries; and of Secret History, by I. D'Israeli. In three Volumes. London: John Murray, Albemarle-Street, 1823.

weaknesses, a much larger share of wit—not Scots humour merely, but real sterling wit, than the readers of Nigel would be very apt to give him credit for. Mr D'Israeli has in a few pages preserved about as many genuine *bon-mots*, capital *bon-mots*, masterly *bon-mots*, of “the British Solomon,” as are on record to the glory either of Louis XIV., or of Charles II. But we must be satisfied for the present with this brief reference to a most valuable little volume, well deserving of every reading man's most careful attention.

Here we have our author once more in a form and dress more nearly resembling what, for twenty years, we had been accustomed to consider as *his own*. We shall not pay Mr D'Israeli a compliment, which his eminent good sense and modesty would reject—we shall not call him the British Bayle. He is not the inventor of a new department of literature like that illustrious man, nor does he carry into his investigations, either that boundless wealth of erudition, or that deep philosophical power, or that exquisite wit, which have, in their united exertion, made Bayle's huge folios more delightful reading than all the novels in the world—which have rendered him the object of reverence to every scholar, and every reasoner, and the charm, at the same time, of every elegant boudoir in Christendom. Neither can D'Israeli write like a Bayle—so far from that, if we were called on to say, who is the author whose manner of writing the English tongue is the least in keeping with his manner of thinking, and the richness of his materials, we should, we rather imagine, name nobody but Mr D'Israeli. There is a fixeness—a feebleness—and, occasionally, there is a want even of common grammar, which we cannot account for, except by supposing, (it perhaps may be so,) that Mr D'Israeli, when he writes English, writes an acquired language, and not his mother tongue;—or, what, on the whole, we are rather more inclined to consider as the truth of the case, that there *is*, in the midst of much very pleasing talent, some essential and unhappy want about his mind. His total blindness as to the charm of compact and clear expression, is really a most singular phenomenon; for often enough you shall see in one sentence, or would-be sentence of his, a new and highly interesting fact—a thought of pathetic

or of philosophic beauty—and a phrase so utterly weak and inadequate, that the fact seems to have been hinted, not told, and the thought groped for, but not grasped.

All this, we are afraid, very few of our readers have not long ago discovered abundantly for themselves; and we are also afraid that Mr D'Israeli is rather too old a writer to have much prospect of avoiding the same offences in his future works.—These works, notwithstanding what we have said, we earnestly, most earnestly, hope may be many. Never will one volume come from his hand without enriching English minds; and, therefore, in spite of their defects, enriching, and permanently enriching, the literature of England. One great branch of that literature, and a most delightful one, he has in our day made almost entirely his own. His books must live in honour, and in freshness, as long as our history and literature survive, and no man will turn over their pages, three hundred years hence, without saying to himself,—“This was a man of indefatigable zeal, of elegant feelings, and, above all, of lofty purity of character.”—Alas! in looking over the long line of literary names, (including many of the very highest ones too,) how few shall we find thus envitably stainless! No trick, no chicnery, no malice blot his career. He ever has been, and ever will be, the amiable and upright man of letters; the true gentleman's spirit guides him in every stroke of his pen, and he who might have so cheaply, and so safely, amused himself at our expence, has always suppressed every suggestion of vanity, and aimed at nothing but *our* delight—that too, combined uniformly with our instruction.

Such an author is certainly well entitled to the warmest gratitude of his literary brethren, and we, who rather aspire than pretend to be among the number of these, have always, we must confess, read his works with feelings of *partiality*, (that is not just the word, but *our* readers will understand us,) arising out of our feelings of respect for the moral character of the man himself. On his present work, the stamp of elevated humanity, and, charitable sense, is, perhaps, more strongly impressed than on any, even the best of its predecessors. We fear not to say, that no man who has perused these volumes attentively, *can* fail

to be a great, a very great deal more *knowing* than he was when he began ; and that the fault must be entirely his own, if he be not also a great deal *wiser*. The delicate and masterly exposure of past prejudices, their obscure origin, their pernicious influences, and their gradual, reluctant, but irresistible decay, *ought*, at least, to improve men's eyes for the contemplation of those prejudices, by which the people around them are now separated and deluded—and in some of which, they themselves are pretty sure to be part-takers. The comparatively infant cause of POLITICAL TOLERANCE may be advanced by the mournful and humiliating history of that RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE, of which so many great, wise, and good men, but lately regarded the very name with abhorrence—which now, however, has all names that are worth mentioning upon its side—and of which a few more years will probably be sufficient to establish the final, consummating, and blessed triumph.

We have already hinted, that we are not certain whether Mr D'Israeli is, or is not, an Englishman born. We may venture, however, to mention, what is not, perhaps, universally known, that he is by birth a member of the Hebrew nation. Whether he does, or does not, adhere to the religion of his race, we are entirely ignorant ; for often as he has discussed topics connected with the history of religious dispute, we have not, after a pretty close examination, been able to discover any one passage, from which it is possible to infer to what sect our author himself belongs. Our readers are not to imagine, that we are stating this as any thing for which he merits reprehension. He writes as a historical and philosophical antiquarian ; his business, as such, is to lay before us strange and hidden facts, and to educe from these, or induce us to educe from them, such lessons of charity as it becomes all men alike, whatever their persuasions may be, to cherish and dwell upon. But this is not all—we conceive, that to make known the fact of Mr D'Israeli's descent, is to heap new honours upon his head. The race of Israel has indeed produced, in Spinoza, one of the most acute of metaphysicians, and it has given to the modern world, in Mendelssohn, one of the profoundest of philosophers,

" the Plato of Germany ;" but its triumphs in this sort have been but few, and a D'Israeli is a new and a valuable triumph. The single fact that we owe to a Jewish citizen some of the most interesting researches which have illustrated the literary, and we may add, the political history of our country—and some of the most delightful volumes, moreover, that adorn the English library—this single fact is worth volumes of prosing, and ought, of itself, to inspire more of that great doctrine of charity and liberality, than all the many curious and recondite things, which Mr D'Israeli himself has drawn from the dust of MSS., and the obscurity of forgotten folios, for the benevolent, and we do not fear to say, the eminently *christian* purpose of enforcing it. And since we have alluded to this matter, (we trust we have done so in a manner of which Mr D'Israeli will not complain,) we may add, that his knowledge of the history, traditions, and manners, and habits of the highly interesting people from whom he is sprung, has added to many of his writings, and in particular, to the volumes now before us, a charm and a value, which, with all his talents, he could scarcely have conveyed, had it been otherwise. To us, there is, we will confess, a most deep and solemn pathos, in some of the passages where he alludes, almost as it would seem involuntarily, to the mysterious fate of his nation—their sublime, oriental dreams, their enthusiastic reverence of that which is old, and the wisdom of those picturesque sayings which still float among them, as they did among their ancestors, long before profane history had any existence. Such lingering traces of feelings, that are anything but discreditable even to the heart of a very wise man, invest occasionally with a picturesque grace, and a certain profounder interest at the same time, the disquisitions of a philosophic observer, who has, perhaps, done as much as any writer now living for the destruction of idle prejudices, and absurd antipathies. But, perhaps, we ought to apologize, even for the little we have presumed to say, as to this matter.

Nothing can be more difficult, (talking, of course, of small things,) than to set about reviewing a book of ANA,—which this is. There is not a single section of all the scores comprized in

these volumes, from which we might not draw materials for a long and interesting article. As usual, however, our first object is to make known the general opinion we have formed of the work, and thence, (when that opinion is favourable,) the propriety of buying and reading it without delay. We now tell our readers, that Mr D'Israeli's new book is as full of rich and overflowing interest, as it could have been had this been the first appearance of a clever and thinking man, expressing himself freely upon the most favourite subjects of his research and reflection. Therefore, it is a book which those who can buy such books ought immediately to possess. But we have, besides all this, to make out of it an article for Blackwood; and, in truth, although whatever way we should take it, it would be difficult not to make a good article out of such a book, we are nevertheless much at a loss. We shall, without thinking or saying more, just turn over the volumes, and do as the suggestion of the moment may chance to be.

In the first volume, one of the first articles is an excellent one on BAYLE. The reader may look long ere he finds a paragraph from which more topics of reflection naturally spring than the following:—

“ Bayle is reproached for carrying his speculations too far into the wilds of scepticism—he wrote in distempered times; he was witnessing the *dragonades* and the *revocations* of the Romish church, and amidst the Reformed, the French prophets, as we called them when they came over to us, and in whom Sir Isaac Newton more than

half believed; these testified that they had heard angels singing in the air, while our philosopher was convinced that he was living among men for whom no angel would sing! Bayle had left persecutors to fly to fanatics, both equally appealing to the Gospel, but alike untouched by its blessedness. His impurities were a taste inherited from his favourite old writers, whose *naïveté* seemed to sport with the grossness it touched; neither in France, nor at home, had the age then attained to our moral delicacy; he himself was a man without passions! His trivial matters were an author's compliance with the bookseller's taste, which is always that of the public. His scepticism is said to have thrown every thing into disorder. Is it a more positive evil to doubt, than to dogmatise? Even Aristotle often pauses with a qualifying *perhaps*, and the egotist Cicero with a modest *it seems to me*. His scepticism has been useful in history, and has often shown how facts universally believed are doubtful, and sometimes must be false. Bayle, it is said, is perpetually contradicting himself; but a sceptic must doubt his doubts; he places the antidote close to the poison, and lays the sheath by the sword. Bayle has himself described one of those self-tormenting and many-headed scepticisms by a very noble figure. ‘He was a Hydra who was perpetually tearing himself.’ ”

The following is also highly interesting, both for what it says of Gibbon, and for the fine *trait* of nature its last sentence embodies:—

“ The first step which Bayle took in life is remarkable. He changed his religion and became a Catholic; a year afterwards he returned to the creed of his fathers. Posterity might not have known the story had it escaped from his Diary. The circumstance is thus curiously stated:

BAYLE'S DIARY.

Years of the Christian Era.
1669, Tuesday, March 19.

1670, August 20.

“ These he names; his brother was one whom he had attempted to convert by a letter, long enough to evince his sincerity, but which required his subscription that we should now attribute it to Bayle.

“ For this has Bayle endured bitter censure. Gibbon, who himself changed his religion about the same ‘year of his age,’ and for as short a period, sarcastically observes of the first entry, that ‘Bayle should have finished his logic before he changed his religion.’ It may be retorted, that when he had learnt to reason, he renoun-

Years of my age.

22. I changed my religion—next day I resumed the study of logic.

23. I returned to the reformed religion, and made a private abjuration of the Romish religion in the hands of four ministers!

ced Catholicism! The true fact is, that when Bayle had only studied a few months at college, some books of controversial divinity by the Catholics offered many a specious argument against the Reformed doctrines; a young student was easily entangled in the nets of the Jesuits. But their passive obedience, and their transubstantiation, and other stuff woven in their looms, soon enabled such a man as Bayle to recover his senses. The promises and the caresses of the wily Jesuits were rejected, and the gush of tears of the bro-

thers, on his return to the religion of his fathers, is one of the most pathetic incidents of domestic life."

Another excellent lesson lies in this anecdote of Addison, at p. 30 of vol. I.; an excellent lesson, indeed, for young men, who think that the business of life may be neglected for the sake of indulging tasks merely elegant.

"A man of fine genius, Addison relates, trained up in all the polite studies of antiquity, upon being obliged to search into several rolls and records, at first found this a very dry and irksome employment; yet he assured me, that at last he took an incredible pleasure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of Virgil and Cicero."

A very pretty chapter "on False Political Reports," concludes thus, with two things that Mr D'Israeli is so often happy in bringing together, a good story and a good *hint*.

"A stranger landing from Sicily, at a barber's shop delivered all the particulars of the defeat of the Athenians; of which, however, the people were yet uninformed: The barber leaves untrimmed the reporter's beard, and flies away to vent the news in the city, where he told the Archons what he had heard. The whole city was thrown into a ferment. The Archons called an assembly of the people, and produced the luckless barber, who in his confusion could not give any satisfactory account of the first reporter. He was condemned as a spreader of false news, and a disturber of the public quiet; for the Athenians could not imagine that they were not invincible! The barber was dragged to the wheel and tortured, till the disaster was more than confirmed. Bayle, referring to this story, observes, that had the barber reported a victory, though it had proved to be false, he would not have been punished; a shrewd observation, which occurred to him by the different fate of Stratocles. This person persuaded the Athenians to perform a public sacrifice and thanksgiving for a victory obtained at sea, though he well knew at the time that the Athenian fleet had been totally defeated. When the calamity could no longer be concealed, the people charged him with being an impostor; but Stratocles saved his life and mollified their anger by the pleasant turn he gave to the whole affair. 'Have I done you any injury?' said he. 'Is it not owing to me that you have spent three days in the pleasures of victory?' I think that this spreader of good, but fictitious news, should have occupied the wheel of the luckless barber, who had spread bad but true news; for the barber had no intention of deception, but Stratocles had; and the question here to be tried, was not the truth or the falsity of the reports, but whether the reporters intended to deceive their fellow-citizens." The

'Chronicle' and the 'Post' must be challenged on such a jury, and all the race of news-scribes, whom Patin characterises as *hominum genus audacissimum mendacissimum avidissimum*. Latin superlatives are too rich to suffer a translation."

There is a great deal of very curious literary history in the chapter "on Dilapidators of MSS.;" but we prefer, even to the light it throws on Tasso and Galileo, the following extraordinary fact concerning Louis XIV.; a prince who is no favourite either with Mr D'Israeli, or ourselves. "His character," says our candid author, nevertheless—

"His character appears, like some other historical personages, equally disguised by adulation and calumny. That monarch was not the Nero which his revocation of the edict of Nantes made him seem to the French Protestants. He was far from approving of the violent measures of his Catholic clergy. This opinion of that sovereign was, however, carefully suppressed when his 'Instructions to the Dauphin' were first published. It is now ascertained that Louis XIV. was for many years equally zealous and industrious; and, among other useful attempts, composed an elaborate 'Discours' for the Dauphin for his future conduct. The king gave his manuscript to Pelisson to revise; but after the revision, our royal writer frequently inserted additional paragraphs. The work first appeared in an anonymous 'Recueil d'Opuscules Littéraires, Amsterdam, 1767,' which Barbier, in his 'Anonymes,' tells us, was 'rédigé par Pelisson: ie tout publié par l'Abbé Olivet.' When at length the printed work was collated with the manuscript original, several suppressions of the royal sentiments appeared, and the editors, too Catholic, had, with more particular caution, thrown aside what clearly shewed Louis XIV. was far from approving of the violences used against the Protestants. The following passage was entirely omitted. 'It seems to me, my sons, that those who employ extreme and violent remedies do not know the nature of the evil, occasioned, in part by heated minds, which, left to themselves, would insensibly be extinguished, rather than rekindle them afresh by the force of contradiction; above all, when the corruption is not confined to a small number, but diffused through all parts of the state; besides, the Reformers said many true things! The best method to have reduced little by little the Huguenots of my kingdom, was not to have pursued them by any direct severity pointed at them.'"

We recommend the following, from a chapter "on Parody," to those who have ever listened with aught but scorn to the railers against the famous

Chaldec MS. Who are the personages alluded to in the beginning of the extract? We rather suspect Sir Walter Scott and Washington Irving, which last elegant author first appeared to the world, we believe, in a quizzical parody of the Lay of the Last Minstrel. The story, we doubt not, is a true one; and we know of few other living poets and living parodists, capable of behaving so sensibly.

"A lady of *bas bleu* celebrity (the term is getting odious, particularly to our *seagulls*) had two friends, whom she equally admired—an elegant poet and his parodist. She had contrived to prevent their meeting as long as her stratagems lasted, till at length she apologised to the serious bard for inviting him when his mock *umbræ* was to be present. Astonished, she perceived that both men of genius felt a mutual esteem for each other's opposite talent; the ridiculed had perceived no malignity in the playfulness of the parody, and even seemed to consider it as a compliment, aware that parodists do not waste their talent on obscure productions; while the ridiculer himself was very sensible that he was the inferior poet. The lady-critic had imagined that parody must necessarily be malicious; and in some cases it is said those on whom the parody has been performed, have been of the same opinion.

"Parody strongly resembles mimicry, a principle in human nature not so artificial as it appears. Man may well be defined a mimetic animal. The African boy, who amused the whole kaffe he journeyed with, by mimicking the gestures and the voice of the auctioneer who had sold him at the slave-market a few days before, could have had no sense of scorn, of superiority, or of malignity; the boy experienced merely the pleasure of repeating attitudes and intonations which had so forcibly excited his interest. The numerous parodies of Hamlet's soliloquy were never made in derision of that solemn monologue, no more than the travesties of Virgil by Scaeron and Cotton; their authors were never so gaily mad as that. WE HAVE PARODIES ON THE PSALMS by LUTHER; Dodsley parodied the book of Chronicles, and FRANKLIN'S most beautiful story of *Abraham* IS A PARODY ON THE SCRIPTURE STYLE; not one of these writers, however, proposed to ridicule their originals, some inconsistency in the application was all that they intended."

Why had not Mr D'Israeli the candour and manliness to name Hogg at once boldly, after Luther and Franklin? But he was always fond of insinuating wisdom! We find we are just making a sort of miniature *Anna* of our own—so, to proceed, take these anecdotes of—

THE FAIRFAXES.

"In looking over a manuscript life of Tobie Matthews, archbishop of York in James the First's reign, I found a curious anecdote of his grace's disappointment in the dispositions of his sons. The cause, indeed, is not uncommon, as was confirmed by another great man, to whom the archbishop confessed it. The old Lord Thomas Fairfax one day found the archbishop very melancholy, and inquired the reason of his grace's pensiveness: 'My lord,' said the archbishop, 'I have great reason of sorrow with respect of my sons; one of whom has wit and no grace, another grace but no wit, and the third neither grace nor wit.'—'Your case,' replied Lord Fairfax, 'is not singular. I am also sadly disappointed in my sons; one I sent into the Netherlands to train him up a soldier, and he makes a tolerable country justice, but a mere coward at fighting; my next I sent to Cambridge, and he proves a good lawyer, but a mere dunce at divinity; and my youngest I sent to the inns of court, and he is good at divinity, but nobody at the law.' The relater of this anecdote adds, 'This I have often heard from the descendant of that honourable family, who yet seems to mince the matter because so immediately related.' The eldest son was the Lord Ferdinand Fairfax—and the gunsmith to Thomas Lord Fairfax, the son of this Lord Ferdinand, heard the old Lord Thomas call aloud to his grandson, 'Tom! Tom! mind thou the battle! Thy father's a good man, but more coward! All the good I expect is from thee!' It is evident that the old Lord Thomas Fairfax was a military character, and in his earnest desire of continuing a line of heroes, had preconcerted to make his eldest son a military man, who we discover turned out to be admirably fitted for a worshipful justice of the quorum. This is a lesson for the parent who consults his own inclinations and not those of natural disposition. In the present case the same lord, though disappointed, appears still to have persisted in the same wish of having a great military character in his family; having missed of one in his elder son, and settled his other sons in different avocations, the grandfather persevered, and fixed his hopes, and bestowed his encouragements on his grandson, Sir Thomas Fairfax, who makes so distinguished a figure in the civil wars."

CURES FOR LOVE.

"There are cures for which men are hanged, but of which they might easily have been cured by physical means. Persons out of their senses with love, by throwing themselves into a river, and being dragged out nearly lifeless, have recovered their senses, and lost their bewildering passion. Submersion was discovered to be a cure for some mental disorders, by altering the state of the body, as Van Helmont notices.

'was happily practised in England.' With the circumstance this sage of chemistry alludes to, I am unacquainted; but this extraordinary practice was certainly known to the Italians; for, in one of the tales of Poggio we find a mad doctor of Milan, who was celebrated for curing lunatics and demoniacs in a certain time. His practice consisted in placing them in a great high-walled court-yard, in the midst of which there was a deep well full of water, cold as ice. When a demoniac was brought to this physician, he had the patient bound to a pillar in the well, till the water ascended to the knees, or higher, and even to the neck, as he deemed their malady required. In their bodily pain they appear to have forgot their melancholy; thus by the terrors of the repetition of cold water, a man appears to have been frightened into his senses! A physician has informed me of a remarkable case: a lady with a disordered mind resolves on death, and swallowed much more than half a pint of laudanum; she closed her curtains in the evening, took a farewell of her attendants, and battered herself she should never awaken from her sleep. In the morning, however, notwithstanding this incredible dose, she awoke in the agonies of death. By the usual means she was enabled to get rid of the poison she had so largely taken, and not only recovered her life, but what is more extraordinary, her perfect senses! The physician conjectures that it was the influence of her disordered mind over her body, which prevented this vast quantity of laudanum from its usual action by terminating in death."

The following is the opening paragraph of an essay on the author of *Hudibras*, on which we do not think Mr D'Israeli has succeeded in throwing much new light. But the opening paragraph contains two or three excellent things; and among the rest a *truism*, which we have printed in italicks.

BUTLER.

"That great Original, the author of *HUDIBRAS*, has been recently censured for exposing to ridicule the Sir Samuel Luke under whose roof he dwelt, in the grotesque character of his hero. The knowledge of the critic in our literary history is not curious; he appears to have advanced no further, than to have taken up the first opinion he found; but this served for an attempt to blacken the moral character of BUTLER! 'Having lived,' says our Critic, 'in the family of Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's Captains, at the very time he planned the *Hudibras*, of which he was pleased to make his *kind and hospitable Patron* the Hero. We defy the glory of Whiggism to match this anecdote.'—as if it could not be matched! Whigs and Tories are as like as two eggs when they are wits and satirists; their friends too often become their first victims! If Sir Samuel resembled that renowned personification, the ridicule was legitimate and unavoidable when the poet had espoused his cause, and espoused it too from the purest motive—a detestation of political and fanatical hypocrisy. *Comic satirists, whatever they may allege to the contrary, will always draw largely and most truly from their own circle.* After all, it does not appear that Sir Samuel sat for Sir Hudibras; although from the hiatus still in the poem, at the end of Part I. Canto I. his name would accommodate both the metre and the rhyme. But who, said Warburton, ever compared a person to himself? Butler might aim a sly stroke at Sir Samuel by hinting to him how well he resembled Hudibras, but with a remarkable forbearance he has left posterity to settle the affair, which is certainly not worth their while."

In the chapter "on New Words," Mr D'Israeli, we think, crows rather too much about what he thinks a great feat of his own, the introduction of the word "father-land" into our mother-tongue. It was at the best merely adopting the German or Dutch "vater-land;" but although Coleridge, Byron, and Southey, have all used it since in verse, we much doubt whether it will ever be a real thorough-going English word. However, let it take its chance; but neither D'Israeli, nor any of these poets, are quite entitled to claim the privilege of Virgil and Varro. The chapter contains, however, some amusing things; and *inter alia* a sly cut at the Cockneys, whom Mr D'I., of course, abominates.

"There are three foul corrupters of a language; caprice, affectation, and ignorance! Such fashionable cant terms as "theatricals," and "musicals," invented by the ignorant Topham, still survive among his confraternity of frivolity. A lady eminent for the elegance of her taste, and of whom one of the best judges, the celebrated Miss Edgeworth, observed to me, that she spoke the purest and most idiomatic English she had ever heard, threw out an observation which might be extended to a great deal of our present fashionable vocabulary. She is now old enough, she said, to have lived to hear the vulgarisms of her youth adopted in drawing-room circles. To *lunch*, now so familiar from the fairest lips, in her youth was only known in the servants' hall. An expression very

rife of late among our young ladies, a nice man, whatever it may mean, whether the man resemble a pudding, or something more nice, conveys the offensive notion that they are ready to eat him up! *Twaddle* for a while succeeded *bore*; but *bore* has recovered the supremacy. We want another Swift to give a new edition of his 'Polite Conversation.' A dictionary of barbarisms too might be collected from some wretched neologists, whose pens are now at work! Lord Chesterfield, in his exhortations to conform to Johnson's Dictionary, was desirous, however, that the great lexicographer should add as an appendix, 'A Neological Dictionary, containing those polite, though perhaps not strictly grammatical, words and phrases commonly used, and sometimes understood by the *beau-monde*.' This last phrase was doubtless a contribution! Such a dictionary had already appeared in the French language, drawn up by two caustic critics, whom the *Dictionnaire neologique d'usage des beaux Esprits du Siècle*, collected together the numerous unlucky inventions of affectation, with their modern authorities! A collection of the fine words and phrases culled from some *very moderna* poetry, might show the real amount of the favours bestowed on us.

"A collection of *picturesque words*, found among our ancient writers, would constitute a precious supplement to the history of our language. Far more expressive than our term of *exclamation* is their solemn one of the *deathman*; than our *vagabond* their *scattering*. How finely Herrick employs the word *pittering* as applied to the grasshopper! It describes its peculiar shrill and short cry.* Envy '*dusking* the lustre' of genius, is a verb lost for us, but which gives a more precise expression to the feeling than any other words which we could use.

"The late Dr Boucher, of whose projected Thesaurus of our ancient English language we only possess the first letter of the alphabet, while the great and precious portion is suffered to moulder away among his family,† in the prospect of that work, did me the honour, then a young writer, to quote an opinion I had formed early in life of the purest source of neology—which is in the revival of old words.

* Words, that wise BACON or brave RAWLEIGH spoke!

"We have lost many exquisite and picturesque expressions through the dulness of our lexicographers, or their deficiency in that profounder study of our writers which their labours require far more than they

themselves know. The natural graces of our language have been impoverished! The genius that throws its prophetic eye over the language, and the taste that must come from Heaven, no lexicographer imagines are required to accompany him amidst a library of old books!"

The last and longest chapter in this volume is "on Proverbs." It is full of interest, but not (to us at least) of novelty. We never can be weary of good proverbs; but we think we have seen elsewhere almost all those which Mr D'Israeli here mentions, and we think we have seen them explained and commented on too. As for the English ones, he evidently has done little but turn over Heywood, Reay, and especially Grose; for although he does not name the jolly captain, he has been considerably obliged to him. There is a far fuller and better essay on the old French, Italian, and Spanish proverbs, in the *melanges tirées d'une Grande Bibliothèque*, and we are pretty sure that Mr D'Israeli has been at work there also. However, there are some picturesque additions to this subject also. c. g.

"A member of the House of Commons, in the reign of Elizabeth, made a speech entirely composed of the most homely proverbs. The subject was a bill against double-payments of book-debts. Knaveish tradesmen were then in the habit of swelling out their book-debts with those who took credit, particularly to their younger customers. One of the members who began to speak, 'for very fear shook,' and stood silent. This nervous orator was followed by a blunt and true representative of the famous governor of Barataria, delivering himself thus—'It is now my chance to speak something, and that without humming or hawing. I think this is a good law. Even reckoning makes long friends. As far goes the penny as the penny's master. *Vigilantibus non dormientibus jura subveniunt*. Pay the reckoning over-night, and you shall not be troubled in the morning. If ready money be *mensura publica*, let every one cut his coat according to his cloth. When his old suit is in the wane, let him stay till that his money bring a new suit in the increase."

* * * * *

"There are, indeed, proverbs connected with the characters of eminent men; they were either their favourite ones, or have originated with themselves: such a collection would form an historical curiosity. To

* The cry of the grasshopper is *pit! pit! pit!* quickly repeated.

† O shame! shame!

† Townsend's Historical Collections, 262.

the celebrated Bayard are the French indebted for a military proverb, which some of them still repeat. *Ce que le gantélet gagne le gorgerin le mange.* 'What the gauntlet gets, the gorget consumes.' That reflecting soldier well calculated the profits of a military life, which consumes, in the pomp and waste which are necessary for its maintenance, the slender pay it receives, and even what its rapacity sometimes acquires. The favourite proverb of Erasmus was *Festina lente!* 'Hasten slowly!' He wished it to be inscribed wherever it could meet our eyes; on public buildings, and on our rings and seals. One of our own statesmen used a favourite sentence, which has enlarged our stock of national proverbs. Sir Amias Pawlet, when he perceived too much hurry in any business, was accustomed to say, 'Stay a while, to make an end the sooner.' Oliver Cromwell's coarse, but descriptive proverb, conveys the contempt he felt for some of his mean and troublesome coadjutors: 'Nits will be lice!' The Italians have a proverb, which has been occasionally applied to certain political personages:—

*Egli è quello che Dio vuole;
E sarà quello che Dio vorrà.**
'He is what God pleases;
He shall be what God wills!'

Ere this was a proverb, it had served as an embroidered motto on the mystical mantle of Castruccio Castracani. That military genius, who sought to revolutionize Italy, and aspired to its sovereignty, lived long enough to repent the wild romantic ambition which provoked all Italy to confederate against him; the mysterious motto he assumed entered into the proverbs of his country! The border proverb of the Douglases, 'It were better to hear the larking than the mouse cheep,' was adopted by every border chief, to express, as Sir Walter Scott observes, what the great Bruce had pointed out, that the woods and hills of their country were their safest bulwarks, instead of the fortified places, which the English surpassed their neighbours in the arts of assaulting or defending. These illustrations indicate one of the sources of proverbs; they have often resulted from the spontaneous emotions or the profound reflections of some extraordinary individual, whose energetic expression was caught by a faithful ear, 'never to perish!'

In perusing the following, which is the best paragraph in this chapter, our readers will perceive something of what we alluded to a little ago,—and we think agree with us, as to the effect of the Hebrew Lore.

"Proverbs peculiarly national, while they testify to us the modes of thinking, will consequently indicate the modes of acting among a people. The Romans had a proverbial expression for their last state in

play, *rem ad triarios venisse*, 'the reserve are engaged!' a proverbial expression, from which the military habits of the people might be inferred; the *triaris* being their reserve. A proverb has preserved a curious custom of ancient coxcombry, which originally came from the Greeks. To men of effeminate manners in their dress, they applied the proverb of *Unico digitulo scalpit caput*. Scratching the head with a single finger was, it seems, done by the critically nice youths in Rome, that they might not discompose the economy of their hair. The Arab, whose unsettled existence makes him miserable and interested, says, 'Vinegar given is better than honey bought.' Every thing of high esteem with him who is so often parched in the desert is described as *milk*.—'How large his flow of milk!' is a proverbial expression with the Arab, to distinguish the most copious eloquence. To express a state of perfect repose, the Arabian proverb is, 'I throw the rein over my back;' an allusion to the loosening of the cords of the camels, which are thrown over their backs when they are sent to pasture. We discover the rustic manner of our ancient Britons in the Cambrian proverbs; many relate to the *hedge*. 'The cleanly Briton is seen in the *hedge*;' the horse look, not on the *hedge* but the corn: the bad husband's *hedge* is full of gaps.' The state of an agricultural people appears in such proverbs as, 'You must not count your yearnings till May-day;' and their proverbial sentence for old age is, 'An old man's end is to keep sheep!' Turn from the vagrant Arab and the agricultural Briton to a nation existing in a high state of artificial civilization; the Chinese proverbs frequently allude to magnificent buildings. Affecting a more solemn exterior than all other nations, a favourite proverb with them is, 'A grave and majestic outside is, as it were, the *palace* of the soul.' Their notion of government is quite architectural. They say, 'A sovereign may be compared to a *hall*; his officers to the steps that lead to it; the people to the ground on which they stand.' What should we think of a people who had a proverb, that 'He who gives blows is a master, he who gives none is a dog!' We should instantly decide on the mean and servile spirit of those who could repeat it; and such we find to have been that of the Bengalese, to whom the degrading proverb belongs, derived from the treatment they were used to receive from their Mogul rulers, who answered the claims of their creditors by a vigorous application of the whip! In some of the Hebrew proverbs we are struck by the frequent allusions of that fugitive people to their own history. The cruel oppression exercised by the ruling power, and the confidence in their hope of change in the day of tribulation, was depicted in this Hebrew proverb:—When

the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes!" The fond idolatry of their devotion to their ceremonial law, and to every thing connected with their sublime Theocracy, in their magnificent Temple, is finely expressed by this proverb—"None ever took a stone out of the Temple, but the dust did fly into his eyes." Peyssonnel, who long resided among the Turks, observes, that their proverbs are full of sense, ingenuity, and elegance, the surest test of the intellectual abilities of any nation. He said this to correct the volatile opinion of De Tott, who, to convey an idea of their stupid pride, quotes one of their favourite adages, of which the truth and candour are admirable: "Riches in the Indies, wit in Europe, and pomp among the Ottomans."

We had marked somewhere in this volume, but cannot now discover it, a passage in which Mr D'Israeli mentions the curious facts, that THE MAIDEN was introduced into Scotland by Earl Morton, and that he was the first person who suffered by it; and that M. Guillotine, a French surgeon, who gave his name to an improvement of the Maiden, died also, at the beginning of the Revolution, by his own invention. M. D'Israeli will not disclaim to receive another story of the same sort from us, although about a much obscurer person,—*viz.* Deacon Brodie, who was executed about 30 years ago, for robbing the Excise office in Edinburgh, and who really was both a man of very genteel birth, and in his manners more of the Macheath than any body that has appeared for the last fifty years.—This gay Deacon of the carpenters of Edinburgh invented the drop by which all criminals now suffer in Britain—and, strange to say, he was the first man who was hanged on his own commodious gallows. His friends had some notion that the new invention might not do the business so effectually as the old leap from a ladder in the Grass-market, and they prevailed on himself to adopt some device of a silver tube inserted in the wind-pipe, for the purpose of still further reducing the chances. The Deacon came forth very gaily with his silver tube, a well-dressed peruke, and a very grand silk waistcoat—but alas! "Brodie's drop" was too much for Brodie! The Deacon's body resisted every effort that was made towards producing re-animation. We have reason to say we know this, for we are old enough to

have often talked with the surgeon who was present when the experiment was made. It is true, that a foolish story of his having revived in great style, and indeed lived to be, under another name, a leading member of Congress in the United States of America,—was long very prevalent in this quarter—where, perhaps, the absurd fiction may not even yet be entirely without its dupes.

We have, after all, noticed but a very few of the chapters into which the first of these delightful volumes is divided; but we fear our limits must circumscribe us still more, as to the equally or perhaps even richer two that remain behind. Of the three, the second is that which will probably be most frequently referred to by future historians of our own country. In it are given a vast number of most interesting particulars about Sir Walter Rawleigh—an old favourite of D'Israeli's; and the circumstances of that wonderful man's behaviour at his death, now for the first time minutely set forth, present, to be sure, a most extraordinary contrast to the scenes of humiliating chicanery which were acted by him at the commencement of his imprisonment, and which our author has also had the merit of disclosing. How often, however, has the history of mankind exhibited the different manner in which the same person lives and dies! Rawleigh, who could stoop to mediate his face into pumple, for the sake of avoiding imprisonment, could afterwards calmly devote the leisure of his dungeon to the composition of immortal works of genius, and at length when the fatal day did come, it found him ready to receive death with the constancy of a hero, and the calmness of a philosopher. DEATH is a favourite theme of D'Israeli's, and there is a chapter here entitled "the Book of Death," which will be read with the deepest interest. In recording the manner in which so many illustrious men have made their exits, our author has forcibly recalled to us a notion which we ourselves have long entertained; we mean that of making a compilation of *accounts of violent deaths of men and women of all ages and countries*. A couple of volumes, for which our common-place book already contains abundant materials, might probably be sufficient

for a condensed abstract of the minute particulars of many hundred scenes of this kind:—and perhaps we might seek in vain for a better motto than is to be found in the page of D'Israeli. What would Blackwood give us, or what would Murray give D'Israeli, for such a book? Speak, Bibliopoles, speak, or die!

The chapters on "Expression of suppressed Opinion,"—"On Palaces built by ministers,"—"On political Nick-names,"—"On the Italian Historians,"—"On the Skeleton,"—"On Prediction,"—and "on the Parisian Massacre," are among the most valuable which our author has ever published. That "on Autographs" is of a lighter, but scarcely less interesting description. M. D'Israeli is a great believer in the doctrine that men's characters and tempers may be traced in their hand-writing. Yet he often meets with puzzling exceptions; as, for example,—

"I am intimately acquainted with the hand-writings of five of our great poets.—The first in early life acquired among Scottish advocates a hand-writing which cannot be distinguished from that of his ordinary brothers: the second, educated in public schools, where writing is shamefully neglected, composes his sublime or sportive verses in a school-boy's ragged scrawl, as if he had never finished his tasks with the writing-master; the third writes his highly-wrought poetry in the common hand of a merchant's clerk, from early commercial avocations; the fourth has all that finished neatness, which polishes his verses; while the fifth is a specimen of a full mind, not in the habit of correction or alteration; so that he appears to be printing down his thoughts, without a solitary erasure. The hand-writing of the *first* and *third* poets, not indicative of their character, we have accounted for; the others are admirable specimens of characteristic autographs."

Perhaps some of our readers may like to be told that Mr D'Israeli alludes to Sir W. Scott, Lord Byron, Rogers, Campbell, and Southey, and we can verify, if it were necessary, the accuracy of his statements. We could easily give a copious paragraph in addition to his, about others of our contemporary authors. Wordsworth's hand-writing is clumsy, strong, and unequal—more unequal than any great man's autograph we have ever happened to see. Coleridge's is a beautiful but very quaint and eccentric one: it is

more like "The Ancient Mariner" than "Genevieve"—and not in the least like "The Friend." Mr Crabbe writes like an elegant woman, every dot marked, but the lines flowing and sweetly formed. One, to look at it, would rather suspect him of a soft sentimental novel than of "Sir Eustace Gray," or "Peter Grimes." Mr Jeffrey writes as if he wrote against time with a stick dipped in ink—never was such a hideous unintelligible scrawl: Yet there is a power and vivacity about it not unlike the man. It is quick, careless, and inaccurate to the last degree,—the hand-writing of a Reviewer—not of an Author. Mr Gifford, again, has the slow distinct formal fingers of a commentator—yet his hand-writing is a striking one too in some particulars. Hogg's autograph seems as if it had never been designed but for painful chronicling of small beer. It is stiff, rigid, scraggy—he could no more execute a flourish than a hexameter—but then the author of the *Queen's Wake* taught himself to write from imitation of printed books, at twenty years of age. Allan Cunningham writes a good running well-fashioned hand—his tasteful eye, conversant with the finest forms of art, has enabled him to sink the stonemason. Mr Wrangham's hand-writing has the accurate and beautiful precision of his classical style. Theodore Hook writes as if he had penned billets-doux rather than comedies—O'Connell, strange contradiction, boasts one of the most easy, and, at the same time, finished autographs in the world—one would swear he was as incapable of inditing a blackguard ballad as Southey himself. Tickler has a formal antique list, that would equally set conjecture at defiance. Mr Canning's penmanship has all the chasteness, and at the same time all the nervous weight of his mind. But there is not the least of his ornamental rhetoric in its turns. Mr Peel writes a sober, scholarlike hand—a true Christ-church list. Cobbett's hand-writing is very like Brougham's, only thicker in the hairstroke, and the pen not quite so decently made. Old Henry M'Kenzie still writes as if he were under five-and-thirty, we mean as to the ease and firmness of the hand—the shapes are not like the author of *Julia de Roubigné*, but the Exchequer attorney.

Mr Milnan possesses a hand-writing of the most elaborate elegance—there is something stately in his very commas, and his capitals have a gorgeousness that looks almost sublime—Yet there is no *divans* in the fist, and Belshazzar would not have started with additional terror, had the writing on the wall been from his quill. Professor Egan's hand-writing was a very fine one when he wrote the first *Boxiana*; but he has now acquired a slovenly use of the bunch of fives. Croly writes with a furious, rambling, excursive, but most vigorous paw.

To conclude—for there is no end to this sort of thing.—Dr Brewster *scratches*, as if with a hen's foot, his polished sentences, so full of scientific precision in their composition. Mr Leslie writes as if he were a duck spluttering out of a dubble.—Dr Chalmers as if he were a madman—and Mr Terry so perfectly like Sir Walter Scott, that we have often heard neither of them ever durst swear to his signature without mentioning that circumstance.—From our living Poets D'Iraki passes to our dead Kings—

“Oldys, in one of his curious notes, was struck by the distinctness of character in the hand-writings of several of our kings. He observed *nothing* further than the mere fact, and did not extend his idea to the art of judging of the natural character by the writing. Oldys has described these hand-writings with the utmost correctness, as I have often verified. I shall add a few comments.

“Henry the Eighth wrote a strong hand, but as if he had seldom a good pen. The vehemence of his character conveyed itself into his writing; bold, hasty, and commanding, I have no doubt the assessor of the Pope's supremacy and its triumphant destroyer, split many a good quill.

“Edward the Sixth wrote a fair legible hand.—We have this promising young prince's diary, written by his own hand; in all respects he was an assiduous pupil, and he had scarcely learnt to write and to reign when we lost him.

“Queen Elizabeth writ an upright hand, like the bastard Italian.” She was indeed a most elegant calligrapher, whom Roger Ascham had taught all the elegancies of the pen. The French editor of the little autographical work I have noticed has given the autograph of her name, which she usually wrote in a very large tall character, and painfully elaborate. He accompanies it with one of the Scottish Mary, who at times wrote elegantly, though usually in uneven lines; when in haste and dis-

tress of mind, in several letters during her imprisonment which I have read, much the contrary. The French editor makes this observation:—“Who could believe that these writings are of the same epoch?”

The first denotes *asperity* and ostentation; the second indicates simplicity, softness, and nobleness. The one is that of Elizabeth, Queen of England; the other that of her cousin, Mary Stuart. The difference of these two hand-writings answers most evidently to that of their characters.

“James the First wrote a poor ungainly character, all awry, and not in a straight line.” James certainly wrote a slovenly scrawl, strongly indicative of that personal negligence which he carried into all the little things of life; and Buchanan, who had made him an excellent scholar, may receive the disgrace of his pupil's ugly scribble, which sprawls about his careless and inelegant letters.

“Charles the First wrote a fair open Italian hand, and more correctly, perhaps, than any prince we ever had.” Charles was the first of our monarchs who intended to have domesticated taste in the kingdom, and it might have been conjectured from this unfortunate prince, who so finely discriminated the manners of the different painters, which are in fact their hand-writings, that he would have not been insensible to the elegancies of the pen.

“Charles the Second wrote a little fair running hand, as if he wrote in haste, or uneasy till he had done.” Such was the writing to have been expected from this illustrious vagabond, who had much to write, often in odd situations, and could never get rid of his natural restlessness and vivacity.

“James the Second with a large fair hand.” It is characterised by his phlegmatic temper, as an exact detail of occurrences, and the matter-of-business genius of the writer.

“Queen Anne wrote a fair round hand; that is the writing she had been taught by her master, probably without any alteration of manner naturally suggested by herself; the copying hand of a common character.”

To these also we shall make a few additions. George the First signed his name in a high, stiff, ungainly style. George the Second even worse—as ugly, and feebler. The late King wrote a fine and free, though old-fashioned hand. It was just what might have been expected from his temper and character—extremely plain—extremely uniform—completely the hand-writing of a high-bred gentleman, destitute of the slightest affectation. Of his present Majesty's performance we have never happened to see more than

some signatures. There is not a man in the island that could make such a capital G. The whole *George* is written as if without lifting the pen—the letters small, round, distinct, and beautiful in the highest degree. The R is not quite equal to the G, but still boldly done and beautiful too. There is about the whole effect something eminently graceful, composed, and PRINCELY—and that, compared with the hideous raganuffin *Napoleon* of the late Emperor of France, shews in the most striking manner what a difference there is between the uneasy strut of an Usurper, and the calm majesty of a born King.

We find that no room is left for the many rich chapters that we had marked out for quotations and remarks in the third and last volume. But we must, in parting with an author who has now and heretofore furnished us with so much information, quote a short passage in which he himself admirably draws out one of the most important *morals* his labours have been designed to elucidate and impress. After a great variety of delightful things, he thus concludes his chapter on the "True Sources of Secret History."

"The appetite for Remains," as the noble author whom I have already alluded to calls it, may then be a very wholesome one, if it provides the only materials by which our popular histories can be corrected, and often infuse a freshness into a story, which, after been copied from book to book, inspires another to tell it for the tenth time!—That is the *source* of SECRET HISTORY, unsuspected by the iller and the superficial, among those masses of untouched manuscripts: but subterraneous history!—which indeed may terrify the indolent, bewilder the inexperienced, and confound the giddy, if they have not acquired the knowledge which not only decides on facts and opinions, but on the authorities which have furnished them. Popular historians have written to their readers; each with different views, but all alike form the open documents of history; like feed advocates, they declaim, or like special pleaders, they keep only on one side of their case; they are seldom zealous to push on their cross-examinations; for they come to gain their cause, and not to hazard it!

"Time will make the present age as obsolete as the last, for our sons will cast a new light over the ambiguous scenes which distract their fathers; they will know how some things happened, for which we cannot account; they will witness how many characters we have mistaken; they will be

told many of those secrets which our contemporaries hide from us; they will pause at the ends of our beginnings; they will read the perfect story of man, which can never be told while it is proceeding. All this is the possession of posterity, because they will judge without our passions; and all this we ourselves have been enabled to possess, by the SECRET HISTORY of the last two ages!"

In the course of these volumes Mr D'Israeli indicates the families in whose possession a vast number of "Diaries," "Letters," "MS. books," and other materials of the richest sort, bequeathed by their illustrious ancestors, may, in all probability, be still slumbering. Dr Boucher's heirs might, he more than hints, give us the whole of that precious dictionary which occupied his learned life, and of which he only lived to publish the letter A. The descendants of the famous Countess Anne of Pembroke, &c. had employed many learned men in compiling the histories of the Cliffords, and the other noble families which she represented. What, he asks, has become of all the monuments of her zeal and their toils? The fame of Lady Mary Wortley Montague would have rested entirely on a few satirical couplets of Pope, but for the fortunate theft that secured the publication of some of her letters, and thereby added another classic to the literature of England. But the Bute family are known to have suppressed in silence to this hour, the far greater part of their illustrious ancestress's papers. Several extensive MS. correspondences of hers are known to have been bought up by them. It is true, that there may exist some good causes for not just yet laying them before the world; but let us hope that the operation of these may not last much longer. The great mass of the *Oldys* collections remains also unaccounted for, but almost certainly in existence. Indeed it is not too much to say, that there are few of our great families who do not possess something in this way which ought to become public property.

Mr D'Israeli is well entitled to give advice to those who possess curious MSS., and he gives it. Let them entrust these treasures to the British Museum. There, if there is no objection to the MSS. being read, those most able to profit by the perusal of them have easy access. And there, if there be any reason, or any wish

that they be not read, these treasures can be locked up under great public responsibility in perfect secrecy, for whatever term the donor may be pleased to indicate, but—in SAFETY. We beg attention to this advice. It comes from one of the most laborious and successful literary investigators our country has produced. He has earned a right to speak to the nation he has instructed—let not his voice be uttered in vain.

And now, farewell, amiable and in-

teresting D'Israeli. Long may your zeal rouse ambition; long may your triumphs sustain studious ardour; and, above all, long may your pure example guide those that follow your footsteps. A hint is dropped at the beginning of these volumes about a new edition of Bayle; we trust that the editor is either to be yourself, or some congenial friend, to whom your precious stores are open. Such an edition of such a book will indeed be a gift worthy of you and of England!

THE HONOURABLE CAPTAIN NAPIER AND ETTRICK FOREST.

To Christopher North, Esq.

SIR,—There is a work on pastoral economy which has lately made its appearance,* and as it merits the attention of the public in no ordinary degree at this critical period, I send you a few remarks on it, and anecdotes connected with it, for publication; knowing that no one is qualified for doing so, who is not intimately acquainted with the local circumstances of the country to which the book relates.

This is no work of a capricious and self-approving theorist, set down to vend the feelings of a party, or set the interests of one part of the commonwealth against another—no dictatorial harangue of learned pedagogue, reasoning about matters of which he knows not the first principles. The author is no Mr Weir, proving the inefficiency of our present mode of pasturage from the Eclogues of Virgil, and the works of Aristotle; but the eldest son and heir of a nobleman, telling a plain unvarnished tale, about things in which he is deeply concerned, and recommending improvements, and those only by the adoption of which he must ultimately either be a gainer or a loser. There can, therefore, be no doubt whatsoever with regard to the sincerity and good intentions of its author; and it is impossible to read the work without perceiving throughout, the bold, fear-

less, independent, and generous spirit that indited it.

It is not my purpose to enter into a general detail of this genuine pastoral production; such disquisitions lie exactly four-and-thirty miles out of your way. (The distance betwixt Ambrose's and Ettrick Forest) I know you do not wish to knock a respectable and long-established work on the head at once, by monopolizing every dingy art and science, but rather take a particular interest in the success of some of your contemporary journals, and have shewn that most forcibly, by shunning every object that lay in their path. You have even avoided the path itself, and the very department which it traverses, for fear of stumbling upon some of these objects; for there is no denying that you have a wonderful facility in striking your foot against certain objects with a devilish sharp kick; and more than that, the additional volitation acquired by such a stumble, is rather apt to make you run your head plump against the next person, or beast, that comes in your way.

I could not, however, relinquish this opportunity of saying, a few words in approbation of the motives of my countryman—motives that do honour to human nature, and add lustre even to the noble class to which he belongs, and

* A Treatise on Practical Store-Farming, as applicable to the Mountainous Region of Ettrick Forest, and the Pastoral District of Scotland in general. By the Hon. William John Napier, F. R. S. Edinburgh, Post-Captain in the Royal Navy; a Vice-President of the Pastoral Society of Selkirkshire, &c. &c. With Engravings. Edinburgh: Waugh and Innes. 1822.

with which he is widely connected. He is the eldest son of Lord Napier, and heir-apparent to his lands and titles—the lineal descendant and representative not only of the famous Napiers of Merchiston, but also of a family of Scotts, of high Border lineage and fame, the ancient knights of Thirlstane and Howpasley. With an hereditary spirit of enterprize, he went into the Royal Navy when very young, and before he was nineteen years of age, served on board *THE DEFENCE* at the glorious battle of Trafalgar. After that, he was in many subsequent engagements—was twice wounded in battle; and at one time lay three months in an enemy's prison;—and these acts of chivalry, together with his family interest, raised him, by rapid steps, from the rank of midshipman, to that of post-captain in the Royal Navy.

At length, when his country had no more need of his arms, he laid aside the sword, and took up the shepherd's crook. From keeping long and indefatigable guard on the sublime elemental bulwark of his country, he retired to her most sequestered wildernesses—to one of her inland glens—to which cultivation had approached with slow and indignant motion—where antiquated forms, customs, and adages, lingered with an obstinacy only to be accounted for in the patriarchal feelings of an intelligent and thinking people. But these rules and adages had been transmitted to them by their fathers—handed down from generation to generation, by those whom they were taught to consider as wiser and better men than themselves; and they could not yield them up without reluctance. Against such prejudices, Captain Napier soon found that he would be obliged to contend in his new exertions to serve his country. But he was nothing daunted. He set a stout heart to a steep brae, and determined to gain the summit; seeing he could no longer benefit the land of his fathers, by wreaking vengeance on her enemies, or in defending her naval rights, he resolved to do so by his example, and to cultivate the rural arts of peace, to the utmost extent of his interest and ability.

His first exertions were directed towards that sort of improvement which might ever be the first in a country, which necessarily paves the way for all others, namely, the improve-

ment of the roads. In this he persevered with an obstinacy that was almost ludicrous. But neither fatigue nor opposition deterred or dispirited him for one moment—he wrote letters, called meetings, and made speeches, threatened some with the law, and others with acts of parliament, to make them acquiesce in that which was their own interests. He surveyed roads over mountains, and through glens and cataracts, carrying the end of the chain himself for many a weary day, and stopping at every turn to mark down the altitudes, rocks, bridges, and declivities. In these laborious peregrinations he surveyed many lines of road, where roads have never been made, nor ever will be made while the world stands. Among these may be mentioned an excellent one over Minchmoor, and another over Bodsbeck-Law, both rising with an abrupt ascent to the respectable elevation of 1900 feet above the level of the sea; of course excellently adapted for *winter roads*, as they would have been always blown quite free of snows during that boisterous season; and suppose a few scores of passengers might have perished annually on them, that was their own concern, so it behoved them to look to it.

It is true, a few impassable *uraths* of snow might occasionally have intervened on these mountain ways; but as these could not have been supposed to have remained above five months at a time, or six at the most, we think it a pity that these lines of road had not been made, as we are sure the adjoining districts will miss them. People would have seen finely about them on a good day, and would have got such of their horses amazingly well tried, as were doubtful with regard to wind. But if the honourable Captain failed in effecting some of his lines of road, he sometimes had the good fortune to procure the making of two roads in the same line, or rather additional ones to those lately made, which might be a sort of indifferent compensation to the country for the loss of the others. A stranger need not be surprised on entering Ettrick Forest, at seeing two excellent roads sweeping along the bottom of a hill, within a few yards of each other, or at the farthest, not separated above a musket-shot—an improvement which, without doubt, tends mightily to the *facilitating of communication*, though

not to the increase of the farmer's funds.

After those laborious surveys alluded to above, the Captain's work was but half begun: he had to descend into all the adjoining districts, and harass them without end for new lines to meet with his. He succeeded, by fair or foul means, in causing the upper district of Roxburghshire meet him with one in the middle of the inhospitable Moors of Ales—the Eskdale district of Dumfriesshire to meet him at a place called Tamleuchar-Cross, on the border of the two counties—the upper district of Annandale to meet him with one at Birkhill-Path. He was obliged to force one through a part of the county of Tweeddale, by subscription, which was, however, readily supported by several gentlemen of that district; but they have hitherto withstood all his efforts, in meeting him with an effective line on the Edinburgh road, which still remains in a disgraceful state, considering the excellence of the line, and the expences that have been laid out on it, all to the southward. Every one of these new lines of road is of the utmost importance to the county. They open up a communication with each of the adjoining districts, and, through these, with every part of the united kingdom; and it cannot be denied, that for all these the country is mainly indebted to the unwearied exertions of Captain Napier.

The readiness that the other gentlemen trustees showed in backing his measures, made it apparent that the country only wanted such a spirit to put it into motion. Still, without such a moving spring, our cross roads might have continued in a state of nature for ages to come.

On reading over the Captain's very curious work, the first thing that strikes one is, how it could be possible that the occupiers of land in this celebrated pastoral district of Ettrick Forest should have been so backward in their improvements relating to the rearing and management of sheep, the sole staple commodity of their county. There is no doubt, however, of the fact—it actually was so; and every material change towards improvement was withstood as an innovation, till it could be withstood no longer—till the advanced rents compelled the farmers to adopt the measures that had apparently proved the most lucrative to others. Even

after they had been sullenly adopted by the farmers, the old shepherds withstood them to the utmost of their power, and that with a virulence quite unexampled. These being a people that have great influence with their masters, contributed not a little to the retarding of these necessary improvements. When the draining of the land on which his hirsell grazed began first to be mentioned to the old shepherd, he is said to have replied with teeth clenched in despite, so that the words squeezed through them,—

“Ay, ay, rit and raise, cut and turn up; we'll see wha will be the profitter in the end. Mak seuchs to drown a' the new-drappit lambs, graves for the grit ewes, and canny upittings for the waulf hoggs. Braw profits there, gude-man! Braw profits there! A wheen fine skins, a' daubit wi' drumble and ha' clay. They will gar somebody's pouches jingle!”

It was in vain that his master represented to him how they would improve the grass, and make dry lairs for his sheep. No reasoning could allay the indignation of old Bonnety, who replied, “Sic an improvement of the gorse as they will make! Raise us a loke soft toth, in place o' our good helsom' pried, that used to keep the hearts o' a' the ewes hale in the lang lentrin days. And what will they make dry lairs to? To the blind moudiworts, to help them to turn the wrang side o' the grund outmost.”

Now experience has fairly shewn the short-sightedness of these old shepherds; for, laying every other advantage aside, the draining of the country has banished the rot from among the flocks, or rendered its influences so trivial, as scarcely to be worth mentioning; whereas before, on wet and severe seasons, it either destroyed or injured the constitutions of the sheep of whole districts. The stells were not so bitterly opposed by the shepherds, but they were likewise in many instances made very light of. It was a common remark of theirs, when the plans of the new round stells were mentioned, “Na, na, commend me to the lown side of a green hill, after a, or the beildy swelsh of a gersy heuch. There is nae muckle to be pickit up at the back of a dirty stane dike.”

But the greatest innovation of all on the old-fashioned bodies, both farmers and shepherds, was the introduction

of the Cheviot breed of sheep, in the room of the old rough, hardy, black-faced natives of the soil. This was an æra in the annals of sheep-farming never to be forgotten, and far less ever to be blotted out of the shepherd's calendar. All the upper parts of Tweeddale, Ettrick Forest, Annandale, and Clydesdale, were stocked with the latter breed, and these alone; and for many ages, the farmers and shepherds in these extensive districts held the white-faced, or Cheviot breed, in utter contempt. They called them "poor, beggarly, despicable animals, that needed to be fed with the hand of man, and put into a house in an ill day." Even the want of horns in the Cheviot breed was made a matter of reflection on them personally. They called them *the doddies*, and mocked the shepherds and farmers that stood by them in the sheep-markets. It was true, that when the black-faced sheep broke in a market, they always ran through the Cheviot droves without regarding them as sheep at all. While the white-faced lambs would have been lying in St Boswell's fair, peaceably and innocently chewing the cud, down would have come a precipitate and headlong drove of stout wedders, and run right over them, tumbling numbers of them right over and over. This naturally incensed the lowland shepherds, who kept crying, "Keep thae mad deils o' yours on their stances; d'ye think the greens to be laid waste wi' them? they'll pit away a' my lambs."—"Ay, gude troth, neighbour, I think your lambs winna rin very far; tak gude care that they dinna stick ye wi' their horns." Such jibes as these were to be heard in every fair.

But when they began to encroach piecemeal on the original stock, the country was put into a ferment. The neighbouring shepherds were so inveterate against them, that, if they could, they would have worried them all with their dogs, and it was often supposed that they did not get over fair play with their own shepherds themselves. Certain it is that they abhorred them, and would rather that their masters had lost a little, than they should have been encouraged to persevere in their injudicious improvements. There was no bad epithet, however, with which these poor creatures were not branded. They called them "vile, bleached,

wan-looking devils—the very portraits of death—the ghosts of sheep; and whey-faced b—hes." The very children, in conformity with the humours and prejudices of their parents, pretended to be frightened for them as *uvraiths*; and boys told long-winded stories of having met with stragglers of the new-come stock in the gloaming, and of having run off the hill in great terror, thinking they were "spirits of sheep, or old ewes rowed up in winding-sheets."

One of these old shepherds would have made a good subject for David Wilkie, when a drove of small Border lambs was first turned in before him at 14s. and 16s. a-head. The rueful despair that was painted on his countenance could not miss being noted by every one who saw him; and ever and anon as he spoke of them, he turned his face up towards the hill, and took another look of his old, stout, black-faced ewes, as if taking a last glimpse of all that belonged to the good and faithful days of *langsome*. It was even reported that numbers of these old men, both shepherds and masters, when at family worship, prayed against *the doddies* every night. I have been at some pains to collect a few of these notes from the prayers of some of the most noted veteraries of the old system, and must confess, if they were levelled against the Cheviot breed of sheep, they appear to have been managed very obliquely. *Add Watto Bryden* was wont to pray every night, for two years running, to be "protected and defended from a' new comers, however *white-washed* their faces might be; for they were but like whitened walls, and painted sepulchres, full of rottenness within." Another worthy man, named James Bryden, prayed some once or twice in these words, "Keep back these invaders of our country, that are threatening to come upon us like the locusts in numbers and in power, eating up every green thing. May the nations of our land be enabled to push them down as with the horn of the unicorn, and tread them under their feet, that they may rise no more to spread upon our mountains, and encumber our valleys!" I think it very probable that this honest man meant the French; but perhaps he alluded to the horns of the black-faced sheep, and had the above-mentioned scenes of St Boswell's Fair in his eye, and liked to see the old

breed treading the others under their feet. Old John Rieve (perhaps our correspondent means Grieve) was more pointed in his anathemas. When his next neighbour (whom, by the bye, he did not much like) laid first on a stock of the *doddies*, John prayed to the following purport: "And what wilt thou do with the fool who has trod upon the ashes of his fathers—hath scattered his flocks, and brought home those of a far country, with great boasting and noise? It would be but justice wert thou to smite both his shepherds and his sheep, that they might fall down dead together, that their stink may come up into his nostrils, and their skins remain unto him for a prey." It was reported that Johnny's prayer was but too well heard. "Direct us in the right way," said one, "in all things temporal as well as spiritual; and in these new-fangled times, if it is thy will that *black* should become *white*, we have nothing earthly to say." "O be nae just sae hard upon the auld stock," said auld Will o' P'nnip, "but spare a wee bit remnant, to show the generations that are to come what has been afore them, or the very remembrance of the blue bonnets and the cloutit shoon will soon be nae mair, in the land for which they shed their blood."

There are only a few out of a great number that I collected, many of them too familiar with divinity to be inserted. But when the lambing season of the Cheviot flocks came on, the despair of the Forest and the other moorland shepherds reached its acme. They had been accustomed, with the old breed, to pay very little attention to them at such times. The wildest and most savage creature have all the most powerful parental affections. The short ewe (as she is commonly denominated) would not leave her lamb for the severest of weather; or, if obliged to leave it for a little in search of necessary food, the yearling would keep to its hole among the snow, or spot where its dam left it, certain of her return; and, even in these deplorable circumstances, the heroic little wretch would tramp with its fore foot, and whistle through its nose, with intent to defend its den against both the shepherd and his dog. It was generally noted, too, that on the heights and most exposed parts of a farm, there the dams were always kindest to their

young. Instances have been known that, when one of their lambs have perished in these inhospitable heights, in times of severity, the dam came and stood for some hours every day, over the carcase, till it was altogether consumed. And any of these creatures, when the shepherd stripped off the skin of her own lamb, and put it on another that had been one of twins, or otherwise deserted, would bleat over it at once out of pure affection, offer it the dug, and ever after acknowledge it as her own, shewing it even more kindness than ordinary, which seems to have originated in some indefinable feelings of the loss the creature deemed she had sustained, on experiencing the joys of a parent once more. If the shepherd had no lamb on the hill to supply the place of her own (it being common to take all such odd lambs into the house to be supplied with cow milk), it was a common practice with him to tie his garter to the dead lamb's foot and trail it after him; the ewe followed him, with her nose close over the body of her dead offspring, bleating all the way in a most melancholy tone, and every now and then chasing the shepherd's dog, which she would scarcely suffer to come within sight. In this manner he could have led her in beyond the fire, or into any corner of any house he chose, in order to get another lamb set to her.

This strong natural affection the Cheviot ewe possessed in a very inferior degree. When straitened with cold or hunger, she left her lamb without ever thinking of returning to the spot where she left it. The lamb, if it was able, would trail away after any sheep that came by the bye; then they were all of them so bare and delicate, that they fell down and died beneath every blast. In short, the latter were creatures that required ten times the attention of the others, consequently the Halcyon days of the shepherds were gone; and it was observed that the old shepherds that had been all their lives used with the Scottish breed of sheep, never could be broke to pay that attention to the newly introduced stock that was requisite, while the young ones that were bred and inured to it, grew as attentive as it was possible to be.

It was not, therefore, for nothing that the shepherds withstood the introduction of the Cheviot stock, nor

was it without reason that the farmers disapproved of it. It had been better for them all, not excluding the proprietor, that they had never been introduced into the high lying districts to this day. Every ground kept one-sixth of more stock than it does at the present time; and if the ground had then been drained and sheltered in the same way that it is now, each farm would have kept one-fifth more of the black than white-faced breed. The lambs fed fat in one-half of the time. At least, they were as fat by the middle of July, as the Cheviot lambs are at the end of August, on the same land. What an advantage that would have been in such times as these! There has been a good deal of money made by the change in low-lying farms that were fairly stocked before the rage for Cheviot stock came to its height; but in all high-lying districts, we appeal to the farmers themselves, taking in the loss that was suffered by the change, if the fine stock have not been a losing concern on the whole.

The truth is, that they would never have been introduced but for this reason:—The prices of their wool ran so high, that the rents kept pace with that; and at the commencement of every new lease, the farmer saw no shift, whereby he could make any profit, save by the introduction of the Cheviot breed of sheep. For the one-half of the lease, the time, namely, that he took in stocking up, he was a loser. During the remainder of the lease, perhaps he was a gainer to a certain amount; but then the rent was sure to be raised for the next lease in proportion; and forthwith he found himself engaged with an animal ill adapted to the climate, making ostensible profits at one time, but these all counterbalanced now and then by severe losses, which, for all Captain Napier's ingenious reasoning, *can not* be prevented in some seasons by the power of man.

These assertions might be considered futile, were they not supported by the most obvious of all reasoning. Some of the most extensive and enlightened farmers in the whole country, and some of these the honourable author's next neighbours, after having had a Cheviot stock for upwards of thirty years, and success equal to their neighbours, are again beginning, by degrees, to introduce the old Forest

breed. It has never yet been tried how fine the wool of that breed could be made, the coarsest and most shaggy woolled ones always having been preferred as the truest and hardest kind. I could give you a number of specious reasons, shewing, that by adopting a certain form of that animal, the wool could be brought to much the same quality as that shorn from a cross breed between the Cheviot and short sheep; but, as I said at first, I have no desire to enter into the minutiae of these matters, but merely to select a number of curious and interesting particulars relating to that pastoral department of our country; but I have no doubt whatever that the aboriginal breed was the best suited both to the soil and climate of the district.

However, as the honourable author, without all dispute, thinks otherwise, and as all, or the greater part of farmers and gentlemen in these bounds, have given evidence that they *once* thought otherwise, by the choice they made, I shall, for the present, proceed with some more anecdotes of our noble sailor's exertions to promote the interests of his country in general, and in particular the spot where his father's estates lie—the parishes of Ettrick and Yarrow.

Knowing that example always goes before precept, he took one of his father's farms into his own hand, the same on which the castle of his forefathers stood in former generations, and immediately set about shewing the farmers and proprietors *what might be done* with a pastoral farm. These experiments are all so fully and so fearlessly detailed in his work now before the public, that to it I must refer the reader; for though the farm is there represented as an ideal one, it is quite manifest to what farm all the calculations allude. In the mean time, he was not negligent, along with the roads and bridges, to push on every improvement in his power. A superb castle arose immediately beside the ruins of that which his ancestors inherited; plantations were laid out suiting the extent of the property and face of the country, for that is exclusively pastoral, and large plantations of wood would only deface it;—neat and elegant cottages were placed along the whole line of his father's property, like gems in the baldrick of a savage: and, above all, public markets for the whole

product of the country were established on the Captain's own farm, free of all custom or expences whatever. The exposers find a good stone wall around the market place, plenty of bounds, and excellent ground for the show. Those who have smaller lots, or fat sheep for sale, find plenty of pens erected ready to their hands; and those who delight in eating and drinking, find houses erected for their accommodation, for which even the tavern-keeper pays no rent, but vends the good things of this life to his customers with a liberal hand, and at the cheapest rate, as he will may. The shoemaker vends his sandals, the wife of Lochmaben her crockery ware; the petty ale-house-keeper comes and erects his tent as freely and independently as the Wahabee Indian erects his in his native wood;—the itinerant pedlar, the fruiterer, and every vender of petty wares, down to the ragged Black-Jock-man, with his three sticks, come there to traffic, without expence, and without reproof. But then there is a substantial round-house erected by the way side, in the full view of every one in the fair, and plenty of constables in attendance, ready at the call of whoever wants them. These seem to have acted powerfully as a check to all misdemeanours; for from the day that the prison was erected, it has never yet been tenanted, although, before that, it was so much wanted, that the constables were obliged to lay their prisoners up in an old barn, with two doors, neither of which had a lock, and get their heads broken in the course of their attendance.

These markets have proved, and are like to prove, of the greatest utility to Ettrick Forest, and the districts adjacent—in particular, the lamb fair in July, and the ewe fair in September. At both these markets, though great numbers of the very best stock in Scotland have been exposed, it is asserted that the show has hardly ever been equal to the demand. If the rest should chance not to succeed in the same degree, it will be the fault of the farmers, for it is impossible that any markets can ever suit them so well. They are placed in the very middle of the finest pastoral district of our country, and the sheep appear at them in the freshest state imaginable.

His next great effort was the establishment of the Pastoral Club, a so-

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ciety founded on the most liberal and enlightened views, for the encouragement of pastoral farming in all its branches, and all their ramifications. In this plan he was joined at once by great numbers of gentlemen, and almost by every respectable farmer in the bounds, manifesting still farther the great utility of such a stirring character to a country. Every farmer, for the best breeds of stock, of all ages and denominations, and even the servant that has proved himself the most expert and attentive to the charge committed to him, all find liberal premiums paid to them in ready gold. The emulation that these have excited, both among masters and servants, promise to be of the highest utility, acting as a spur to every species of industry.

Captain Napier has moreover proved himself the father of the poor, in the fullest sense of the word. The smallest of their deprivations has proved matter of attention to him. Not only in his own parish, but in those adjacent, has he been attentive to every case of distress. He has sometimes been blamed for patronizing the good and the bad, the worthy and the unworthy, with the same degree of sympathy and perseverance. Concerning this I can say nothing, but suppose that human suffering was always plea sufficient for his interference. He disapproves radically of the principle of the poor's rates, in as far as they approximate to those of England, and has been at great pains in modifying them so in the two parishes with which he is connected, that they cannot be increased, but, without some singular dispensation of Providence, must gradually diminish.

He is a strong advocate for all the observances of our holy religion; and as the parishes of Ettrick and Yarrow is the land of shepherds, the consequence is, that one-third of these congregations has always been wont to consist of decent, respectable-looking colley dogs. However, there were often some of them but middling well bred, and did not account much of kicking up a stour in the area, by beginning a battle-general; they were, moreover, often guilty of some other venial improprieties, scarcely becoming the sanctity of the place. So acute are the observations of these creatures, that although, during the course of the service, the

people arose twice in time of prayers, that made no difference in the deportment of the minor and subordinate part of the community. But so horribly tired were the rascals of listening to precept and prayer, that the moment the blessing began to be pronounced, they broke all out at once, with one tremendous volley of joy, so that no man or woman in these parishes ever heard a word of the blessing, the response proved so transcendently vociferous. It had therefore been the custom, time out of mind, in these two parishes, for the people to sit still on their seats, without moving a finger, till the blessing was pronounced. This took the greater part of the dogs at unawares; and the parson got the blessing breathed softly over without much interruption. There were, nevertheless, some old experienced tikes that generally began a whining and whimpering the moment the minister lifted his hand: and if a single arm was stretched out for a hat, the fray began. But over and above all this, there are numbers of these animals, of a certain extravagant poetical breed, endowed with most unequivocal organs of music, and took it on them to join the clamorous harmony of the mountain church-music, bearing a part in every psalm that was sung, and so overpowering, were their notes on some occasions, that there was not a voice to be heard in the church, save the precentor's and their own. On the whole, there was something in the economy of this mingled congregation that the Captain did not like, so he set his face against the canine part of the community altogether, threatening them with the lesser excommunication, namely, an utter expulsion from divine ordinances; so in two weeks that was effected, which had hitherto been held as impracticable; and the church of Ettrick was thereafter as clear of dogs as any church in the kingdom. Every person now rises up reverently in his pew, during the time the blessing is pronouncing; and there are as graceful bows and courtesies to be seen there as any where else. Nay, it is said the congregation rather appear to excel in that, the late acknowledged subordination of rank, in the expulsion of this minor and riotous class, appearing to have a new spring to their devotion. Of all these graceful and becoming attitudes, the people of Yar-

row are deprived; they are still obliged to adhere to the old system, keeping close to their seats in time of the blessing, in order to cheat the dogs.

But all the opposition that has been made to the religious principles of these independent animals, seems still to have been of small avail. Like other persecuted sects, their zeal appears to have increased in proportion to the power by which they were opposed. For thirty years and upwards, I have been an occasional attendant on divine service in the church of Ettrick, many of these a constant one; and all that time, no one ever thought of rising during the time of the blessing. But the other day I chanced to be there again, and found my old friends much the same as ever, running races and fighting battles in the area; barking at the blessing, and indulging in all their proscribed ritual, with a considerable shew of ostentation. It might perhaps be no bad hint to the people of Ettrick, (or rather *Ettrich*, as Mr Boston and the Captain spell it,) that they had better not boast much of the victory gained over the dogs, and keep to their seats in the time of the blessing as formerly, else every person present must laugh at that most solemn part of the service.

Such is the man, and such the persevering spirit of him whose word I have so lately been perusing. After having done every thing in his power, by way of shewing an example to his father's tenants, and his countrymen in general, he has now laid the issue of all his experiments openly and fairly before the public, that every man may judge for himself, and profit by that which has cost him nothing. I am now thoroughly persuaded, and am certain that I will be borne out by every gentleman of the Border districts, when I say, that I know of no man who deserves better of his country than Captain Napier, nor one who has effected so much for its improvement, from the resources of a private fortune. What a pattern is such a man to the young noblemen and gentlemen of our land! Were each of them but to pay one-half the attention to their native soil, and the various districts of it with which they are connected, what a difference would soon be made in the appearance of the country! and how much a thousand casual distresses and local inconveniences might be obviated!

With regard to the work itself, I shall only remark in general, that all of it that is the Captain's own appears to be the least objectionable. The reasoning is candid and obvious, and the calculations never extravagant. But there are many parts extracted from the writings of others, the accuracy of which there is great reason to doubt. In the first place, he introduces a number of Mr Hogg's stories as if they were gospel. They may be truth for ought I know to the contrary, but they do not read very like it. What an enormous scene these *Beds of Esk* must have exhibited after the great thaw in February 1794! "Eighteen hundred and sixty sheep, nine black cattle, three horses, two men, one woman, forty-five dogs, and one hundred and eighty hares!!" Would not you, sir, have liked to have seen your friend the shepherd running among all this carnage, picking up the hares, and ever and anon exclaiming, "Gude faith, Clavers lud, ye may gae your ways to your grave!" I cannot but wonder if the author really believed in the correctness of this statement himself.

There is another shepherd, named Alexander Laidlaw, on whose *Diary* the Captain places a great deal of reliance, as a basis, whereon to found his theories. It is a curious document,—a very curious one indeed—but I have great reason for doubting its accuracy regarding the losses on such and such farms during the severe winters of the last century, and wish he had consulted the memories of some old shepherds a little more sedulously—the best chronicles of such events. But when a man cannot give correct statements of matters that passed under his own eye, how shall we credit him in those 150 years ago? I could mention several of these inaccuracies in his letter, which, though very vivid in themselves, render his curious *Diary* doubtful. As an instance in stating the losses in his neighbourhood in the storm of 1794, he says, "Eldinhope lost the greatest number, amounting, it was said, to 100." Now the fact is, that Eldinhope lost upwards of eleven score. There were nine score and fourteen all smothered in one place—the Wolf-Cleuch. They lost all their tups beside, and several other stragglers. Such a mistake is the more singular, as this was a neighbouring farm, on the hills of which he turned his eyes every day, and must have

known what loss was suffered there, as well as he did on the farm on which he herded.

In 1799, he says, the farm of Sundhope lost in old sheep, 33 per cent., and in lambs, 66 per cent., which comes in all to 99 per cent. What a miserable remnant the poor farmer of Sundhope must have had of a good stock that year!

In stating the losses in 1799, he says, that Beniger Burn had an entire Cheviot stock, but that Crosslee had only hogs and gunners. So far from this being the truth, the Crosslee had a complete stock of Cheviots, and Beniger Burn had not. In order to refresh Laidlaw's memory a little in this, I beg leave to remind him, that both these farms began the change in the same year, 1793. The farmers bought their lambs conjointly that year, at the Langholm fair; and on the next year following, Mr Bryden of Crosslee bought the Hogg's Ryg and Woollee ewes. These brought him nearly into a regular system at once, whereas Mr Scott of Beniger Burn only stocked up by buying lambs every year; and in 1799, when his old shepherd died, the half nearly of his pack was of the old breed, and a part of them a cross breed. Though these are things of small consequence, they show how much Laidlaw writes at random, even of the things of his own day; and therefore people need not be surprised, if in writing of incidents that occurred two hundred years ago, he should place a remarkable era a few years out of its place, and assert likewise that it happened in March, in place of the latter end of January and beginning of February. After all, it must be confessed, that the Captain gives all these with caution, and provisionally, so that they never affect his arguments.

In a quotation from an *Essay* by the Rev. Dr Singers, (p. 67,) it is said, that "the stock contained on a farm is generally worth from four to seven years' rents." Well done, Doctor! That must have been a valuable stock indeed! Had he said it was worth about two years' rents, he would have been nearer the truth, as things exist at present, than any of the given proportions.

The honourable Captain likewise gives the authority of his herd, Wattie Scott, to a position, that the last winter, 1821-2, was the worst of the last five years. What will the gardeners

on the Clyde and about Edinburgh say to this? What will every curling club in Scotland say to it, that got not one game on the ice during the whole season? Or the poacher (of which there are several about Ettrick) that never could trace a hare from his own kail-yard? What will every other farmer and shepherd on the highest lands throughout the kingdom say to Wattie Scott's extraordinary piece of information, it being a well ascertained fact, that the sheep never were better, nor less loss among them, in the memory of man? The Captain had better trust to his bills of mortality than to Wattie Scott's word, as we greatly suspect he will tell him the same story every winter, and produce more vouchers for it into the bargain.

There is another thing to be taken into consideration. Captain Napier could scarcely have got such another field whereon to carry his operations into effect, as the farm of Thirlestane, there being very few indeed in the south of Scotland, on which a farmer can cope with him on equal terms. The stock was an excellent stock in his predecessor's time, before these improvements were begun—I scarcely ever saw a better; and I know that many of the neighbouring farmers think they were better then than they are now. So do I; but I find the shepherds who have served both masters think otherwise; and it is but reasonable that it should be otherwise. The truth is, that such judges as I am, have no other way of deciding on these matters, but by the sheep brought to market; and from these specimens, taking in both the numbers and quality, I would not hesitate in giving the preference to the stock of the former tenant. But there are so many ways of farming, and of drawing a stock; and the Captain and his predecessor differing so materially in both these points, I must still leave it to a further issue, and the experience of more seasons, before calculating positively on the utility of all these expensive improvements.

The Captain's plan of making the farmer's rent always bear a proportion with the profits, is too minute for a common shepherd like me fully to comprehend; but this is evident, that it has been held up to ridicule by some journalists, (who shall be nameless,) but who have apparently never looked it over, as their remarks bear upon any

thing but the conclusion at which he arrives. I would refer to that part of the summary, as an instance of the author's extraordinary acuteness and circumstantiality in making out his inferences; as also to that on the lambing of gimmers, beginning at page 251. 'That is a subject which I have studied all my life, and yet I cannot tell which is the best way; namely, whether the gimmers should be suffered to have lambs or not. The history of the experiment is simply as follows:—You have all the gimmer lambs additional for sale the first year, but rather less wool. The next year you have still more lambs, for there is no kind of sheep so ticklish in bringing a lamb as an eild gimmer; and at the Martinmas following, they are the worst sheep on the farm—quite inferior in condition to those that have brought two lambs. But how it comes I know not, they uniformly turn out the best sheep in the end, and add greatly to the value of a cast of draft ewes. On the whole, I would rather recommend the lambing of the gimmers, save on very high-lying pastures, or where the farmer values himself much on the character of his draft ewes in the Yorkshire markets.'

The Captain proceeds throughout his work on the apparent and liberal principle, that the proprietor and tenant ought to go hand in hand in all improvements and all losses. That what is the interest of the one, cannot fail to be the interest of the other, and that it behoves them always to pull together, and never in contrary directions. In all that relates to the transactions between man and man, it is impossible to think too highly of his generosity and candour. But on these matters, we must allow him to speak for himself. On the subject of *led farms* his sentiments are as follows:—

"There is scarce one of the 'led farms' just mentioned, that would not support a respectable tenant, with the present resident shepherd, now acting as manager and shepherd; who, for a little additional profit, is willing to do more than a resident tenant, without a grown-up son, would be satisfied or inclined to accomplish. Therefore, according to the present system, there is nearly *one-half* of the 'farming population' driven from the country, to gratify the avarice or ambition of individuals, under the false plea of paying more rent to the proprietor than the land could afford under the management of a resident farmer. From our own experience by this time, and

from the numberless applicants for farms evinced on a late occasion in the counties of Peebles and Dumfries, we are not afraid to assert, that resident tenants are to be found in abundance, willing to pay as much for their farms as others give who live off them; and as for the expense of farm-house and offices, particularly as required upon 'hill-farms,' the erection of these may be made a profitable investment of capital on the part of the proprietor. A man must pay house-rent somewhere, and he may do it on a farm, as well as in villages or towns.

We have already given it as our opinion, that a landlord, in common justice, is not authorized to let his lands at "rack-rent," however willing people may be to take them at such a price.—Driving on a miserable existence in poverty and filth; but a fair remunerating price to the one, and fair rent to the other, will cement that reciprocal interest and attachment, which is the strength, wealth, and safeguard, of every well-regulated community. Look at Ireland—miserable, rack-rented, and 'deserted' Ireland—how the degraded peasant seeks to wrest from the miserable farmer, not only the occupation of the land, but from the 'absent proprietor' the very possession of it! How should we look in the Forest under the effect of similar commotions? And if these commotions can be identified, *even in part*, with rack-rents and mismanagement of proprietors, why may not similar reasons produce similar effects at more distant times, even in the country which now affords secure and quiet habitations to those that yet remain?

"Upon the principle of 'led farms,' we have no doubt whatever; but with the assistance of such faithful shepherds as are intrusted with the charge of those farms already, we could manage a farm-stock, covering an extent of country on both sides of Ettrick,—all the way from Ettrick Pen to Abbot's Ford, or perhaps below it; and what would then become of all our gallant yeomen, the heart and soul of the country, the terror of her invaders, and—with the magistrate—the constitutional preservers of our liberties and independence? The sooner, therefore, we see the whole of our farms, as opportunities occur, containing once more the legitimate occupiers—in happy independence and faithful adherence to the proprietors of the soil—not bachelors, but sires of an industrious, respectable, and virtuous population,—so much the sooner will every improvement arrive at perfection, and every article of produce, according to increased consumption, afford that rational return which arises from a just connection between produce and proper proportional demand.

"To see the honour and independence of landlord, farmer, and peasant, each in his several situation, with the progress of every internal improvement, is what we most ardently do desire; and with such

feeling, and for such purpose, we respectfully solicit an unbiassed attention to the plans we have now had the honour to propose."

With regard to the paying of rent according to the value of produce, he has the following observations, in which every man of sense and feeling must concur:—

"Arable farms are always subdivided into fields whose measurement is accurately ascertained, and paid for accordingly; whereas our hills, 'in a state of mere open waste,' are generally let according to the number of sheep they are *said* to contain, which must frequently be erroneous in the extreme; especially after the accomplishment of some little improvement effected at the commencement of a lease, perhaps by the liberality of the landlord. A rent, therefore, paid according to the value of produce, and that produce accurately understood, would reconcile many difficulties, preclude many heart-burnings, and confirm that mutual interest between landlord and tenant, which is often more spoken of in moments of general hilarity, than attended to in point of fact.

"There may be, and there actually are, differences of opinion upon the subject of *paying of rent according to produce*; and, what is more extraordinary, there are some, whose speculative habits or inclinations would prevent them entering upon the measure at *our* time, while, under other circumstances, they would rejoice at the very proposal. So unsettled and so uncontrollable are the views of men in various stations of life, that even farmers themselves have often been led away and deceived through the vain hope of realizing sudden wealth, by grasping at numerous farms or very extended operations, under the prospect of improving times. Thus it is, that, when a farmer enters upon a lease at what he may conceive a moderate price, nothing short of ruin would induce him to alter the plan, and pay according to produce, because he would then *know at once the amount of his annual profits*; but on a sudden change in the times, attended with the deteriorating effects which we have witnessed of late years, there are many who would willingly renounce their leases, and compound almost at any price to save them from that destruction which must happen to those who, without a great capital, continue to pay a rent above the produce of the soil.

"Rent according to produce *insures* to the tenant a return for his capital and industry; and to the landlord, the enjoyment of the fruits of the earth, according to the various degrees of fecundity or abundance which it hath pleased the Almighty to bestow. But farmers are often too speculative to make up their minds to a *certain* profit; they say, 'we are only farm-

ing for the landlord, not for ourselves; we are his managers, not his tenants; we risk our capital upon his ground at a *certain* price; we can never make more of it; we are tied down and confined within a certain sphere, and there we must remain without the chance of ever bettering ourselves.' Such are their arguments when they look back to the occasional prosperity which has been exemplified by individuals during these last thirty years, in the progress of reclaiming fertile but uncultivated lands held at low rents, and returning an unnatural profit through the disorganized state of Europe. They forget that there never was before such an anomalous state of things as that which succeeded to the sanguinary revolution of France; one of the principal effects of which was, to derange all classes and orders of society,—to divert the regular course of commerce from the ancient channels, and to give an impulse to the affairs of men in *this* country, which must naturally subside as order and regularity are resumed. One of the effects of these convulsions has been, to occasion a great interchange of landed property, so that in many instances the fortunate farmers have been enabled to purchase the lands they formerly held, from proprietors already encumbered with old standing mortgages or debts, and thus become the *landlords* themselves. No wonder, therefore, that the views of others rising in life, should receive a bias or impression from the peculiar circumstances which have been in operation during the young part of their lives; but they must now remember, that the 'bubble has burst,' and with the cause must cease the effect, leaving them, as their forefathers were, in the very creditable and distinguished situation of British Farmers,—the very heart and soul of the glorious and still to be remembered Empire; therefore, *most* of the farmers; and the sooner they can unite and resolve in a common interest, to the landlords, which shall secure the present and consequent prosperity of all parties, so much the sooner will there be an end to that outcry, which, in the middle of peace and plenty, is anomalously termed 'agricultural distress.'

"To effect all this, landlords must be satisfied with *their proportion* of the produce; and a tenant need not aspire, in that particular, to be more free than the proprietor from whom he holds his farm; and let the losses run as a security to quit possession or association to the tenant, which secures to him also a return for the value expended on the temporary improvement of the soil.

"We believe that in no country in Europe have landed proprietors expended such sums within the last fifty years, for ~~the~~ improvement, as has been exemplified by the public spirit of heritors and farmers in Scotland; and it is much to be lamented

ed that their generous exertions have been so ill repaid by the sudden and unexpected depreciation in the value of national produce; and as many of them have entailed heavy burdens upon their estates by such operations, it is clear that nothing but a long train of prudent and economical measures can in any wise tend to redeem the original outlay, and so restore to the proprietors of the soil that degree of splendour which is due to their dignity and rank. But we protest vehemently against the too general system of seeking splendour and economy united, by an expatriation from the 'land of our forefathers,' to the 'ill-fated fields of France,' or the still more fascinating enjoyments of her gay but licentious metropolis. Every man, woman, and child, has a right to *travel*; it is a duty even incumbent on the higher ranks of society, to make themselves acquainted with the manners and customs of other countries, but not slavishly or conceitedly to adopt them. It strengthens the mind, matures the judgment, and dissipates prejudice and error by a *rational* intercommunion with men of other countries; but, above all, to a 'Briton,' it teaches him, when surrounded by the bayonets, poisons, and inquisitions of Continental Europe, to admire, with holy reverence, the deeds of his forefathers,—to value that liberty of conscience and that *personal* independence which has been transmitted and held unimpaired to the present time; and it ought, under such circumstances, to stamp a pledge at his very heart, 'never to desert the land of his nativity at her utmost need, for the most splendour, acquired at a cheap and short price, the pleasure or profligacy, vice and effluvia, inherent in the very character of these continental states most approved and resorted to by our national absentees.'

There has been nothing said more forcible than this, of all that has been said regarding the present distresses of the farming interest; and when I couple it with what follows, I conceive that no more need be said by me to shew the sentiments of the honourable author.

"It is very probable that sheep-larks paying at *this time* the prices of ten years back, afford a rent perhaps beyond their actual value, as things are; and when a tenant has accumulated a large profit, at the former expense of his landlord, we do not grudge him the pain of a certain disbursement; but, in most instances, farmers have *not* saved that probable superabundant profit. It has either been wasted by improvident expense, or frittered away by persevering in unprofitable speculation. Under these circumstances, it is impossible that the landlord can reclaim any part of the past profits, without imposing utter destruction upon his ill-fated tenant; and, indeed, whatever may be the amount of his

free capital, as long as it has not been amassed from the profits of the land, we conceive, in all justice and humanity, let him be ever so much bound by the legal ties of a lease, when a sudden and continued depreciation of produce shall exist, that the landlord, under such circumstances, cannot be authorized to exact that which his land hath not positively produced. It may be argued, indeed, that a tenant takes his farm upon a lease with his eyes open; that a lease is a formal contract—an obligation binding both parties to abide for better or for worse by the specified terms; and although such is the case actually in fact, yet, when the general condition of the country is so much deteriorated as to preclude, on the part of the tenant, the possibility of his realizing that return which was looked for at the commencement of the lease, and upon the faith of which rested all his calculations,—it is then full time, on the part of the landlord, to condescend to such terms as can alone insure a just and permanent rent to himself, and continued security to his tenant. A lease should never be looked upon as the *medium of speculation* by which the contracting parties; but as a safeguard to a sedition, and the means of encouragement to the tenant—the laws of hypothec affording sufficient security to the landlord. It fails as, therefore, would coincide in principle with the landlords would regulate their expenditure according to a certain medium of income, as the managers of the bank are obliged to do, they would then participate in that regular and easy change in the value of the produce of their lands, and be spared that mortification which results from a sudden and serious diminution of their incomes.

“*Postscript.*—Since the foregoing pages were sent to the press, the different banks have commenced discounting bills at four per cent., which, with the still further depreciation of mountain produce, operates in some measure to derange the profits raising out of our former calculations. We may remark, however, that the value of labour as well as of material, has also declined; and the very highest prices having been set against the improvements, we have no doubt but, in most situations, they might be acquired, especially when the inclosures are laid together, at little more than *one-half* of the sums proposed. Upon the whole, therefore, the diminished return will be balanced by the saving of expenditure, and we have still before us the *prospect* of better prices, although the prospect undoubtedly is bad. Nothing at present is more worthy of our serious consideration, than the sudden and unexpected fall in the price of wool. It is allowed on all hands, that, during these last two years, the manufacturers have been constantly employed at comfortable wages; and, although the profits of management have not been very great, or even

granting them to have been very small, it must be allowed, with fully more justice, that the profits of the farmer, comparatively speaking, have been reduced to a mere cypher; and how the wool-staplers have been enabled to command so great a reduction of price in the value of that commodity, when distress lies a harder upon the farmer than the manufacturer, is a subject worthy of the fullest investigation, not only upon the principle of self-defence, but with the view to future justice and preservation. If this should prove to be the effect of combination, as many are of opinion, farmers must be more upon their guard for the future; but if it merely results from further depreciation throughout every ramification of the trade, from the raw material to every article of manufactured produce, farmers as well as landlords must just patiently submit to their own and *just proportion* of the common distress, and endeavour, in the mean time, to submit to the legislature such plans as will tend rather to protect the growth of the home material, upon which the prosperity of nine-tenths of the nation depends, than to encourage the importations of similar commodity from foreign states, to the ruin of the proprietors of the soil, and all those depending upon the value of its produce for the daily support of their families and themselves.

We deeply feel, in spite of the manufacturer's—and we wish them every reasonable success,—that as long as the duty upon the raw material is so low *as not to excite a very decided preference* to the growth of our own country, that the best interests of proprietor, farmer, and peasant, are sacrificed to the weavers, whose numbers or whose importance are of small interest compared with that of the proprietor, who upholds the dignity of national character and of the crown;—of the farmer, who ducts the toil of the husbandman;—and of the peasant, whose strength and honest industry provides for us the bread of life; and from which three classes united, arise our statesmen, our soldiers, our sailors, and, above all, our COUNTRY GENTLEMEN—a denomination of resolute and patriotic men, unknown among the baser herds of Continental Europe; and that these, or any one of these, should suffer for the sake of eating foreign grain at a low rate, or of working up foreign wool, both of which are a drag in their respective countries, and thereby maintaining an unnatural proportion of manufacturers—we fearlessly assert, again, that for such purpose the best interests of the nation are sacrificed. What is the benefit of collecting the whole fleeces of the world, and returning them in the shape of cloth, to the destruction of our own proprietors? It is a well-known fact, that the prosperity of the kingdom depends upon the amount of its *own home consumption*, and that this consumption, again, depends upon the quan-

tity of money circulating through every rank or gradation in society; and that this quantity, again, depends upon the *amount, in pounds, shillings, and pence*, of the value of the produce of the soil. If the country is inundated with corn or wool from other shores, then does the produce of our own country become a *drug*:—the farmer gets nothing for his crop, the proprietor gets nothing for his land, and the peasant may sit counting his fingers, and his children at his door, with little hope of work, and less chance of reward. Under such circumstances, the inevitable consequence of *free trade*, or even an approximation to free trade, before we recover from the tempest of the late mighty conflict in which we were engaged,—there must be a suspension, when the landed interest suffers, of that home consumption which forms the very basis of our national prosperity.—Hence desertion by the ‘lords of the land,’ with the little they have left, to foreign climes—and hence a natural demoralization and prostration of that national character, and that home-bred feeling, which have hitherto exalted the character of a Briton above the conception and beyond the understanding of other states around.

“W. J. N.”

“*Thirlstane, 6th Sept. 1822.*”

Thus, it appears, that during the short period that the work has been in the press, farm stocking has undergone a farther depreciation in price, and that to such an extent as to have deranged all the Captain’s nicely balanced calculations, the principle excepted. What is to be the end of this ruinous rise in the value of money to lease-holders in general, it is beyond our power to calculate; but at present it appears that all farming, and sheep-farming in particular, is grown to a mere humbug, and not worth wasting words about, far less good writing, together with Messrs Balfour and Clark’s best style of printing. Every farmer is either a bankrupt in effect, or hanging on in a state of timid dependence, as completely in his laird’s power either to ruin or save him, as ever the vassals of the Black Douglas were, or those of the ancient Knights of Thirlstane, under the most arbitrary ages of the feudal system. For the last twelve years, there has been no money made by farming. Put the good and the bad seasons, as to prices and losses, over against each other, and it will soon appear that the balance is all on the wrong side; and things will fairly come to that rate of depreciation, that a state of villenage, or serfdom, or the present

race of farmers cease to exist as the occupiers of the land. Were the proprietors and their factors all to pay the same attention to the actual existing state of the country that the Hon. W. J. Napier has done, or were they even to be at pains to profit by his unsophisticated observations and example, there might be some hope that the credit of this most valuable class of the community would still be preserved. But while these gentlemen are wasting their time, and the fruits of the farmer’s skill and industry, in a routine of elegant and fashionable arrangements afar from their native hills and valleys, perhaps arranging a whole train of winter’s amusement in Paris or in Rome, the ruin of their tenantry will only make an impression on their hearts, when it begins to make a palpable deficiency in their yearly incomes, and when the decay in the vitals of their inheritance is too far gone to be retrieved.

Now, Mr North, I need not inform you, for you will at once see, that I am a rude illiterate person, with a slight share of uncommon sense. You will therefore take the trouble to mark my *article* with the proper points, such as commas and periods; about the intermediate ones I don’t care so much. But there is one fellow, shaped like Charlie’s wain, that asks questions, I forget his name, but he puzzles me worst of all; I request you will put him always at the beginning of a question in my essays, in place of setting him up at the end. Because, in reading, nobody knows where my question begins, and never suspects that the author is asking a query till he comes to the end of it. This is exceedingly awkward, and it is apparent to me that there is something manifestly wrong or defective in the mode. For instance, you would write a sentence thus: “If the charms of variety are universal—if truth is most impressive told as fiction, and fiction most winning related as truth, then is not Blackwood’s Magazine the best book in the world?” How absurd! Where does the question begin? Print all my articles in this latter way, let grammarians say what they will; and if these rural disquisitions can be of any avail to you, you need not want plenty of them from your obedient,

AN ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

ettrick, Jan. 5th, 1823.

THE AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF TIMOTHY TELL,

SCHOOLMASTER OF BIRCHENDALE.

No. IV.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE next morning, I went early to the door of the Rev. Mr ———. My ambition, my hope of literary distinction, had been much revived by the kind expressions of my friend, the man in black; and I felt an elasticity in my soul, which seemed to bound with the idea of coming glory. But I met with the usual ill success at Mr ———'s door, and day after day I repeated my attempt, but in vain. He never was at home. One day, after having appeared at his door the usual number of times, I presented myself again about four in the afternoon, and on receiving the same answer as usual, I broke out into an exclamation of despair.—“I must see your master, or my MS.!” cried I. “Give me back my property!—Where is my MS., sirrah?” said I, laying hold of the man by the arm. “I know nothing about it!” said the fellow, disengaging himself from my grasp—“I’ve told you my master’s not at home.” So saying, he shut the door again. I could not conceal my vexation. “I’ll be bound,” said the hackney coachman, “a bit of silver would open that door now.”—“How do you mean?”—“Mean! Why, Lord love you, you seem to know just nothing of any thing: Why, I mean if you had pounced that powdered monkey, you would have found your way to his master before this, I’ll warrant you!” “Do you think so?”—“Ay, sure of it—now take up the knocker, instead of ringing at the bell, and give it two or three good raps like this; otherwise, perhaps, he won’t come again; for I’ve a guess he’s tired of seeing our faces here.” This was done, and the man re-appeared, and looked surprised to see me still there. “Here, friend!” said I, “if you can procure me a sight of your master, or my MS., I will reward you handsomely.”—(putting some silver into his hand, which he received with the easiest air imaginable.)—“I have business of great importance with Mr ———, and must see him.”—“Indeed!” said the fellow, “that makes a difference—I’ll see if

he is at leisure; but he’s so much engaged, that he seldom receives any one in the morning.” So saying, he went and returned, telling me his master was dressing to go out, but I could see him before he went. I was shewn into an apartment, where I sat down, and surveyed every thing, whilst in expectation of the learned critic. It was a small study, filled with books, placed with little regard to order; and the table and the floor presented a heterogeneous appearance of newspapers, pamphlets, plays, manuscripts, play-bills, &c. There was a book open on the table, in which he seemed to have been just writing; but my remarks were cut short by the entrance of the reviewer himself. He was a gay-looking young man, dressed in a full suit of black; but his appearance did not convey to me the idea of a clergyman. He gave me a look of some astonishment, and said—“Will you favour me with your business, sir?”—at the same time, in a hurried manner, began to shut up his books, and to arrange the things on the table. “Most reverend gentleman,” said I, “I am come from a very distant province of this enlightened empire, attracted by the splendour of your fame, to pay homage at the shrine of criticism. I have been directed to you as one of the most eminent supporters of that noble science, and have presented myself daily at your door; but finding you inaccessible, I left my MS. in the hands of your domestic, and a letter entreating you to peruse my work.” “I really am in haste, sir, and cannot stay to hear a long story,” said the critic. “You must call again.”—“I beg pardon for detaining you, sir,” continued I, laying hold of his button, “but my business is urgent—I cannot remain longer in town—my substance is nearly consumed.”—“I conceive, sir, your object is to obtain a trifle from me?—If this”—(offering me—my blood boils as I write it—a few shillings! !)—“will rid me of this importunity, I shall reckon it well laid out.” I proudly rejected this, but en-

deavoured to convince him of his mistake. "It is no such assistance that I crave, sir—you much mistake the matter—only deign to give me your candid opinion of the merits of my performance—he not afraid to criticize at large, and freely, sir—you will find me very tractable."—"I have not even seen your MS.," said the reviewer. "Oh, monstrous! monstrous! What! not all this time?"—"Hark, sir," rejoined he, "I can hardly find time, between one avocation and another, to contribute my portion to our critical work. I dine with Kean to-day, and have promised to be behind the scenes to see the new tragedy. Besides, I know enough of people of your kidney—because I am known to patronize genius, I am pestered from morning to night. I should not have a moment to myself—What is your piece, sir?"—"It consists of many pieces, sir."—"It does?—And do you intend it for the public or the closet?"—"For both, sir. It will do equally well for both, and will, I hope, do something towards improving the morals of the age!"—"Very well—very well—I dare say—which theatre do you offer it to?"—"Theatre, sir! the theatre of the world!"—"I can't think what the devil you are about, sir! Is it tragedy or comedy, farce or pantomime? What is it, sir? and what would you have with me?"—"A play, sir! Timothy Tell write a play!! No, indeed. My work, which your servant promised to deliver to you, is a moral and religious work, to be intituled 'Pious Pieces.' I was told you reviewed articles of that nature, and came to solicit your assistance."—"So I do, when the affairs of the drama allow of my attention being diverted."—"Will you then allow me to request you to peruse my MS., or permit me to read it to you, that I may be certain there are no faults, and secure your applause, before I publish it."—"A good joke, truly—an excellent idea—and very modest, into the bargain! What the devil could put it into thy poor noddle, to come on such an errand to me? Why, sir, I should have all Grub-Street pouring out its rusty hordes upon me next morning! I read your MS.! Why, you are one of the most brazen-faced of all the authors I ever had the good luck to see. No, sir—poin away—this intrusion shall secure my notice of your work ;

and, take my word for it, my merry old gentleman, before Christmas these Pious Pieces shall line the patty-pans of half the pastry-cooks of the metropolis. I wish you a very good day, sir."—"Not without giving me back my MS. ? I cannot think, sir, of departing without it—Pray, sir, give it me back."—"I know nothing of your MS.—I tell you I never received it."—"Indeed you did, sir!" said I, still holding him fast, "and a letter along with it." Just then the servant came to tell him the carriage was at the door. "Confound you," said he to the man, "for letting this scribbler into my study."—"Pray, sir," continued I, "give me back my property, or I must take the redress that the law will afford me."—"The devil take you and your manuscript!" said the critic, in a great rage. "I suppose you are the man in the thread-bare coat, that I heard something of from my man, who told me you had been pestering me for the last fortnight."—(Now the whole village of Birchendale are ready to testify, that my coat was almost a new coat—not three years old.)

All this time the reviewer was in very great wrath, tumbling over all the confused heaps of litter in the room. At length he opened a drawer, out of which came at last a large bundle of manuscripts."—"Here, sir!" said he, flinging them towards me.—"Now take your Piety and your Pieces out of my house—and never let them darken my doors again." He then sprang out of the room to the carriage, and was off in a moment.

The heap of MS. had fallen to the ground with a noise, that went to my heart. I felt as if it had tolled the knell of religion and virtue—as though morality had received a mortal stroke in the insult and violence offered to my Pious Pieces. The sensations I experienced quite overcame me—I grew sick and giddy—my frame trembled—my knees shook—and I sunk down involuntarily, and supported my tottering weight on a large folio, that was close to me. The bundle of MS. papers lay at my feet, but I had no power to touch them—the sacrilegious manner in which they had been treated annihilated all my faculties. Presently, the servant, who had been holding open the street door, expecting me to follow his master out of the house, now came into the room, to see what

was become of me. His entrance brought me to myself—shame and indignation recalled my scattered spirits—I snatched up the bundle, and, gathering together the scattered leaves, I tied up the whole in my handker-

chief, and rushing into my hackney-coach, arrived in Pall-Mall in a state of such perturbation, that I stole quietly to my own chamber, unable to meet the observation of my friend and his family.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was some time before I could calm the agitation of my mind, or resolve to open the parcel, and examine the state of my *Pious Pieces*, which, though the reviewer had professed not to have read, appeared to have been reduced to fragments, from the glance I had of its mutilated state. I sat down, and placing the packet on my knee, I leaned my head mournfully on my two hands; and if all must be confessed, (and why should age be ashamed of its natural weakness?) I shed some of the most bitter tears that had ever visited my time-worn cheek. I felt perfectly desolate—remote from my home and my family—which I had had the courage to quit, only by the aid of the enthusiasm which my expected success in the darling object of my ambition had excited in my mind. That enthusiasm was now converted into despair; for repeated disappointment had deprived me of the last shadow of hope, that I should be encouraged to publish my work. Then the mortification I should endure on my return home—in meeting Lucy's inquiries—Will Wince's ridicule: all this, and more, came over my mind; and every thought, as I revolved them, seemed armed with a scorpion's sting, each more cruel than another. "Alas!" cried I, in the transport of my grief, "where are my gay hopes, my ambitious visions? Where is my splendid title-page, my *Pious Pieces*, by Timothy Tell, master of the village-school of Birchendale? Where is the laudatory strain, the eloquent panegyric in the critical journals, the inquiring, admiring, envying friends? Where is the contemporary honour, the posthumous renown, on which I fondly reckoned? Oh! shall I return to my native home, and my native dust, alike unhonoured, undistinguished, as though no ideas had ever illumined my mind, beyond those which any common schoolmaster might have boasted? And thou much injured MS., companion of my past and better day, for whose sake alone

I took this weary pilgrimage, how large a share of indignity has fallen to thy lot! Luckless offspring of an ill-starred father!"—I know not how long I should have continued to pour forth the expressions of my grief, had not a pretty loud knock at my door startled me, and, looking up, I saw Mrs Hyson enter.—"Mr Tell," said she, rather abruptly, "I am come to trouble you on a little matter of business, which I should not mention, but I'm obliged to look to my ways, as my husband chooses to call me to account for my extravagance, as he calls it; but I told Mr Hyson last Saturday, when your first week was up, that it was better to settle, as you might not think of it, not being used to these things. But as your fortnight is up to-day, I came to tell you, that we don't give any credit."—"Credit, ma'am! Credit, what!—I hope you have heard nothing to my disadvantage? (for it struck me a rumour of my reception with the reviewer might have reached her.) What have you heard, ma'am?"—"Heard, Mr Tell? I've heard nothing; but I say, when a person don't pay his debts, why, 'tisn't like a gentleman: that's all."—"What do you mean, ma'am? I don't owe a farthing in the world; never did: it's quite contrary to my practice. It is my maxim, ma'am, to owe no man any thing; and I frequently give it to my boys at Birchendale to write in their copy-books; and it's a very good one."—"This is fine talking, truly, sir, of you; when you have had our lodgings in use a fortnight, and we've not touched a shilling of your money. It an't friendly, Mr Tell; and so I said to my husband. But he was going out himself, and bid me speak to you about it."—"I had been so thunderstruck by this speech, that I could not utter a syllable; my tongue seemed paralyzed. At length I said, 'Lodgings, madam? What mean you by lodgings? Is not this your house? And did not I come to visit

your husband? And did not he tell me I was welcome? There's some mistake, madam; depend upon it."—"Mistake, sir? No, truly; no mistake at all. Visit, indeed!—welcome! And so you are welcome to our lodgings, as long as you choose to pay the regular price for them; and I never take less than three guineas a-week for such nice, good, airy, elegant apartments as these, and board into the bargain. If you are not satisfied, you can go elsewhere."—"Peace, woman," said I, when I could stop her loquacity; "I will settle this matter with your husband. I am busy; pray, leave me."—She flounced out of the room, saying something about ungentle, which I did not understand. She had left me an additional subject of distress to ponder upon. To think that I had been living unconsciously at the weekly expense she mentioned; and that, too, when I had thought myself indebted to my friend's grateful hospitality; and to be rudely reminded of my debt, and suspected, perhaps, of being unwilling to pay it at all: this was too much. I immediately investigated the state of my finances, and found, to my great dismay, it was totally insufficient to defray an expense of which I had so little dreamed, and to carry me back into Cumberland, to that home after which I felt such an indescribable yearning. My thoughts were brooding, in moody anger, against the whole race of reviewers, when they were interrupted by hearing my friend Hyson's voice. I went to him immediately, and briefly told him all I had heard from his wife, and I wished to know if it was not a mistake. Mr Hyson looked confused; he stammered a good deal; said he did not wish to hurry me; that if a few days made any difference to me, they could wait; hoped his wife had not given offence; they were not at all afraid of my not paying them; but that my money seemed running away very fast; and so little as I knew of the town, something might happen to me; nobody knows—"life's very uncertain, and you're an old man, Mr Tell, though hearty, I dare say; but you know, if any thing should happen, as my wife says, (it's her idea,) I'm sure I hope it won't; but if it should, why, you know, that sort of expense falls heavy on a man with a family. A funeral in London will

cost—"—"A funeral!" cried I, horrified. "Do you think I'm so near my end as that? No, no; I hope to lay my old bones in a better place than in this vile town of yours."—"I beg your pardon, I'm sure I did not mean—I only meant to say, if you were to meet with any accident, or if you were to be ill, or get into debt, and clapped into prison, why, I say I should feel awkwardly placed as your landlord; so little as you seem to have with you to make up for any trouble. No offence, I hope. A tradesman can't be blamed for looking after his interest, for his family's sake."—"Oh no, not at all," said I, fully comprehending his whole meaning at last. "I'm glad I now understand you, Mr Hyson. You need be under no apprehension; I shall quit London to-morrow morning for ever. I am the less obliged to you; and perhaps that suits me just as well."—I then begged he would give me my bill for board and lodging, as I was unwilling to remain a moment longer in his debt. He seemed glad to go out of my presence, and sent his wife with the account; which, when I had discharged, I found I had not more than a few shillings left to defray the expenses of my journey home. I would have sooner died than have asked a loan of so narrow-minded a friend as I had found Hyson to be; and for some time I was lost in doubt what to do, and sat gazing at my empty purse in mute despondency. But presently I thought of my friend, the man in black; and I at once determined to apply to him, on the strength of his kind offer, for the sum I wanted. I went immediately to his house, and was fortunate enough to find him at home. He received me very kindly, and immediately offered me any sum I wished, saying, he was happy in having an opportunity of serving me. I borrowed five pounds, which was more than sufficient, but he would not allow me to have a less sum; and I promised I would remit the same to him the moment I arrived at home. He said, smiling, "That all he wished was a copy of my intended publication, which would gratify him infinitely more."—I was too much mortified, to tell him what had occurred since we last met; and again thanking him, I departed, charmed with his generosity and benevolence.

CHAPTER XV.

HYSON was abundantly civil the rest of the day, but I was too much hurt to feel towards him as before; and I felt that our friendship was snapt for ever. I was only anxious to quit a house and a city where I had suffered so many mortifications; and having packed up my goods, and secured my place in the coach, I threw myself into bed, overcome with the various emotions of the day. At an early hour, I rose with a heavy heart, with the prospect of a long, solitary journey before me, without one exhilarating vision of enthusiasm to cheer me on my way. It is true, the very idea of once more seeing my home, of tracing each well-known spot, and embracing my beloved Lucy, the only prop of my declining years, filled my heart with unspeakable pleasure; but even this delightful emotion was mingled with the bitter leaven of mortification. I dreaded her questions and her grief when she should hear the result of my enterprise. I feared lest she should undervalue my talents as an author; for I knew that the publication of my book would have increased her veneration for my abilities, and her attachment to my person.—But now, might she not call them in question? And should the affair be talked of in the village! There was misery in the thought. Revolving these melancholy ideas, I dressed myself, and, with an ungovernable emotion, I lifted my packet of MS., just as it was, still wrapped in the handkerchief, into my portmanteau, and then hastening down, I walked, accompanied by Hyson, to the coach-office, in a sort of stupor, and scarcely answered a word to all he said. I shook hands at parting with him; and, “Friend Hyson,” said I, “I like to return good for evil; and, therefore, let me entreat you to listen to the words of a friend whom you will never see more. I hope, at least, I shall never again behold this iniquitous city, alive or dead. And let me exhort you, as the angel did Lot, to depart out of it, you and all your family, lest destruction come upon you; which, sooner or later, it certainly will. And now farewell.”—Just as I had spoken, the coach drove off; and I was concerned to see an incredulous smile on my friend’s face. I was so buried in my thoughts for a considerable time, that I made

no observation of any thing around me; and it was not till we had long left the outskirts of London, that I began to feel somewhat revived by the freshness of the air, and the gladdening sight of green fields: but I could not regain my cheerfulness, though I was sensible of the beauty of the morning, and the perfume of the new-mown hay, which was more delicious to me than all the scents of Arabia, for it smelt like my own native village. But my heart was dead within me; and the gratification which these objects gave to my outward senses, did not communicate one single sensation of pleasure to which my heart responded. How often was I reminded on the journey of the cruel loss of my watch, for which, by the strong force of habit, I was constantly searching, to mark the slow progress of time, and was again and again bitterly undecieved. I had exchanged the pleasing burden of my treasured MS. for a load of care which did, indeed, weigh heavily on my breast. Overwhelmed with my sorrows, I paid no attention to any thing around me. I heard a hum of voices amongst the passengers; but I distinguished nothing, and I never opened my mouth from the time I left London till we reached Carlisle, and I was set down at the very place from whence I had departed. When I descended from the coach, I found myself stiff and benumbed, and I endeavoured to shake off the stupefaction which still hung over my faculties. It was a lovely evening, and I determined to walk home, where, in spite of my mixed feelings, I longed to arrive; and every step that I advanced nearer to it, I found my griefs gave way before the happiness of once more reaching that dear spot. I felt an unnatural strength spring up within me; and, leaving my portmanteau to be brought after me, I set off at a brisk pace. My limbs were weary, and my head giddy; and I seemed sometimes to reel rather than to walk. I did not see my road, and hardly know how it happened that I did not miss it. How different were my feelings on my return, to those which had supported me in the outset of my pilgrimage! I had fondly hoped to return with Honour and Profit for my handmaids; and now I was retracing my former steps, overcome with every

possible mortification—my pride humbled—my ambition silenced—my purse empty—I had been plundered of my property by sharpers—where I had trusted to find benevolent reviewers and hospitable kindness, I had met with cruel critics and a false friend. I hastened on, trying, in the increased rapidity of my pace, to overcome this tide of bitter reflections, till I came in full view of my own village and my own beloved white house,

next door to Mr Huffskein the saddler's. I stretched out my arms, as if to embrace it; and the rapturous sensations of return to peace and domestic comfort overcame every other. I could not stand up against the sudden revulsion of my feelings; and while I was yet straining my dim eyes to a clear perception of the well-known objects, a faintness came over me, and just as I reached my own door, I fell exhausted, before I could make an effort to open it.

CHAPTER XVI.

I KNOW not how long my swoon lasted, but when I came to myself, I found I was in my own parlour with Lucy and my old house-keeper, bending over me in the greatest consternation. I tenderly embraced my niece, who welcomed me most affectionately, and anxiously enquired into the cause of the state in which they had found me. I attributed it to the long journey I had taken by day and night, and desired to go to bed as speedily as possible; but I was too much worn, and my spirits and strength too much overstrained, to admit of sleep; no refreshing slumber visited my eyelids; I tossed and turned in a kind of agitated rest; dreams and phantasies haunted my pillow; and in the morning I was in a high fever. I raved in my delirium; and I was told my head ran upon all my late calamitous adventures. I talked of nothing but London, and critics, and sharpers, and reviewers.—Sometimes I roared for my watch—sometimes for my MS. Now, I threatened—anon, implored; sometimes I caught hold of my niece, or one of my domestics, and demanded my father's watch, with loud and violent imenaces; at others, by a quick transition frequent in delirium, my disordered imagination transformed the wrinkled old woman into a reviewer. "Think not, vile critic," cried I, "think not to escape my vengeance!"—and so saying, I'm told I gave the old dame such a hug as had nearly introduced her to the shades below. But the strength of fever is short-lived, and the good woman extricated herself from my gripe, with no other hurt than her fright.

I lay for sometime in this deplorable state; and I know not what most contributed to my recovery—whether nature, or art, or both, or neither—for I do not pretend to any knowledge in the medical science, having, strange to say,

lived and done well for 60 and odd years, without seeing a doctor, or knowing what it was to want one. However this be, my appointed hour was not come; my fever died, and I lived—my niece watched by my bed-side, not ever left me, till she saw reason once more begin to dawn, and fairly established in my poor brain. Then came broths and jellies, and sweets and bitters, and cooling and stimulating draughts, and every imaginable device for greasing the wheels of returning health; however, thank heaven, I outlived it all. I breathed again; I looked round me; I saw and knew every object aright; I felt once more at home; once more an object of care and tenderness to human beings; and this delightful sensation was, and did more for me, than all the cookery with which my chamber was crowded; and when poor Lucy saw me revive at the sight of her cup of cordial, she gave the praise to the potency of her prescription, unconscious that it was the kind hand that bestowed it, which cheered my heart, and made her medicine an infallible febrifuge. But as I advanced in convalescence, so I gradually regained the recollection of all the circumstances that had caused my illness.—These unwelcome remembrances came over my mind painfully, one by one, like unwelcome visitants from a remote country, to remind me that something unpleasant had happened, of which the recollection had been impaired. I resisted, and barred out their entry as long as I could; but they would come, and I was fain to bewail my calamities even in the delightful hours of convalescence. One of the most agreeable circumstances of my illness was, that it saved me the mortification of telling my tale to Lucy; for during my delirium I had discovered all, or nearly all, I had to re-

late ; and Lucy, with the quickness of affection, perceiving how painful these recollections were, never pressed them upon me.

One day, I had left my sick-room, and was enjoying, for the first time, the fresh air in my little arbour at the bottom of the garden, when I thought I would summon courage to look at my packet of MS. which had remained unopened, and still tied up in the handkerchief, and of which I dreaded to see the ruins displayed. But I now determined to investigate the contents, and the extent of the injury done, and by carefully collecting and arranging the fragments, endeavour to obtain a resuscitation. I bade Lucy bring me the parcel ; and desiring to be left to my solitude, I began slowly to scrutinize the contents. When I had untied the wrapper, I found a heap of loose papers ; but they were evidently not in my hand-writing, but in that of various persons. Looking a little further I discovered my own MS. sealed up with my letter enclosed, just as I had sent it to Mr. ——. My surprise was great ; and I was rejoiced to find my work unharmed ; what then could the paper be ? On examination, I found them to be letters ; and they appeared to consist of a correspondence with the conductors of the ——— Review. Some had been opened and torn ; some were still sealed, as though curiously thrust into the drawer, as things of no consequence. I scrupled about reading them ; I overcame my delicacy, and was led on from one to another, amazed at the evidence they produced of the tyranny exercised in the world of letters. The more I read, the more I sympathized with the suffering tribe of authors, whose complaints of the bitter injuries inflicted on them, seemed to pass unregarded, their claim for justice unheeded. Many of the letters had evidently not been read. I doubt if any of them had ever been answered. In compassionating the sorrows of these afflicted persons, I lost the keen sense of my own mortifications ; and whatever of comfort is to be derived from having many companions in misfortune, I enjoyed to the utmost. I felt my zeal, my ardour, in the common cause, inflamed to a high pitch of enthusiasm. I revelled in the perusal of these documents, and pondered over many plans of mutual redress that floated through my mind. When I was obliged to relinquish my

pursuit, and summoned by Lucy to the house, I carefully locked up my new treasure, to return to it like a miser, at the next opportunity. The next day I resumed my researches, and I was sitting in deep reverie, surrounded by the manuscripts, when my poor cousin, Will Wince, burst into the room, whom I had not seen since his own discomfiture, when I left him smarting under the injury he had received from our, now, common enemy. “ Ah ! Will,” said I, somewhat confused, and endeavouring to conceal my heap of papers, “ I have not seen you many a long day ; but, believe me, I sincerely sympathize in your distress, which I am now convinced was in nowise by your own fault ; for you must know, Will, I have learnt by bitter experience how misplaced was the confidence, how blind the adoration, which I formerly paid to these idols of my uninformed credulity.” — “ You surprise me,” said Will, — “ how has this revolution been worked in your mind ? When I last saw you, you would admit of no appeal from these righteous judges,” said he sneeringly. “ I am curious to hear what has wrought this miraculous conversion.” — “ Truth,” said I, “ Will, truth is resistless, and must force its way, though it be for a while obscured by the densest fog with which ignorance can envelope it.” — “ Yes, cousin, I confess my error, and beg you to pardon the harshness of my judgment, as far as regarded yourself, in your encounter with these dictators of literature, whom I had elevated to a pedestal, from which a nearer scrutiny of their qualifications has speedily hurled them. I have found them a mere race of mortals, or rather a band of assassins, with whom the interests of literature are as nothing, compared to the gratification of their own vanity, and the cultivation of a base popularity—they are, what shall I say ? a kind of monstrous mental cannibals, who feed on the wits and brains of their victims, while they would willingly devote their bodies to the horrors of penury and starvation. Yes, cousin, you will be thunder-struck to learn that they have scandalously treated, and at length scornfully rejected, my Pious Pieces. Conceive the hopeless state of their minds and morals, when such a work (which it does not become me to praise) has found no grace in their sight. Though I asked the trifling boon of previous

revision and subsequent encomium, from several of these benighted critics, not one would deign even to look at my MS., though I assured them of certain edification." I then related to him the whole history of my journey, and the circumstances attending it; and shewed him the papers which had so strangely come into my possession. Will listened with the utmost attention. He exhorted me to take courage, and not to take to heart any thing that had happened. "I too," said he, "am changed since we last met. I mind these fellows now no more than I would a flea-bite; and I can't help laughing whenever I think of the distress I felt on my first encounter with them. Print away, cousin, and never mind 'em; and if you don't meet with fair play, why, I think you have got a rod ready for them; so take my advice, and let your work go forth fearlessly into the world. I am now in correspondence with my London bookseller; and if you will engage for the expense, I have an excellent opportunity of transmitting the MS. to town, and you will soon have the satisfaction of seeing yourself in print."—"Ah! but, Will, what mercy can I expect after such a reception?"—"Never mind that, coz, 'twas a wild out-of-the-way scheme, which, if I had been near you, I should have persuaded you to abandon. Give me your MS., and I'll take it entirely upon me."—"How shall I feel when the fatal die is actually cast, and my name stalks through the world in broad day-light?"—"And what then—besides, I'm told, it sometimes gives a wonderful celebrity to a work, if it is very unmercifully dealt with by these worthies; so fear nothing; their praise or blame will equally serve you; and then you can come out with these fragments from the critical repertory."—"Oh, Will, you would not have me become a tell-tale. Consider how I obtained these documents."—"Never mind; I'd shame the rogues. Let me conjure you to

trust me with your work; it shall be out in a trice. Think of your fame, your accession of reputation; your academy will become one of the most noted amongst the British seminaries, an university perhaps, who knows? Hang the reviews; set up for yourself, man, and you'll always find enough on your side." I was charmed with these intoxicating ideas; and his confidence inspired mine. Still, I paused and trembled. The terrible phantom of criticism had still power over me, though its influence (like that of other apparitions) was lessened by the presence of another person; and that other so encouraging to the undertaking as my coz. "Where is the MS.?" said he. "Here," said I, timidly drawing it from its hiding place. "A very fair MS., by heaven! and it shall be printed too, if my name is Will Wince." I hesitated, but gradually held less and less tight the packet, which at first I had firmly grasped, in withholding it from Will's impetuous hand. And at length I loosened it entirely, and it remained fast clasped in my cousin's gripe. The moment was important, and fraught with consequences. Will soon quitted me, desiring I would not be impatient, as he would return as soon as possible; and I followed him with my eyes as long as I could, scarcely able to believe that a transaction so important had taken place in so few minutes. I now grew rapidly strong, and threw off the last vestiges of indisposition and debility, much to poor Lucy's disquietude, who would fain have kept me much longer on slops and jellies. Will soon informed me that my work was in the press, and might be shortly expected to appear. I passed the intermediate period of suspense in that state of apprehension which hovers betwixt hope and fear, reaching the extremes of neither; but my constitution inclined me most to the former, and I should cite this as one of the happiest eras of my life.

CHAPTER XVII.

BUT I must pass over the many months that elapsed before I saw my cousin again, and hasten on to relate briefly the catastrophe of my history. One day, (it was a dark evening towards the close of the month of November,) as I was sitting after dinner *à fire*, which I had just stirred to

a cheerful blaze, and as I was watching the drizzling of the rain, which seemed to enhance the value of my indoor comforts, I descried Will trotting briskly up the lane, with an alacrity which plainly betokened good. "It must be good news," said I, "which can bring him through such an even-

ing as this ; 'tis a good, friendly creature ;" and I anticipated with a flushed countenance the whispers of fame which he was conveying to me. He entered, but his first words damped my hopes.—"Well, cousin," said he, "'tis even as you expected—War, war, war ! remorseless war ! be now our cry."—"For Heaven's sake ! what is it you mean ?" And I felt the life-blood forsake my cheek. "Aye, indeed, it is too true—they've dealt with you, much as they've done with me ; so, I suppose, we may now both go howling to the deserts together—Come, come, don't look so pale, coz ; here, take a cordial draught, man ;" and he poured out a full glass of brandy, which, in the consternation of the minute, I swallowed to the last drop. "Look here, sec," said Will, pulling a parcel of books out of his great-coat pocket, "the cruel dogs—I declare, coz, my wrongs sit quite lightly on my mind, now I see how much worse they've treated you. Political subjects, you know, are likely to give rise to a difference of opinion ; and I ascribe my failure and their acrimony, wholly to my dissent from their political creed. But here you see how they deal with you ; and your epistle, dedicatory and deprecatory of their high and mighty wrath, they spurn *in toto*, and you come off never a whit the better for it. See the bitter irony of this paragraph—the pleasant rascals—with what an air of ease and complacency do they deal about wounds and death ! Here, cousin, reilly if you only look impartially at this, only divest yourself for a moment of the feelings of an author, (you know we have the credit of being a little irritable,) and this will divert you amazingly. Only hear this : '*Mr Timothy Tell's morality seems to us to be a little nasty—his piety rather thread-bare*.' However, we hope that in the sober qualities of dulness and insipidity, there lurks a poison to counteract the decent tendency of his precepts.' Very sly that, isn't it ? and very droll ; but, look here, at you again—oh, the rogues !— And though we have our doubts of the probability of the very 'extensive influence of his writings, on the minds and morals of mankind, which the author contemplates ; yet, when we consider the eagerness with which he seems to grasp at the literary laurel, and the rage which seems to animate himself, as well as multitudes of others, for scrib-

bling, we are disposed to congratulate Mr Tell and his morality, as well as the reading public, on the superabundance of harmless stupidity which pervades his work ; and which, we are ourselves infinitely too pious not to prefer to the witty wickedness of the age.—Dev'lish severe that, cousin, isn't it—ha-ha-ha ! but, egad ! not ill-written, and pleasant enough taken in one way—ha-ha-ha ! Does it not amuse you ?"—"Yes, indeed—he-he-he !" said I, very gravely ; or, rather in an accent of despair. "Why, my good coz—what can be the matter here ? do take another drop of life—for it seems failing you ;" and he poured me another glass of sheer Nantz, which I gulped down. "Why, what nerves you must have—this London journey has shaken you to pieces ; but now just let us look—here 'tis again—by my soul, but it's quite amusing to see the grave impudence of these men. And a book such as yours too—subject and all considered—it is too bad—here, '*We gather that Mr Tell resides in the retired vale of Cumberland ; and we lament that the whispers of literary ambition should have found their way to his ear. But we are disposed to part in perfect friendship ; and we hope he will not throw himself into one of the neighbouring lakes, if we tell him in confidence, that we think he had better continue to brandish the rod, rather than the quid ; for, though he has been in the exercise of the former useful auxiliary of learning all his life ; yet he may not, on that account, have the better taste for the lash, when applied to himself*.' Th u touch at the Pedagogue's not amiss—ha-ha-ha !"—"And, ha-ha-ha !" rejoined I now, as loudly as Will ; for I had, to relieve the agony which every sentence gave me, gone mechanically, as it were, to the brandy, and I was now perfectly intoxicated.—"That's my fine fellow," said Will, "I'm glad to see you despise them from the bottom of your heart—that flash of indignation becomes you—you won't tamely put by this affront, surely, coz ?"—"Affront !" cried I, "I, the son of Augustus Tell, the descendant from the great William Tell, that glorious champion of liberty, that—that—I—a Tell, put by such an affront ; (for whenever I had by chance taken a glass more than strict temperance prescribes, I always talked of my pedigree, which my natural modesty

forbade when I was perfectly sober.) I say, answer me—was not my father of the illustrious blood of the Tells—my grandfather, my great, great—I don't know how many great grandfathers, all Tells—and am not I a Tell—yes, and these insignificant upstarts shall find me a Tell—they shall know what it is to rouse blood like mine.—What though I brandish a rod? Is it an office unbecoming my high descent? Is it not an honourable and dignified employment? Is not the rod the sceptre of . . . of . . . learning? And they shall feel it," cried I, thumping on the table with such violence, that I over-set it, and the empty brandy bottle and glasses clattered to the ground. "Bravo, bravo!" cried Will, clapping me on the back. "I like your spirit—I didn't know 'twas in you—Let 'em know whom they have dared to attack—it is not for blood like ours, as you say, to be spurned—" "Spurned," cried I—"Who's he that talks of spurning?—Yes, I feel my father's noble spirit rising in my breast—I feel the enthusiasm—the patriotism of all my ancestors, and of great William himself, mounting in my heart—" "Upon my soul it must have been capital brandy that of yours," said Will—"Like that great hero," continued I, "will I draw my bow against these apple-pudding-headed cantiffs—and they shall be smitten on the valley of Asidon—the eagles—the monsters—The monsters—I mean the critics—where was I—I mean?" "Will begin to perceive the disorder of my senses as well as of my metaphors, and he contented himself with exhorting me not to let my just resentment evaporate in empty ebullitions, but to consider in what manner effectually to redress our common grievances, and he left me for the present under the care of my niece, to recover from the effects of my unusual excess.

When my brain was relieved from the fumes of the brandy, I still continued to view the subject in the same light—I mused upon every mode of compassing this design, and revolved all means possible and impossible with incessant anxiety. It happened that I was recreating my mind with the examination of one of those Northern Lights, which, at the opening of every new month, diffuse such agreeable illumination and delight, (I mean your admirable work, learned Mr North, which has

for years formed my chief library.) when it suddenly occurred to me that I might, through that popular publication, give a wide circulation to the history of my wrongs—adding also the letters of which I became possessed, as before related, which together, will, I am confident, call forth the indignation and sympathy of a generous public. With this view, then, and with the hope of animating the natural courage of genius, and of reviving the drooping spirit of modest merit, I have resolved to take arms under the shield of the renowned Christopher, whose enlightened pages and their way to every part of the British Empire—the frowning cliffs of Buchana shall like the head of Medusa, petrify to silence the most daring champion amongst the enemy. I shall have the voice of every description of author, (no small class of men) and I trust I shall also have the favourable ear of the most enlightened public that it was ever the felicity of author to address. And, now, gentle and courteous reader, who have so condescendingly attended me through my History, let me entreat you, ere I take my leave, if haply my "Pious Pieces" should encounter your eye, to peruse them with candour and indulgence. To your wisdom and impartiality, I appeal in full security, that your verdict will be in my favour.

To you, much revered Mr North, I bid a respectful farewell. I shall be proud, indeed, should my labour tend in any degree to emancipate the minds of a thinking Public from the vile thralldom in which the Literary Tyrants would fain hold them—and should you, Sir, bestow your approbation on this my truly patriotic effort, it will gratify my highest ambition, console me for my past mistatements, and cast a ray of sunshine upon the evening of my life, before the film of age shall quite dim my lustre eye, or chill the current of my not-vulgar blood. I am, Sir, with every sentiment of respect, your much obliged and humbly admiring servant.

TIMOTHY TELL.

P. S.—In justice to my worthy cousin, Will Winee, I am bound to acknowledge myself much indebted to his assistance in drawing up this narrative.

ANTI-PHRENOLOGIA—A PLAIN STATEMENT OF OBJECTIONS AGAINST THE
SYSTEM OF DRS GALL AND SPURZHEIM

SECTION II.—Feeling.

(Continued from our last.)

WE endeavoured, in our last Number, to analyze Messrs Gall and Spurzheim's general abstract doctrines, relative to Sentiments and Propensities—and we concluded with a promise, to hold up to the view of our readers, the faculty of Acquisitiveness, or Covetiveness, as affording rather a rich and curious specimen of the rest of its kind. We therefore proceed at once to give Mr. Combe's definition of Covetiveness.

It is that faculty, he says, "the function of which is to produce the propensity to acquire in general, and which is gratified by the mere act of acquisition, without any ulterior object." Now, truly we are not a little afraid, lest any serious argument, on the subject of a statement like this, should sound in the ears of most of our readers, as something allied to burlesque. But the sharpest arrows of wit have already assailed the phrenologists, without penetrating their armour of solemn and imperturbable gravity. We are determined, therefore, to wield, till the end of the combat, the heavier weapons which we have taken into our hands.

Can there be any of our readers, whom it is necessary to inform, that *a mere propensity to acquire* cannot be ascribed to man, consistently with common sense? If there is such a one, we would simply ask him, what feeling he has ever experienced, or what action he has ever performed, that indicated a *desire* to have what he did not, at the time, believe to be good for him? Can he, or can the phrenologists, really have forgotten, that "a desire to acquire, without any ulterior object," must necessarily be gratified by all things alike, without any regard to their uses, real or supposed; and that a miser, who is thought by them to manifest such a desire in an eminent degree, must, if it exists in his breast,

in conformity with the idea which they seem to have of it, be able to gratify it at the easy rate of getting his coffers filled, not with gold, but with stones and rubbish? For the *former* is merely fitted to procure him the means, by which he may indulge his *other desires*, and is therefore only to be distinguished from things that all men, in open defiance of Gall and Spurzheim's doctrines, esteem of little or no value, by the *uses* which it is fitted to serve, and the "*ulterior object*" which it had in view, by those who seek after it.

The word *concupiscence*, in one sense of it, denotes the quality of longing after the goods of others; and so it is used in the Tenth Commandment.—If Gall and Spurzheim acknowledge this acceptation of it, we leave it to them, as one of the knotty points in the science of Phrenology, to determine whether a man who "covets his neighbour's wife," employs the faculty of Covetiveness, or that of Amativeness, or both.—The same word, however, is often used in a signification different from that which we have now mentioned; and it appears to us, that that signification, though apparently disclaimed by the phrenologists, is really the one with which they have received it. In this sense, it may be defined to be "the name attached to that quality of mind, which distinguishes those who covet, by the eager acquisition, or the excessive accumulation of property, as a requisite to provide for their future wants."

According to an evident law of our constitution, all desires whatever are calculated to give pleasure in their gratification or removal; and that pleasure is generally proportioned to the degree of their intensity, or, in other words, to the amount of that uneasiness or pain, in which their very nature consists.* By another law of our nature, all our desires have a ten-

* It appears to us to be deserving of remark, that if we simply admit this to be a law of our nature, that the gratification of every strong desire affords us pleasure, we can have no difficulty in determining the much-argued question, which respects the origin of the delight said to be derived by us from the contemplation of fictitious distress. We find, by experience, that a certain degree of concupiscence, or management, is uniformly

dency to increase in strength, by being partially, but habitually, gratified; and as there is no one given point at which the general desire to have wealth may be said to be *wholly* gratified, we thus see, that the *growing covetousness* which, in this acceptation of the word, many so remarkably exhibit, may be explained according to the ordinary laws of our constitution, and cannot, therefore, be rationally referred to the operation of a distinct faculty, without supposing these laws to be useless.

But farther; if we reflect, for a moment, on the real difference which subsists between the desires of a man who is called covetous, and those of one who is never so called, but who merely seeks after property, in order to the support of himself, and those dependent upon him, we shall find, that it consists solely in the accidental circumstance of the former having, for their objects, wants that are only imaginary, whereas, in the case of the latter, they are real. There is therefore no difference at all in the nature of the desires themselves, which are felt in the two cases; and the process of mind is quite the same in both. The covetous man originally saw, or thought he saw, benefits likely to flow from the acquisition, or the hoarding up, of wealth; and he continues endeavouring to accumulate it, after these benefits have ceased to appear real in the eyes of any one, whose reason is not bound down by habit like his own, incited by a real desire indeed, but one which has for its object merely

the removal of an uneasiness produced, like the desire to take snuff, solely by habitual gratification. Now, surely the phrenologists will not assert, that *the desire of getting property* is the result of the operation of an organ, immediately after that very uncertain point is exceeded, beyond which they may suppose that reason teaches us to consider it as directed to things which are unnecessary, although it was not so before; or that the organ of *Covetiveness*, although it was inactive during the many years which a merchant spent in gaining five thousand pounds, immediately came into play, when his books shewed a balance in his favour of more than that sum. In a word, there cannot possibly exist, in the human mind, a particular faculty of Covetiveness, whose function it is to give us a particular desire, since there is no such desire felt by us as that which Gall and Spurzheim attribute to it—or at least no desire different in its nature, or in any thing else than its supposed unconformity with *the reason of others*, (which is evidently no standard to which we must invariably conform our actions,) from any other desires which are acknowledged on all hands to be excited by the prospect of gratifying our actual wants.

We may still farther remark, with regard to Covetiveness, that the different kinds of actions which are said to manifest it, frequently arise from quite opposite sources; and that it thus serves to illustrate, in a very striking

necessary, in order to our enjoying that delight. We find, for example, that in every good tragedy, the characters must be so drawn, and the plot so developed, that the knowledge of every single incident must be calculated to create in us a *strong desire* to know the succeeding ones—in other words, every good tragedy must be *interesting* in a high degree. Now, here we have a *strong desire*, and a certain degree of pain, viz. that attending the contemplation of so much fictitious distress, in the way of its gratification. It is easy to see, that the former may lead us to disregard the latter, or even to find a pleasure in it, just as the strong desire to do our duty, or to contemplate happiness of our own creating, leads us to find a pleasure in subjecting ourselves to the view of so much real distress.

Philosophers may puzzle themselves long enough, ere they will find our sources of pleasure in any painful feeling, *considered in the abstract*; and the truth is, that there is no real distinction between the pain experienced by us during the contemplation of distress, and any other pain. Hence it must appear evident, that we sometimes feel a pleasure in undergoing it, not in consequence of any peculiarity in it, which uniformly destroys our natural aversion to do so, but in consequence of the presence of various adventurous delights, and the operation of that general law of the mind, agreeably to which there is pleasure in undergoing pain, *provided it be not too intense*, when it hes in a way of the gratification of a strong desire. Accordingly we find, that our sympathy must not be too strong, else it destroys all our enjoyment; and that to people of too great sensibilities, it is often a kind of refined torture, to be so interested by a tragedy, as to be constrained to contemplate the representation of it.

manner, the doctrine formerly stated, that all *qualities* of the mind are no less uncertain in their origin, than they are complex in their nature. Thus, a *weak state of the desires in general* manifests itself in some individuals, by *Contentment*, which is a quality opposed to covetousness, much more directly than even generosity itself. But in those individuals, who have unfortunately acquired the bad habit of indulging a covetous inclination in an excessive degree, that inclination often so overcomes all others, as to manifest itself in acts inconsistent with their gratification, although they originally gave it birth; and these very acts give pleasure, agreeably to that well known law of our constitution, which we have already mentioned, as themselves tending to the gratification of what habit has rendered the strongest passion of the mind at the time—and just as drunkenness, when “the ruling passion” is indurated at the price of all that constitutes the happiness of a well-regulated mind. We evident, however, that those other desires will not, by any means, be readily overcome, when they are naturally very powerful. Hence it appears that the *hoarding up of wealth*, which is a circumstance that shews a covetous disposition in all its own naked deformity, and apart from the glare, which is often thrown upon it by the appearance of liberality or generosity, and which therefore constitutes the most common and marked manifestation of it, must depend, in a great degree, upon what is figuratively called *poverty of soul*, or in other words, upon that very same weak state of the other desires, which, in the minds of individuals who have not acquired the bad habit of which we are speaking, produces contentment or moderation.

We trust that we have now fully conveyed our readers, that the sole mystery of Messrs Gall and Spurzheim’s peculiar doctrines, with respect to the origin of sentiments and propensities, consists in a gross abuse of language; and that it is only necessary to call things by their right names, and to cease to think of *qualities* and *desires*, as if they were *faculties* and *propensities*, in order to perceive that these doctrines are utterly irreconcilable with common sense. But in case any doubt should still be entertained upon the subject, let us mention just

one of the many difficulties in which the opposite supposition is involved.

Let us admit, then, for the sake of argument, that the human mind is endowed with certain specific faculties, (such as *Amativeness*, *Self-esteem*, &c.) whose function it is, to produce certain corresponding sentiments and propensities, *and no others*. Now, surely, the phrenologists will not pretend that the general state of mind, which is termed *desire*, for example, can only be produced by one or other among the very small number of objects, comparatively speaking, that are calculated to rouse into action the *propensities* included in their list; and that *sleeping*, *eating*, *riding*, or *walking*, may not be desirable, as well as *fighting* or *killing*. Does it not, then, seem strange, that particular faculties should be necessary to the production, in a few single cases, and those not marked by any fixed or uniform peculiarity, of an effect, which must be acknowledged to be produced, in the general case, without the aid of any such faculties at all? The phrenologists must, however, of necessity, ascribe the bulk of human feelings, whose origin is not accounted for by them, to some source or other. Now, if they do not admit them to be simply the result of certain general laws of our nature, (whose province must necessarily include that of their specific faculties,) they can have no other resource than to attribute them to *one general faculty of having all things and desires not otherwise disposed of* to particular faculties, and must, if they mean to maintain their point, endeavour to find out some unoccupied corner of the brain, in which its manifold functions may be supposed to be carried on. Thus, their system will gain at least the appearance of completeness—a quality in which it is at present so miserably deficient, that it does not even pretend to account for the *love of parents*, in children, and yet capriciously assigns a faculty and an organ to the *love of children*, in parents.

Upon the whole, the conclusion we would come to on the general subject of feeling is, that nature has endowed every individual, not with faculties, which give particular propensities and sentiments, but with a certain general sensibility to emotion, as well as a certain strength of body, and energy of mind; but also that the particular re-

lation which the manifestation of any of these general qualities will bear to the objects around us, or the various forms which they will assume when called into actual display, must be determined solely by circumstances. *Violent* love and violent hatred, *eager* attachment to sinful pleasures, and *eager* devotion to duty, *profound* respect to man, and *profound* veneration to God, instead of each of them constituting, (as Gall and Spurzheim

would suppose) an independent natural peculiarity by itself, we should apprehend, to be all alike indicative of the same ardent and sensitive disposition, but manifested only in different situations, and towards different objects. Natural peculiarities are broad and general, not narrow and specific. Such, indeed, is the common opinion of mankind; and it is an opinion sanctioned at once by reason and daily observation.

SECT. III.—*Intellect.*

IN order to convince our readers of the absurdity of Gall and Spurzheim's theory of the intellectual faculties, it is perhaps sufficient to remind them that these faculties, as they occur in the Phrenological enumeration, cannot, for the most part, be distinguished from each other by any real or essential differences in their functions, but merely by their distinct applications to different objects, while performing the same functions. Thus, it will be recollected, that many of them bear the names of certain arts and sciences of human invention, such as *music*, *language*, &c.; and that others are even denoted by the terms appropriated to particular qualities or ideas, upon which, on occasion, the mind may exercise its powers; such as *time*, *number*, *order*, *size*, *weight*, or *coherency*. Surely it is unnecessary for us to remark, that when a person remembers the words in a language, and the relative amounts of the constituent parts of a numerical series, the same faculty of memory performs the same function, but only in relation to different objects; and further, that it is the same faculty which, in either case, enables him to recall them at all, that enables him to do so in a certain *order*. The faculty of judgment is surely the same, whether employed about the relations among the words and ideas in a sentence, or those among different quantities or numbers; and in what does the learning of a language consist, but the *recollection* of the different words which it contains? And what more is necessary in order to enable any person to profit by the acquisition, than the power of *discerning the relations among the ideas* which these words severally denote? One of the faculties mentioned by Gall and Spurzheim is that of *imitation*. Now, in what, we would ask, does an act of

Imitation differ from a simple act of Perception or Imagination, except in the accidental circumstance of some kind of outward representation succeeding to the mental picture, to which it must needs conform as exactly as possible, and which, therefore, it cannot modify in the least? Surely the fancy of a painter performs the very same function when he simply conceives a landscape, as when he conceives it in order to delineate it upon canvas. The act of delineation, or imitation, itself is merely mechanical.—It forms but the corporeal transcript of a group of mental images, in its relation to which, all that may seem to distinguish it from other mechanical acts consists.—What is it we would ask, that gives us the idea of *weight*, but the *sensation* of pressure received through the sense of Touch, and also the *sight* of visible objects uniformly descending to the ground, and a consequent *judgement* of the mind, that a phenomenon which has always been observed hitherto will continue to take place in future? Surely it is absurd to attribute to the idea of the *size* of any body, or the distance between its extremities, an origin different from that of the idea of the distance between the extremities of two separate bodies. But really the folly of seeking for any other organs than those of our external senses, in order to supply the original sources of our ideas derived from sensation, is too evident to admit of being insisted on.

The functions of the faculty of Individuality constitute an enigma, which we are not ashamed to acknowledge that we are utterly unable to solve. It is a faculty which enables us “to know existence in general,” and yet “to learn neither the qualities of objects, nor the details of facts;” although it remains to be proved that

the qualities of objects are not the subjects of all our real knowledge concerning them, and the foundation of our belief in their existence. It is possessed by those who, "though not always profound, are learned, have a superficial knowledge of all the arts and sciences, and know enough of them to be capable of speaking on them with facility." Among such men as these it is manifested by "an attention to all that happens around them, to every phenomenon, to every fact," although this attention to facts not give them a knowledge of the *causes* of them; and it is displayed among brutes by "the recollection of what has happened to them!"

Here see an abundant confirmation of remark which we have already repeatedly made, that the absurd dogmatism and the mysterious jargon, which prevail so much in the writings of the phrenologists, may be traced, in a great measure, to their wilful perversion of language, in usually calling by the name of *feeling* what is in truth a *habit* or *word*,—or in other words, an aggregate of effects, resulting from that infinite variety of causes which influence the formation of human character.

There is only one case where we anticipate any reluctance in our readers to give way to the conclusion, that the knowing and reflecting powers of the phrenologists are none of them admissible into any enumeration of powers, founded on rational and not on mere exception or judgment—except comparison or judgment, perhaps one or two others, possibly has been universally acknowledged by all. The case to which we allude, is that of the supposed faculty of *Tune*; with respect to which, the opinions of Gall and Spurzheim may appear to some to have an unusual degree of plausibility attached to them, owing to their coincidence with the vulgar supposition, of an *ear for music*, or a sort of rational sense, having no dependence upon the rest of the constitution, being implanted by nature in the minds of individuals. We must therefore crave, for a little, the attention of our readers to this subject.

It can only be in consideration of their different effects upon the mind, that sounds obtain, or do not obtain,

the name of music. It is evident, that we choose certain orders or series of these sounds, and reject others, not because we uniformly perceive some one intrinsic quality in the former, but solely on account of the feelings which we observe them sometimes to cause within ourselves. For, indeed, there is no one prevailing quality which distinguishes musical sounds, considered apart from their effects upon the mind, from sounds that are not musical. They cannot be so distinguished solely by any peculiar influence which they have on the external ear; otherwise musical delight would not deserve to be ranked above the pleasures of taste or smell. Nor can they be characterized by any regular order in their recurrence; for, in fact, there is no such order constantly observed, and no one will pretend to say, that, to some individuals, there may not be the truest music in the unending cadences of the *Æolian harp*, the confused noise of falling waters, or the random tinkling of sheep-bells.

Now, we can have no difficulty in determining the nature of those emotions which must thus enter into the pleasure caused by music. It is absurd to suppose, that they may be resolved into any one specific feeling, such as the phrenologist is conceive it to be the peculiar province of a distinct faculty of *Tune* to produce. For experience teaches us, that they are sometimes of one, sometimes of another, or even a totally opposite class. Sometimes they are the feelings which we entertain in moments of seriousness or melancholy; at other times they are joyful feelings, or those, even, which are excited in us by the perception of the ludicrous. Now they are of the selfish, now of the social kind. In short, we find that there is not a pleasing sentiment of which the nature of any individual is capable, that may not be to him the vehicle of musical delight. If the soul of the rude barbarian is incapable of that *tenderness*, which tunes of a particular class please men of finer feelings by exciting; he has others of a boisterous and warlike kind, which impart to him a pleasure to them altogether unknown.

It is highly probable, that during

the infancy of music, the ties which connected it with the emotions of the mind, which it was in use to call up, were natural and obvious. Among warlike people, its effects probably depended upon its *imitation* of the noise of battle, or the shouts of victory; and hence we are informed, that these effects, resulting from the operation of a principle of association, of all others the most simple and natural, and being little moderated by reason and reflection, were of the most astonishing kind, and so universal, that poets have represented them as extending even to inanimate objects. Fortunately, indeed, we are not left altogether to our own conjectures with respect to the causes upon which depend the astonishing effects ascribed to music among rude people. We know that the animating influence of the *pirroch* is owing to its affording a wild and natural imitation of the noise of a battle, in all its gradual progress from attack to victory. The death-song, which is so common among barbarians, and which has obtained the same name of *Ukulah* or *Ullaloo*, in ancient and modern times, is calculated to rouse the feelings by *sympathy*; and therefore we see in it the earliest and simplest operation of a principle, upon which the influence of music continues, in some measure, to depend at the present day. For between the tones of the human voice, in giving utterance to particular feelings, and the music which is in use to excite these feelings, there is often the same kind of natural resemblance which subsists between the howlings of the wounded savage and the death-song which he chaunts over the body of a departed warrior. Thus, no one can doubt, that melancholy airs create images of sadness in the mind, chiefly because the natural language of grief bears a certain resemblance to the slow and plaintive succession of their notes; and that, on the other hand, we sympathize with the joyful feelings uttered by quick and lively music, simply because the natural language of these feelings is quick and lively.

It must, however, be acknowledged that the causes upon which depends the power of music, during the perfection of the art, to call up mental emotions, are so various, and many of them of such a latent kind, that they cannot always be pointed out, and

can be properly referred to no one class. It may be remarked, in general, that the fondness of individuals for particular kinds of tunes is owing partly to the natural tone of their feelings; but chiefly to the formation of various accidental and hidden associations in their minds; and that the connection of poetry with music is one grand source of these associations. Thus, there are multitudes of tunes which give delight chiefly on account of their accidental connection with words expressive of the simple and artless joys of a pastoral life; but which, at the same time, are only pleasing to men whose minds are so formed, as to possess the capacity of feeling at least a momentary relish for these joys.

But let the phrenologists take what advantage of the difficulty of our subject they please, and allege, as they may, that they still cannot see *why* one set of tunes should be calculated to call up one set of emotions more than another. Such, nevertheless, they must admit to be the fact; and if it is an ultimate fact, or one which cannot be explained to their satisfaction, there is no help for it; but their doctrine, that *music is a faculty of receiving certain peculiar impressions from sounds, and acts by an organ performing certain distinct functions*, must remain in as hopeless a state as ever. It is evident that the question just hangs between the supposed observations of Messrs Gall and Spurzheim, and that every-day's experience which assures us, that the very feelings which they hold that it is the peculiar province of the organ of music to excite, are nothing but the common emotions of joy and melancholy, &c., with their thousand nameless modifications, called up by association, and in a manner to us inexplicable, if they will have it so. An original susceptibility of these emotions, or a certain general sensibility of the soul, is therefore essential, in the first place, to what is properly called an *ear for music*, let the principles of the association of particular kinds of mental feeling with particular series of sounds be what they may.

The doctrine, which is thus taught us by reason and experience, of the subservency of music, not to the employment of any distinct *knowing* or *intellectual* faculty, such as that of

Tune, but to the gratification of the sentiments and passions of the heart, we find to be remarkably confirmed by observation. Among what classes of men is it, that we find the strongest relish for the delights of music, along with the highest powers of imparting it to others? We all know, that it is among those nations, whose natural sensibilities are the greatest, or the most powerfully developed. Can any one really believe, then, that the superiority of the Italians in respect of musical talent, over the stupid Chinese, or the phlegmatic Dutch, or the cold-blooded inhabitants of the north, is to be attributed solely to some national peculiarity in the mass or figure of their brains? Has the general temperament of their minds no share at all in producing this superiority? We would like to know what answer the phrenologists would give, to the question thus brought home to them.

In holding that sounds are only entitled to the name of *music*, in consequence of their connection with the passions, we do not mean to assert that they can give no kind of pleasure independently of that connection. They may, for example, impart delight of a merely organic kind, and essentially of the same nature with the pleasures of smell and touch. Now, it surely cannot be supposed that the *intellectual* faculty of tune can find any room for employment in discovering the adaptation of sounds to procure us any mere organic *sensation*. It is unnecessary to waste words in attempting to prove the absurdity

of that supposition; as we do not believe that Gall and Spurzheim have really made it. For had they done so, they would have talked of the organ of *sound*, instead of that of *tune*, and would also, without doubt, have made the discovery that there exist organs of smell and taste in the brain.

But, to conclude, a natural sensibility of soul is that which constitutes a true *ear for music*. Without it, there can hardly be a task more difficult than that of acquiring a familiar acquaintance with the rules of the art. But by those by whom it is possessed in a sufficiently high degree, the most essential of those rules, or of such of them at least as are founded in nature, are discovered and practised with such exactness, and the slightest violation of them in others is so acutely felt, that persons are even apt to think the knowledge of them innate; although it must evidently be obtained from the very same sources which supply all our other knowledge, else Mr Locke's labours have been in vain. Those votaries of music who want this natural sensibility, are like men who attempt to learn eloquence as if it were a mechanical habit, and who are themselves incapable of the strong emotions with which they would inspire others. But musicians, who are endowed with it, may be compared to those orators by nature, who have scarcely once thought of the arts by which language may best be made to command the heart, and who are yet able, with overpowering effect, to reduce those arts to practice.

CONCLUSION.

The phrenologists, when driven from every other position, usually betake themselves to the general affirmation, that the form or proportional size of the whole forehead in any individual is to be considered as an index of the strength or acuteness of his mental powers.—In the truth of this affirmation they confide, as in the strength of an impregnable fortress.—Their confidence, however, is altogether misplaced. Whoever comes to the general conclusion which we have now mentioned, without the aid of any proper phrenological observations, respecting the particular faculties of *Amativeness* and its associates, is evidently not to be considered as coun-

tenancing their system at all. For we deny that they are entitled to consider that conclusion as forming any part of their own peculiar doctrines, like that strange system of the philosophy of the human mind, which they have attempted to rear. They may, indeed, have improved upon it a little; and, by garnishing it with many new terms, have caused it to appear before men with an air of dignity and importance, foreign to its natural, doubtful character. But, when shewn in the simple nakedness of truth, it plainly appears to be no other than an opinion as old as the idea of the brain itself, and unfortunately so much owing to the rude and ignorant, as to lead

presume that it is peculiarly suited to the meridian of vulgar capacities. The brow, indeed, viewed as a province of the face, belongs to the disciples of Lavater, by the right of pre-occupancy; and should it hereafter be found more fertile in useful discoveries than it has proved hitherto, the harvest will lawfully be theirs.

Even admitting, for the sake of argument, that the high forehead constitutes a sure indication of general intellectual superiority, it seems impossible, consistently with reason, to attribute that superiority to the development of cerebral organs. It will be observed, that it is not enough, in conformity with the Phrenological System, simply to admit the existence of such organs. For, in order to be convinced that there exists any correspondence between "manifestations and development," or in other words, in order that the system of Gall and Spurzheim may not be allowed to stand or fall upon the faith of their own bare assertions, we must make a farther concession, viz. *that the perfection of these organs of the brain depends upon their volume alone.* It is very obvious, however, that we cannot do so without, in the first place, disregarding analogy; since we find that the perfection of even the grosser, external organs depends entirely upon their organization, and not at all upon their volume, or the space which they occupy. What, then, shall we say with respect to organs which are supposed to serve as the instruments of thought and feeling? Can these require no

nicety of organization;—or can intensity of feeling, or energy of thought, be believed for a moment to depend upon the same causes, which increase the power of mechanical agents; which add surface to the sails of a ship, or weight to the lever? But farther, we cannot make this concession, without disregarding actual facts. We often see individuals who have small heads, having greater capacities than those whose heads are absolutely larger. We find, then, that nature does often form the organs of the mind, if such organs there be, perfect upon a small, and imperfect upon a large scale; and this seems to us to be all that is necessary in order to prove, that their perfection does in no case depend upon volume.

It appears, then, that even admitting the general doctrine in question to be well founded, it is not to be considered as forming any part of the system of Phrenology. But we would farther make bold to assert, that it is a doctrine which has not yet been found to lead to any results of practical utility, and that it must therefore be presumed to be really without any foundation in truth. Even the phrenologists must admit, that in determining the extent of a man's intellectual energies, it is necessary to proceed upon other data, than any which an admeasurement of his forehead can supply. They have therefore simply adopted the creed of the vulgar, without enhancing its real importance or utility, by any discoveries or improvements of their own.

ERRATA.—In our last Number, p. 104, line 23d from the bottom, for *continue*, read *confinet*; and at the same page, line 11th from the top of column 2d, delete *then*.

MATTERS OF FACT.

"Yes, it is a fact, we want facts."

EBONY *ap. Amb.*

"Facts are chiefs that winna ding,
And downa be disputed."

BURNS.

DEAR CHRISTOPHER,
Does Mr Blackwood really read his own Magazine? He surely does not, or he never would have asserted, in the manner he has done, that it contains few facts. In my humble opinion, it is all plain matter of fact from beginning to end, and nothing

else; and though sometimes a little metaphorically or poetically expressed, that does not alter the nature of an indisputable proposition. Does the man mean to say, that the King's Visit to Scotland was a mere fiction—that the appearance of Whigs and Tories at the levee was a visual illusion—and that

the Royal Number of his Magazine was neither written, nor printed, nor circulated, though the whole kingdom still rings from side to side with its praises? Can he mean to hold out that the processions, the firings, the illuminations, the thousand equipages, and crowds of ten thousand devoted and loyal subjects, were but "the baseless fabric of a vision"—merely the imaginings of his gifted contributors—though the publication of the Royal Number alone must have put ten thousand pounds into his pocket? Is it possible that he conceived himself in the inner receptacle of No. 17, filling the cavity of his stomach with airy nothings; while to our eyes, and the envy of others, he seemed most conscientiously cutting up real venison, and most devoutly turning up his glass with claret, in rosy comfort, at the city banquet? Yet all these are facts as palpable and true as if they were supported by proofs "from holy writ."

Does your publisher, Mr Christopher, believe in the existence of Lord Byron, Mr Southey, and the Great Unknown? Is the Quarterly Review in his mind a mere shadow, and the Edinburgh Journal a humbug on the senses of plain thinking men? Does he conceive that Professor Leslie is a sylph, Macvey a nofentity, and John Nicol not even the wreck of a man? Yet all these persons and publications are mentioned in his Magazine as material and tangible bodies, which have existed, do exist, and may peradventure have a local habitation, and a name for some short time longer. No. Unless Mr B. has adopted a new vocabulary altogether, and chooses to consider as fictions what other people have assumed to be facts, and *vice versa*, I cannot conceive upon what principle he asserted that your unequalled work, my dear Christopher, was characterized by its containing less matter of fact than any of its contemporaries. It almost strikes me that you sometimes state too many facts, and bolt them out too strongly; more, indeed, than the radical whigs choose should be known; or the perverters of public opinion care for being fixed on their unhallowed pages. For instance, who first detected and exposed the infidel principles, the revolutionary views, and the immoral tendency of certain contemporary works which shall be nameless?—Who stood

in the gap, in defence of religion and social order? And who first mounted the breach, in attacking the stronghold of the insidious enemy?—Who exposed the shallow artifices of the half-informed infidel, or the deeper designs of pretended patriots, whose measure of talent only "led to bewilder," and whose bottomless reasoning only "dazzled to blind?"—It was you, my dear Christopher, and your illustrious associates; and this is a *fact*, which your modesty cannot conceal, and which your country's enemies cannot and dare not deny.

But to shew Mr Blackwood and the world of your readers, that the chief merit of the Magazine consists in the unaffected and fearless statement of plain and honest truths, I send you fourteen palpable facts, out of many thousands, which I have taken the trouble to extract from your ever-during pages, and of which I request you to publish as many as you may have room for, or conceive to be necessary for wiping off the unfounded imputation.

Fact the First.—It is an undisputable and undisputed *fact*, that Blackwood's Magazine is the first publication of the age, or of any age, in point of talent, utility, and emolument. This I challenge Mr Blackwood himself to deny, if he can.

Fact Second.—It is a notorious and admitted *fact*, that the radical whig journals are not now so much talked of or read, since you, Christopher, commenced your intellectual labours for the good of your country and the world.

Fact Third.—It is a no less notorious *fact*, that the self-conceit, sceptical views, absurd predictions, and ill-judged and illiberal opinions set forth in some of the most extensively circulated periodical works, were first exposed and confuted by Mr Christopher North.

Fact Fourth.—It was also you, Christopher, who first exposed the indelicate inanity of the Cockney press, and set your face against blasphemy and obscenity, whether occurring in the writings of the peer or the poetaster—whether in the publications of Lord Byron, Shelley, or Hunt, or in the proscribed catchpennies of Tom Paine's, unprincipled imitators.

Fact Fifth.—It is an unquestionable and unquestioned *fact*, that the publications alluded to, together with all their low periodical and radical sup-

porters, no sooner felt their arts exposed, and themselves held up to the detestation of an injured public, than they, with open mouth, set up the cry of personality and abuse; although it was quite notorious and self-evident matter of fact, that these same sensitive complainants were the first authors, and are still the chief supporters, of that illiberal attack upon public characters, which only becomes a crime when applied to themselves.

Fact Sixth.—It is a melancholy fact for these publications, that their predictions, in which the corruptions of government, the inefficiency of ministers, the incapacity of generals, were so loudly proclaimed,—and in which the ruin of the country, (which furnished them with many a complacent theme,) was so confidently held forth,—were all triumphantly fulfilled, like the expositions of dreams, *by opposites*, in the victories of the Peninsula, the Russian campaign, the result of the battle of Waterloo, and the increasing prosperity of the British Empire.

Fact Seventh.—And it is a joyous fact for the world, and a glorious one for Britain, that her Prince is firm and magnanimous—his ministers wise—his generals able—and his armies overwhelming:—that the country is sound at the core—that Blackwood's Magazine is universally read—and that the only symptoms of corruption, ruin, and decay, are to be found in the writings and conduct of those who, it may be presumed, judge of others by their own miserable feelings.

Fact Eighth.—It is an unquestionable and unquestioned fact, that till the era of the Edinburgh Review, but chiefly till you, Christopher, began to enlighten the world, the periodical press was woefully deficient in talent; and that the little learning and ability employed in it, was chiefly directed to pervert the minds and influence the worst passions of the multitude.

Fact Ninth.—It is an undisputed and incontrovertible fact, that your article, entitled, "Save-allism," put a complete extinguisher on the head and projects of poor Joseph Hume.

Fact Tenth.—It is a fact which cannot be denied, that you wrote and published in the Royal Number, that inimitable exposition, entitled, "The

Sorrows of the Stot." And it is a fact equally undeniable, that since that exposure, which was the Scotsman's death-warrant, it has ceased, as I have heard, to be read by every respectable Whig in Edinburgh.

Fact Eleventh.—It is a fact which cannot be denied, that since you, Christopher, wrote *Waverley*, and your other inimitable histories, the temple of the Cockney Minerva has been shut up, and the sickening sentimentalism of baby-novellists has ceased to attract even boarding-school misses.

Fact Twelfth.—It is a striking fact, my good friend, and very much to your honour, that more churches have been built over all the country, since the establishment of Blackwood's Magazine, than for twelve years previous to that event, during the dominancy of infidel reviews.

Fact Thirteenth.—It is a striking and surprising fact, and one which nobody will, or can dispute, that there is more wit and humour, more of good morals and sound principles, and much more of human nature, in your Magazine and Novels, than was formerly known to exist in the country.

Fact Fourteenth.—It is an almost certain fact, that Mr B. must be immensely rich from the profits of the Magazine alone. You, Christopher, I should conceive, may be able almost to pay off the national debt; and I doubt not, but that, some day or other, your known benevolence will induce you to surprise the stockbrokers and disappoint the alarmists, by clearing off all our burdens at once.

These, my dear Christopher, are a few of the facts contained in your paper, which I have picked out among a thousand others, to convince your incredulous publisher, that, want what he may, he has no parity of facts to complain of. Take just one fact more, and that is, while you continue to uphold and defend the interests of religion and morality, and while your Magazine continues to be the rallying point of those who fear God and honour the King,

I am, and shall always be,
Your humble servant
to command,

ARTHUR SEDLEY.

Royal Circus, 3d February, 1823.

IRISH POPULAR SONGS.

THOUGH the Irish are undoubtedly of a poetic temperament, yet the popular songs of the lower orders are neither numerous, nor in general possessed of much beauty. For this, various causes may be assigned; but the most prominent is, the division of language which prevails in Ireland. English, though of late years it is gaining ground with great rapidity, is not even yet the popular language in many districts of the country; and thirty years since it was still less so. Few songs, therefore, were composed in English by humble minstrels, and the few which I know, are of very little value indeed, in any point of view. The poets of the populace confined themselves chiefly to Irish—a tongue which, whatever may be its capabilities, had ceased to be the language of the great and polished for centuries before the poetic taste revived in Europe. They were compelled to use a despised dialect, which, moreover, the political divisions of the country had rendered an object of suspicion to the ruling powers. The government and populace were indeed so decidedly at variance, that the topics which the village bards were obliged to select, were such as often to render the indulgence of their poetic powers rather dangerous. Their heroes were frequently inmates of jails or gibbets; and the severe criticism of the cat-o'-nine tails might be the lot of the panegyrist.

Wales, to be sure, has produced, and continues to produce, her bards, though the Welsh also use a language differing from that of their conquerors. But Wales is so completely devoured into England, that resistance to the victorious power was hopeless, and, therefore, after the first struggles, not attempted. The Welsh language was consequently no distinguishing mark of a caste determinedly hostile to the English domination, and continually the object of suspicion. It was, and is still cultivated by all classes; though, I understand, not so much now as formerly. The case was quite different

in Ireland. No gentleman speaks Irish, or has used it as his common language for generations; multitudes do not understand a word of it. It was left to the lower orders exclusively, and they were depressed and uneducated, and consequently wild and illiterate.

Let no zealous countryman of mine imagine that I am going to impeach the ancient fame of our bards and seanchies, or to abandon our claims or the glories, such as they are, of the Ossianic fragments! I merely speak of the state of popular Irish poetry during the last century or century and a half. With our ancient minstrels I meddle not, any more than with the theological renown of *our* Scotia in the early ages. Ossian I leave to his wrangling commentators, and still more wrangling antiquaries; and for the bards of more modern times, (those, for instance who flourished in the days of Elizabeth,) I accept the compliment of Spenser, who knew them well, and hated them bitterly. But the poetic sympathies of the mighty Minstrel of Old Mole could not allow his political feelings to hinder him from acknowledging, in his *View of Ireland*, that he had “caused divers of them” (songs of Irish bards) “to be translated unto me, that I might understand them, and surely they savoured of sweet wit and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornaments of poetry; yea, they were sprinkled with some pretty flowres of their naturall device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pitty to see abused, to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which with good usage would serve to adorne and beautifie vertue.”

I send you, as specimens of the popular poetry of later days, half a dozen songs, which I picked up during a journey in the southern parts of Ireland. I have translated them as closely as possible, and present them to your notice, more as literary curiosities than on any other account.

DIRGE OF O'SULLIVAN BEAR.

In * * * * one of the Sullivans of Bechhaven, who went by the name of Morry Oge, fell under the vengeance of

the law. He had long been a very turbulent character in the wild district which he inhabited, and was particu-

larly obnoxious to the local authorities, who had good reason to suspect him of enlisting men for the Irish brigade in the French service, in which it was said he held a captain's commission. Information of his raising these "wildgeese," (the name by which such recruits were known,) was given by a Mr Puxley, on whom, in consequence, O'Sullivan vowed revenge, which he executed by shooting him on Sunday while on his way to church. This called for the interposition of the higher powers, and accordingly a party of military was sent round from Cork to attack O'Sullivan's house. He was daring and well armed; and the house was fortified so that he made an obstinate defence. At last, a confidential servant of his, named Scully, was bribed to wet the powder in the guns and pistols prepared for his defence, which rendered him powerless. He attempted to escape, but while springing over a high wall in the rear of his house, he received a mortal wound in the back. They tied his body to a boat, and dragged it in that manner through the sea from Beerhaven to Cork, where his

head was cut off, and fixed on the county jail, where it remained for several years.

Such is the story current among the lower orders, about Beerhaven. In the version given of it in the rude chronicle of the local occurrences of Cork, there is no mention made of Scully's perfidy; and perhaps that circumstance might have been added by those to whom O'Sullivan was deemed a hero, in order to save his credit as much as possible. The dirge was composed by his nurse, who has made no sparing use of the peculiar energy of cursing, which the Irish language is by all allowed to possess.

(In the following song, Morty, in Irish, Muirtach, or Muirheartach, is a name very common among the old families of Ireland. It signifies *expert at sea*. Og, or Ogie, is *young*. Where a whole district is peopled, in a great measure, by a sept of one name, such distinguishing titles are necessary, and in some cases even supersede the original appellation. I-vera, or Aoi-vera, is the original name of *Beerhaven*, Aoi, or I, signifying an *island*.)

The sun on Ivera

No longer shines brightly;

The voice of her music

No longer is sprightly;

No more to her maidens

The light dance is dear,

Since the death of our darling,

O'Sullivan Bear.

Scully! thou false one,

You basely betray'd him,

In his strong hour of need,

When thy right hand should aid him!

He fed thee—he clad thee—

You had all could delight thee:

You left him—you sold him—

May heaven requite thee!

Scully! may all kinds

Of evil attend thee!

On thy dark road of life

May no kind one befriend thee!

May fevers long burn thee,

And agues long freeze thee!

May the strong hand of God

In his red anger seize thee!

Had he died calmly,

I would not deplore him;

Of the wild strife

Of the sea-war closed o'er him

But with ropes round his white limbs

Through ocean to trail him,

Like a fish after slaughter,

'Tis therefore I wail him.

Long may the curse

Of his people pursue them;

Scully, that sold him,

And soldier that slew him!

One glimpse of heaven's light

May they see never!

May the hearth-stone of hell

Be their best bed for ever!

In the hole, which the vile hands

Of soldiers had made thee;

Unhonour'd, unshrouded,

And headless they laid thee.

No sigh to regret thee,

No eye to rain o'er thee,

No dirge to lament thee,

No friend to deplore thee!

Dear head of my darling,

How gory and pale

These aged eyes see thee,

High spiked on their gaol!

That cheek in the summer sun

Ne'er shall grow warm;

Nor that eye e'er catch light,

But the flash of the storm.

A curse, blessed ocean,
Is on thy green water,
From the haven of Cork,
To Ivera of slaughter:

Since thy billows were dyed
With the red wounds of fear,
Of Muirtach Oge,
Our O'Sullivan Bear!

II.

THE GIRL I LOVE.—*Súd i síos an caoin ban alain é.*

A large proportion of the songs I have met with are love songs. Some how or other, truly or untruly, the Irish have obtained a character for gallantry, and the peasantry, beyond doubt, do not belie the "soft impeachment." Their modes of courtship are sometimes amusing. The *ἐλάλει καὶ μαλοῖσι τὸν αἰπὸν ἁ Κλεαρίστα*, of Theocritus, or the *malò me Galatea petit* of his imitator, Virgil, would still find a counterpart among them—except that the missile of love (which, I am afraid, is not so poetical as the apple of Greek or Roman pastoral, being neither more nor less than a potato,) comes first from the gentleman. He flings it, with aim despatchedly erring, at his sweetheart; and if she return the fire, a warmer advance concludes the preliminaries, and establishes the suitor. Courtships, however, are sometimes carried on among them with a delicacy worthy of a more refined stage of society, and unchastity is very rare. This, perhaps, is in a great degree occasioned by their

extremely early marriages, the advantages or disadvantages of which I give to be discussed by Mr Malthus and his antagonists.

At their dances, (of which they are very fond,) whether a-field or in ale-house, a piece of gallantry frequently occurs, which is alluded to in the following song. A young man, smitten suddenly by the charms of a *dansuse*, belonging to a company to which he is a stranger, rises, and, with his best bow, offers her his glass, and requests her to drink to him. After due refusal, it is usually accepted, and is looked on as a good omen of successful wooing. Goldsmith alludes to this custom of his country in the *Deserted Village*:—

—The coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup, and pass it to the rest.

The parties may be totally unacquainted, and perhaps never meet again; under which circumstances it would appear that this song was written.

The girl I love is comely, straight, and tall;
Down her white neck her auburn tresses fall.
Her dress is neat; her carriage light and free—
Here's a health to that charming maid, whoe'er she be!

The rose's blush but fades beside her cheek;
Her eyes are blue; her forehead pale and meek;
Her lips like cherries on a summer tree—
Here's a health to that charming maid, whoe'er she be!

When I go to the field, no youth can lighter bound;
And I freely pay when the cheerful jug goes round.
The barrel is full; but its heart we soon shall see—
Come, here's to that charming maid, whoe'er she be

Had I the wealth that props the Saxon's reign;
Or the diamond crown that decks the King of Spain;
I'd yield them all, if she kindly smiled on me—
Here's a health to the maid I love, whoe'er she be!

III.

THE CONVICT OF CLONMELL.—*Is dubac é mo cáis.*

Who the hero of this song is, I know not; but convicts, from obvious reasons, have been peculiar objects of sympathy in Ireland.

Hurling, which is mentioned in one of the verses, is the principal national diversion, and is played with intense zeal, by parish against parish, barony

against barony, county against county, or even province against province. It is played, not only by the peasant, but by the patrician students of the university, where it is an established pastime. Twiss, the most sweeping calumniator of Ireland, calls it, if I mistake not, the cricket of barbarians: but though fully prepared to pay every tribute to the elegance of the English game, I own that I think the Irish sport fully as civilized, and much better calculated for the display of vigour and activity. Perhaps I shall offend Scottish nationality if I prefer either to golf, which 's, I think, but trifling, compared with them. In the room belonging to the Golf Club, on the Links of Leith, there hangs a picture of an old Lord, (Rosslyn?) which I never could look at, without being struck with the disproportion between

the gaunt figure of the peer, and the petty instrument in his hand. Strutt, in his *Sports and Pastimes*, (p. 78,) eulogizes the activity of some Irishmen, who played the game about 25 years before the publication of his work, (1801,) at the back of the British Museum, and deduces it from the Roman *harpastum*. It was played in Cornwall formerly, he adds, but neither the Romans nor Cornishmen used a bat, or, as we call it in Ireland, a *hurly*. The description Strutt quotes from old Carew is quite graphic. The late Dr Gregory, I am told, used to beloud in pangeyrie on the superiority of this game, when played by the Irish students, over that adopted by his young countrymen, north and south of the Tweed, particularly over golf, which he called "fiddling wi' a pick." But enough of this.

How hard is my fortune,
And vain my repining!
The strong rope of fate
For this young neck is twining.
My strength is departed;
My cheek sunk and sallow;
While I languish in chains,
In the gaol of Clonmala.*

No boy in the village
Was ever yet milder,
I'd play with a child,
And my sport would be wilder.
I'd dance without tiring
From morning till even,
And the goal-ball I'd strike
To the lightning of heaven.

At my bed-foot decaying,
My hurlbat is lying,
Through the boys of the village,
My goal-ball is flying.
My horse 'mong the neighbours
Neglected my fellow,—
While I pine in my chains,
In the gaol of Clonmala.

Next Sunday the patron
At home will be keeping,
And the young active hurlers
The field will be sweeping.
With the dance of fair maidens
The evening they'll hallow,
While this heart, once so gay,
Shall be cold in Clonmala.

IV. V. VI.—JACOBITE SONGS.

That the Roman Catholics of Ireland should have been Jacobites almost to a man, is little wonderful: Indeed, the wonder would be were it otherwise. They had lost every thing, fighting for the cause of the Stuarts, and the conquerors had made stern use of the victory. But while various movements, in favour of that unhappy family, were made in England and Scotland, Ireland was quiet—not indeed from want of inclination, but from want of power. The Roman Catholics were disarmed throughout the entire island, and the Protestants, who retained a fierce hatred of the exiled family, were armed and united.

The personal influence of the Earl of Chesterfield, who was Lord Lieutenant in 1745, and who made himself very popular, is generally supposed to have contributed to keep Ireland at peace in that dangerous year; but the reason I have assigned, is perhaps more substantial.

But though Jacobitical, even these songs will suffice to prove, that it was not out of love for the Stuarts that they were anxious to take up arms, but to revenge themselves on the Saxons, (that is, the English generally, but in Ireland the Protestants,) for the defeat they experienced in the days of William III., and the subsequent de-

* Irish of Clonmell.

pression of their party and their religion. James II. is universally spoken of by the lower orders of Ireland with the utmost contempt, and distinguished by an appellation, which is too strong for ears polite, but which is universally given to him. His celebrated exclamation at the battle of the Boyne—"O, spare my *English* subjects!" being taken in the most perverse sense, instead of obtaining for him the praise of wishing to shew some lenity to those whom he still considered as rightfully under his sceptre, even in their opposition to his cause, was, by his Irish partizans, construed into a desire of preferring the English, on all occasions, to them. The celebrated reply of the captive officer to William, that "If the ar-

mies changed generals, victory would take a different side," is carefully remembered; and every misfortune that happened in the war of the revolution, is laid to the charge of James's want of courage. The truth is, he appears to have displayed little of the military qualities which distinguished him in former days.

The first of these three songs is a great favourite, principally from its beautiful air. I am sure, that there is scarcely a peasant in the south of Ireland who has not heard it. The second is the White Cockade, of which the first verse is English. The third is (at least in Irish) a strain of higher mood; and, from its style and language, evidently written by a man of more than ordinary information.

IV.

O SAY, MY BROWN DRIMIN!—*A Drimin doan dilis no sioda* na mbo.*

[Drimin is the favourite name of a cow, by which Ireland is here allegorically denoted. The five ends of Erin are the five kingdoms—Munster, Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, and Meath, into which the island was divided, under the Milesian dynasty.]

O say, my brown Drimin, thou silk of the kine,
Where, where are thy strong ones, last hope of thy line?
Too deep and too long is the slumber they take,
At the loud call of freedom why don't they awake?

My strong ones have fallen—from the bright eye of day.
All darkly they sleep in their dwelling of clay;
The cold turf is o'er them—they hear not my cries,
And since Lewis no aid gives, I cannot arise.

O! where art thou, Lewis? our eyes are on thee—
Are thy lofty ships walking in strength o'er the sea?
In freedom's last strife, if you linger or quail,
No morn e'er shall break on the night of the Gael.

But should the King's son, now bereft of his right,
Come proud in his strength for his Country to fight,
Like leaves on the trees, will new people arise,
And deep from their mountains shout back to my cries.

When the Prince, now an exile, shall come for his own
The Isles of his father, his rights, and his throne,
My people in battle the Saxons will meet,
And kick them before, like old shoes from their feet.

O'er mountains and valleys they'll press on their rout,
The five ends of Erin shall ring to their shout;
My sons all united, shall bless the glad day,
When the flint-hearted Saxon they've chased far away.

* Silk of the cows—an idiomatic expression for the most beautiful of cattle, which I have preserved in translating.

V.

THE WHITE COCKADE.—*Táid mo gra fir fi breatuib du.*

King Charles he is King James's son,
And from a royal line is sprung;
Then up with shout, and out with blade,
And we'll raise once more the white cockade.
O! my dear, my fair-hair'd youth,
'Thou yet hast hearts of fire and truth;
Then up with shout, and out with blade,
We'll raise once more the white cockade.

My young men's hearts are dark with woe,
On my virgins' cheeks the grief drops flow;
The sun scarce lights the sorrowing day,
Since our rightful Prince went far away.
He's gone, the stranger holds his throne,
The royal bird far off is flown,
But up with shout, and out with blade,
We'll stand or fall with the white cockade.

No more the cuckoo hails the spring,
The woods no more with the staunch-hounds ring.
The song from the glen, so sweet before,
Is hush'd since Charles has left our shore.
The Prince is gone, but he soon will come,
With trumpet sound, and with beat of drum,
Then up with shout, and out with blade.
Huzza for the right and the white cockade!

VI.

THE AVENGER.—*Da hfeachín se 'n la sin ho seasta hfeic m'iatú.*

O! Heavens, if that long-wish'd-for morning I spied,
As high as three kings, I'd leap up in my pride,
With transport I'd laugh, and my shout should arise,
As the fires from each mountain blazed bright to the skies.

The Avenger should lead us right on to the foe,
Our horns should sound out, and our trumpets should blow.
Ten thousand buzzas should ascend to high heaven,
When our Prince was restored, and our fetters were riven.

O! Chieftains of Ulster, when will you come forth,
And send your strong cry on the winds of the north?
The wrongs of a King call aloud for your steel,—
Red stars of the battle—O'Donnell, O'Neal!

Bright house of O'Connor, high offspring of kings,
Up, up, like the eagle, when heavenward he springs!
O, break ye once more from the Saxon's strong rule,
Lost race of MacMurchad, O'Byrne, and O'Toole!

Momonia of Druids, green dwelling of song,
Where, where are thy minstrels? why sleep they so long?
Does no bard live, to wake, as they oft did before—
McCarthy,—O'Brien,—O'Sullivan More?

O come from your hills, like the waves to the shore,
When the storm-girdled headlands are mad with the roar!
Ten thousand hurras shall ascend to high heaven,
When our Prince is restor'd and our fetters are riven.

The names, in this last song, are those of the principal families in Ireland, many of whom, however, were decided enemies to the house of Stuart. You cannot fail to observe the strange expectation, which these writers entertained of the nature of the Pretender's designs: They call on him not to come to reinstate himself on the throne of his fathers, but to aid *them* in doing vengeance on the "flint-hearted Saxon." Nothing, however, could be more natural. The Irish Jacobites, at least the Roman Catholics, were in the habit of claiming the Stuarts as of the Milesian line, fondly deducing them from Fergus, and the

Celts of Ireland. Who the avenger is, whose arrival is prayed for in the last song, I am not sure; but circumstances, too tedious to be detailed, make me think that the date of the song is 1708, when a general impression prevailed that the field would be taken in favour of the Pretender, under a commander of more weight and authority than had come forward before. His name was kept a secret. Very little has been written on the history of the Jacobites of Ireland, and yet I think it would be an interesting subject. We have now arrived at a time, when it could be done, without exciting any angry feelings.

* In Momonia, (Munster,) Druidism appears to have flourished most, as we may conjecture, from the numerous remains of Druidical workmanship, and the names of places indicating that worship. The records of the province are the best kept of any in Ireland, and it has proverbially retained among the peasantry a character for superior learning.

TIME'S WHISPERING GALLERY.

Hither, as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here.

There at one passage, oft you might survey
A lie and truth contending for the way;
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable, now the truth and he.

POPE'S Temple of Fame.

[THE dialogues which will follow under this title, might without impropriety be called a few fresh slides for "Time's Magic Lantern;" for they are meant to be much on the same plan,—but I thought it an improper liberty to utter my verses under a name already appropriated to the nine pretty nicknacks of another artist—perhaps I might have been called to account for violation of a patent. This series, then, will be constructed by a different hand, and it is to be feared by an inferior one,—an agreeable promise for the readers of *Maga*! But here I will be beforehand with the wags, who may call to mind an apt quotation from Cowper:—

Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise,
The dearth of information and good sense,
That it foretels us, always comes to pass.

Hard measure this, Mr Cowper, upon the blushers, when they tender their coin, and say they fear it is of light weight! There is this comfort for them, that when the impudent thrust forth their brass, it will not a bit the more pass current for their swearing it is true sterling talent. I offer my best, and Christopher may clasp it up for the melting-pot if it be under legal weight, or he may nail it to the counter, if upon ringing it, it be not found of proper assay.

R.]

NO. I. MOLIERE'S OLD WOMAN.

A small room in a country house at Autueil, with a door opening into a garden. [MOLIERE alone at a writing table.]

Molere. Must I get all this into metric? I am weary of tagging rhymes—and how to get this piece done by the day it will be expected at

the Louvre, if perforce I must make the lines jingle, is more than I am able to foresee. All of it is nearly sketched out in prose, and I have

more than half a mind that in prose it shall go forth. My hit at the *Pre-cienses Ridicules* was well received, and that had no verse to recommend it—but then, that sample of raillery was but a single act—it was simply a farce, and this which I am working upon must be made up of three whole acts, that there may be *ballets* during the intervals. His Majesty, as I learnt from his own mouth, means to take his part in one of them, and a truly majestic dancer he is. Well, I have been bold at times, and success inclines me to be more and more venturesome. This squib against old fools that will marry, to their cost, shall be in prose—rhyme I like well enough where I can be terse and pointed, but surely it is an impediment in scenes of broad and homely humour, and I am certain that I shall spoil some of my happiest thoughts in this, if I must apply the square and the plummet, and chip them down to make them fit into their places with one formal layer upon another.

[BOILEAUX DESPREAUX comes in.]

Mol. Ah! Despreaux, well met.—I was just wanting a sage adviser. But first; let me secure you as a guest at supper this evening. Can you come?

Desp. Most willingly, even though it be simply to partake of your mess of milk.

Mol. No, my friendly critic, although this tender chest of mine dooms me for the present to that temperate diet,—the only physic which I trust to,—yet you shall have more enlivening cups than these which are filled by the dairy-maid,—ay, and a more genial president of the board than I can now be. I must be content for a while to act the part of “The Physician in spite of himself,” for, I promise you, that no physician, save Dr Moliere, shall ever prescribe for me. The present prescription of that erudite Esculapius, is, that his patient, provided he keeps to his spoon and his pottage-bowl, shall attend at a jollification to-night, in which Chapelle shall rule the roast, and Despreaux contribute his share to the festivity. See how stern physicians are—this unbewigged and unlearned practitioner allows his wretched victim not a drop of wine at present.

Desp. Well, if this is the business, I shall you summon me as an adviser. I accept the office—my advice

is, do as you like, and I shall be doing as I like, while I am under the orders of merry-hearted Chapelle.

Mol. Oh no, the question on which I want to consult you is quite of another nature. For that, I apply to Boileau Despreaux the critic, and not the boon companion.

Desp. You shall find me as ready in one capacity as the other.

Mol. I have, then, some thoughts of taking the liberty to present before the King a comedy written in prose.

Desp. Nay, it will be degrading the dramatic art. You may condescend to write a farce without metre, but not any thing which is to possess regular plot and action. Bethink you, did Plautus or Terence ever abuse the scene with the loose slipshod dialogue of common conversation? You may as well call our present discussion, or the summons you have given me to a revel, a part of a drama.

Mol. And why not, if it advanced a plot, or developed a character? The talk of ordinary life runs very trippingly off the tongue when one is on the stage. You are not an actor; but I can assure you, that I have often felt sadly hampered by the forced turns, the awkward points of emphasis, the pumping sort of recitation, which, will I nill I, so often results from the lines being cropped and docked according to poetic rule, and made to run in pairs with belts at their tails, like so many couples of mules in a Spanish state-coach. Plautus and Terence did not write with the handcuffs of rhyme upon them; and their metre got forward in much more natural paces than our eternal hand-gallop.

Desp. You yourself are an example how these difficulties may be felicitously obviated. Do not, then, diminish the just reputation you have acquired by an innovation which may indeed take with the base groundlings of the parterre, but which will not be tolerated by the educated and intelligent.

Mol. But, my good sir, what I have in hand is of the broadest description of humour—possibly you may brand it as farcical. There is another reason too, why I cannot versify it,—I have to get it up on so short a notice, that there is hardly more than time to lick it into shape as it now is. I must run some risk with his Majesty, and

trust to his kind consideration if I fail. It must keep its present hasty shape, and issue into the world in all its crudeness of language.

Desp. I see you are resolute—but for consistency's sake, I enter a *caution*—would I had the power to make it a *reto*! Mark me, however, I enter no *reto* against this evening's merry meeting. Till that next sight of you, adieu,—but turn my warning over in your thoughts.

Mol. Here, Margot—open the wicket for M. Despreaux.

[MARGOT LAFORET comes in.]

Desp. Margot may spare herself the trouble. I let myself in; and though it does not demonstratively follow, yet there is every probability, that I can let myself out.

Marg. I am not busy, my worthy M. Despreaux; and the latch of our gate is not the easiest to open that ever was. A plague upon that good-for-nothing Gilles, who ought to have made it catch and let go more glibly, when he fumbled for hours together at it last spring, with his hammers and pincers; and I know not how many sous he charged,—a cheating knave!

(*They go out.*)

Mol. (alone.) My good friend Despreaux is too fast entangled in the meshes of authority; he must have a precedent in the classics for every thing. Has every track been already beaten, where genuine amusement may be found? I declare I find old Margot, after all, the best touch-stone of the public taste; ay, of my royal master's taste too, if I may now say so, while there is no one at hand to hear so uncourteous a comparison between the dramatic judgment of an old woman servant, and of the Sovereign of France; but so it is, if I can please her, I can please him. Come, I will submit this new thing of mine to her opinion; but hold, let me ascertain whether she would not be equally pleased with the works of those whom I hold to be my inferiors as playwrights. (*Opens a drawer in his table.*) Luckily I have what I account a very insipid performance of Brecon's; and he has worried me a good deal with a proposal to have it cast for our company. I shall guess whether my refusal has been unjust towards him.—Holla, Margot, art busy?

Marg. (returning.) No, I was thinking of bringing my work in here,

and sitting in the sun at the door, for it is pleasanter in this room than in yonder. What are you writing about, Maitre Jean? is it any thing you can read out loud, as you sometimes do? By the mass, I would as soon hear you, as Polichinelle himself on the Boulevard.

Mol. As Polichinelle? O Margot, that is going too far in flattering me.

Marg. No, no, 'tis no flattery; for though I could stand for hours to hear the little pot-bellied puppet, (heaven help him, for a squeaking *diablotin* as he is!) yet I would just as lief listen to you.

Mol. What makes you so complimentary this afternoon, I wonder?—You speak your downright honest mind usually; but this excessive praise must be with the view of coaxing me. What! shall I enter into competition with Polichinelle, and his tricky troop of *marionnettes*? No, no, I am not so rash, my bonny old dame. But come, you shall have a grin, if you really think what I write will be able to tickle you. Now listen to a little explanation beforehand.

Marg. Stop a minute, good master of mine, while I put a chair where I may have the sun to help my sight, and be also near enough to hear. Now then, that will do.

Mol. (takes Brecon's MS.) You are to know that a young gentleman, Valere, comes disguised to Geronte, the father of the lady he is in love with, and tries to persuade him, that he is a nephew of his, whom he has not seen since Valere was a child; while Pierrot, Valere's roguish valet, puzzles the old man by pretending to have been long ago most intimately known by him. Now, attend. (*He reads some of Brecon's play, and pauses.*)—Well, Margot, I am glad you enjoy it, though you keep your laughter to yourself.

Marg. Laugh? I didn't laugh; there was no laughing in the matter. What was there to make me laugh?

Mol. Why, is it not amazingly facetious? Did you ever before hear such a mad wag as this Pierrot?

Marg. Is he? well, I protest I did not know what he was.

Mol. (reads again and stops.) Sure, my good woman, you are in no good humour to-day. I think your wits are napping, or you have stitched them fast into that seam of your old *jupon*, which you seem to care about much

more than my comical play. (*Affects to be angry.*) Peste ! must one read one's wittiest inventions, and not get even the encouragement of a smile ? You used to giggle more than enough—what hinders you now from laughing out loud ?

Marg. Gramercy, Maitre Jean, did ever one hear the like ?—what hinders ? Why, nothing hinders. But who can laugh when they are not merry ? Do I ever make myself laugh ? No, I warrant you—'tis the business of your funny plays to make me laugh—isn't it ? I am sure they have almost made me split my sides, when time was.

Mol. And so you are made to laugh, are you, without having a will of your own in the matter ?

Marg. I know nothing about a will of my own. I laugh when I can't help it—and I cry when I can't help it—don't you ? and when I can't laugh any longer, I leave off. My goodness ! why, every body does so.

Mol. Well, I see you are set against that play ; quite prejudiced. Open and artless as you seem, none of the jokes in that unhappy comedy will tempt you to move a muscle. Poor Pierrot's labour would be in vain, were he as roguish and entertaining as Polichinelle himself.

Marg. Ah ! my good master, would you had seen, last *Fete des Ines*, the little Polichinelle, nodding his head, and calling out to his little mouse of a wife, that he was full dressed, all but his clean shirt. Oh ! he was another guess sort of a body from that Pierrot, with his palaver about I know not what ; not I. Laugh indeed ? Ah ! you were joking ; you did not mean me to laugh.

Mol. Well, well, if you won't be merry, don't get angry ; but I will try another story. (*He reads to her the*

first act of "LE MARIAGE FORCE," to which she gives great heed, and appears to enter into the humour of it.)—Well now, what think you of this ?

Marg. Go on, pray go on, Maitre Jean, does Sganarelle venture to take that skittish miss to wife ? *Mu foi*, he may well have some fears and scruples.

Mol. (*Reads on through the second act ; and while the consultation with Pancrace, and afterwards with Morpharius, is passing, the old woman is outrageous in her glee ; at the end of it he stops short.*)—What in the world do you make such a noise about ?—what is there to laugh at ?

Marg. O poor Sganarelle, ho, ho, ho ! ah, those asses the *philosophes* ! ho, ho ! poor man, poor man, what a passion he is in ! ho, ho ! oh dear, how my sides ache ! But more, more, good master ; how does it all end ? I could sit all day to hear it. Peste ! my nose gets so wrinkled, my spectacles won't stay on. But read away ; pray do.

Mol. My good Margot, you shall hear the rest when I have written it ; but the old fool will be obliged to marry the jade ; he has brought it upon himself. But, hist ! there is some one in the road. See if that is not Chapelle endeavouring to open the garden-gate—go and let him in. (*She goes out.*)

Margot, thou art the critic for me.—Breccour, I hope I did thee nothing less than justice ; and if I did read my own composition with a little more zest than I felt in reading thine, it is pardonable enough. His Majesty shall have the consequence of Margot's approbation. In spite of Despreaux's sinister croakings, the comedy shall be acted in its present state. Now for Chapelle, who must be toast-master in my place, as long as I remain a milk-sop.—Are you there, Chapelle ? this way, friend, come in.

VINDICIL CARTHUSIAN.L.

MR NORTH,

SIR—In taking upon yourself the duties of Editor of *Maga*, I presume you were satisfied that it was no sinecure you had undertaken ; but if you had any doubts of this before, the receipt of a few such letters as this would bring conviction to your mind and will. But before I write a single word which can by any possibility be construed to have been written with an

angry feeling, let me assure you of one fact, that you possess my most unfeigned respect and admiration ; but, doubtless, you disregard the praise of such a titling as I confess myself to be, being not only young in years, but in experience also, more especially as your eyes (and I dare say your ears) are daily feasted with such unqualified tributes of applause from contempo-

rary writers, as I find brought together in that excellent article the *Vox Populi* of your last Number. Truth will at length force its way, in spite of all opposition; and I am quite convinced that nothing but a Number of Maga (the Maga κατ' ἐξουσίαν) could have produced such a phenomenon as to have elicited candid admiration from some of the periodicals and journals, whom I there find throwing in their mite of approbation. But there is not the least occasion for me to flatter you, (I like the word—I borrow it from yourself;) for you, I am sure, are above all such Whiggish humbug. Your contributors are prime fellows—I wish I could enlist myself as one—*mais cela viendrait peut-être*. I like yourself—I like Ebony—I like the gallant Ensign; in fact, I like you all; and you are even after my own heart; and what is still better, you are all Tories, which, in my dictionary, I find to be a synonyme of gentleman. I write, therefore, more in sorrow than in anger. Anger I never could be presumptuous enough to entertain for a moment against the Editor of Maga; but I feel, and I may be allowed, I trust, to express regret at finding any thing in your pages which is not exactly, as I think, borne out by facts. You have an article in your last Number, entitled *Vindiciae Gaelicæ*: the article itself is excellent throughout. I admire the downrightness (Coleridge would ask leave before using such a word) with which the writer takes the bull by the horns, and, stripping the thing of all its extraneous gloss, lays open to the view, and exposes to the ridicule of the public, the real cant and humbug of the Whiggy Rectors and would-be Rectors. I was myself, like many others, quite in the dark on the subject; and as an individual I have to thank your contributor for drawing aside the curtain, and letting me into the secret. I did not, I confess, even when uninitiated, liken it for an instant to our Chancellorships of Oxford or Cambridge, which princes and nobles seek to obtain, and glory in their success; but, I confess, I was not prepared for so truly ridiculous an *exposé* as it now stands—the writer has hardly left them rags enough to cover their nakedness—the constituent members, and the University of Glasgow itself, and whether they have a Rector or have none, or who is that Rector, (if they

have one,) or who is not, whether it be *Francisculus ipse*, or the immaculate Sir Jemmy, are to me matters of the most perfect indifference, having no concern in them whatever; but I delight in a laugh at the Whigs; and when I laugh at them, I laugh not only heartily, but conscientiously, because they most richly deserve it—but they cannot be in better hands than those of Kit North and Co.; and their bitterest foes, (whom I take to be all true lovers of their country,) cannot wish them a greater punishment than that you may live to squabash them *ad infinitum*,—that done, you may justly write, "*Exegi monumentum ære perennius*."

But to leave them.—There is one passage in this said article of *Vindiciae Gaelicæ*, which has induced this epistle from me, and which annoys me much. The article is calculated, as I before said, to give great delight to all true men—and were it not for this confounded passage, the pleasure I experienced in reading it would also be unalloyed. The passage is, "The Charterhouse boys, for example, are a hundred miles above them in every species of respectability." From my superscription you will perceive that I am a Charterhouse boy myself;—and I may as well add that I am an Englishman. Had the mention of this school stood alone in the article, unconnected with any other English public school, I should not have quarrelled with the writer at all. I should not for an instant have thought of examining into the correctness of the statement, that we were a hundred miles above the Glasgow-boys, in every species of respectability, or whether we were one mile above them. I wish not to arrogate to the school a greater degree of respectability than it actually possesses. It is not from any national prejudice, therefore, that I speak, but from a feeling entirely connected with my own country. The writer in the preceding paragraph has these words: "To dream of comparing them with the boys of Eton, or Westminster, or Winchester, or Harrow, either in regard to external appearance or manners, or, what is of higher importance than all, in regard to scholarship, would be about as absurd as it would be to compare a spouting-club in Cheapside with the British House of Commons." Then follows

my sore point—the objectionable passage—“The Charterhouse boys, for example, are a hundred miles above them in every species of respectability.” Now, if I understand English, or the meaning intended to be conveyed by any set number of words, the preceding sentences draw a comparison, exalting us, it is true, above the Glasgow boys one hundred miles, but assuredly degrading us below the four other great public schools of England, in a proportionate, if not greater, degree. The words “The Charterhouse boys, *for example*,” as I understand them, are tantamount to “*even* the Charterhouse boys.” The justice of this comparison, and of the inference to be deduced from it, (if the inference I have drawn be the legitimate one,) I deny *in toto*. I feel myself incompetent, and therefore will not attempt a disquisition of the comparative literary merits of the five schools mentioned. One word on the subject I may say before I take my leave of you—but at present I confine myself to the word “*respectability*,” in the sense in which I fancy the writer intended to use it. I do not mean to enter into a long account of the foundation, revenues, and other *et cetera*, connected with the school.—Suffice it to say, that it was founded some two hundred years ago, by Thomas Sutton,—a worthy of his day—and let it be remembered also, that I confine myself to the school part of the establishment, not noticing that excellent and highly charitable part of the institution which provides for the maintenance and support of eighty decayed gentlemen.

It is an endowed school, of which the King is the patron and governor; the other governors of it are the first nobles of the land, and amongst them we number the highest dignitaries of the Church and State. The charitable part of the school is an endowment for 40 boys, who are nominated by the governors *vicissim*—they are all of them children of highly respectable parents, and the only fault that can be found with it, perhaps, is, that they are too respectable—as the charity was not intended for those who could unaided give their children the education which they receive there. This is a fault—but one which Alderman Waitlam, of the Grand-Gruper notoriety, will tell you is not peculiar to the Charterhouse. Of these 40 a certain

number are sent to the two universities of Oxford and Cambridge, with a suitable provision, as the school possesses no inconsiderable degree of patronage both at the one and the other. The remainder of the school consists of a certain number of boys, who board at the houses of the respective masters of the schools, and where the expense is of itself sufficient to render it *select*. In addition to these two classes, there are a few boys who attend the school at the hours of study, and who, for a trifling expense, (I think ten guineas per annum,) enjoy the advantage of receiving the best classical education. Such were the component parts of the Charterhouse school, eight years ago, when I was there, (for although away from the spot, I still consider myself a member;) and the only change I have since heard of, is a progressive numerical improvement in the number of *boarders*, from 160, or 170, to something like 350. Such is the school which the writer of *Vindiciæ Gælicæ* ranks in an inferior grade to Eton, Westminster, Winchester, and Harrow.

The Charterhouse school is situated in the heart of the metropolis—and, as I have already stated, the low terms on which the class whom I have designated day-boys, may obtain an excellent classical education—a natural consequence of this is that you will find the sons of respectable tradesmen partaking of the same education with the sons of peers. This circumstance occurs to my mind as being probably the one which your correspondent had in his mind, and which he would represent as deteriorating from the respectability (in the worldly acceptance of the word) of the Charterhouse school. Of Winchester and Harrow, I know little or nothing; but if I am enabled to establish myself on an equal footing with Eton and Westminster, I am indifferent as to those two. And this evil, if it be an evil, exists, to my certain knowledge, in a greater degree at Westminster; that is, the same class exists in a greater number there; and Eton likewise has its *opponents*, a race which corresponds with the day-boys of the Charterhouse and Westminster. Each of the above-mentioned schools has its endowment, or charitable part of the institution; and those who receive the benefit of those several institutions are taken from the same rank.

in life—each has its boarders ; and there the expense of each school I take to be much the same. All that go to the two universities of Oxford and Cambridge from these several schools, go on the same footing—mix in the same society—and meet with the same degree of countenance and notice. If all these facts are established—and I defy your contributor to disprove them—I think I am justified in saying that he has not done well, at least not fairly, in *postponing* the Charterhouse to the other public schools of England.

Perchance you will not read thus far, because, I dare say, the subject is not of the slightest importance to your editorial Highness ; but if you should, you will find a compliment paid to yourself—for allowing the partiality you may possibly feel towards a fellow labourer and contributor, when weighed in the balance with a stranger—I will most willingly constitute you arbiter between us—always supposing you willing to accept of the office.

One word of their comparative literary merits, and on this point, perhaps, this very attempt to vindicate my brother Carthusians from the charge of want of respectability will injure them in your estimation ; but do not condemn all for one, nor apply, in this instance, the maxim,

“Ex uno disce omnes.”

Every one of these schools has its particular admirers ; and each has produced many and excellent scholars ; and I hold it to be an invidious thing to attempt the erecting a superiority of the one over the other.

There are, I am certain, many Carthusians who read *Maga* ; for generally they are men of good taste ; but, I dare say, I am the only one in Edinburgh. But as I do not *ambition* the involving myself in a literary squabble, nor seek for the reputation

of a controversialist, which Mr Sandford of Close-College celebrity has, in my opinion, imprudently and immaturity sought and obtained, I trust the feelings which have induced me to write these pages will not be misinterpreted, but placed to their proper account, simply, a desire to see justice done to the school, which would have made myself (had I been willing and competent) as good a scholar as any other school in England could have done.

There is one trait in our character, which, I am happy to say, is not confined to ourselves, but which I do maintain we possess in a very eminent degree, that we are true men and loyal—no humbug whiggish patriotism—but pure and consistent loyalty—the loyalty which impresses on our hearts the justice of the words, “Fear God, and honour the King,” not as an abstract principle, but applicable to our own King George.

Had you been present, Mr North, at our foundation dinner, twelve months since, as I was, you would have spent a jovial day ; and what is still better, you would have heard sentiments of loyalty, in which you could not have failed to sympathize, (although rather faintly in that respect,) emanate from men who have done credit to the school which nurtured them—the country which gave them birth, and the King who has deigned to employ their talents.

At your next contributors’ dinner at Ambrose’s, give this to the writer of *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, and tell him that, if I was present, I would give him as a toast, up standing, three times three, “*Floreat in æternum Carthusiana Domus.*”

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

CARTHUSIANUS.

Edinburgh, 4th February, 1823.

SPECIMENS OF THE ITALIAN ART OF HOAXING.

No. II.

NOVEL THE SEVENTH.

"How Brother Peter, (a Priest of Sienna,) intending to hoax a Florentine clerk, was himself hoaxed by the Florentine, in such a manner that it cost him his life."

If the wits and humourists of Florence were accustomed not to spare one another in the pursuit of any good practical joke, it will readily be believed, that they were not more scrupulous in the performance, when the citizen of a rich republic was fated to be the butt of their ridicule—and, last of all, when the ill-starred object had rendered himself obnoxious (as the Siennese were considered peculiarly apt to do) by acts of personal oppression.

In Prato, a fair and honourable city of Tuscany, there lived (not long ago) one Master Mico da Sienna, Prior of the Convent of Pieve,* with whom dwelt his nephew, who was also a clerk, (although so young as to be not yet in priest's robes,) and who kept under him a curate to perform the services of the church and sacristy; who, being a native of Florence, was generally known by the appellation of "The Florentine." This last mentioned personage, although himself young in years, was, nevertheless, very shrewd, and somewhat malicious in temper, inasmuch that he was engaged in perpetual feud and litigation with Master Peter, (the nephew,) which was not a little displeasing to the worthy Prior, and would have given twenty times occasion for his dismissal, if he had not been found so useful in his station, as not to be parted with for a trifle; although, at the same time, his great services did not prevent his worthy master from pluming himself on his superior rank, and treating him with contemptuous insolence proportioned to what he considered to be the difference between their conditions.

Now, Master Peter, who had nothing so much at heart as to play a trick upon the Florentine, one day finding a good opportunity offer itself for the purpose, resolved to avail himself of it that very night; and so, as soon as supper was over, and all the household retired to sleep, he stole soft-

ly out of his chamber, (which was adjoining his uncle's) and went into the church, where they had that morning interred a young girl who had died, after a six hours' illness, of eating poisonous mushrooms; and, taking the body out of the grave, and having carefully replaced the tomb-stone, carried it on his shoulders to a place behind the high altar, where he fastened it to the rope of one of the church-bells (which it was the business of his friend, the Florentine, to ring for matins) so dexterously, that the ringer, without having perceived the cause, would be sure to have the feet come bobbing against his face at the first pull; and, having thus disposed his machinery, he withdrew to a hiding-place, from whence he could witness, unobserved, the success of the stratagem.

The hour of matins being arrived, the Florentine rose and went to the church without a light, as was his custom, since he had been so long in the practice as to be able to find his bell-rope in the dark. To it he went accordingly, without the slightest suspicion, and, at the first pull, (as it had been adjusted,) he felt the dead-cold feet come bounce against his left temple and shoulder; upon which he set up a howl of terror, and exclaiming, "O Christ, save me!" let go the rope, and ran away screaming as fast as his legs would carry him—All which Master Peter beheld from his spy-place with incredible satisfaction, and after having (to render his consternation more complete) locked the door by which he entered, so as to prevent his regress out of the church, retired quietly to his own chamber to sleep.

The Florentine already half out of his senses, no sooner reached the door and found it locked, than he was ready to drop senseless. However, he collected himself sufficiently to seek his way to the principal entrance, where

* Priore nella Pieve principale.

he succeeded in unbarring the doors and letting himself out; which, when he had done, he felt himself so inspired by the fresh air and beautiful moonlight, (it being one of the finest nights in the whole of that season,) that he began to reflect, without disturbance, on that which had occasioned him so much terror; and, bethinking himself of the circumstance of the door by which he had entered, being afterwards locked from without, arrived at a very strong suspicion of the trick that had been played him, of which he knew nobody but Master Peter could be the author. In order, therefore, to satisfy himself, he went back and lit a candle at the sacrament lamp,* with which (not without some remaining sensation of terror) he returned to the scene of action, where he soon satisfied himself that it was as he suspected; for there was the body suspended by the hair of its head to the identical bell-rope—which he knew to be that of the poor girl who had been buried in the morning, both by the length of the flaxen tresses, and by the garland of flowers with which it was adorned. Moved with compassion, therefore, he was about to return it to the vault, from which it had been so unfeelingly displaced, when a thought of vengeance occurred to him, which he felt himself quite unable to resist; so, leaving the body where he found it, he looked about till he discovered a passage out upon the leads, from whence he made his way down into the cloister, and so to the little entrance-door which Master Peter had locked from without, and which he now re-opened. He then returned again into the church, fastened the great gate, and, taking the dead body on his shoulders, carried it on tip-toe through the cloisters to the door of Master Peter's chamber, which (having first satisfied himself, by listening at the key-hole, that he was sound asleep by his snoring) he softly and cautiously opened—and, advancing to the bed, deposited his load on the pillow, by the side of the sleeper, and then took his turn to conceal himself for the purpose of witnessing the effect of his contrivance.

Long it was before Master Peter's nap ended, but at length, about day-

break, he began to stir, and, turning himself in his bed, (not yet well awake) he laid his hand on the face of his unwelcome bed-fellow, which, being colder than marble, caused him to withdraw it as suddenly, and withal to open his eyes; which no sooner fixed themselves on the face of the corpse, than the transaction of the preceding evening flashed on his recollection, and he concluded, that the strange visitation, which he now experienced, was in recompence of the sacrilege he had committed, and for which he was now doomed to receive some signal punishment. Leaping, therefore, from the bed, in an agony of horror, he ran out in his shirt to the corridor, which was adjoining his apartment, and there unluckily coming to the head of a staircase, which he forgot in his terror, he lost his footing, and tumbled from the head of the stairs to the bottom, at the expense of a broken arm and rib, and of two or three severe contusions on the scull. There he lay, unable to move, making the most hideous exclamations, from mingled pain and terror, till he awakened the house with his cries; and the Prior himself, hastening to the spot, found his beloved nephew in the condition above described, without the power of affording the least explanation.

Meanwhile, the Florentine, who had observed all that passed, sallied forth from his ambush, and going softly to Master Peter's chamber, took the corpse once more on his shoulder, and carrying it back into the church, the way he had brought it, unseen of any one, deposited it securely in the grave from which it had been taken, with the garland on its head, so that it appeared as if it had never been moved; and thence went to ring the Ave-Maria bell, as it was already broad day-light. Nor was he long employed in this office, before he was summoned by the Prior, (who had all this time been vainly attempting to recall poor Master Peter to his senses, and draw from him an intelligible answer,) to go and call a physician, the best of his time in the city of Prato. Having dispatched the Florentine on this errand, the good Prior gave directions to the assistants to convey the wounded man back to his chamber; but the order was no soon-

* *Lampione del Sacramento.*

er pronounced, than he as suddenly recovered the use of speech, of which he had been deprived, and, with the most manifest tokens of terror and repugnance, demanded that he might be carried any where else rather than to that frightful place; upon which they took him to an apartment which was destined for strangers, and where, not without much difficulty, he at last prevailed on himself to give them an explanation of what had caused his terror, and of the hideous spectre he had beheld on his pillow. One of the assistants, who was a man of courage, immediately upon this account being given, hastened to the spot to ascertain the reality; and finding the bed empty, and no vestige appearing of what had created this terrible alarm, returned, and reported that Master Peter must have seen these things in a dream—an opinion which was acquiesced in by some neighbouring priests, who had, in the meanwhile, been attracted to the spot by his cries, and who all concurred in ascribing what had passed to a distracted imagination.

Master Peter, still more amazed, and incensed by this conclusion, now insisted upon being himself carried back to his chamber, where he found every thing as had been reported, and which yet farther increased his perplexity.—Meanwhile, the physicians arriving, prescribed the usual remedies both for his outward hurts, and his supposed mental derangement; and the former having been found less severe than was first apprehended, the unfortunate sufferer, to excuse himself from the imputation cast on his understanding, began to relate, in a clear and connected manner, the whole history of what had passed, so far as it was known to him, first asking pardon (with many expressions of shame and contrition,) for the trick he had himself endeavoured to play on the Florentine. How great, then, was his astonishment and rage, when the Florentine, with the utmost apparent truth and simplicity, solemnly denied all knowledge of any trick having been practised on him whatever, or of any part of the alleged transactions; adding, that after ringing the matin-bell as usual, during which no event had happened in any manner to disturb him, he had returned to bed, and was there expecting the signal for the Ave-Maria, when he was alarmed by Master Peter's cries,

and the noise made by those who came to call him. "How!" exclaimed Master Peter, half choked with passion; "and did you not perceive the corpse attached to the bell-rope? And did you not feel its feet dangling in your face? And did you not run away, terrified out of your life?" And so repeated word for word the whole history of the event, exactly as he had before related it, every part of which the Florentine again, and in like manner, put in issue by a positive denial. Upon this Master Peter could contain himself no longer, but challenged an immediate test of his veracity, by inspecting the grave from which the body had been taken. Thither all the by-standers adjourned accordingly; and there (to his utter confusion) the corpse was found, laid out in precise order, with not even the garland on its head decomposed, and with no sign of having been moved since the hour of its interment.

It is impossible to describe the mingled feelings of wonder and vexation with which this miracle was beheld by the poor baffled schemer, who (to shorten the tale) gave orders to be instantly carried back to his chamber, and put to bed, where, having leisure to consider all that had passed, he found so little comfort or satisfaction in his reflections, that he fell into melancholy, and thence into frenzy, in which latter state he was so tempted by the Devil, that one morning, being left alone in his chamber, he threw himself out of the window, and fractured his skull, by which he died on the spot. His old uncle, in despair for his loss, having no longer any one to succeed him, renounced the priory, and passed the remainder of his days in retirement at Sienna, being firmly persuaded to the last, that his nephew had been bewitched. As for the Florentine, he found that it would not be convenient for him to remain behind, with so much of doubt and mystery attached to an incident in which he performed so distinguished a part; and removing to Florence, became clerk of the Sacristy of St Peter the Great, where, in process of time, he ventured to divulge the whole truth, and has since often and often related the affair precisely as it occurred, without which the world would never have been made acquainted with so rare and diverting a history.

THE NINTH NOVEL.

How Brancenzio Malespini, passing, before day-break, without side the Gate of La Justizia, got, from a thing of no account, so terrible a Fright as had well nigh cost him his Life."

GIOVAN FRANCESCO DEL BIANCO, who, among his numerous excellent qualifications, possessed that of being the best story-teller of his time, (being gifted with a majestic presence, a vast memory, good voice, and admirable pronunciation,) used often to relate how in Florence there was a certain young gentleman, named Brancenzio Malespini, who (as is common at that age,) was deeply in love with a lady of great beauty dwelling at Ricorboli, without the Gate of St Nicholas. This lady was married to a worthy man of those parts, who carried on the trade of a lime-burner; and it often happened, that Brancenzio visited her during the night-time, while her husband was busy in superintending his kilns; and, on those occasions, to avoid suspicion, he let himself out in the evening by the wicket of St Nicholas' gate, and returned the next morning, two hours after day-break, by crossing the river at Rovezzano, (having taken care to secure in his pay the man who keeps the passage,) and thence proceeding along the bank of the river to the Gate of La Justizia, and so outside the city walls to the Gate of La Croce, where he again let himself in by the wicket, which, in those days, it was usual to leave open at all hours for foot-passengers. And, by these prudent precautions, he succeeded in carrying on his intrigue for a long time together, without observation, and without the smallest suspicion.

It happened that, once as he was returning by his accustomed route from the house of his innamorata, and, having crossed the Ferry, was proceeding along the bank of the Arno, he fancied, when he came opposite the gallows, that he heard a voice from that quarter, and the words, "*Ora pro eo!*" on which he stopped in some amazement, and, turning his eyes towards the place of execution, where he perceived what he thought to be three or four men suspended from the fatal tree, and swinging to and fro in the wind, like malefactors who had been executed. Now, as it was a full hour to day-break, and no moon, he could not be fully satisfied whether

what he so believed himself to have seen was real, or only shadows; but, while he stood considering, and not without some unpleasant feeling, he again distinctly heard the words (uttered in a low and hollow voice) "*Ora pro eo!*" and he then fancied he saw somebody ascend the ladder to the top of the gallows; whereupon he, (who had all his life been esteemed a person of courage, and was one who made a jest of spirits, witcheries, and devils,) said to himself, "shall I then be so weak and pusillanimous as to shrink from investigating the cause of these strange appearances, and remain all the rest of my life in doubt whether I have been visited by spectres and phantoms?" And, so saying, he boldly marched up to the fatal spot, and, without any hesitation, leaped over the inclosure of the platform on which the gallows were erected. Here, however, he found reason to repent of his rashness; for, no sooner had he brought himself on a level with the foot of the gallows, than, once more looking upwards, he beheld the figure which he had before taken for the executioner, standing at the head of the gallows, and which, instantly on perceiving him, exclaimed, in the same hollow tone, "Wait a minute! wait a minute! and you shall be hanged also." Then, letting go something which it held in its arms, as if ready to fasten it to the beam of the gallows, and which, on being released, fell with a heavy noise to the ground, it descended the ladder with the lightness and dexterity of a cat, and made hastily to the rash intruder, who, now quite overwhelmed with terror, and believing that it was either the Devil or one of his goblins who had him wholly in his power, lost, at its approach, all power to move, and dropped on the ground, without sense or recollection, like a dead person.

The next morning, some labourers, who were going that way to their daily work, perceiving some unusual appearances at the gallows, went to discover what it could mean, and there they found Brancenzio not yet recovered from his swoon, fastened to the foot of

the ladder, with a woman's apron tied round his neck, so tight as almost to choke him, and half a dozen large pumpkins swinging over head, like so many malefactors. Having examined Brancazio, and supposing him to be quite dead, they ran back to the city to mention what they had seen, and the people flocked thither in crowds to witness so strange a spectacle; amongst whom were some who, knowing Brancazio's person, ran back to acquaint his friends, and they, hastening to the spot, caused the body to be removed to the Temple Church, in the neighbourhood, where they caused it to be examined, and, by medical assistance, at length restored it to life. For many hours, however, after he had given signs of returning animation, he was unable either to utter a syllable, or to comprehend a word that was spoken to him; and a still longer period elapsed before he could speak to the purpose, or give any intelligible account of what had befallen him. Even after he had recovered his senses, he lay many weeks in a sick and languishing condition, nor did he ever afterwards cease to exhibit one very remarkable effect of the tenor he had experienced, every hair on his body having dropped off; so that, to his dying day, he looked like one afflicted with the leprosy, or with some other

strange and incurable distemper. He would, moreover, have remained, to his latest hour, impressed with the belief that it was the devil himself whom he had encountered, and who had endowed those pumpkins which were found hanging on the gallows with the human shape to deceive him, had it not been that the following night after that on which this strange incident happened, several persons, who were on the watch, saw a poor crazy woman, (by name Biliors, who was very well known in the neighbourhood, and perfectly harmless, although out of her senses,) soon after nightfall, slowly and cautiously advance to the gallows, and mounting the ladder, cut down the pumpkins, and afterward proceed to bury them; so that, upon putting all circumstances together, it could not be doubted that it was she who, on the preceding night, had so terrified the unfortunate Brancazio, by acting the double part of executioner and priest to the imagined malefactors, and who, after dragging Brancazio himself to the foot of the gallows, with intent to dispatch him in like manner, finding the weight too great for her strength, contented herself with tying her apron round his neck, and fastening him with it to the lowest step of the ladder.

INTRODUCTION TO THE SECOND SUPPER.

So ardent a desire had these gallant gentlemen and fair ladies to meet together again for the purpose of telling stories, that the ensuing week appeared to all of them the longest they had ever experienced. Thursday at last came, however, and not one but was before the appointed time on the field of action: whereupon Amarantha, having caused a great fire to be lighted, and disposed all the seats in order round it, ordered her guests to be summoned to the apartment—an order which they gladly obeyed; and, when all becoming ceremonies had passed between them, having placed herself in the principal seat, took the rest, one by one, by the hand, and made them sit down in the order which chance had prescribed to them.

The lady Amarantha herself was tall and well-made, of a fair countenance, a majestic forehead, and winning aspect. Grace was on her lips, gravity in her utterance, and sweetness and elegance in all her movements. Her dress was simple, though beautiful—in the style used by our widow ladies, consisting of a thin gauze handkerchief on the head and neck, and a black cymar, of equally light drapery, tastefully thrown over a robe of the finest linen; so that, to look at her, one would have said she resembled a celestial and immortal goddess, rather than a being of this earth. Who, after she had saluted all present with a graceful smile, and received the compliment of their silent acknowledgments, thus spoke: “Since this evening's stories are, according to agreement, to be of longer duration than those which were told at our last meetings, I am of opinion that the sooner we begin them, most worthy gentlemen and lovely ladies, the better, so that time may not be wanting, nor supper spoil. And, therefore, without further preamble, I will proceed at once to the tale I purpose to relate.”

THE FIRST NOVEL OF THE SECOND SUPPER.

"How Lazzaro di Maestro Basilio da Milano went to see his neighbour Gabriello fish, and was drowned. Whereupon Gabriello availed himself of his uncommon resemblance to the deceased, by pretending to be himself the Man who had been drowned, and so, having made himself master of all his effects, married his own Wife a second time, and lived a long time with her and his Children in great festivity."

Pisa, as you may have read, and must have often heard tell, was in times past one of the most populous and flourishing cities, not only of Tuscany, but of all Italy, and inhabited by multitudes of rich and noble citizens. Once upon a time, long before it fell under the dominion of Florence, a Milanese doctor arrived there from Paris, where he had studied and perfected himself in the art of medicine, and having (through God's providence) performed some cures which were reckoned very astonishing, and by means thereof established a high reputation, was induced to remain where he was, without thinking of returning to Milan, (where he had no near friends or connexions left.) and practised with so much success, that he shortly became very rich, and was known far and near by the name of Master Basilio of Milan. He had not long been settled at this residence before he took to himself a wife, from among the noble families of Pisa, and in process of time had by her three sons and a daughter. The latter they married well in due season. The eldest son also they provided with a suitable match. The youngest embraced the study of letters; but the second (whose name was Lazzaro) neither spent much time in learning, nor knew how to profit by that which he spent in it, being of a dull and sluggish genius, by nature shy and unsocial, of few words, and withal so self-willed and obstinate, that, if he once said, "No," to any thing, not all the world could ever move him to alter his determination, which induced his father, knowing his clownish and intractable disposition, to send him into the country where he had purchased no less than four very capital manors, and where Lazzaro found, in the pursuit of his boorish amusements, much greater pleasure than the refinements of the city would have afforded him.

He had led this rustic life for upwards of ten years, when a strange and dangerous malady broke out at Pisa, attacking people at first with a burning fever, and then with a deep sleep, or torpor, which ended in death; and it was as infectious as the plague. Master Basil, who (like most of his profession) was avaricious of gain, thought only of the harvest, but, in the reaping, caught the contagion, and found neither syrup nor balsam of such efficacy as to resist its advances, which, in a very few hours, put an end to him; and not himself only, but so rapid was the infection, that all the members of his family caught it, and all dropped, one after the other, an old woman servant only surviving to tell the tale. The disorder went on, spreading in its effects throughout all the city so long as the season lasted, and then gradually diminished in force, and exhausted itself, leaving only the remembrance of it behind, which was long very terrible, being known to the survivors by the name of the "*Mal del Vermo*." After which, such of the citizens as had fled to escape its ravages, returned to their accustomed employments; and, amongst others, Lazzaro became sole heir to a considerable property by the extinction of his whole family, came to Pisa to collect and take possession of his inheritance, which he had no sooner performed than he returned to his habitation in the country, with no other retinue than the old woman before mentioned, in addition to the man-servant whom he had before retained in his service.

When it was known that the rich Lazzaro was come back to live among them, it will be readily supposed that there was not a family for miles round, but became solicitous of the honour of providing him a wife, notwithstanding his rudeness of manners and obstinate temper; but, in reply to every sug-

¹ The Worm-illness.

gestion, he resolutely declared his intention to take four years to consider of it; which being reported abroad, speedily put a stop to all further solicitations, which it was known, from the character of the man, would be of no manner of use. Meanwhile, he continued to live after his former fashion, keeping himself as much aloof from all intercourse with society as the devil from holy water. It happened that there dwelt in a cottage, or hut, in front of his house, a poor man called Gabriello, with his wife, (whose name was Santa,) and two children—a boy of five, and a girl of three years old. Now Gabriello was an excellent sportsman, and an adept in all arts of fishing and fowling, by means of which, he principally contrived to keep his family from starving, with the assistance, however, of his wife's spinning-wheel. It pleased God that this Gabriello bore a resemblance to Lazzaro in countenance which was quite astonishing. Both were red-haired, with beards of similar cut and dimensions, and such that any body who saw them together would have pronounced them to be twin-brothers; and, seen apart, nothing was more common than to mistake one for the other—not only their persons, but their very manners and habits being formed in the same mould, and nothing about them, but their dress, by which they could be distinguished. In that single respect, however, they differed—the one going clad in the coarse garb of a peasant, while the other wore fine linen and the clothes of a gentleman.

This remarkable resemblance begot in the mind of Lazzaro a strange kind of affection for the person who so resembled him; inasmuch, that he was continually sending to Gabriello meat and drink from his own table; and also frequently invited him to his own house, to dine and sup with him; and this sort of intercourse produced a familiarity so great, that, in a short time, he began to find it impossible to live without him. One day, among others, it happened that the discourse between them at table turned upon fishing; and Gabriello, who, as has been said, was extremely expert in all branches of the art, set about explaining to him the method of diving with the casting-net, at the same time recommending it so strongly, on account of the success attending it, as well as the pas-

time which it afforded, that Lazzaro became impatient to witness it, not being able to conceive how such large fish could be caught, not only with the net, and by the hand, but also in the mouths of the fishers. He therefore besought Gabriello, who being desirous immediately to comply with his request, they broke up at once from table, and went to the river's side, where, under the shade of some lofty and spreading trees, he caused Lazzaro to rest himself, while he stripped to the skin, and plunged into the water with his nets on his shoulder, which, after a short time, he brought up again with eight or ten large fish of the finest quality.

It seemed no less than a miracle to Lazzaro, when he beheld with how much ease they were caught under water; and, the heat of the sun co-operating with his desire of becoming better acquainted with the mystery, to induce him to follow Gabriello's example, he, with the assistance of the latter, in like manner, disengaged himself from his clothes, and entered the water at a place where it did not reach above his knees. There Gabriello left him to continue his sport, with an injunction not to advance beyond a certain stake, which he pointed out to him, in the middle of the river, and therewith resumed his fishing; while Lazzaro, enjoying the coolness of the water, and still more the diversion of watching his companion (who every now and then, through mere wantonness, exhibited to him some of the finest fish, as if he had caught them between his teeth in the water,) took it into his head, that, of necessity, there must be day-light at the bottom, to enable him to entrap his prey with such sureness and dexterity. Willing, therefore, to satisfy himself as to this point of natural philosophy, he began to dip his own head under water, at first cautiously, then a little deeper, advancing at the same time nearer and nearer the prescribed limit, when he gave a sudden plunge, which carried him out of his depth; and having neither the art to keep in his breath, nor an idea of swimming, he sunk like lead to the bottom, and in his struggles to rise again, took in the water at his mouth, ears, and nose, in such quantities, that he became suffocated; and being carried away by the current, was in a short

space of time completely drowned, without having had it once in his power to cry for assistance, or in any manner to make known to his companion the danger of his situation.

Meanwhile Gabriello was pursuing his sport with such eagerness and success, as to be not at all aware of what was passing; and having at last filled his nets with the fruits of his toil, dragged them merrily to the shore, when, looking about for Lazzaro, he found him missing; and, calling several times as loud as he was able, received no answer. Upon this, he was not a little astonished and uneasy; but his alarm greatly increased, when, looking on the bank, he perceived his companion's clothes still lying there, as when he took them off; at which sight he immediately conjectured the truth of what had happened, and which was too soon confirmed, when, after a diligent search, he found the body, and dragged it on shore, but not till every spark of life was extinct. Gabriello, however, was not a man to waste his time in vain regrets and lamentations; so, after having satisfied himself that the case was past hope of recovery, his next thought was for himself; and he began to reflect with fear and trembling, that it might be suspected that he himself had drowned him, for the sake of plunder; and, casting about him how to avoid this suspicion, (the dread of which gained strength the more he considered it,) and being, by his very despair, rendered bold, he resolved at once to give effect to a thought that just then entered his imagination, of taking upon himself the character of his lost companion. He well knew that no eye but his own had witnessed the transaction. The first thing to be done, therefore, was to deposit the fish he had caught, together with his fishing implements, in a bag which he had with him for that purpose. He then took the body on his shoulders, and, heavy as it was, laid it out upon the bank, attired it in his own clothes, and, wrapping round it one of the nets in which he made it appear to have been accidentally entangled, and fastening the other end of the same net to one of the stakes in the river, threw the body again into the middle of the water, where it lay, in such a position as to deceive any body who might discover it, into the opinion that it was

drowned by means of that accidental entanglement. He then once more came ashore, and dressing himself in the clothes of the deceased, even to the hat and slippers, took to running with all his might towards home, roaring and crying all the way, "Help! help! make haste this way, and give your assistance to the poor fisherman, who is drowning." A miller, who lived hard by, was the first to hear his exclamations, and came out to meet him, to whom he related, in a confused manner, and with many loud lamentations, how Gabriello, after catching a vast number of fish, had at last got entangled in his nets, and sunk to the bottom, so that he was afraid it was over with him. The miller, who never doubted for a moment that it was Lazzaro who addressed him, and being himself an intimate friend of Gabriello's, immediately hastened to the spot, and commenced his search as directed by his informer. The body was soon found, entangled in the manner already described; and which was such, that the miller was wholly unable by himself to extricate it. By this time, however, the news had spread through the hamlet, and the neighbours crowding to the spot, they at last succeeded in dragging it out of the water, not without considerable laceration of the arms and legs round which the nets had been fastened; so that all who were present agreed, without the smallest hesitation, as to what had caused the catastrophe. So, placing it on a sort of bier, they carried it to a little country church near at hand, where it was decently laid out for inspection, and recognized by all who came to look at it, as the corpse of Gabriello.

The news had by this time reached Pisa; and the unhappy wife and children of the supposed defunct hastening to the spot, were no less deceived than the rest of the by-standers. Abundance of tears were shed, and so sincere was the grief which they demonstrated, that the true Gabriello, who stood by in the clothes of Lazzaro, and observed all that passed, could scarcely refrain from joining, with his whole heart, in the general sorrow for his own so untimely departure. Yet was it no small consolation to him, to find how deeply he was lamented; and pulling his hat (or rather, we should say, the hat of Laz-

zaro) over his eyes, and holding to them Lazzaro's handkerchief to dry his tears, he said, in a broken voice, (which he counterfeited as much as possible to resemble the voice of Lazzaro,) "Do not weep and bemoan yourself thus, good woman; for I will never abandon you, seeing that your husband, for love of me, and to do me pleasure, caught his death in teaching me how to fish with a casting-net; whereupon I hold myself to be the cause of his disaster, and, so long as I live, neither you nor any of yours shall come to want; and when I die, I will make for you such a provision, that you shall find no reason to regret that which you have lost;" which last words he uttered with many sobs, as if the death of Gabriello afflicted him beyond measure; and great were the commendations and praises which (in the character of Lazzaro) he received from the by-standers, on account of the generous sentiments expressed by him.

So far every thing succeeded according to his wish; and, when the time came for the afflicted widow to withdraw herself, and for the interment of the corpse, he took his own departure for Pisa; and arriving at Lazzaro's house, let himself in by means of a key which he found in his pocket, and entered the apartments with the air of a master. He then proceeded, without farther ceremony, to examine into the state and condition of his new-fallen inheritance, and opening all the chests, cupboards, drawers, and closets, one after another in succession, feasted his eyes on stores of plate, linen, and rich silks and velvets, (formerly the property of the old physician and his family;) but most of all, on the goodly prospect of some two or three thousand florins in hard cash, which had become his property, so that he was now scarcely able to contain himself for joy. However, recollecting what was Lazzaro's ordinary mode of living, he continued to dissemble; and at the usual hour of supper came forth from his chamber weeping.

The old servant-maid and man, who had been left in charge of the house, and who were present at the scene by the river-side, and heard his declarations made to the widow and children, were not at all surprised when he commanded that they should forthwith carry half a dozen loaves of bread, with a couple of flasks of the best wine,

and a quantity of other provisions, to the house of Gabriello the fisherman, while he himself sat down to supper on the remainder; and after making a scanty meal, (in further imitation of his prototype) locked himself up in his chamber for the rest of the night, and never stirred thence till late the next morning. The two domestics thought they, in fact, perceived some slight change in their master's voice and mode of addressing them; but attributed it to the grief he had sustained from the accident, and entertained no suspicion of his identity.

It will not be supposed that Gabriello closed his eyes that night, for ruminating on the part which he had to perform, and how best to sustain it. The next day he, in like manner, sent the best part of his breakfast to his wife and children; and inquiring of the servant-maid, on her return, how she found them, received for answer, that she was still dissolved in tears, and could by no means be comforted. Upon hearing which, he (who, above all men living, was tenderly attached to his wife,) could find no comfort himself, till he could devise the means of conoling her. He kept his own counsel, however, for a day or two longer; and then, when he thought he could do it without exciting suspicion, repaired to his own house, and (in the character of Lazzaro) demanded admission to the widow, whom he found seated with one of her nearest relations, and still apparently quite disconsolate. After making the usual obeisances, he now requested as a favour that her kinsman might leave them, as he had something of importance to communicate to her in private—a request which, though it appeared to her very extraordinary, she did not think it convenient to refuse. And no sooner had he quitted them, than Gabriello, without ceremony, locked the door after him, and then withdrawing into a little inner closet, made signs to his supposed widow to follow him. She, somewhat confused and startled at this new demand, began to fear what might be his intentions with respect to her, and hesitated for some time whether or not to obey him. At last, recollecting the familiarity which subsisted between Lazzaro and her husband, and the expressions of his regard and amity which he had made so loudly and repeatedly on the day of the funeral; confiding, moreover, in her

own purity of intention and conjugal fidelity, she took by the hand the eldest of her children, (who happened to be present,) and followed the pretended Lazzaro into the closet, where he (forgetting his assumed character in the felicity which he then experienced) had flung himself at his ease on a small couch, on which he was accustomed to recline, when fatigued with his day's sport or business.

Nothing could equal the astonishment of *La Santa* (for that was the good woman's name) at this sight; while he, not able to repress a smile expressive of his inward satisfaction, on receiving this proof of his wife's modesty and propriety, pressed his young son affectionately to his bosom, at the same time uttering some expression of tenderness which was familiar to *Gabriello*, and which raised still higher the wonder and surprise of his spouse. He then once more threw his arms round the child's neck, and kissed it, saying, "Your mother little thinks that it is her own happiness, and the good fortune of yourself and her husband, which she so much bewails." Not choosing, however, to confide to the boy his secret, lest, young as he was, he might inadvertently betray it, he led him gently back into the parlour, and, giving him a few pence, told him to go and play with his sister; then returning to the closet, where his wife had already half-penetrated the mystery, cautiously fastened the door behind him, and then, falling into her arms, assured her that he was indeed her own *Gabriello*, and told her, word for word, the whole of what had passed, precisely as it has been already related. It is a question not to be asked, whether the discreet and faithful *Santa* was out of her senses with joy at this wonderful and un hoped-for discovery. A thousand times did she embrace and kiss him, as if she could not have enough of embraces and kisses, bestowing them yet more profusely, in the abundance of joy, on her true living husband, than she had lately lavished, in the excess of agony, on the corpse of her supposed dead one. Both wept from the fulness of transport, and drank each other's tears, mingled together in their kisses; nor would *La Santa* allow herself to be fully satisfied of the reality till she had experienced every proof of it, that the endearments of wedded love could supply. But when they had thus fully

indulged their natural feelings of happiness, *Gabriello* explained to his wife the necessity of their still carrying on the deception, by the abundant advantages which would accrue to themselves and their children, from the possession of such unexpected riches; and, after much deliberation, it was finally settled between them, that they should again separate (however unwillingly) for a season; and that, as soon as the laws of custom would permit, she should receive him in his assumed character of *Lazzaro*, as a favoured suitor, and be so united to him, in a second marriage. This point was no sooner concluded than they parted, with so many demonstrations of grief, that all the household remained persuaded, that the visit he had just paid was one of simple condolence; and he returned to his new habitation, revolving in his mind in what manner he might contrive to expedite the accomplishment of his desires, so as best to impose on the world, by alleging, for a motive, his obligation, in conscience, (as *Lazzaro*) to bestow both his person and wealth on the widowed and orphan family, in compensation for the loss they had sustained through his ill-starred curiosity to witness the operation of fishing with a casting-net.

The conclusion of the story may be so easily guessed, that I shall not follow the example of the fair *Amarantha*, by relating step by step the progress towards its accomplishment. Suffice it to say, that *Gabriello* continued through life to enjoy the name and possessions of *Master Lazzaro di Basilio da Milano*, together with the person and affections of the good and loving *La Santa*, without his title to them being ever called in question; and if the severer moralist should condemn, as of immoral tendency, a denouement which leaves the hero in tranquil enjoyment of the fruits of fraud and imposition, others may make a more charitable allowance, recollecting that the fraud suggested itself, in the first instance, as a measure of self-preservation; and that the commonwealth (to which the estate of *Lazzaro* must otherwise, for want of heirs, have escheated) was, as a nursing-mother, more than indemnified in the happiness and prosperity of some of the most deserving of its children—setting aside the honest pains they both took (and which were crowned with abundant success) to supply the state with young soldiers.

LETTER FROM A WASHERWOMAN.

Puddleditch-Corner, Islington, January 30, 1823.

WORSHIPFUL SUR,

I'm a lone widder woman, left with five fatherless children to purvide for in a wicked world, where simple folks is shure to be putt upon, as ive larnt to my sorrow; but i'm not one to sit down content, if there's la or gjustice to be had above ground. My good man used to say, rest his sole, Patience, you've a sperrit, says he, and so i have, thank God, for what shuld a pore lone widder do without in such a world as this where honnor goes afore honesty. Well, sur, how i comes to rite you these few lines, is this. You must know i'm a washer-woman, an' lives at Islington, and takes in loddgers; but i ant come to that yet; only i must say summut about it, by way of beginnin to let you know how i've got a new loddger; for i takes in single gentlemen; an' i was telling of he, what outacious treetment id met with from they; he, i would say, the other was as bad as he, as hockpiced my apartments last, how i was flamm'd over tho' i mid a known fine words buttered no passenips, to give em trust, an' let em turn evry thing topsy turvy, so long as it served their turn to stay, and then they takes French leave, an' walks off, without paying so much as a brass farden, and whid's worse, w' Name; but i ant come to that yet. Only, ar, the long and the short's this; i was gust telling of these here puredins to my new loddger, and how they'd a sarved me, an habsconded, as the gjustice called it, and left nothin to pay my rent, an' all the power o' mischief they'd a done me, with all their outlandish heathen fancies, but a room full of dryd weeds, pebble stones, cracked chalk images, an' bits of crumpled paper, all over blot, an' ritin stuff that no Criseleum can make head nor tale on. Well, i was a tellin of all my misfortins to Mr Perkins, who seems a civil, pretty behaved sort of a gentleman, only he's always at his books and his pen, an' at first i was rather huffed, for he sniggered and sniggered, but it want att me, only at them graceless chappsi i was telling about, an' at last he says, says he, when i told him how Gjustice Dossy wuld get me no redress nor cumpin-

says he, tell your story to the larned Kristophur North, an maybe helgif you cumfart an' cumpinsation besides. Att first i thot how he was a hummin me, tho he's a grave godly lookin gentleman, not much given to vain talkin an' gestin; butt at last i found he was in downrite earnest, an' thatt you was a friend of his, a sort of a Scotch gjustice, an' rites a book every month, an' mite maybe take up the cawse of hinged hinnocence, as we said to the late Queen of blessed memory, and put in mi pittiful story to shame their parjury willains, an' mite morcover make me a handsome present into the bargain, an' he promissd if id rite a letter, hed send it safe to you, and so worshippfull sir, tho' i never heard your name before i makes bold to tell you how i've been put upon.

Well, sur, you must know then my name is Patience Lilywhite, an' i'm a washerwoman, an' lives att Islington, at Puddleditch corner, a pretty rural spot, where i takes loddgers to single gentlemen as wants a little country hear and quiett, after the noise an' smoke of Lannon. Well, sir, the 20th of last July was twelve-month, i marks the day peticklar, bein that after the crownsmunday, come a thin spindle-shank'd gentleman to look at my loddings, bein, as he said, ordered into the country for change of hair, and shure enuff he looked as yoller as a kite's foot. The rooms seemed to please him mitily, and well they mought; two prettier, pleasanter, more convenient, a king needn't covet, for the parlour winder looks out into our garden, that's very private an' rural, for 'tis parted off by a ditch an' an elder hedge from the backs of the soap manufactory, an' Mr Bullock's slawtur-house, o there bent no unpleasant hop-jacks near it, an't overlooked by nobody. An' the parlor was just fresh painted very illigent, sky-blue in the panells with yollor moldins; an' the corner cupboard was chock full of illigant chaney, an' id i just bought a speik an' open new gappan tea-tray, an' a spontious hurn, whereof he took peticklar notice, an' axed how much it constrained; and when i told him two gallons, that seemed to settle his mind at once, an' he agreed with me at half a grinnee a

an' then, i tell you what Mr. Lilywhite

week, little enough of all conshince; but he said how he was a very quiett body, an' shuld give but little trubbel, so i was agreeabel to take him in.—Well, rivrend sir, he comed shure enuff the very next evenin off wun of the stages, an' brought all his luggadge in his hand, witch was no more than a smaall porkmanky, an' an ould earthen ware crate wi sum chalk himmiges.

He had nothin for supper, but some tea an' bread-an-butter, an' sett up half the nite, runmadgin about the rooms, an' stickin up they himmiges as comed in the crate, an' sum books, an' bitts of broken stones, an' craked shells, out of the porkmanky, witch was crammed three parts full of sich rubbish, instead of good holland shurts an' warin apparel. Well, i seed there woodnt be many gobbs for me, in my way; but the gentleman seemed quiett an' civil, an' spoke verry goodnaturd to the children, an' i rather bopitted him, for he seemd in a pore weak way.

Next day, about aterneon, a friend cawld in to see him, a shamblin sort of a chapp, with grate thick lpps, an' littel piggs eyes, an' a puffy unholo-sum lookin face, as yoller as tother; but he spoke verry soft an' civil too, an' took peticklar notice of Nancee, as was mi eldest, an' just turned fifteen. Well, this here wun, i cant never mind his name, for they calld him bi too att wunee, second verry thick with my laddies, Mr Pennyfeather, an' hardly durst a day cummin to see him, to mi sorrow; for i do think 'twas he put sich wild vaguys into tother's head, an' pswarded him at last to run off in mi debt, like a shabbroon as he was. Youd niver beleve me, worshippfull sur, if i was to tell you half he goins on of they two rapscallions, an' wutt wunk they maid in mi pore littel garden, an' wuth mi Nancee, but i ant cum to that yet; the moore fool i, not to cutt em short in there heethenish doins; but sum how they comed over me wi thur fine hard words and palaverin spitches, tho i belevee, o mi conshince, twant nothin ater all butt a pack of nonsenseicle jabber. So, sur, you must no, they gott mi leeve to halter or tam-mogtify our bitt of garden, that was a sweet spott they said, only they wanted to lay it out classy cully. The, for my part, i thot twas classed out reglar enuff, wi beds of cabbadges an' intuns, an' sich like sensibel stuff.

To work they fell, an' routed out all they pore innocent things; an' wutt do you think they sett in in the room of em? As in an honest woman, if yule belevee me, worshippfull sur, nothin but a pack o rubbish i woodnt a piled in mi faggitt stakk. Wun blessed day they cumis home loded lik jack asses, wi grate bundels of long scragglin green bows off the chesnut an' lime trees, an' never belevee me, if they didnt stick them up an end all about the garden, in the room of mi fine guseberri bushes, the rite hairy sort, thatt theyd grubbd up bi the roots, the moore fowl i to lett em. But they wanted to convert it into a grove, they seed. Lord bless ye, gemmen, says i, why them sticks 'll all be dead in a weak; butt they only nidded their heads, as much as to say, i spose weel be off bi that time. An so when they bows was stuck about like peo-sticks, they brings a parcel of daysys, nothin but common field daysys, an' primroses, an' gilty cupps, and sich like trampery, guodd for nothin weeds, and sets em in all amongst tothers; an' wun thatt was done to their minds, whitt maggots shuld bite next, butt they falls to work, nockin up of our ould piggy-sty. So then, thinks i, they be gott about some good att last: fer, to be shure, theyre goin to mend it upp tidy, an' peigps make mee a present of a fatten piggy, or a pratty littel chany sow. But no sich things was in there noddels, god sur. First of all they piled up a sort of a mount, with pear an' bricks, an' rubbish, an' rice upon top on it, they setts about bildin up o the piggy-sty, as i thot; so says i, "Lawk, gemmen, how shall wee ever clamber up there wi the piggs vittels; an' wutt fer shuld ye perch un upp so hy, pore dumb beestesses." So they seemd quite build. A pigsty, says they. Why, woman—Mi names Lilywhite, says i.—So, says they, Mrs Lilywhite, were reckin a tempel to Pollar.—Pollards they must mean, thinks i, for thatts piggs vittels; so they be goin to by me one ater all, only they thinks to spize me: so i wont take no more notiss. But thatt was all mi innocence. They no more thot of bilding up mi sty, than i didd of bildin the tempel of Garzleunn. Well, they cobbled upp a sort of a queer lookin fore cornerd shed, and covered it over wi a round bitt of oil cloth, paneted wi yoller stripes, all round from the middel, for all the world like a sunflower;

an' then they made a kind of paath upp the mount, wi broken briks an' oyster shells, stikin out here an' there, to look like rokks, they sedd: an' ater thatt, they stuck it full of grene lawrel bows, by the same token that Mr Deppity Doughnut, of Wellintun Willa, threatened to persecute em for tarin down all his lawrel heddges. But they didnt care for la nor gospels, not they. An next there was a grand confab atwixt em, about makin of a fowntane; for witch there didn't seem, to mi thinkin, no manner of need, when there was a good pump, with beautifull soft water, not ten steps from our own dore. But a fowntane they must have; nothin else would serve em; so they take an' diggs out the ditch up to the bottum of thatt new fangled mount, an' damns upp the water, that was nothin but sope sudds an' kennel stuff ater all, an' then settis it a running thro a cows born, as they beggd of the buttebur, trickel, trickel, trickel over some pebbel stons an' bits of broken bottels as theyd strood along the bottum of the drain. Then, to sea how they rubbld there haus, an' chuckld an' capurd about wen they seed the dirty water com spurtin out. For mi part i began to think they was craazy, butt my yung wuns likd the sport well enuff, for 'twas summud in thur one way. Well, then, they seemd to think 'twas all parfict, an two or three more chapps of there one sort could in, an' they all lade thur heddls together, an' setteld to have a feest at the diddica-shun of the Tempel, as they cawld it. Most of whatt they tawld was Greak to me; but i prikkd upp mi years wen i hurd of a feest. Mortall pore livin theyd kept since id had to do for em. Mi ledgger most times rambeld away, lord nos were, wen he shuld hav bin enjoyin hisself in my confortabel parlor, over a good beef stake or a pork choapp, an' a pott of port, werchby a body mite a gott sum maad mattur now an then, in an onest way, for wuns toilin and moilin; butt tts mi belief, he fedd like the varment and the Frinch, upon frogs an' tods, an' ditch sallat. Howsundever, wen tother cumd, as he did most aternoons, they two stowd in a mortal site of tea an' bread-an'-butter. Oshuns an' oshuns of tea didd they sett an' swil, to be sure, till i sedd to owr Nance, says i, for sartin theyl zo droppid.

Well, wen i was at the work of a feest,

i makes bold to putt in mi ore. "An, says i, "there's sum butifull ducks just fatt in owr coup, and noo grin pees is cum in;" butt lawk, they cutt me short in a giffy. "Ducks!" says Mr Pennyfeather; an' then he runned on sich a pak of stuff, as i couldn't mak hedd nor tale on, only thatt there was to be no vittels bot, but Nektur an' Hambrowsy, two things i'd never hurd on, only i found out afterwards, them names was Greak for tea, an' butter an' bread. Furst of awl, they sett about kristenin awl there fine wurks. But sich names they sett em, it's amost a shame for a Kristeun to tell agen; for they sedd how the mownt was to be cawld Hellycome. Lawk, sur, sich blasphemy wickedness; and the fowntane was Hagganipper. Wat that ment i culdn't tell for sartin, only i nod well enuff 'twas no gud; so i told mi yung uns, if ever i ketched em sayin sich awfull wurd, i'd hang em up hyer than ever bakon was hung. Then there was a deel of gabbin about Pollar an' Pollar, whoever he was, for i found out bi them 'twas a man's name, no sponsibel parson im sure, summud of a Jack Ketch, most lik, for they tawkd about his halter; an' sum sedd that was upon Mownt Parnassus, an' how he oft to bide there; butt att last they agreed he shuld be had down too Hellycome; and then they fixed how thatt there commiele place a top of the Mownt was to be the Tempel of the Mooses. O Gemminnes! if i didn't think upon thatt, thatt they wer a goin to lugg over thatt ere grate beest as is showed in Lunnon, an' hoist em up for a site to the Islington fokes, att so mutch a hedd; but i culdn't abide the thot on it; so says i, awl in a flurry an' a combustion, "Lord's sake, gemmin!" says i, "wat be ye goin about? you mite as well go for to cram a cow in a coffee-pott, as thatt ere rampagus wild beest up in thatt poppett-show place." Upon thatt they showed, an' flectd, an' geerd att me, an' sedd how Mooses was yung ladys, an' how they was goin to hackd a play, an' how my Nance, an' Sal, an' littel Hammarrier shuld personify the Mooses; only, as there was nine, neether more nor less, there must be six othur gurls to hact the tothers, an' them they soon pickd out. Then mi littel billy begun fur to cry, an' ax why he midn't be a Moose too, as well as the rest, for he was a cute littel feller, an' always foremost when there was auny thing to be larnd; but they passyfade him, and

sedd, he shuld be Cubit, an' stan by Nance's side wi' a flambo, an' she was to be cawld Hairy-toe—a fritefull name to my thinking—wun of they Misses—Moosees, i wood say; an' Buttchur Bullocks wench was to be Polly summut, i forget wat; "but howsumdever," says i, "that av gott more of a Kristeun sound with it, an' the gurls raal name is Mary." I forgets the rest of they heethenish names, fit for none but Turks an' Hottenpots; butt there was a fine to do, wen evry thing was gott in order, as they cawld it. 'Twas rare funn to the gurls, and to awl the naburs too, for the mattur of that; and they broke down awl my lutifull hedge, wi' clamberrin over to get a peep at the show. There was ovr Nance stuk upp, who butt she, more fool i to wink att sich doins, dressed out, nott in her Sunday gownd an' spenser, and beever hatt an' fethers, thatt she used to be so proud on; butt rolled up for awl the world lik a corps in a wife tabel cloth, skiverd together, as if there was no pius to be had, over wun sholder; an' awl mi cabbidge roses, wat i used to save for drym, an' for to sell for popery's an' sich lik, was pulld, an' plukkd, and stungd lik a rope of inions round her hedd, insted of a decent cap and top nott. Then they horrid Tim Whippy's fiddle for she to hold, tho i told em sheed never larnd a toone; an' little Billy was striipt amost nakid, qwite nakid they wanted im, butt thatt i wasn't to be hargufied into; an' they put a lited link in his hand, an' stuk him up close bi Nance; an' awl the tother wenchies was figgerd up much the same, lik hidols an' hinages, more than Kristeun craturs; and then they strikes out all of a hurry, as how he wi' the two names as comd every day to see my loddger, should hackt Pollar. So they pulls off his shoos and stockins, pure and ragged they was; an' for the matter of thatt, they wanted to do the same bi the gurls; but no—"D'ye think," says i, "mi hoffspring shall tramp about, barefoot, like begger-wenchies?" Butt they off wi hisn howsumdever, and striipt down his neck-cloth an' shirt collar, and tyed wun of mi apens round his neck, an' figured his head up wi lawrel bows, till he looked for all the world like a Jack in the Greene, only not haff so funny; and then they gave him hold of the ould base vial that theyd got the love of from our parish clark, Old Mumps,

—more sheame he to lend un, for to mi mind 'twas heethen sakerlidge. Well, then, the rest sett up sich a showt, and begun dancin an singin lik propper beddlamites, an' skreecchin owt, "Hail, Pollar! Gloryows Pollar! Hail! Hail!"

Lord gif me patience to think o sich hardend wikkedness as cawlin down hail in the very middle of hay harvest, and the deppitys cropps a carryin; but they owd he a gruddge about thretenin to take the law on em. Then the feest was to begin. "Sich a feest," i says; an' the Moosees was to sarve em wi necktur, meenin nothin else, your honor, then a power o wishy-washy tea thatt was made in ovr grate hurn; an' wen i was a goin to fettle owt the best chany cups an' saasurs wi the goold rims, for i likes to see every thing handsome, they axed me if so be i hadn't a got anny antik vessels; an' afor i culd puzzel owt the meenin o that, they goes an', rummages owt sum owd crackd butter-botes, an' squatt bottles, an' emty oil flaskks, an' for wat wuld yur worshipping think?—why to drink tea owt on, ass i'm a livin woman, an' mi name's Patience; because, they sedd, the heethen Turks, that mi best cupps an' saasurs wasn't classyeull. I don't know wat ware that is—not i; but i'll tak mi Bibel othe, mi chany was the best Darby sheer. Well, they swiggd an' sung, an' sung an' swiggd, till he as hacktod Pollar turnd ass sik ass a dogg, for hed a bin sukkin out of an oil flaskk, sarvd in rite too; an' i wishd the tother hedd bin ass badd, for turnin up their noses at mi best chany. But worse than thatt was brewin, for ovr Bill an' the gurls hadd gott to rompps, an' stuffin of bred an' butter, an' the link as sarved for Cubit's flambo, sett fire to Nance's tabel-cloth, an' she in her frite rund up agen Pollar, so his apen ketchd all in a blaaze, an' he tares it off; an' flares it away into the middel of the garden, where mi linnens was hangin on the lines, an' afore you culd say Jack Robbison, it was awl in a conflagrashun.

Thatt ever i shuld liv to sea sich ruinn brot upon my honest cawlin, bi sich a pakk of —; but that weren't the wurst. Well, Nance unskiverd the tabel-cloth sumhow, an' rund away in her flannell dicky. But sum of the other wenchies raggs took fire, an' then fine fuzion there was. They put it owt among em, howsomdever, butt not afore the tempel pigoty, i says, ketchd

awl of a flame, an' the owld rotten postesses blaazed owt lik tutchwood, an' the oil cloth top blowed off rite agen the faggit pile, an' sett fire to thatt too. There was a kettel of fish. I speckted to sea house an' awl burnt to the ground, an' awl Islington too, for wat wun culd tell; but the naburs cund porin in, an' the hengins was brot owt; an' att last, bi the inarcy of Heeven, the flames was got under, butt nott till i'd bin dammadged an' hinjurd, pownds an' pownds.

Well, homurabel sur, mayhap you taks it for sartain thatt they rantipate chapps as maid awl the mischiff, lend-ed a hand to get it under, for the best amens they culd mak. No sich a thing, yur wurshipp. They sneekt off att the first owtery, lik cowardly currs, with there tales betwene there leggs; an' from that ower to thisn—O, wurshipp-full sur, that such profelgate villains shuld walk this blessed erth!—i've niver sett eyes upon a muther's summ of em; an' ass if it wern't enuff to diddel me owt of haff mi substance, an' leeve me a ruinated undun widder, they tied away mi Napee along wi em, tho for the matter o' thatt, no feer butt watt she was willin enuff, for they'd turnd her poor foolish hedl among them; an' wun of ovr naburs seed her thatt same blissed atemoon, purch'd up, who but she, from top o wun o the

Lunnon stages between Pollar an' Mr Pennyfeather.

So there's the long an' the shortt of mi true story, an' a pittyfull wun it is surely, thof i niver shuld a thot of rittin it to yur wurshipp, but for Mr Perkinses pswasions, an' the considderashions be putt into mi hedl; an wun thing thatt maid me more timmersome abowt trubbelling yur honour, is, thatt it awl happnd so long aggo, an' thatt i heers them parjury willains is gon beyond sees, butt Mr Perkins says how they be playin off their owld pranks there; and thatt there's no place so far off butt wat yur wurshipp's book getts there; an' that mi story oft to be de-serted in it, if 'twas only for the porposs of putting porehinnocent parsons like miself upon their offensive agen the hartfull magnations of them divcls in scarlett. Moore over, he de-vises me to send you they scrapps of writin, ass they left to pay mi rent. To my thinkin, they hant worth rappin up a varden rushlite wi; butt he says, heve gott his reasons for giffin me this device; so i've a pickkd ow the best on em, an' bad they be, not a hole sheat among em. So, holpin yore wurship will seuse awl fawts, an tak mi pittyfull case into considderashun, no more at presnt from

Your wurshipp's misfortunate an' obleegin servant,

PATIENCE LILYWHITE.

FRAGMENTS.

I never saw a more delightful spot!—
One might have lain there, when the days were hot,
Hours and hours—hark'ning to the sweet singers
Up in the leaves—twiddling one's thumbs and fingers—
Watching the sun-beams in that quiet scenery,
Spangling about the jaunty greenery,
And the small flies and gnats—that sort called midges,
Bite one confoundedly, raising long ridges,
Upon one's skin.—Oh! it were sweet, most sweet,
As I before said, in the summer heat,
To lie there sprawling flat upon one's back,
Dozing and dreaming of one's—Zounds! what's that?—
Pshaw! a cockchafer—what was I saying?—
Oh! that would be delicious, thus a laying,
To dream of *

They were not married by a muttering priest,
With superstitious rites, and senseless words,
Out-snuffled from an old worm-eaten book
In a darker corner (railed off like a sheep-pen.)
Of an old church, that fools do call a Church!
Their altar was the flowery lap of earth—
The churchyard was their vast temple—
Their eyes were each other's eyes—and love himself,

Parson, and Clerk, and Father to the bride —
 Holy espousals ! whereat wept with joy
 The spirit of the Universe.—In sooth
 There was a sort of drizzling rain that day,
 For I remember (having left at home
 My parapluie, a name than *umbrella*
 Far more expressive,) that I stood for shelter
 Under an entry not twelve paces off,
 (It *might* be ten,) from sheriff Waithman's shop,
 For half an hour or more, and there I mused,
 (Mine eyes upon the running kennel fixed,
 That hurried on a heterogeneous mass
 To th' common-sewer, its dark reservoir.)
 I mused upon the running stream of *life*.

But that's not much to th' purpose—I was telling
 Of those most pure espousals.—Innocent pair !
 Ye were not shackled by the vulgar chains
 About the yielding mind of credulous youth,
 Wound by the nurse and priest,—*your* energies,
 Your unsophisticated impulses,
 Taught ye to soar above their "settled rules
 Of Vice and Virtue."—Fairest creature ! He
 Whom the world called thy husband, was in truth
 Unworthy of thee.—A dull plodding wretch !
 With whose ignoble nature, *thy free spirit*
 Held no communion.—'Twas well done, fair creature !
 T' assert the independence of a mind
 Created—generated I would say—
 Free as "that chartered libertine, the air."
 Joy to thy chosen partner !—blest exchange !
 Work of mysterious sympathy ! that drew
 Your kindred souls by * ~ * ~ *

* ~ * ~ * ~ * ~ * ~ *
 Come, and you'll find the muffins hot,
 And fragrant tea in the tea-pot,
 And she, you know, with the taper fingers,
 Shall pour it out for you—Wherefore lingers
 My friend so long ? where can he be ?
 Didn't he promise he'd come to tea ?
 Ah ! there's his knock—the very cat knows 'tis—
 Now we'll be snug and toast our noses,
 Now we * ~ * ~ *

* ~ * ~ * ~ * ~ * ~ *
 There fled the noblest spirit !—the most pure,
 Most sublimated essence that e'er dwelt
 In earthly tabernacle. Gone thou art,
 Exhaled, dissolved, diffused, commingled now
 Into and with the all-absorbing frame
 Of Nature the great mother. Even in life,
 While still pent up in flesh and skin, and bones,
 My thoughts and feelings like electric flame
 Shot through the solid mass, towards their source,
 And blended with the general elements,
 When thy young star o'er life's horizon hung
 Far from its zenith yet, low lagging clouds
 (Vapours of earth) obscured its heav'n-born rays—
 Dull fogs of prejudice and superstition,
 And vulgar decencies begirt thee round ;

And thou didst wear awhile th' unholy bonds
 Of "holy matrimony!"—and didst veil
 Awhile thy lofty spirit to the cheat.—
 But reason came—and firm philosophy,
 And mild philanthropy, and pointed out
 The shame it was—the crying, crushing shame,
 To curb within a little paltry pale
 The love that over *all* created things
 Should be diffusive as the atmosphere.
 Then did thy boundless tenderness expand
 Over all space—all animated things,
 And things inanimate. 'Thou hadst a heart,
 A ready tear for *all*—The dying whale,
 Stranded and gasping—ripped up for his blubber,
 By Man, the tyrant—The small sucking pig
 Slain for his riot—The down-trampled flower,
 Crushed by his cruel foot—*All, each and all*
 Shared in thy boundless sympathies, and then—
 (Sublime perfection of perfected *love*)
 Then didst thou spurn the whim'ring wailing thing
 That dared to call *thee* "husband," and to claim,
 As her just right, support and love from *thee*,—
 Then didst thou * * * * *

Pretty little playful Patty!
 Daddy's darling! fussy fatty!
 Come and kiss me, come and sip,
 Little bee upon my lip—
 Come, and bring the pretty ship,
 Little brother Johnny made ye,
 Come, ye little cunning jade ye,
 Come and see what I've got here,
 In my pocket, pretty dear!
 What! and won't ye come no higher?
 Want to go to aunt Marier?
 Want to go to * * * *

* * * * *
 Oh! lay me when I die
 Hard by
 That little babbling brook, where you
 and I
 Have sat, and sauntered many a sum-
 mer's day,

Scenting the sweet soft hay;
 There let me lay,
 For there young mincing May
 Comes first with mouth so meek,
 And pale peach-coloured cheek,
 And little naked feet,
 That go pit pat,
 And all that,
 Tripping among the sweet
 Daisies and violets,
 And pale primroses;
 And there she comes and sits
 A tying up of posies
 Fit for immortal noses

To sniff unto, and there
 With silky, swaling pair,
 And iv'ry hands that wring it.
 And to the zephyrs fling it,
 Up from that babbling brook
 The little Naiad's look,

Heaving up round white shoulders,
 That dazzle all beholders,
 And then so graceful glide they,
 Some crablike (sidling) sideways;
 Then on the bank I mention,
 Like turtles at Ascension,
 In heaps they're all a laying,
 And then with pretty playing,
 One, like a frightened otter,
 Flopps down into the water;
 The rest they flounce in a' ter—
 Then some, with pea-green blushes
 Hide in amongst the rushes,
 And one lies shamming sleep,
 And one squeaks out "bo peep!"
 And one raised head doth peer
 Out with a laughing leer;
 And then pops up another;
 Another and another,
 Then they pretend to smother,
 A titt'ring talk coquettish,
 Then with affected wonder,
 And feigned frowns so pettish,
 Like ducks they dive down under,
 Then through the gurgling water,
 To look and see * * * *

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Mr J. H. Wiffen has nearly ready for the press, a Translation, in English verse, of the works of Garcilasso de la Vega, with a Critical and Historical Essay on the Birth, Progress, Decay, and Revival of Spanish Poetry; and a Life and Portrait of the Author.

Mr Bakewell is preparing for publication Observations made during a residence in the Tarentane, and various parts of the Grecian and Pennine Alps, in Savoy, and in Switzerland and Auvergne, in the years 1820, 1821, and 1823; with comparative views of the Geology of these countries, with that of Great Britain; illustrated with plates, &c.

The Rev. Edward Irving is preparing, in an octavo volume, Pulpit Orations, Lectures, and Sermons, delivered in the Cathedral Church, Hatton-Garden.

Shortly will be published, in one volume, 8vo, the Diary of a Journey through Southern India, Egypt, and Palestine, in the years 1821 and 1822. By a Field Officer of Cavalry; illustrated with Maps, &c.

A Letter to the Right Rev. Dr Milner, Catholic Archbishop, on the Controversy between Messrs Abernethy, Bennett, and Lawrence, on the subject of the Human Soul, and on Organization, is about to be published.

A work called *Pharmacopœia Imperialis* is in the press. It is to consist of a comparative View of the Pharmacopœias of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, in the Latin text, with English notes.

Memoirs of the Late of Rossini are in the press, with an Historical and Critical Account of his Compositions, and Historical Sketch of the State of Music in Italy, from the beginning of the present century to the year 1822, or the era of Rossini. By the Author of the Lives of Haydn and Mozart.

Dr Thomas is printing a volume on the Way to Preserve Good Health, and on Domestic Medicine.

A Spanish Quarterly Magazine is about to appear, under the title of *Variedades o Mensajero de Londres*.

A Prospectus has been published of a Map of Hampshire, upon an entirely new principle, and upon a larger scale than any map of the same extent ever before published.

Don Carlos, a tragedy, translated and rendered into verse, from the German of Schiller, and adapted for the English Stage.

Sacred Fugitives, in prose and verse, by E. Damer, are in the press.

Mr Crofton Croker will shortly Researches in the South of Ireland, illustrative of the Scenery, Architectural Remains, Manners and Superstitions of the Peasantry, from Personal Observations, Ancient Authorities, and Original Manuscripts; with Drawings, &c.

The Stream of History; shewing the Rise and Fall of Empires, and the Progress of the Arts, Literature, &c. in every Nation of the World. From the German of Professor Strass.

G. G. Dennis, Esq. is preparing for publication the Theory and Practice of Average Adjustment.

The Rev. G. T. Faber has nearly ready for publication a Treatise on the Genius and Object of the Patriarchal, the Levitical, and the Christian Dispensations.

Popular Tales and Romances of the Northern Nations, are printing in three volumes, post 8vo.

An Elegy on the Memory of the late Rev. Henry Martyn, with smaller pieces, is preparing for the press; to which will be added a Portrait of Mr Martyn; by John Lawson, missionary at Calcutta, author of "Orient Harping" and "Woman in India," &c.

In a few days will be published, Universal Stenography, or a practical System of Short-hand. By Mr W. Harding.

Mr Scott's History of England during the reign of George III., designed as a Continuation to Hume and Smollet, will appear in the course of February, in 4 vols. 8vo, and 5 vols. 18mo.

Riches of Literature. By S. Collet, A.M. 8vo. With a frontispiece of autographs of Eminent Characters.

Mr Booth's Letter to Mr Malthus on the Subject of Population, with an Examination of the late Censuses of Great Britain and Ireland, will be published in the present month.

An Introduction to the Hebrew Language. By W. Huenemann, Professor of the Hebrew and German Languages, and author of "The Catechism of Hebrew Grammar," "An Introduction to German Reading," will be published in a few days.

The Antiquities of Free-masonry, comprising illustrations of the five grand periods of Masonry, from the creation of the world to the dedication of King Solomon's Temple, will soon be published. By G. Oliver, Vicar of Clec.

The History and Topography of London and its Environs, with a Map of twenty-five miles round the Metropolis, is preparing for publication.

The Second Part of Mr Bohn's Bibliographical, Analytical, and Descriptive Catalogue of Books, comprising above sixty thousand volumes in all languages and classes of literature, accompanied by Literary Notices.

An Account of some recent Discoveries in Hieroglyphical Literature and Egyptian Antiquities, including the author's Original Alphabet, as extended by Mr Champollion; with a Translation of Five unpublished Greek and Egyptian Manuscripts. By Thomas Young, M. D. Fellow of the Royal Society, and of the Royal College of Physicians.

Rhymes from the North Country, by the author of the "Press," will soon appear.

Rassela Principe d'Abissinia, opera del Signor Dottor Johnson, will soon appear.

A Biographical Work is announced, under the title of The Cambrian Plutarch, from the pen of Mr J. H. Parry, Editor of "The Cambro-Briton."

T. Park, Esq. F. S. A. is engaged on a new edition of Walpole's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

Mr Grant has in the press, and nearly ready for publication, a new edition of his Institutes of Latin Grammar, revised and considerably augmented.

A Sequel to the Unpublished Manuscript of Henry Kirke White, is preparing, by the author of "The Wonders of the Vegetable Kingdom Displayed."

Proposals are issued for the publication of a uniform edition of the Works of Dr John Owen, to be edited by T. Clout, M. A.

Dr Yates announces a Work on the Establishment, Patronage, and Pre-eminence, of the Church Establishment.

The Theory and Practice of Music, professionally analysed, for the use of the Instructor, the Amateur, and the Student, will soon be published, by J. Nathan, author of the "Hebrew Melodies."

The Noble Pilgrim, a Novel; in 3 vols. By W. Gardiner, author of "The Story of Pigou," &c.; also, Edward Williamson, a Narrative, by the same author, will shortly be published.

In a few days will be published, Topographical and Historical Sketches of the Boroughs of East and West Looe, in Cornwall; with an Account of the Natural and Artificial Curiosities and Picturesque Scenery of the Neighbourhood. By T. Bond.

Observations on the Diverse Treatment of Gonorrhœa Virulenta, with particular reference to the use of Diuretics, Purgatives, and *Piper Cubeba*, or Java Pepper, will soon be republished from the London Medical Repository; with Additional Remarks. By Mr James Morss Churchill.

The author of the Confessions of an English Opium Eater announces the ear-

ly appearance of his *Prolegomena* to all future Systems of Political Economy.

A New Historical Novel, the scene of which is laid in England in the time of Charles I. and Cromwell, is about to be published, under the title of "Marston Moor," or the Queen's Page.

The Fortieth Volume of Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce; with an Analytical Index for Volumes XXVI. to XL. will be ready for delivery early in January.

The Rev. Mr Dibdin is going to press with a new and enlarged edition of his Introduction to the Classics.

A New Work on English Composition is about to appear, entitled the English Master, or Student's Guide to Reasoning and Composition. By W. Banks.

Mr Huish intends to publish in a short time, Letters to my Daughters on the most important Truths of Revelation.

A Narrative is in the press of the Operations of the Left Wing of the Allied Army, in the Western Pyrenees and South of France, in the years 1813-14, under the Marquis of Wellington, comprising the Passage of the Bidassoa, Nivelle, Nive, and Adour, the Blockade of Bayonne, &c. Illustrated by numerous Plates of Mountain and River Scenery, Views of Fontarabia, Irun, St Jean de Luz, and Bayonne, with Plans, &c. Drawn and etched by Captain Batty, of the Grenadier Guards, F. R. S. and Member of the Imperial Russian Order of St Anne.

The Actress, or Countess and No Countess, a Novel; in 4 vols. By the author of "Malcolm."

Dr Richardson and Captain Franklin are about to publish a Narrative of their Overland Journey and Observations during the late Expedition to the Coasts of the Northern American Sea.

A Poem has been announced, entitled Falcaro, or the Neapolitan Liberal. The author professes himself a Member of the "Satanic School."

The author of "The Wonders of the Vegetable Kingdom Displayed," is preparing the Wonders of Conchology Displayed; with a Description of Corals, Sponges, &c. in a Series of Letters.

Xenophontis de Cyni Expeditione Commentarii. Recensuit Geo. Townsend, M.A.

In a few days will appear, Part I. containing the Tempest, a new edition of Shakespeare in Quarto, from the text of Johnson, Steevens, and Reid; each Play to be illustrated with an engraving from the designs of Stothard, and other eminent masters.

Mr Westall is employed on a Series of Drawings to illustrate the Sketch Book.

The Lives of Scottish Poets are entirely completed, and will be ready in a few days, in 3 vols., with 30 Portraits.

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Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st, ... 27s. 0d.	1st, ... 22s. 0d.	1st, ... 17s. 0d.	1st, ... 15s. 6d.
2d, ... 21s. 0d.	2d, ... 20s. 0d.	2d, ... 15s. 6d.	2d, ... 15s. 6d.
3d, ... 16s. 0d.	3d, ... 16s. 0d.	3d, ... 13s. 0d.	3d, ... 14s. 0d.

Average, £1, 0s. 10d. 9-12dbs.

Tuesday, Feb. 13.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.) 0s. 4d. to 0s. 6d.	Quartern Loaf . . . 0s. 6d. to 0s. 7d.
Mutton . . . 0s. 4½d. to 0s. 6d.	New Potatoes (3 lb.) 0s. 6d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal . . . 0s. 9d. to 0s. 12d.	Fresh Butter, per lb. 1s. 7d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork . . . 0s. 16d. to 0s. 6d.	Salt ditto, per stone 16s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter . 0s. 6d. to 0s. 6d.	Ditto, per lb. . . 1s. 6d. to 0s. 6d.
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HADDINGTON.—Feb. 14.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ... 27s. 0d.	1st, ... 21s. 0d.	1st, ... 15s. 0d.	1st, ... 13s. 0d.	1st, ... 13s. 6d.
2d, ... 21s. 0d.	2d, ... 19s. 0d.	2d, ... 14s. 0d.	2d, ... 11s. 0d.	2d, ... 11s. 0d.
3d, ... 16s. 0d.	3d, ... 16s. 0d.	3d, ... 12s. 0d.	3d, ... 9s. 4d.	3d, ... 9s. 0d.

Average, £1 : 0s. 5d. 6-12dbs.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended February 8.

Wheat, 10s. 5d.—Barley, 28s. 0d.—Oats, 17s. 6d.—Rye, 25s. 0d.—Beans, 25s. 0d.—Pease, 30s. 1d.

London, Corn Exchange, Feb. 13.

Wheat, red, new	Maple, new
21 to 25	21 to 25
Superfine ditto	21 to 25
White, new	21 to 25
Superfine ditto	21 to 25
Ditto, new	21 to 25
Rye,	21 to 25
Barley, new	21 to 25
Superfine ditto	21 to 25
Malt	21 to 25
Flag Pease	21 to 25
Maple	21 to 25

Sticks, &c.

White, new	Maple, new
21 to 25	21 to 25
Superfine ditto	21 to 25
Ditto, new	21 to 25
Rye,	21 to 25
Barley, new	21 to 25
Superfine ditto	21 to 25
Malt	21 to 25
Flag Pease	21 to 25
Maple	21 to 25

Liverpool, Feb. 11.

Wheat, per 70 lb.	Maple, new
21 to 25	21 to 25
Superfine ditto	21 to 25
White, new	21 to 25
Superfine ditto	21 to 25
Ditto, new	21 to 25
Rye,	21 to 25
Barley, new	21 to 25
Superfine ditto	21 to 25
Malt	21 to 25
Flag Pease	21 to 25
Maple	21 to 25

Butt of Beef, &c.

Butt of Beef, &c.	Maple, new
21 to 25	21 to 25
Superfine ditto	21 to 25
Ditto, new	21 to 25
Rye,	21 to 25
Barley, new	21 to 25
Superfine ditto	21 to 25
Malt	21 to 25
Flag Pease	21 to 25
Maple	21 to 25

Weekly Price of Stocks, from Sat to 23d. Jan. 1823.

	1st.	6th.	15th.	23d.
Bank stock,	245½	245	245	244
3 per cent. reduced,	79½	79½	79½	78½
3 per cent. consols,	92½	92½	92½	92½
3½ per cent. consols,	93½	93½	93½	93½
4 per cent. consols,	94½	94½	94½	94½
New 4 per cent. consols,	95½	95½	95½	95½
Imper. 3 per cent.	100½	100½	100½	100½
India stock,	110½	110½	110½	110½
— bonds,	111½	111½	111½	111½
Long Annuities,	20½	20½	20½	20½
Exchequer bills,	10 7 p.	11 5 p.	12 10 p.	11 12 p.
Exchequer bills, 3 months,	6 9 p.	10 12 p.	12 10 p.	13 p.
Consols for acc.	60½	60½	60½	60½
French 5 per cent.	—	—	—	—
Amer. 5 per cent.	—	—	—	—

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. — The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

December.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach Ther.	Wind.	
Dec. 1	M.28 A.31	28.715 28.715	M.57 A.59	Cble.	Dull day, rain night.	Dec. 17	M.55 A.44	29.780 29.780	M.15 A.15	W.	Frost morn. rain aftern.
2	M.27 A.38	28.122 28.122	M.59 A.59	Cble.	Dull, cold, but fair.	18	M.10 A.41	29.990 29.990	M.15 A.11	Cble.	Very foggy, fair.
3	M.29 A.38	28.140 28.140	M.59 A.59	W.	Fair, with sunshine.	19	M.58 A.41	30.100 29.990	M.55 A.11	Cble.	Ditto.
4	M.32 A.45	28.808 28.808	M.44 A.58	W.	Rain, hail, and sleet.	20	M.51 A.40	29.212 29.170	M.11 A.41	Cble.	Very foggy, with rain.
5	M.50 A.56	29.206 28.122	M.40 A.57	Cble.	Ditto.	21	M.51 A.58	29.192 29.101	M.59 A.59	W.	Ditto.
6	M.53 A.56	29.091 29.580	M.58 A.58	W.	Fair, with some sunsh.	22	M.51 A.58	29.080 29.080	M.59 A.59	SW.	Dull, but fair.
7	M.29 A.58	29.132 29.091	M.58 A.58	W.	Fair, but dull.	23	M.52 A.59	29.000 29.031	M.59 A.59	Cble.	Very foggy, with rain.
8	M.28 A.10	29.028 29.229	M.58 A.59	SW.	Fair foren. rain aftern.	24	M.51 A.58	29.080 29.099	M.15 A.59	F.	Foggy morn. but fair.
9	M.52 A.12	29.477 29.578	M.15 A.10	NW.	Fair, with some sunsh.	25	M.50 A.57	30.265 29.135	M.58 A.55	F.	Frost morn. sunsh. day.
10	M.55 A.59	29.100 29.100	M.10 A.40	NW.	Fair foren. rain aftern.	26	M.55 A.55	29.135 29.135	M.58 A.55	F.	Keen frost, with sunsh.
11	M.50 A.58	30.218 29.558	M.10 A.58	W.	Fair, with sunshine.	27	M.22 A.49	29.998 29.200	M.52 A.52	S.E.	Ditto.
12	M.29 A.56	29.558 29.511	M.58 A.57	SW.	Frost morn. dull day, fair	28	M.20 A.27	29.896 29.792	M.56 A.50	S.E.	Ditto.
13	M.26 A.53	29.104 29.081	M.55 A.56	SW.	Ditto.	29	M.19 A.26	29.711 29.662	M.28 A.28	S.E.	Ditto.
14	M.25 A.57	29.811 29.712	M.56 A.56	SW.	Frost morn. sunsh. day.	30	M.19 A.27	29.711 29.636	M.50 A.51	S.E.	Ditto.
15	M.25 A.59	29.617 29.670	M.57 A.58	SW.	Ditto.	31	M.19 A.50	29.535 29.555	M.51 A.51	S.E.	Ditto.
16	M.53 A.40	29.859 28.400	M.59 A.40	W.	Ditto.						

Average of Rain, 1.635 inches.

January.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach Ther.	Wind.	
Jan. 1	M.19 A.29	29.476 29.476	M.57 A.51	S.E.	Keen frost, some snow.	Jan. 17	M.21 A.29	29.506 29.170	M.50 A.59	S.E.	Frost, with shrs. snow.
2	M.26 A.50	29.587 29.576	M.51 A.55	S.E.	Rather fresh and dull.	18	M.19 A.25	29.120 29.196	M.27 A.50	Cble.	Ditto.
3	M.52 A.51	29.501 29.182	M.58 A.11	Cble.	Fresh.	19	M.20 A.51	29.252 29.555	M.51 A.52	Cble.	Fresh, with shrs. snow.
4	M.57 A.59	29.457 29.529	M.41 A.40	Cble.	Heavy rain.	20	M.25 A.52	29.596 29.715	M.53 A.52	F.	Ditto.
5	M.52 A.40	29.641 29.661	M.58 A.57	S.E.	Dull, and fresh.	21	M.24 A.51	29.827 29.853	M.52 A.51	F.	Snow most part of day.
6	M.50 A.58	29.661 29.703	M.55 A.55	S.E.	Dull foren. snow aftern.	22	M.19 A.26	29.853 29.855	M.29 A.29	F.	Foren. fair, snow aftern.
7	M.50 A.56	29.703 29.696	M.57 A.56	Cble.	Fair, and mild.	23	M.40 A.26	29.714 29.711	M.28 A.29	S.E.	Some shrs. snow.
8	M.29 A.56	29.985 29.975	M.56 A.56	Cble.	Frost morn. dull day.	24	M.25 A.51	29.729 29.729	M.55 A.52	S.E.	Sunshine and mild.
9	M.28 A.52	29.668 29.679	M.51 A.51	F.	Keen frost.	25	M.25 A.27	29.720 29.650	M.50 A.50	S.E.	Day fair, frost night.
10	M.28 A.52	29.668 29.746	M.53 A.55	F.	Frost morn. mildsun.day	26	M.25 A.28	29.685 29.720	M.29 A.51	S.E.	Ditto.
11	M.27 A.54	29.777 29.714	M.55 A.55	F.	Rather frosty.	27	M.25 A.50	29.590 29.999	M.50 A.51	S.E.	Frosty foren. snow aftern.
12	M.25 A.30	29.676 29.516	M.52 A.52	S.E.	Frost day, snow night.	28	M.25 A.54	29.990 29.866	M.53 A.55	S.F.	Fresh day, rain night.
13	M.21 A.50	29.529 29.535	M.52 A.57	S.	Snow for the day.	29	M.27 A.58	29.658 29.658	M.57 A.56	Cble.	Ditto.
14	M.28 A.52	29.507 29.652	M.52 A.52	Cble.	Snow most part of day.	30	M.27 A.59	29.658 29.998	M.59 A.59	NW.	Fresh day, frost night.
15	M.27 A.50	29.552 29.552	M.51 A.52	Cble.	Snow foren. h. drift after.	31	M.24 A.51	29.995 29.999	M.55 A.56	F.	Very foggy, and cold.
16	M.25 A.32	29.552 29.371	M.52 A.51	Cble.	Frost day, snow night.						

Average of Rain, 2.641 inches.

Course of Exchange, February 14.—Amsterdam, 12 : 5. C. F. Ditto at sight, 12 : 2. Rotterdam, 12 : 6. Antwerp, 12 : 6. Hamburg, 37 : 8. Altona, 37 : 9. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 65. Ditto 25 : 85. Bourdeaux, 25 : 85. Frankfort on the Maine, 150. Petersburg, per rble. 9½ : 3. 17s. Berlin, 7 : 7. Vienna, 10 : 28. *Eff. flo.* Trieste, 10 : 28. *Eff. flo.* Madrid, 37. Cadiz, 36. Bilbao, 37. Barcelona, 35½. Seville, 35½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 46½. Genoa, 43. Venice, 27 : 59. Malta, 45. Naples, 39. Palermo, 116. Lisbon, 52. Oporto, 52½. Rio Janeiro, 43. Bahia, 50. Dublin, 9½ per cent. Cork, 9½ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 6d. New Doubloons, £9 : 0 : 0d. New Dollars, 1s. 9½d. Silver in bars, stand. 0s. 0d.

PRICES CURRENT, Feb. 3.

	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.
ST. CAR. Muse.				
B. P. Dry Brown, cwt.	56 to 60	52 6 56	53 3 57	65
Mid. good, and fine mid.	61 to 65	58 72	67 70	66 76
Fine, and very fine, . . .	75 79	—	74 77	80 84
R. fined Doub. Leaves, . .	112 125	—	—	—
Powder d 100, . . .	96 119	—	—	87 94
Single ditto, . . .	88 96	90 105	—	—
Small Lump, . . .	83 88	84 90	—	76 90
Large ditto, . . .	78 85	76 84	—	—
Crushed Lump, . . .	53 52	78 82	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	50 51	29 6 51	—	39 52
COFFEE, Jamaica, cwt.				
Ord. good, and fine ord.	97 98	85 105	85 106	100 115
Mid. good, and fine mid.	110 120	110 155	110 152	131 140
Dutch Trage and very ord.	—	—	50 90	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	—	95 112	94 119	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—	115 152	112 150	—
St Domingo, . . .	122 126	—	91 98	—
Pimento (in Bond), . . .	85 9	—	81 9	—
SPRITS,				
Jan. Runa, 16 O. P. gall.	2 0d 2 2d	1s 11d 2s 2d	1s 10d 2s 3d	1s 11d 2s 0d
Blandy, . . .	5 6 4 6	—	—	1 5 5 5
Geneva, . . .	2 6 2 6	—	—	1 4 0 0
Grain Whisky, . . .	6 4 6 8	—	—	—
WINES,				
Claret, 1st Growth, bhd.	40 55	—	—	£20 450
Portug. Red, pipe.	52 41	—	—	—
Spanish White, batt.	51 55	—	—	—
Tenerville, pipe.	27 29	—	—	—
Madera, . . .	10 60	—	—	—
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	47 7 7	—	48 10 8 15	48 10 0 0
Honduras, . . .	—	—	8 10 9 0	8 10 0 0
Campeachy, . . .	8 8	—	9 5 9 10	10 0 11 0
PLASTIC, Jamaica, . . .	7 7	—	9 10 10 10	6 10 8 10
Cubi, . . .	9 9	—	12 12 10 0	9 10 11 0
INDIGO, Guayaquil fine, lb.	11s 0d 12s 0	—	7 0 11 0	10 0 11 6
TIMBER, Amer Pine, foot.	2 2 2 4	—	—	—
Ditto Oak, . . .	2 9 5 5	—	—	—
Christiansand (dnt. paid)	2 2 2 7	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany, . .	1 0 1 6	0 10 0 11	0 11 1 0	1 4 1 6
St Domingo, ditto, . .	1 6 2 8	1 8 2 0	1 5 1 1	1 6 1 9
TAIR, American, brk.	19 20	12 15	12 0 12 6	—
Archangel, . . .	15 16	15 17	—	17 0 —
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10 11	—	—	11 0 —
TALLOW, Rus. Vel. Cand.	41 42	40 42	40 —	39 0 41 0
Home melted, . . .	—	—	—	52 54
HEMP, Riga Blue, ton.	45 47	—	—	£14 —
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	40 42	—	42 43	—
FLAX,				
Riga Flies, & Druj. Rak.	51 56	—	—	£56 —
Dutch, . . .	50 90	—	—	—
Fish, . . .	40 48	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, . .	85 90	—	—	—
BRISTLES,				
Petersburgh Fists, cwt.	— 16	—	—	17 0 —
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	15 16	—	—	—
Montreal, ditto, . .	50 —	45 46	17 0 48 0	50 52
Pot, . . .	51 55	45 46	46 6 —	46 47
OIL, Whale, . . .	26 —	25 26	—	25 0 27
Cod, . . .	—	24 25	—	24 10 25 10
TOBACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.	7 7½	7 8	0 5½ 0 7½	0 7 7½
Middling, . . .	5½ 6½	5 6	0 5½ 0 5	0 4½ 0 4
Inferior, . . .	4 5	5 4	0 2 0 3	0 2½ 0 4
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	0 6½ 0 8	0 6½ 0 8½	0 8 0 11
Sea Island, fine, . .	—	1 0 1 6	1 2 1 11	—
Good, . . .	—	1 0 0 0	0 11½ 1 1	—
Middling, . . .	—	0 9½ 0 11	0 8½ 0 11	0 8 0 10½
Demerara and Berbice, .	—	0 7½ 0 9	0 7 0 8½	0 8½ 0 10
West India, . . .	—	0 10½ 11	0 10½ 0 11½	10 11
Pernambuco, . . .	—	0 9 0 10	0 9½ 0 10½	9½ 10
Jamaican, . . .	—	—	—	—

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of Dec. 1822, and the 20th of Feb. 1823, extracted from the London Gazette.

- A. Goss, M. P. S. and W. S. Borrowesh, Derbyshire, millers.
 Allen, C. Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, woolen-draper.
 Allen, G. S. S. Magne, Yorkshire, tobacco-manufacturer.
 Alloway, J. R. Rochester, Dublin, stationer.
 Atterstone, T. Nottingham, dealer.
 Austin, J. Berkhampstead, Essex, baker.
 Bailey, W. Deptford, merchant.
 Bailey, T. Short-brook, coal-miner.
 Ball, J. Paultry, non-importer.
 Balster, W. Sherborne, maltster.
 Barnes, J. Pondlet in, near March-street, brewer.
 Bates, T. Cushion-court, Old Broad-street, merchant.
 Beams, H. Lordship-lane, Sydenham.
 Bennett, H. L. Liverpool, tobacco-const.
 Bennett, J. St Helen's, Worcester-lane, glover.
 Benson, J. York, coach-master.
 Berry, N. Huddersfield, merchant.
 Beverley, M. Barge-yard, Bucklebury, merchant.
 Blackburn, J. Newport, Shropshire, grocer.
 Bondman, J. Bolton, cotton-manufacturer.
 Bowker, J. Bolton-le-Moors, grocer.
 Bovance, S. Liverpool, merchant.
 Bridgman, E. L. Fish-street hill, under-cloak.
 Browne, J. N. Manchester, cotton-spinner.
 Bunn, E. Hermitage-place, Clerkenwell, merchant.
 Bury, Jas. Manchester, J. Bury, Pen-hill, and T. Bury, Bucklebury, cotton-printer.
 Butterson, J. Drayton-in-Hales, Shropshire, wine-merchant.
 Butler, J. Milk-street, merchant.
 Buxton, T. Ingle, Lancashire, cotton-merchant.
 Cannon, J. Duxth, Kent, coal-miner.
 Cary, T. Saffron-hill, confectioner.
 Chaplin, J. Lissen Grove, bricklayer.
 Childs, W. Whitehall, victualler.
 Clark, R. H. St Mary-at-hill, wine-merchant.
 Clark, H. Seaford, fish, wigs, maker.
 Cliff, H. Pansy-street, Gloucester-lane, clothier.
 Collier, J. Rathmore, silk-merchant.
 Cookson, J. Leeds, woollen-cloth-maker.
 Cotterell, W. Bishop's-Cleeve, Gloucestershire, farmer.
 Craig, J. High-Borough, linen draper.
 Crisp, W. Bramhall, Suffolk, grocer.
 Crisp, J. Pevenshall, Suffolk, shopkeeper.
 Cuffey, J. R. Ipswich, maltster.
 Dane, W. Woking, nurseryman.
 Daw, W. High-Helden, Kent, potter.
 Dawson, P. St Thomas's Hill, Staffordshire, miller.
 Deavill, E. Manchester, grocer.
 Dickinson, J. Aldersgate-street, leather-seller.
 Dickens, G. J. Skinner-street, Snow-hill, confectioner.
 Eaglesfield, J. and L. Wall, Hinxley, hosiery.
 Eastwood, J. and G. Kay, Meltham, Yorkshire, clothiers.
 Edwards, J. C. Throgmorton-street, stock-broker.
 Edwards, J. Langham-terrace, Cambridgeshire, innkeeper.
 Edwards, T. Gerrard-street, Soho, woollen-draper.
 Ellis, H. Friston, Suffolk, farmer.
 Errington, R. Hexham, butter and bacon factor.
 Evans, B. P. Freeman's-court, Cornhill, law-stationer.
 Fairclough, T. Liverpool, slater.
 Field, J. and L. Rowston, Leeds, cloth-merchants.
 Flynn, J. Turton, Lancashire, blacksmith.
 French, G. White-chapel-road, provision-agent.
 Gladby, J. Ipswich, victualler.
 Glave, J. Yeovil, Somersetshire, farmer.
 Goldsmith, W. Penhall, Suffolk, corn-merchant.
 Goldstein, N. High-street, Shilwell, shopkeeper.
 Gray, C. Upper Montague-street, horse-dealer.
 Greame, H. H. Lower Fountain-place, City-road, merchant.
 Green, W. Gracechurch-street, Stationer.
 Greenwell, T. White Lion-court, Cornhill, merchant.
 Griffiths, W. Abergavenny, seedsman.
 Grocott, J. T. Manchester, wine-merchant.
 Hall, T. Old Compton-street, Soho, woollen-draper.
 Hammond, W. Wickenham, Suffolk, shopkeeper.
 Haughton, J. Liverpool, merchant.
 Hayles, P. C. Little Abington-street, coal-merchant.
 Heath, W. T. Cushion-court, Broad-street, merchant.
 Hicks, H. and S. W. Woodward, Bankside, Southwark, timber-merchants.
 Hoofsetter, S. H. Sheffield, merchant.
 Howell, L. Norwich, non-founder.
 Hudson, T. Lower Pillerton, Warwickshire, weaver and farmer.
 Hulbert, T. S. Choppinham, linen draper.
 Humphreys, H. Wells-row, Islington, grocer.
 Hunt, C. Southampton, schoolmaster.
 Jackson, J. Habtat, dealer.
 Jernett, J. Great Yarmouth, maltster.
 Johnston, N. S. Manchester, custom-manufacturer.
 Jones, J. Great Commercial-buildings, Black-barns-road, haberdasher.
 Jones, J. C. Bridgenorth, linen-draper.
 Jones, T. Cleobury, Mortimer, Shropshire, innkeeper.
 Jordy, A. F. Lathhead, draper.
 Kirby, T. Market Weighton, York-shire, brewer.
 Kaine, S. Liverpool, merchant.
 Lamplough, F. Badlington Quay, coal-factor.
 Linton, W. Peterborough-count, Fleet-street, gold-beater.
 Leach, J. Manchester, merchant.
 Lee, J. Becking, Essex, victualler.
 Lee-Ross, C. Pall Mall, haberdasher.
 Lester, T. Tickhurst, Sussex, farmer.
 Marks, M. Romford, shopkeeper.
 Marshall, H. Handforth, Cheshire, cotton-manufacturer.
 Martin, L. H. Finsbury-square, merchant.
 Matthews, T. St. John, Norfolk, farmer.
 Matthews, T. Ross, Herefordshire, currier.
 Mills, P. Miverton, Somersetshire, baker.
 Morgan, A. Bowdley, Monmouthshire, innholder.
 Molyneux, T. Holborn, boot-maker.
 Moore, J. F. Fleet-street, Norton Folgate, leather-maker.
 Newell, T. Amberley, Sussex, shopkeeper.
 Nettleton, W. Edwinstowe, victualler.
 Olcott, J. Bristol, bottler.
 Oswood, J. F. Little Highway, carpet dealer.
 Pann, R. Charnock-Dyett, Somersetshire, maltster.
 Parker, T. St. Dunstons, dealer.
 Parnham, J. Oldgate-street, merchant.
 Paul, J. Wincobur, maltster.
 Pearson, P. Oxford, trader, oil and colour man.
 Phill, M. Southampton, upholsterer.
 Porritt, J. Pitt's-place, Kent-road, cheesemonger.
 Potten, R. Leeds, merchant.
 Radford, J. S. Hull, merchant.
 Rany, G. Marshall-street, Cavendish-square, non-monger.
 Reader, R. Old-street road, timber merchant.
 Redmayne, J. Burton, Yorkshire, coal dealer.
 Reitanmiller, C. U. Mark-lane, broker.
 Ridley, W. and D. Wilson, Whitehaven, curriers.
 Roose, T. Liverpool, baker.
 Rushton, J. Bolton, grocer.
 Ryle, J. Birmingham, spoon-maker.
 Saunders, J. Aldersgate-street, painter.
 Saxby, J. Bathurst, near Bath, addler.
 Scott, J. Cumrew, Cumberland, butter dealer.
 Seward, J. H. Leominster, vintner.
 Sharpley, A. Rimbroke, Lancashire, farmer.
 Shackle, J. Milk-street, Cheshire, hosiery.
 Singer, J. sen. Friar Selwood, clothier.
 Slaughter, T. Seal, Kent, farmer.
 Shield, A. High-street, Wapping, baker.
 South, J. Cardiff, ironmonger.
 Sowter, R. Water-street, Blackfriars, merchant.
 Spedding, R. G. jun. Rickmansworth, coal-merchant.
 Stock, C. Ashweek, Somersetshire, farmer.
 Stockdale, J. J. Strand, book-seller.
 Strickland, J. and J. Newgate-market, cheesemonger.
 Sutton, T. H. Strood, Kent, innkeeper.
 Thompson, J. J. Bernouisey Wall, boat-builder.
 Todd, D. J. Douglas, and D. Russell, Fleet

street, and W. Russell, Bow Church yard, diapers and mereers.
 Tuck, J. L. Haymarket, Jeweller.
 Turner, T. Saundridge, Hertfordshire, timber-merchant.
 Urany, J. Snow-hill, grocer.
 Walker, E. Leymouth, Yorkshire, clothier.
 Ward, I. Stratford-upon-Avon, stationer.
 Watts, R. Lawrence Pountney lane, merchant.
 Wells, W. Hendon, hay-salesman.
 Weston, E. J. and R. Manchester, hop and spirit merchants.

Wheeler, J. Frome Salwood, clothier.
 White, R. Maiden Bradley, Wiltshire, farmer.
 Whithead, H. Bury, Lancashire, druggist.
 Wilcox, J. Madeley Wood, Shropshire, grocer.
 Wingfield, G. Worthing, innkeeper.
 Wiltshire, J. Wootton Bassett, draper.
 Woodward, E. Whetstone, Middlessex, butcher.
 Wych, T. Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire, timber-merchant.
 Yates, J. A. Weymouth, ironmonger.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st December and 31st January, 1822, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Alexander, Robert, and Co. printers in Glasgow.
 Barber, Henry, brewer and wine and spirit merchant, Castle Douglas.
 Brown, Wm. senior, late merchant in Edinburgh; a final dividend after 10th February.
 Craig, James, tenant of Kilsconquhar Mill, Fife-shire, corn-merchant, miller, and meal-dealer.
 Cusshy, William, merchant in Aberdeen.
 Dempster, George, merchant, wright, and builder in Greenock.
 Dykes, John, of Clayhaddons, in Lamark-hire, grain-merchant and grazier.
 Ferguson, Duncan, merchant in Glasgow.
 Findlater, William and Co. merchants, agents and ship-brokers in Glasgow.
 Fraser, Edward & Co. merchants in business, Collyrs and Co. merchants in business, Inverness.
 Hamilton, John and Sons, timber-merchants in Glasgow.
 Harlancs, Robert, of Fishinone, Scotland, in Cowd, Argyleshire, and trading, thrie, cattle dealer and wool merchant.
 Kerr, Alexander, Haberdasher and silk merchant, Edinburgh.
 Levech, George, merchant in Thunso.
 McAlie & Hurdie, grain merchant in Glasgow.
 McPherson, Finlay, of Dreip, cattle dealer and grazier in the parish of Strachur, Argyleshire.
 Moffat, James, wright and builder in Glasgow.
 Muir, William, of Kilsnath, grocer and dealer in Andrie.
 Rankin, Robert, formerly merchant and grocer in Edinburgh; a dividend after 24th February.
 Robey, George, late merchant, Anstruther; a final dividend after 24th February.
 Robertson, William, innkeeper in Perth, present-residing in St Leonard's Cottage, near Edinburgh.

Scotland, John, of East Lascar, merchant in Dunfermline.
 Turnbull, Michael, hosier at Appletreehall, near Hawick; a dividend after 20th February.
 West, James, in Presclath, in the parish of Murrkirk, sheep and cattle dealer.
 Whitclaw, John, the late, perumer in Glasgow; a dividend after 19th February.
 Williamson, Miss Elizabeth, merchant and fisherman at L. then wharf, in the county of Caithness; a dividend after 24th February.
 Wilson, George, spirit-dealer, High-street, Edinburgh.

DIVIDENDS.

•Henderson, Thomas, jun. merchant, Anstruther; a final dividend after 1st January.
 Macfarlane, Robert & Co. of Greenock, and Macfarlane, Scott & Co. of Newfoundland, merchants; a second dividend after 15th January.
 Macnath, Donald, merchant, Inverness; a dividend of 1s. per pound on 17th January.
 Mitchell, James, jun. deceased, sometime merchant in Dundee, after wards of Gartochair Hall, near Glasgow; a final dividend after 17th Jan.
 Murdoch, Thomas, wooler draper in Falkirk; a dividend after 9th January.
 Neill, William, bleacher at Gateside; a final dividend on 24th January.
 Oatley, James, grazier and cattle dealer at Menus, in the county of Forfar; a first dividend of 2s. 6d. on 29th January.
 Watt, James & Co. merchants and warehousemen, in Glasgow; a dividend after 7th January.
 Whit, Malcolm, merchant, Paisley; a final dividend on 18th January.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet	Lt. Col. A. Walker, Gov. of St Helena, to have rank of Brig. Gen. in that island only	5 Dec. 1822	6	Br. Lt. Col. George Fitz-Clarence	from 1 W. L. R. to be Maj. vice C. Michael, esch.	19 Dec.
	Capt. Sir J. W. H. Brydges, h.p. Port. Serv., to be Maj. in the Army	17 Oct. 1818		Lt. Scarlett, from h. p. 9 Dr. Lt. vice Finch, esch. rec. diff.	do.	
	— Haddock, h. p. Port. Serv. Mat. in the Army	12 Jan. 1820	7	Lt. Gen. Sir Robert Bolton, Kt. from 15 Dr. Col. vice Gen. Wilford, dead	21 do.	
	— Mansel, h. p. 93 E. M. p. in the Army	21 Nov. 1822	1 Dr	T. Beaumont, Gen. by purch. vice Lord Munster, 16 Dr.	21 Nov.	
	— Cloete, h. p. 21 Dr. Maj. in the Army	do		Vet. Surg. Shroder, from h. p. 21 Dr. Vice Surg. v. Blanchard, esch.	do.	
	Lt. and Adj. White, R. Staff Corps, to have rank of Capt. in the Army	5 Dec.		Lt. Col. Wilson, from 17 Dr. Lt. Col. vice Hox, h. p. 17 Dr.	do.	
	— — — — —, h. p. 16 Dr. Active Staff			Cor. Robbins, Lt. vice Landsey, dead	do.	
	Capt. — — — — —, h. p. 14 Dr. Invalidly Disch. Madstone only, during the period of his being employed	19 Dec. 1822	10	Capt. Gwynne, Maj. by purch. vice Stapleton, ret.	do.	
R. Horse G.	Cor. Maj. Beasley, Quar. Mast. vice T. Vasey, 1st.	do.		Lt. Hamilton, Capt. by purch.	do.	
	Lt. South, from a Coldst. Gds. Capt. by purch. vice Jerb, ret. 2 Jan. 1823	1823		Cor. Woodley, Lt. by purch.	do.	
				Ens. Surman, from h. p. York Rang. (R. M.) Cor.	23 Oct.	
				Cor. Lord Munster, from 1 Dr. (R. M.)	21 Nov.	
1 Dr. Gds. Cor.	Martin, Lt. by purch. vice Hamilton, 2 W. L. R.	do.	11	Br. Maj. Durie, from h. p. 24 Dr. Capt. vice Binny, dead	18 Dec.	
	Sir G. Aymer, Bt. Cor. by purch. do.					

Lt. Kolbo, from 8 Dr. Lt. vice Pott, dead	25	Ens. Hon. A. F. Cathcart, from 59 F. Ens. vice Howard, 15 F. 26 Dec.
— Parry, Capt. by purch. vice Fitz Clarence, prom. 1 W. I. R. 19 Dec.	31	Lt. Beemish, Capt. vice Dowdall, dead
Cor. Sir K. A. Jackson, Bt. Lt. do.		Ens. Edwards, Lt.
— Galpin, from h. p. C. r. by purch. do.		Gent. Cadet G. Farwell, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens.
Lt. Cockburn, from 15 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Wayth, ret.		— Genny 3, do. vice Leith, 15 F.
S. G. Pindon, Cor. by purch. vice Johnston, prom.	32	Capt. Read, from h. p. 29 F. Capt. vice Capt. Elliot, exch.
Ens. Bradclough, from 90 F. Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Lord Chetwode, ret.	53	Lt. Clabon, Capt. by purch. vice Stale, ret.
Hon. S. T. H. Ongley, do. by purch. vice Amherst, 59 F.	42	Ens. Kelly, Lt. by purch.
Gent. Cadet J. Ogilvie, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens.		E. B. Cutties, Ens. by purch.
Lt. Connell, from 64 F. Quar. M. I. vice Mackenzie, E. p. 7 F. 2 Jan. 1875	46	Lt. Fraser, Capt. vice McLane, dead
Lt. Cephart, from 20 F. Lt. vice Kooch, exch.		Ens. Leslie, Lt.
Lt. Clum, from h. p. 65 F. Lt. vice Caruthers, cancelled		N. J. Macleod, Ens.
— Pollock, Capt. by purch. vice Bennett, ret.		Lt. Campbell, Capt. vice Hemsworth, dead
Ens. Robinson, Lt. by purch.		Ens. R. Campbell, Lt.
Gent. Cadet J. H. England, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch.	47	— Hemsworth, from 47 F. Lt. vice Tyson, dead
Lt. Col. Bloodfield, from 59 F. Lt. vice Richards, 72 F.		Lt. Badton, from h. p. 27 Ceylon R. Lt. vice Gault, exch. vice Gault
Ens. and Adj. Galloway, to h. p. 105 of Lt.	57	Bt. Lt. Col. Warren, from 59 F. Adj. vice Hutchinson, exch.
Col. Sir S. P. Whitcomb, Bt. Lt. Col. from h. p. Port. Sec. Lt. Col.	23	Lt. Negley, from h. p. 30 F. Lt. vice Southam, C. I.
Ens. Derby, Lt.		— Fraser, Adj. vice Broth, prom.
— Schulz, do.		Gent. Cadet C. Follen, from 59 F. Coll. Ens.
A. Wilkinson, Ens.		Lt. Col. Bly, from 4 Ceylon R. Lt. vice Thompson, C. I.
Super. As. Sec. Mount. Sec. sure		Lt. Keppel, Capt. vice Gault, do. Gault
Lt. Kelly, Capt.		Ens. M. Campbell, Lt.
— Lamphur, from h. p. 30 F. Lt. do.	59	— Mull, do.
— Campbell, from h. p. 72 F. Lt. do.		Ens. Barnham, Lt. by purch. vice Fetherston, do.
— Howard, from 59 F. Lt. do.		Gent. Cadet W. Gault, do.
— Perry, from 59 F. Lt. do.		M. G. H. Ens.
— Sutherland, from 47 F. Lt. do.		Lt. Hon. J. A. Herbert, Adj. vice Gault, Lt. vice Bloodfield, Lt.
— Stirling, from h. p. 15 F. Lt. do.	60	— Jones, from h. p. Middle Edge 17
— G. Stuart, from 59 F. Lt. do.		— Vice Howard, 15 F.
Ens. Mahon, from 54 F. Lt. do.		G. Varlo, Ens. vice Cathcart, 26 F.
— Leith, from 54 F. Lt. do.		Lt. Campbell, from h. p. 74 Lt. Col. Commel, Quar. M. I. E.
— Macind, from 25 F. Ens. do.		Maj. Hutchinson, from 17 F. Lt. vice Warren, exch.
Capt. Clark, from h. p. 69 F. Capt. vice Burnell, exch. rec. diff.	65	Lt. Furlor, from h. p. 30 F. Lt. vice Beach, exch.
— Fenton, Adj. vice Kelly, prom.	72	Lt. Dickety, from 5 F. Capt. do.
Gent. Cadet T. Blackwell, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens.		— purchase vice Trapp, Lt. do.
Lt. Caine, from 17 F. Lt. vice Keppel, exch.		Bt. Lt. Col. Macdonald, Lt. Col. vice purchase vice Col. Brough, do.
Bt. Maj. Despard, M. I. by purch. vice Beck, 20 Dec. 1874		Capt. Bradshaw, Maj. by purch. do.
Lt. Swinton, Capt. by purch.		Lt. Bowen, Capt. by purch.
Ens. Young, Lt. by purch.		Ens. Champatt, Lt. by purch.
H. Vyner, Ens. by purch.	79	Gent. Cadet P. W. A. Bradshaw, Lt. by purch.
Ens. Ferguson, from 15 F. Lt. by purch. vice Crawley, prom.		— Leaper, Capt. vice M. Fraser, dead
Lt. Keown, from 13 F. Lt. vice Caine, exch.	84	Ens. Carton, Lt.
Bt. Maj. Despard, M. I. by purch. vice Beck, 20 Dec. 1874		A. D. Hawdon, Esq.
Lt. Swinton, Capt.		Col. Macdonald, from 20 F. Lt. Col. vice Darbiny, h. p. 85 F. 21 Nov.
Ens. C. A. Young, Lt. by purch. vice Crawley, prom.	85	Ens. Vandeleur, Lt. by purch. vice Ormby, Cape Corps
Lt. Lord Wallcourt, from h. p. W. I. Rang. Lt. vice Cassen, exch. rec. diff.		Edward, Lord Crofton, Ens. by purch. do.
Lt. Booth, from 87 F. Lt. vice O'Shea, 17 F.	87	Lt. Clements, from h. p. African Corps, Lt. vice Booth, 19 F.
Lt. Col. Bumbury, from h. p. 85 F.		Lt. Fairs, Capt. by purch. vice Nickle, prom.
Lt. Col. vice Maitland, 84 F.	88	Ens. J. J. J. Fletcher, Ens. by purch.
20 Lt. Bouchier, Adj. vice Enoch, res. Adj. only		Bt. Maj. Nickle, by purch. vice Graham, ret.
		Capt. Bray, from h. p. 24 Dr. Capt. vice Goldie, exch. rec. diff. 20 Dec.
		Ens. Jardine, Lt. by purch. vice Fairs, do.
		R. T. Fletcher, Ens. by purch. do.

- 90 W. Reatty, Ens. by purch. vice Radcliffe, Gren. Gds. Nov. do.
31 Euss. Smith, Lt. vice Evans, dead 5 Dec.
- G. A. Barnes, Ens. 12 do.
1 W. J. R. Maj. Cassidy, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Whitby, ret. do.
Capt. Kenny, from 2 W. I. R. Capt. by purch. vice Mercer, ret. 19 Dec.
- 2 Lt. Hanout, from 1 Dr. G. Capt. by purch. vice Kenny do.
1 Capt. R. Ellis, Braham, 1st of 854 F. 2d Lt. vice Bisset, dead 6 July
E. McVicar, Ens. vice Hay, 51 F. 26 Dec.
- Cape Corps. Lt. Hon. J. Massey, Capt. of Cav. by purch. vice Langley, ret. 28 Nov.
Cor. Bird, Lt. of Cav. by purch. do.
G. A. Louane, Col. by purch. do.
Lt. So T. Ormsby, Bt. from 85 F. Lt. of Inf. by purch. vice Carpenter, ret. 5 Dec.
- 1 Vet. Bn. Capt. Craig, from h. p. York. Chas. Card. vice McIntyre, ret. list 25 Oct.
— Same, from h. p. 61 F. vice Chubbuck, ret. list do.
— Holland, from h. p. 5 W. I. R. do. do.
- 2 Ens. Colker, from h. p. 180 F. Ens. do.
— Lane, from h. p. 25 F. Ens. vice Sgt. Bell, Otago Mad. 20 Oct.
— Evans, from h. p. 2 Can. Bn. 2 do.
— Dwyer, from h. p. York Chas. do.
— Tap do.
- 1st Com. Capt. Buxton, from ret. 7 Vet. Bn. Capt. vice DeAlton, ret. list 7 Nov.
Retired 4 full pay
— Sgt. Wakenham, from h. p. 1st Bn. 1st Newcomb, 2nd p. 5 No. 1822
- Retired on Half-pay*
— Lt. Col. Wilson, from a p. 7 F. Capt. vice Roycroft, dead
- Not paid 24 p*
— As. Surg. Wharm, from h. p. 7 F. As. Surg. vice Philp, h. p. 2 Dec.
— ——— Parley, from h. p. 2 F. do. 1822
— ——— Butler, from h. p. Hosp. As. vice Bruck, h. p. do.
- Ensigns.*
50 1st Col. Churchill, from Gren. Gds. vice Capt. Maudslayi 18 F.
— ——— Texeira, from a F. 7th Can. B. Bough, 3 F.
Bt. As. J. H. Akes, from 59 F. with Capt. Wakefield, h. p. 19 Dr.
— ——— de Hestland, from 8 F. vice diff. with Capt. Powell, h. p. 51 F.
Major Carmichael, from 6 Dr. G. with Bt. Lt. Col. 4th Lawrence, 1 W. I. R.
— ——— Hutchinson, from 17 F. with Bt. Lt. Col. Whymen, 60 F.
Bt. Major Elliot, from 2 F. with Capt. Reid, h. p. 29 F.
Capt. Burnside, from 15 F. vice diff. with Capt. Clarke, h. p. 60 F.
— ——— Goldie, from 88 F. vice diff. with Capt. Bray, h. p. 24 Dr.
Lieut. Finch, from 6 Dr. G. vice diff. with Lieut. Scarlett, h. p. 9 Dr.
— ——— Keogh, from 1 F. with Lieut. Uquhart, 80 F.
— ——— Cairns, from 17 F. with Lieut. Keowen, 11 F.
— ——— Cassan, from 18 F. vice diff. with Lieut. Lid. Walliscount, h. p. W. I. R.
— ——— Stevens, from 22 F. vice diff. with Lieut. Matson, h. p. 60 F.
— ——— Grant, from 46 F. vice diff. with Lieut. Butten, h. p. 2 Ceylon Reg.

- Lieut. Reoen, from 96 F. with Lieut. Tudor, h
 p. 50 F.
 ——— Tottenham, from 89 F. with Lieut. Hol-
 land, h. p. 86 F.
 Capt. Hill, from 3 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Capt.
Hon. G. R. Abercromby, h. p. 12 Dr.
 ——— Cartwright, from 10 Dr. rec. diff. between
 Full Pay Comp. and Troop, with Capt. Lord T.
 Cecil, h. p. 76 F.
 ——— Ford, from 1 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Deane,
 h. p. 21 Dr.
 ——— Cox, from 19 F. with Capt. Brownhead,
 51 F.
 Lieut. Broomfield, from 4 Dr. G. rec. diff. with
 Lieut. Wynnes, h. p. 68 F.
 ——— Anyatt, from 1 Dr. G. with Lieut. Shore,
 11 Dr.
 ——— Hickman, from 2 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
 Lloyd, h. p. 51 F.
 ——— Hemmley, from 10 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
 Seligson, h. p. 25 F.
 ——— Kinsley, from 72 F. reg. diff. with Lieut.
 Shuckmiller, h. p. 40 F.
 ——— Pigot, from 86 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
 Alexander, h. p. 12 Dr.
 Ensign Mathias, from 19 F. with Ensign Moor-
 head, 11 F.
 Quar-Mast. Fenwick, from 65 F. with Quar. Mast.
 Fox, 1 Caylon Regt
 Vet. Surg. Blanchard, from 5 Dr. with Vet. Surg.
 Schroeder, h. p. 21 Dr.

Pest Diseases and Retirements.

- Col. Promhead, 77 F.
 Fruit-colored Whitty, 1 W, 1 R.
 * Fruit-Styplian, 10 Di.
 — — — Bonnet, 5 F.
 — — — Cham, 85 F.
 — — — Capote, 1 Cape Corps.
 Major Wyth, 1, Or.
 — — — Buck, 17 F.
 Capt. in Frappe, 24
 — — — Lacy, 1 Cape Corps.
 — — — Lacy, 1 Cape Corps.
 Capt. John, R. H. H. H.
 — — — Meier, 1, 1 R.
 Lt. Col. H. H. H.
 Capt. H. H. H.

6, 1278109

- Re. *Mac Harvey*, b. p. 2 F. Fort May,
Cumberland Castle, vice *Alves*, ret.
16 Nov. 1822
F. *Black*, ret. list 3 Vet. Bn. Fort
May at Kinsale, vice *Dennis*, dead
5 Dec

2000 10 10

- 1000000 - *Ac. Cuv.*, from h. p. H. p. As.
 ----- Barry, from h. p. Hosp.
 ----- *Ac. Cuv.*, from h. p. H. p. As.
 ----- *Ac. Cuv.*, from h. p. H. p. As.

Mr. ... 23 ...

- Dr. Wherry, from h. p. Ass. Surg.
521 A. S. Surg. to the Four s. vice
Frank, h. p. 15 Dec. 1827
Ass. Surg. Pardee, from h. p. 62 E.
do do do
Hosp. Asst. Butler, from h. p. Hosp
Asst. vice Bruce, h. p. do

Suppose that $\lambda \in \mathbb{C}$ is not real.

- Lieutenant Carruthers, 5 F.

- Deaths.*
Marquis of Drogheda, K. St P. late Colonel of 18
Hussars, Dublin, 23 Dec. 1822
General Wilford, 7 Dr. G. Chulca, 20 Dec. 1822
Lieut.-General Gore, East Ind. Co. Serv.
Lieut.-General Tipping, Fatts, 7 Jan. 1823
Colonel Hay, do.
----- Lindsay, do.

Colonel Sir J. Wardlaw, Bt. late of 4 W. I. R.
Dunfermline, N. B. 1 Jan.
Lieut.-Col. Seymour, h. p. 87 F. 5 Dec.
Hon. L. Hely Hutchinson, h. p. 112
F. Ireland, Nov.
De Hartwig, h. p. 1 Lt. Inf. Ger. Leg.
Hamelor, 16 do.
Bradshaw, East Ind. Co. Serv.
Bardly, do.
Wolb, do.
Rattray, do.
Cooper, do.
Montland, do.
Temple, h. p. 87 F. London, 20 Jan.
Major Doxall, 51 F. Newry, 19 Nov. 1822
Mundoch McLaine, 12 F.
Mello, East Ind. Co. Serv.
Bentley, do.
John Fotheringham, do.
Roughsedge, do.
Brooke, do.
Blackens, 66 F. Cheltenham, 7 Jan.
Slym, R. Art. Cavalier, 6 Dec. 1822
Alm, do. Jersey, 29 Dec.
Captain Cananah, 87 F. Bengal, 18 May
Mossat, Bdr. Mstr. at Ramford, 11 Jan. 1825
Young, h. p. Adj. So. Han's Mil. South-
ampton, 2 Jan.
Lloyd, h. p. 131 F. Kensington, 7 Jan.
Fawcett, h. p. 21 Dr.
Malcolm Fraser, 79 F.
Thomson, late 6 Vet. Bn.
Norder, h. p. 81 F. Nov. 1822
Holmes, h. p. 92 F. Ireland, 11 do.
Luckow, h. p. Art. Ger. Leg. 12 Mar.
De Gangehen, h. p. Engineers- Ger. Leg.
Tudlin, h. p. 1 Greek Lt. Inf. 21 Nov.
Pems, Fort Major of Kin-de.
Lieutenant Lomplair, 15 F. Chatham, 6 Jan.
Sammors, 51 F. Madras, 2 Aug. 18
Don. W. Moore, 41 F. Madras, 25 July.
Worsley, 80 F. Isle of Wight, 20 Jan. 1825
Watson, h. p. 21 Dr. India.
Brownsmith, h. p. 6 F. Contances,
Normandy, 1 Nov. 1822
Lawrence, h. p. 56 F. Ellum, Kent, 25 Nov.
Brown, h. p. 10 F. Devon, Norfolk, 28 Nov.
Cowan, h. p. 59 F. China, King's Coun-
ty, 5 Jan. 1825
Les, h. p. 86 F. St Andrews, Auck-
and Durham, 10th Dec. 1822
Thompson, late Ho. Gren. Gds., 19 April
Ewart, h. p. 1 F. Americk, Ireland, 29 July, 1821
Ensign Bairbridge, late 8 Vet. Bat. Hampshire,
30 Nov. 1822
Lieut. Mellis, 24 F. on board the Barracou passage
from Madras, 21 Mar. 1822
Doris, 27 F. Americk, 11 Dec.
Evans, 91 F. Jamaica.
Whitehead, 2 Ceylon R. Kornegalie, Cey-
lon, 6 May.
True, h. p. 5 Hussars, Ger. Leg.
Wolbabe, h. p. 1 Lt. Inf. Ger. Leg.
Miller, late 5 Vet. Bn. Ireland.
Calder, ret. full pay R. Sappers and Min-
ners, Carlisle, 16 Oct.

Lieut. Andrews, h. p. 4 F. near Oswestry, 5 Oct.
Seward, h. p. 9 F. on passage to England,
Via America, Oct. or Nov. 1821
Lucas, h. p. 15 F. Ireland.
Don. Campbell, h. p. 27 F. Adj. to 1 Argyll
Local Mil. Fernacany, Rosneath, Ireland, 21 Nov. 1822
Mitchell, h. p. 19 F.
Fitzmaurice, h. p. 56 F. Ireland.
Young, h. p. 86 F.
Mullisland, h. p. 3 W. Ind. R. Port Gle-
none, Antrim, 20 Oct.
Ingouville, h. p. Newfoundland Fence 10 Feb. 1821
Talbot, h. p. 1 Irish Bug. Ireland.
Johnston, h. p. Strathwen Corps, Ireland.
Bum, h. p. Pringle's Corps 27 Nov. 1822
Lenex, h. p. For. Art. 20 June.
Stockman, h. p. Art. Ger. Leg. 1 Feb.
Bret, h. p. commissary of Art. 16 May.
Procha ka, h. p. Malta Reg.
Donovan, h. p. 11 Vet. Bn.
Tindle, h. p. 52 F. 51 March.
Hoe, h. p. 15 F. 51 Oct.
2d Lieut. Bassett, 1 Ceylon Regt. Ceylon, 5 July, 1822
Ensign Barrett, h. p. 54 F. Colechester 21 Nov.
Byrne, late 10 Vet. Bn. Ireland.
Meggott, h. p. 8 G. Bn. 12 Jan. 1821
Mathison, h. p. York Lt. Inf.
Pete, h. p. Queen's Bn. 6 June, 1821
Qr. Master Cowper, h. p. 10 Dr. London, 19 Jan. 1825
Heap, h. p. R. H. Cutlers' Alester, Warwickshire, 25 Dec. 1822
McGleazy, late of R. Art. Chapelwood,
near Dublin, 10 Jan. 1822
Kewod, h. p. 9 Dr. Ireland.
Haynes, h. p. Art. Germ. Leg. 10 March, 1821
Paymaster Byrne, h. p. 1 Dr. Boudgic 18 Nov.
Adjutant Moore, h. p. 10 W. I. R. Ireland
Guy, h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. do
Commissariat Dep.—Dep. Com. Gen. Bourard,
h. p. 1 May, 1822
As. Com. Gen. Brook, Bahama, 27 Sept.
As. Com. Gen. Weehinger, h. p. 8 Feb.
Wolberg, Switzerland, 8 Feb.
Dep. As. Com. Gen. Jarvis.
Dep. As. Com. Gen. Macgregor,
h. p. St Kitt's, 19 Oct. 1821
Dep. As. Com. Gen. Love, h. p. 21 Aug.
Med. Depart.—Surg. Fitz-Gerald, h. p. 9 F.
Surg. Sharp, h. p. 6 Vet. Bn.
Surg. Campbell, h. p. 5 Dr. 11 May, 1822
Surg. Girdle-ton, h. p. 10 F. 5 Sept.
As. Surg. Standland, Royal Art. 17 Nov.
Woodwich, Dep. Purv. Raymond, h. p. 1 July.
Hosp. As. Norris, h. p. 25 Nov.
Dep. Inspec. Rose, Ireland.
Surg. Dr Wood, Berwick.
Ass. Surg. Maxwell, h. p. 10 Vet. Bat.
Watkins, late 7 Vet. Bat. Wolverham-
pton, 5 Dec. 1822
Hosp. Assist. Allan, Sierra Leone, 8 Aug.
Donaldson, Sierra Leone, 14 Oct.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

July 23, 1822. At Madras, the Lady of Major George Cadell, Assistant Adjutant-General, of a son.

Dec. 1. In Great King Street, Mrs Thos. Kinnear, of a daughter.

— At Dysart, Mrs Murray, of a daughter.

— At Millbrook, Hants, the Lady of Major-General Sir Patrick Ross, of a son.

1. At 16, Royal Circus, Mrs Reamy, of

— At Edinburgh, the Lady of William Ogilvie, Esq. younger of Chesters, of a son.

— The Lady of J. Anstruther Thomson of Charleston, of a son.

5. In Wimpole Street, London, the Hon. J. T. Leslie Melville, of a daughter.

9. In Hope Street, the Hon. Mrs Peter Ramsay, of a daughter.

— In Gloucester Place, London, the Lady of Spencer Mackay, Esq. of a daughter.

— At Gala House, the Lady of John Scott, Esq. of a son.

10. At Fimbridge House, the Lady of Charles Abram Leslie, Esq.

12. At Sir Archibald Macdonald's, at Eastsheen, Mrs Randolph, of a daughter.

— At 26, Forth Street, Mrs Lyon, of a daughter.

13. At St Andrews, Mrs Grace, of a son.

— At Norfolk House, the Countess of Surrey, of a daughter.

14. At Haulpoe, near Northampton, the Lady of the Hon. and Rev. T. L. Dundas, of a daughter.

— At Rugmont House, Bedfordshire, the Lady of Thomas Potter Macquien, Esq. M. P. of a son and heir.

— In Henriot Row, the Lady of Donald Horne, Esq. W. S. of a son.

15. In Lord in Street, Mrs Boswell, of a son.

— At Florence, the Lady of Alexander Norman Macleod, Esq. of Harris, of a daughter.

17. At Naples, the Lady of Alexander Thompson, Esq. of a daughter.

18. At Maryfield, Edinburgh, Mrs J. Bruce, of a son.

21. In Baker Street, Portman Square, London, the Lady of George Cleghorn, Esq. of Weems, of a daughter.

22. At Brussels, Lady Mabelea Knox, wife of the Hon. John Henry Knox, of a son and heir.

— At Rotterdam, Mrs Jas. Young, of a son.

24. At Portobello, the Lady of William Cochran Anderson, Esq. of Hanchope, of a son.

25. The Lady of Sir James Milles Riddell, of Ardnareurehan and Sumart, Bait. of a daughter and a son and heir.

26. At Holkham, Lady Ann Coke, of a son and heir.

— At Pisa, Capt. Archibald Buchanan, R. N.

— In Charlotte Square, Mrs Tytler, of Woodhouselee, of a son.

28. The Lady of Gilbert Laing Meason, Esq. of Lindberis, of a son.

30. At Bourne Hall, Cambridgeshire, the Countess De la Warr, of a son.

— At Kimblethmont, Lady Jane Lindsay Carnegie, of a daughter.

31. At Edinburgh, Mrs George Forbes, of a daughter.

Jan. 1, 1825. At Cullen, county of Tipperary, the wife of Lieut. W. A. Riach, 79th Highlanders, of a son.

2. In Henriot Row, the Lady of John Dalzell, Esq. of a daughter.

4. In York Place, Mrs Mercer of Gorthy, of a son.

— At Orehard-house, Kelso, Mrs Kell, of a son.

6. At Tinnis, Selkirkshire, Mrs Ballantyne of Playhope, of a daughter.

7. At Hermitage House, the Lady of Alexander Burn, Esq. of a daughter.

— At 17, Union Street, Mrs Robert Dunlop, of a son.

8. At Chelsea, near London, the Lady of And. F. Ramsay, Esq. surgeon, Bengal Establishment, of a daughter.

11. At No. 2, Nelson Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Hogarth, of a son.

12. In Montagu Square, London, the Lady of Colonel Robert Gordon, of a son.

13. At Edinburgh, Mrs Dewar of Lassodie, of a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs George Wauchope, of a son.

14. At Langley, Derbyshire, the Lady of Godfrey Meynell, Esq. of Meynell Langley, of a son.

15. In Bedford Place, London, the Lady of Dr

— At Leith Port, the Lady of Colonel Walker, of a daughter.

18. In Fettes Row, Mrs Pearson, of Myrecaume, of a son.

19. Mrs Bethune, of Blebo, of a daughter.

— At Fyvie, Mrs Dawson, of a daughter.

20. In Duke Street, Westminster, London, Mrs John Campbell, of a daughter.

— At Basill, Mrs Captain M^cEan, 2d West India Regiment of a son.

21. At Ballyhill, near Rochester, the Lady of Captain M^cLeod, C. B. R. N. of a daughter.

24. At No. 16, George Street, Mrs Haldane, of a daughter.

25. At Quilon, Madras, the Lady of Claud Currie, Esq. surgeon, of a daughter.

27. At Armistone Place, Newington, Mrs Charles Siewright, of a daughter.

29. At Baberton, the Lady of Archibald Christie, Esq. of Baberton, of a daughter.

— At York Place, Edinburgh, the Lady of William Plomer, Esq. of a son.

30. At Park-house, Mrs Gordon, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 2. Mr Thomas Pender, jun. of the Stamp Office, Edinburgh, to Eleonora, eldest daughter of Joseph Stewart Menzies, Esq. of Ross.

3. At Cheltenham, Major Hill Dickson, 6th regiment, to Caroline Emma, second daughter of Thomas Stoughton, Esq. of Ballyhorgan, county of Kerry.

— At Kinkaidy, Captain William Beveridge, of the 9th regt. of Kinkaidy, to Margaret, daughter of James Henry Esq. Kinkaidy.

— At Gladsmuir, Mr George Harley of Hadlington, to Margaret, only daughter of Mr George Maclellan, of Stirling.

7. At Aberdeen, William Allardice, Esq. wine-merchant, to Janet, daughter of Alex. Dingwall, Esq. postmaster.

— At Holkham Church, the Hon. Spencer Stanhope, of Canon Hill, near Leeds, to Miss Coke, daughter of Thomas William Coke, Esq. one of the representatives of the county of Norfolk.

6. At Invercunion House, Sutherlandshire, Mr James Finlayson, Culhi, Ross shire, to Janet, youngest daughter of Captain John Sutherland.

7. At St Mary's, Bournemouth, John Lambert, Esq. second son of the late Rev. Josias Lambert, of Canphill, Yorkshire, to Janet, eldest daughter of Matthew Boyd, Esq. of Bournemouth.

8. At London, the Earl of Belfair, eldest son of the Marquis of Donegal, to Lady Harriet Butler, eldest daughter of the Earl of Glenkell.

11. At Douglas Church, near Cork, Charles Wedderburn Webster, Esq. of the Carabmers, to Rebecca, youngest daughter of the late Sir James Chatterton, Bait. of CastleMahon, in the county of Cork.

12. At Lyndhurst, Hampshire, Daniel Gurney, Esq. of North Runcton, Norfolk, to Lady Harriet Hay, sister of the Earl of Errol.

— At Rothsay, Isle of Bute, Mr James Malcolm Noble, Lieutenant of his Majesty's late 95th regiment, to Susannah, second daughter of William Macrae, Esq. Rothsay.

17. At Leith, John Bow, merchant, Edinburgh, to Helen, only daughter of Mr Daniel Miller.

20. At Dumfries, James Macarthur, Esq. Glasgow, to Mary, second daughter of the late Captain Richard Johnston Waugh, and relict of James Reid, Esq. Edinburgh.

23. At Aberdeen, Alexander Ewing, M.D. physician in Aberdeen, to Barbara, eldest daughter of Thomas M^cCombie, Esq. of Easter Skene.

23. At Edinburgh, Lieut.-Colonel Rose, Portuguese service, to Catherine, eldest daughter of James Waddell, Esq. of Kingston, Jamaica.

— At Town, Captain Robert Pinkerton, to Henrietta Laura, eldest daughter of the Rev. Archibald Alison, senior minister of St Paul's Chapel, Edinburgh.

25. At Grange, Alexander Stoddart, Esq. younger of Ballincriek, to Jessie, daughter of William Young, Esq. Buntland.

— At Cleveland Park, Mr Alexander Pura, North Belwick, to Mary Ann, daughter of Mr William Walker.

26. At Edinburgh, Sir Alexander Ramsay of Balmain, Bart, M.P. to Elizabeth, second daughter of the Hon. William Maule of Polmont, M.P.

— At Edinburgh, the Rev. John Hunter, A.M. of Magdalene College, Oxford, and youngest son of James Hunter, Esq. of Holloway, Middlesex, to Douglas, eldest daughter of the late Robert Robert Richardson, Esq. of Perth.

— At Dalkeith, Thomas Branden, F.R.S.E. to Jessie, daughter of the late Alex. Grant, Esq. W.S.

27. At Edinburgh, James Rutherford, Esq. W.S. to Susanah Haddcastle, of Houghton, daughter of the deceased Michael Haddcastle of Houghton, Esq. in the county of Durham.

28. In North Street, Edinburgh, James Bleek, Esq. of Kentish Town, near London, to Susan, third daughter of Adam Wilson, Esq. deputy-clerk of session.

29. At Tanfield, near Edinburgh, Peter Scott, Esq. agent for the Commercial Bank of Scotland, Clerk, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Mr Alexander Scott, merchant, Edinburgh.

Jan. 1. At Bonside, Lumbthorough, A. Thomson, Esq. surgeon, in the Hon. East India Company's service, to Sarah Ann Trimmick, daughter of Wyville Smyth, Esq. M.D. of Bonside.

15. At London, the Hon. Major General Fethermar, only brother of the Earl of Pomfret, to Miss Brough, eldest daughter of Sir Richard Brough, Bart. and niece to Lord Viscount Litch.

14. At Aikenhead, John Stewart Wood, Esq. to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of James Buchanan, Esq.

16. At Richmond, Henry Dymoke, Esq. eldest son of the Hon. and Rev. the Champion Dymoke, to Emma, second daughter of Wm. Pearce, Esq. of Billingham, Norfolk.

16. At Hampstead, Thomas Beckwith, Esq. of Bedford Place, to Elizabeth Sophia, second daughter of the late John Spottiswoode, Esq. of Spottiswoode.

— The Rev. James Roger, minister of Dunino, Fifeshire, to Janet, daughter of the Rev. Mr Haldane of Kingoldrum.

— At Camphelon, Ayrshire, Captain Watts, 75th Regiment, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Colonel Campbell of Gientreham.

20. At Aberdeen, Captain James Farquharson, Hon. East India Company's Service, Bombay Establishment, to Forbes, only daughter of the late Geo. Gerra, jun. Esq. of Miltstath.

21. At Inchnure, John MacCocks, Esq. younger of Lappwood, County of Northumberland, to Anne, second daughter of the late Rev. Dr Davidson, of Raynec.

— At Haddington, George Dunlop, Esq. to Nancy, youngest daughter of James Wilkie, Esq. of Ratho Byres.

— John Knapp, Esq. to Jessie Murray, daughter of the late Alexander Kerr, Esq. of Clatto.

— At the house of the British Ambassador, at Florence, Prince Sapichia, to Miss Bold, of Bold Hall, Lancashire, daughter and heiress of the late Peter Pettit Bidd, Esq.

25. At 119, George Street, John Hall, Esq. eldest son of Sir James Hall of Dunglass, Bart. to Miss Juliana Walker, youngest daughter of the late James Walker, Esq. of Dalry, Principal Clerk of Session.

27. At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Marshall, merchant, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Mr Robert Gilmore, merchant.

30. At Edinburgh, Capt. Wm. Balfour, R.N. to Mary Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Baikie of Kirkwall, Esq.

Feb. 1. At Edinburgh, Thomas Dean, Esq. of Dring, to Elizabeth, daughter of William Mackie of Dalkeith, Esq.

29. At Glasgow, the Rev. Alex. Lang, M.A. Southend, to Christian, daughter of Daniel Reid, Esq. of Balquhadder.

DEATHS.

March 23, 1822. At Macao, where he had proceeded for the benefit of his health, George Crutenden, Esq. of the firm of Crutenden, Mackillop, and Company, (formerly Downie and Company.)

April 18. At Chumrahi, in Bengal, Captain John Gordon, 25th regiment of Bengal Native Infantry, and son of George Gordon, Esq. Inspector of Taxes.

May 18. On his return from India, William, the eldest son of William Fairlie, Esq. Portland Crescent, London.

1. At Jarrudi, Lieut. William Boyle, of the 10th Regiment Madras Native Infantry.

June. At Cokent, Mr L.C. Pearson, son of the late Mr John Archibald Skelton.

11. At Valparaiso, South America, James Stewart, Esq. second son of the deceased James Stewart, Esq. of Glasgow, Perthshire.

22. At Bedford, Lieut. James Allan, of the 24th Regiment Madras Native Infantry, second son of the late Mr Allan, plumber, Edinburgh.

July 6. At Calcutta, John Angus, Esq. one of the Commissioners of the Court of Regency.

24. At Calcutta, Basil Ronald, jun. Esq. of the house of Messrs Tulloch and Co.

Aug. 1. On board the General Goodwin, on his passage from London to England, John Lewis, Esq.

Sept. 7. At Granada, Mr Michael McVern, son of the late Rev. Patrick McVern, Minister of Keshorn.

10. At Benevolon, William Jack, Esq. Assistant Surgeon, of the Bengal Medical Establishment.

22. At his seat, Underdonk, near Vienna, General and Field Marshal Baron Leopold von Weyersbach, died from an aneurism, and pulmonary disease, in the county of Tyrol, a branch of which he had visited in 1767, in which province he was born, and in 1767. He distinguished himself in the campaigns during the wars brought on by the French Revolution, and deservedly attained the high honours.

Oct. 1. On board the Henry Porter, Portuguese, on her voyage homeward, when off the Cape of Good Hope, Mr William Niven, Assistant Surgeon of the Madras European Regiment, aged 27, son of the Rev. Dr Niven of Dunblod.

10. At Brionia, the Rev. Alex. Ewing, one of the clergymen of that island, and eldest son of the late Alexander Ewing, mathematician, Edinburgh.

— At Halifax, Nova Scotia, the Hon. John Fraser, a member of His Majesty's Council to that place.

19. At Orange Hill, Tobago, Mr Alex. McGee, of Balhalloo, in the county of Perth.

20. At George Town, Demerara, Com. Campbell, Esq. of Good Success, Esquimaux.

Nov. 12. At Wallana field Estate, Jamaica, Peter, second son of the late George Moore, Esq.

18. At Selkirk, Manse, Miss Robert only wife of Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Robertson, of the Bengal Engineers.

19. At Stirling, Miss Juliet, Glaswegian.

20. At her house at Nairn, Mrs Craig, widow of Mr George Craig, sometime acting surgeon of the Custom-house, Liverpool.

25. Mrs Jane Fleming, widow of William Scott, Esq. formerly of the Island of Madeira.

25. At Peterhead, John Harlaw, Esq. aged 80. 26. At London, after a short illness, Colonel Archibald Schuyler, 4th Viscount of the advanced age, it is believed, of 96 or 97 years. For more than four-score years he held the Royal commission, and in the course of the long and active career, commanded at Detroit, Michilimackinac, and other parts of Upper Canada, during the most stormy period of the American war, and among nations not only fierce and savage, but decidedly hostile to the British government. Among his other services, the late Colonel de Pevsler at one time commanded the garrison at Plymouth, and while discharging that duty, he had occasion to be introduced to the Prince of Wales, then, it is presumed, a very young man. This circumstance has

dious illness, Hans Hamilton, Esq. M. P. for the county of Dublin.

—At his house, in Great Russel Street, Bloomsbury, London, William Blair, Esq. surgeon.

—At Broughty Ferry, Dundee, in the 103d year of his age, Mr Thomas Abbott. He was born in the reign of King George I. He never used spectacles, and scarcely was ever known to have one day's illness till his death.

—At York, aged 65, Mr. Harrison. Her death was occasioned by a pin running into her thumb whilst washing, which brought on a mortification.

Jan. 1. 1825. At Falmouth, aged 80, Arthur Kempe, Admiral of the Red. The deceased assisted at the glorious affair of Quebec, where the immortal Wolfe fell, and accompanied Captains Cook and Furneaux in their respective voyages of discovery.

—At No. 14, James's Square, Mrs Spankie, relict of Mr George Spankie, merchant.

—At Belfield, Mr Simpson, aged 91, many years surgeon in Dalketh.

—In Gr at P. and L Street, London, Archibald Neilson, Esq. merchant.

—At Worre Jer, Eliza Emily, daughter of the late Robert Campbell, Esq. of Calcutta.

—At Dumfries, Colonel Sir John Watd-law, Bart.

—At Fern's Hill, near Canonnills, Mrs Margaret Kinney, wife of the late Alexander Kinney, Esq. banker in Edinburgh.

3. At Aberdeen, the Rev. David Sim, minister of the Union Chapel of Ease of that city.

—At Selkirk, Andrew Henderson, Esq. of Midgehope.

4. In Bath Street, Portobello, Mrs Elizabeth Innes, relict of George Innes, Esq. late Inspector General of the Stamp Duties for Scotland.

—At Leith, Mr John Paterson, civil engineer there.

—At Carlin, Mrs Nisbet of Carlin.

—At Marshall Place, Perth, John White, Esq. of Eskmills.

5. At his house, in Philip Street, Mr Charles Moode.

—Robert Proctor, Esq. writer to the signet.

—At Falkirk, Mr James Russell of Blackbrae.

6. At Court-house, near Edinburgh, Mr Robert Camrond Boswell, eldest son of Wm. Boswell, Esq. advocate.

—At Rockhall, Argyllshire, Mrs Caroline Campbell, daughter of the deceased Donald Campbell, Esq. of Ards.

—At Lundlaw, Abraham Logan, Esq. of Burnhouses.

—At Edinburgh, Mrs Mary Campbell, Wellington Street, aged 81.

—In Queen Square, Westminster, London, Henry Savage, Esq. Admiral of the White, aged 87.

7. At Glasgow, Mr E. S. Hutton, civil engineer.

—At Edinburgh, Mrs Bethune, widow of Henry Bethune, Esq. of Edinburgh.

—At Stankys, Dac of Wyle, many years blacksmith and farmer to the family of Ramsay, Barons of Balmam, in the 95th year of his age, ninety-three of which he resided in that place.

—At Newton House, Mrs Colonel Montgomerie, of Newton.

—At Draycot, in Wiltshire, Lady Catherine Tylny Long, relict of Sir James Tylny Long, Bart.

8. At Edinburgh, Mrs Cleghorn, Colington.

—At Edinburgh, Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander James Ross, late of the Royal Scots Fusiliers.

9. At St Andrews, Mr S. B. Balgarnie, niece of the late Mr Robert Richard of London.

—At Ladyfield Place, Miss Alison Tweedie.

—At No. 2, Hope Street, Mrs Stewart, late of Strathgroy.

—At Glasgow, the Rev. Neil Douglas, aged 73.

10. At West Court, Mr John Gillespie, late in Kilmorie, Island.

—At Bath, Mrs Letitia Fordyce, aged 88, relict of Dr James Fordyce, author of the celebrated "Sermons to Young Women," and sister of the late Mr James Cunningham, Secretary to the Antiquarian Society of Scotland.

—At Kensington, Viscountess Dowager Montagu.

—At Aberdeen, Alexander Robertson, Esq. advocate there.

11. At her house, Portobello, Mrs Elizabeth C. McKinnon.

—At Musselburgh, Mrs Boyle, widow of Capt. Robert Boyle, of the 42d Regiment.

—At Glasgow, Jane, youngest daughter of Dr William Meikleham, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University there.

—At Abbey House, Arkwath, Miss Colvil, eldest daughter of the late Wm. Colvil, Esq.

12. At Dumfries, William Jardine, Esq. surgeon, R. N.

—Anne Graeme Dalrymple, third daughter of Robert Dalrymple Horne Elphinstone of Horne and Logie Elphinstone, Esq.

—At Invermay, Mrs Hepburn Belches, relict of Col. Hepburn Belches, of Invermay.

—At Culross, Capt. Duncan Fletcher.

—At Sydenham, Roxburghshire, James Hall-dane, Esq. Auctioneer.

13. At Maryfield, Leslie, Mr David Johnston.

—At New Town, Abbotshall, Mrs Shaw, relict of the Rev. George Shaw, minister of Abbotshall.

15. At Leith Links, Mrs Capt. Pratt, daughter of the late George Heggie, Esq. of Pites.

—At Howard Place, in the 15th year of her age, Fanny, second daughter of Mr Boyd of Broadacres.

16. At Chapel Court, Mrs Margaret Swan, wife of Mr Alex. McDonald, merchant, Edinburgh.

—At Pittavenn, Jean, daughter of the Rev. Joseph Purdie.

—At No. 5, York Place, Edinburgh, Miss Margaret Kennedy.

—Lady Frederica Stanhope, eldest daughter of the Earl of Ma-feld, and wife of the Hon. J. H. Stanhope. Her infant died on the following day.

—At Mill Hill, Musselburgh, Mrs Lindsay, widow of Lieutenant Colonel John Lindsay, of the 53d Regiment.

17. At Edinburgh, David Ramsay, Esq. late merchant in London.

—In France, Mr John Ferdinand Lumsden, eldest son of Hany Lumsden, Esq. of Bellicote.

—At Denholm, in the parish of Cavers, Mr James Andrew, surgeon.

—At Glasgow, John Mure, Esq. formerly of Quebec, Lower Canada.

—At Edinburgh, John, aged 15 months, youngest son of the Rev. Dr Muir.

19. In Buedoch Place, after a very short illness, Dr Henry Dewar of Lusside.

20. In Camden Street, Edington, Richard Temple, late Lieutenant Colonel of the 25d Regiment Welsh Fusiliers, and Captain of the 87th Regiment of Foot, one of the oldest officers in his Majesty's service.

—Stoney Bank, Frances, wife of Major J. S. Sinclair, Royal Artillery, and youngest daughter of the late Captain D. Ramsay, R. N.

—At Arlrie, Kirkcubright, David Walker Arnot, Esq. of Arlrie.

23. At Colington, the Rev. John Fleming of Grange, minister of Colington, in the 73d year of his age, for many years well known in this city and neighbourhood, and highly esteemed by a numerous circle of friends.

—At Kirkaldy, Mr Henry Beveridge, aged 26 years, eldest son of Mr George Beveridge, wood-merchant there.

—At Clifton, Elizabeth Grey, wife of A. G. Harford Batter-by, Esq. and youngest daughter of the late Major-General Dundas of Fimysk.

25. At Aberdeen, Mrs Beeson, widow of James Beeson, Esq. of Budeau.

—At Musselburgh, the Rev. William Smith, minister of the Episcopal chapel there.

26. At Berkeley, in the 7th year of his age, after a very short illness, Dr Jenner, the illustrious discoverer of Vaccination.

27. In Bedford Row, London, Charles Hutton, LL.D. F.R.S. &c. in the 84th year of age. This venerable character will be remembered with gratitude as long as useful sciences fully appreciated. He had been an eminent author for upwards of sixty years, and during forty of that period, he discharged the arduous duty of Professor of Mathematics, at the Royal Military Academy, at Woolwich, with the highest honour to himself and advantage to his country.

—At the Manse of Kirc-Lassie, Helen Halybar-ton, infant daughter of the Rev. J. M. Cunningham.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LXXIV.

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, NO. 17, PRINCE'S STREET, EDINBURGH:

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON:

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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LXXIV.

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. Vol. XII.

THE CANDID.

No. II.

MR NORTH,

The insertion of a paper of mine in your invaluable miscellany, by entitling me to rank as an author of the very highest class, renders apology needless for saying something of a personage so important as I perceive myself to be. On such a subject, I am aware that one is liable to become tedious long before he suspects it, and can only promise not thus to transgress again.

When I sat down to pass away an idle hour in writing remarks on *The Liberal*, in my chambers in London that publication had just come out, and the name met the eye of the pedestrian wherever he turned—as is always the case when a new work of a trading author appears, if he understands his business. In the remote part of this northern kingdom where I have resided since, *The Liberal* is unknown; inasmuch, that although I pass some hours of almost every day in a large and populous town, the first intimation I received that a second number had appeared, was through the channel of your Magazine for January.—People are unapt to suppose that a work which is unknown within the sphere of their own observation, attracts notice in the world. When business called me to your Athens for two days in January, I believed the subject to be stale and out of date, and wanted confidence to ask a place in *Maga*, for a paper that had lain by me, disregarded, upwards of a month. It was left at Mr Blackwood's, with a written request that it might be published by itself, or burnt; but without an expectation that it would be so published, or a wish that it should be destroyed.

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unused. In submitting its fate to Mr B.'s decision, my view was, to give it a chance of escaping the flames, by finding its way into that Linbo of Variety, the Balaam box, if such a receptacle for all vain things, embryos, abortions, and unfinished works, has a real material existence; and my hope, that it would not lie unnoticed, but that I might some day have the pleasure of recognizing my own engrafted blossoms, springing from the stem of some nobler plant. There was nothing confidential in the way in which it was thrust upon him; and a paper, of which the writer made so little account, might have been used in whatever way appeared most convenient.

When I took up the pen, it was no part of my purpose to play the critic, or to take notice of poetical, or literary beauties or blemishes, merely as such. But moral beauties and blemishes in poetical works, are poetical beauties and blemishes of the highest kind; and some literary offences amount to moral misdemeanours at least. Since the offices of CENSOR and of CRITIC thus interfere with and slide into each other, I shall not be over scrupulous in my adherence to the office to which I appointed myself, but I still desire the former rather than the latter to be considered as my proper department.

I acknowledge that an obligation to furnish a No. II. is conveyed in the very title of No. I., at least should my fellow-labourers in Italy persevere in their exertions to improve and enlighten the world by continuing *The Liberal*. In the care that I observe has been bestowed on my paper to clear it of grammatical errors, I find an as-

2 K

insurance more satisfactory than what is furnished by its being received into the Magazine, that a continuance of my correspondence will not be unacceptable. (I wish the corrector of the MS. had also superintended the printing.) Unfortunately, I am one of those barren vessels who are gagged, unless you minister occasion to them. I can make nothing out of nothing. The promise to proceed with *The Candid* should have been conditional, "To appear whenever *The Liberal* shall furnish a subject." That I may redeem my pledge, since it has inconsiderately been given, I shall lag at it; but, (to speak in the style of the shrewd people I sojourn amongst,) a man who dines on pin-the-widdies, soon looks like his meat. A paper on *The Liberal*, No. II., must be a meagre one; and whilst I am picking the bones of this poor pin-the-widdle, I cannot be blamed if I attempt to mend my dinner with a slice of something better.

Now that the reader knows as much of the origin and object of *The Candid* as it imports him to know, or suits me to impart, I proceed.

The second number of The Liberal opens with "Heaven and Earth," a poem professing to be founded on a passage in Holy Writ. Whatever may be the proper interpretation of this passage, spiritual beings, the inhabitants of the blest abodes, where there is no marrying or giving in marriage, never became the husbands to material creatures. There is no foundation for charging such an absurdity on the Scriptures, in the words of the passage. Mr Moore, who has fallen into the same blunder with Byron, more modestly sinks his text from a romance.

The sin that forms the very essence of Byron's mysteries, and the seasoning of many of his other poems, is a seeming purpose, an evident and unquestionable tendency whether purposed or not, the very reverse of that which Milton proposes as the theme and purpose of his divine poem; to

"assert eternal Providence,

"And justify the ways of God to man."

This impious tendency, perhaps, is not so offensively prominent in his "Heaven and Earth," as in some of his other productions, yet sufficiently apparent to turn his gold into dross, were it much finer in other respects than it really is at best. In the "Mys-

teries," and other works alluded to, the reader sees nothing in the Creator and Governor of the world, but the author of misery and suffering to his creatures. In "Heaven and Earth," the impending destruction of the human race is the theme constantly dwelt upon; the universal wickedness, that produced it is but incidentally mentioned, never brought home to the reader's heart, or impressed on his imagination. The sufferers are the parties with whom he must sympathize, if he enters into the views of the author. In some of his other pieces, the wickedness of the gloomy beings who think themselves hardly dealt with, because they cannot alter the course of nature, is not brought out of sight, but vindicated, or charged on the Author of their being, as unavoidable. No man can easily self-deceive so far as to suppose that he is serving a righteous cause by thus representing our nature, or the Author of it.

A poet who professes to take his tale from history or tradition, though not bound by the strict rules imposed on the historian, whose most indispensable duty is fidelity to truth, is not at liberty to pervert history. He is not required to adhere scrupulously to facts, but his inventions must be in perfect accordance with the great outline, and with the genius and character of the genuine story, or the received tradition, and carry the semblance of truth to those who believe the relations on which they are founded. Even imaginary beings, the creations of fancy, should act and speak in conformity to some received theory or hypothesis, respecting their nature and existence. When an important lesson is indicated by a great event, the drift of the story should be more fixed, if possible, to the point than to the facts. It demands talents of a high kind, to invent a tale in accordance with known facts, and to represent men acting suitably to the circumstances in which they were placed, and the characters they sustained in the world, than to invent a romance, and apply historical names to creations of the author's brain.

The inspired historian has recorded, that the whole world was destroyed by a flood for the wickedness of its inhabitants. The family of one righteous man, who had maintained his integrity amidst the universal corruption,

were miraculously preserved to repopulate the earth, and be the founders of a new race. Byron must either have supposed that he had already made more progress in Italianizing and Mahomedanizing the people of England, than he ever will; or he must have forgotten that Japhet had a wife, else he would not have represented a member of this separated and consecrated family cherishing an adulterous passion for a daughter of Cain, especially when it is further considered, that such intercourse with their race seems to have been, from the beginning, interdicted to the descendants of Seth; and much of the wickedness that prevailed in the world was ascribed to the disregard of this prohibition. Yet the author of "Heaven and Earth" has not only done this, but the whole interest of the poem rests on this exceptional circumstance. Strike out the passion of the patriarch for Arah, and you annihilate "Heaven and Earth" at once. The "eccentric jester of Syphax" to the Numidian prince—"Cato's a proper person to entrust a love-tale with,"—seems applicable to the poet. "A patriarch's a proper hero for a love-tale." If he only desired to astonish the natives, and would rather excite momentary wonder than lasting admiration, it must be admitted that he knew what he was about, and has taken the best method to attain his end. But the readers are many whom this will not satisfy; who think that a patriarch, in a serious poem, should speak and act as becomes a patriarch, and an angel as becomes an angel; and that it is not consonant to good taste or good sense, to transform patriarchs and angels into Laras, even in a poem.

That an angel, who kept his first estate when Satan fell, should renounce Heaven rather than forego a passion for a daughter of Eve—a passion that was as hopeless to a lost as to an upright spirit—is an extravagant absurdity. I am not theologian enough to know, whether it is agreeable to the usually received notions respecting the world of spirits, that inhabitants of Heaven have fallen since the creation of the material world.* It seems to

militate against an important article in the natural belief of mankind, as well as the particular creed of Christendom. We are taught that this world only will be to ourselves a state of trial; and that when we are called hence to be judged for the deeds done in the body, our state will be finally and forever fixed. If an angel may still lose his place in Heaven, so may departed men, who have been absolved from the sins committed on earth. There is still war in Heaven, and the powers of darkness are not brought under controul. It more concerns us to reflect that such is really the case in this world, as far as each individual is concerned, than to strain after knowledge, or lose ourselves in vain conjectures, respecting matters on which knowledge is unattainable. I do not think it blameless to indulge in vain speculations on matters which we have not faculties to comprehend; and erroneous notions on points that have been subjects of unprofitable controversy, since books began to be written, may be inculcated more effectually in a romance or poem, than in a formal treatise.

The graver offences of such a mis- as Byron's, ought not to be treated lightly; they should be examined, not ridiculed. But enough of this. More venial trespasses shall be noticed anon. When I consider "Heaven and Earth" not as a separate work, but a component part of *The Liberal*, No II., I am sensible, that whoever censures, or applauds, or speaks of it at all with a serious face, makes a very ridiculous appearance.

Is it true, sir, as seems to be intimated in a note in your last number, under title "Heaven and Earth," that Lord Byron has added another Cockney to the number of accomplished scholars and friends who share his task?—Hazlitt!—I have seen some of the writings of Mr Hazlitt, and that is saying enough. This will not do long, my Lord Byron; be assured of that. Bind a log of wood and a block of stone together, and cast them on the water; if the buoyant power of the log is so strong as effectually to counteract the bathic tendency of the block, of course

* The opinion, I believe, is Mahomedan. The angels, Harud and Marud, accusers of mankind, were sent to the earth to make trial of their temptations, and were soon seduced into every kind of wickedness. They were punished by being suspended by the feet till the day of judgment. I write from memory, and cannot quote my authority.

they both swim. If the weightier substance is undermost, as it will be, unless means are used to place and keep it uppermost, the log may be so foolish as to suppose, that it rests upon, and is carried by, the block; but if you give it another such supporter, all three go down together. I do not say but that such a spar as Byron may bear up two such blocks as Hunt and Hazlitt; but it is a hazardous, and at best an unprofitable experiment, to try how many such blocks it can float with. If the blocks are but laid upon the spar, not made fast to it, it may have the good fortune, at some lucky moment, to spill them, and right again; but after being for a length of time water-logged, it will never again stand so well up from the water as it did before.

Byron is known to be a reader and admirer of your Magazine; and the parable of the spar and the blocks is meant as a friendly whisper for his own private ear. His Lordship must have discovered me to be a warm admirer of his works; and, I doubt not, will take it in good part.

I agree with you; that there is no kind of coherence, or keeping, between this poetic scrap, "Heaven and Earth," and the other parts of the publication; but I must be allowed to say, that in the note above alluded to, you represent the discordance between them by too strong a figure. Think not, sir, that I am swayed by partiality or sympathy for the Cockneys, as being myself a denizen of Cockenzie, in saying so. It is not in thinking better than you do, of the other parts of the work, but in not thinking quite so well as you seem to do of the first, that I differ from you. The ape's buttocks, and the sto's tail, aptly enough represent the hinder parts of the monster; but I see nothing of the lion in his front, but the audacity. Byron and a leash of Cockneys clubbing their wits to produce an obscene Magazine, and bringing forth such an abortion as *The Liberal*, is certainly a sad, droll, strange, tragi-comic, melo-dramatic spectacle—a "mystery"—a phenomenon, almost as much out of the ordinary course of nature, as two sons of light or darkness flying off with a brace of damsels of substantial flesh and blood, to their villa in the milky-way.

The loves of sylphs and ladies, of spiritual and corporeal beings, may be

pretty subjects for a fairy tale, or a playful effusion of wanton and wayward fancy, like the Rape of the Lock; but the monstrosity is too glaring to form the ground-work of a tale, not avowedly burlesque or allegorical. The elopement of spirits with children of dust, is an incident that wants the sanction of reason, good taste, popular opinion, history, or tradition. It is only countenanced by the mythology which school-boys learn from their pantheons, and when endowed with natural good sense, learn to despise before they cease to be boys; and by romances, which the good sense of later ages had discarded from their literature, although the superior sense of this enlightened age seems willing to restore them to favour. Milton is so far from countenancing any thing so monstrous and inconceivable as sexual love between spiritual and material creatures, that his Adam speaks to Raphael of the passion to which he was too much enthralled by female charms, even where it was properly and naturally placed, as a weakness of which he seems to be half ashamed,

"Here passion first I felt—
Commotion strange! In all enjoyments else.
Superior and unmoved. Here only, weak
Against the charms of Beauty's powerful
glance."

The angel rebukes him for yielding to a subjection unworthy the perfection of his nature, and warns him of the debasement and disgrace in which it might involve him. This produces a question from the man, whether sexual love made no part of the happiness of the blest above. To whom the angel (with a smile that glowed celestial rosy red, love's proper hue) answered,

"Let it suffice thee, that thou know'st
Us happy; and without love, no happiness!"

Whatever pure thou in thy body enjoy'st,
And pure thou wert created, we enjoy
In eminence."

What Adam says on another occasion, may be applied to these unnatural conjunctions:

"Among unequals, what society
Can sort, what harmony, and true delight!"

In Byron's poem, they are censured by Noah, as improper and unlawful, but this does not lessen the absurdity of supposing them possible.

The extraordinary flight on which I have dwelt too long, is an incident of a Blackmoreish character; I was about to say a Cockneyish idea; and had I said so, I might have been more than half right. When it is considered what sort of company the poet keeps, it is to be expected that his productions should now and then shew a tinge of the London brown. "Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you what you are," is a proverbial saying, of which all men acknowledge the justice. Lovers, it is said, have been known to assimilate in the very features of their faces; and, it is palpable to every-day observation, that manner is catching, and that the character of the society we affect, is reflected in the expression of the face. "It is a wonderful thing," says Falstaff, "to see the semblable coherence of Master Shallow's men's spirits and his; they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man. Their spirits are so married in conjunction, with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent like so many wild-geese." Just so will it be with the members of the Pisan congress, should it sit much longer. The serving-men will return to their sooty holes most Byronized Cockneys, with a whimsical mixture of half-expressed characters reflected from their faces, that will be quite irresistible; a dash of gentlemanlike expression, which nature never formed their faces to indicate, obscuring, but not obliterating, the vacancy, self-conceit, and littleness of mind, indelibly stamped on them by the hand of nature. A Saracen's head converted into a Christopher North, or a Sir Roger de Coverley into a Saracen's head, by the touches of a country sign-dauber, is not so good a joke. On the other part, Byron, for the rest of his life, will be a most spruce, smutched, and cockney-like genius, man of fashion, lord, and poet. O, for the love of fun! may the conjunction last, till the double semi-metamorphoses are brought to their just point of consummation! On his Lordship's part, the process seems to have begun, and to have made some progress.

It would be offering an indignity to the word, to call the speakers in this drama, CHARACTERS.

The antediluvian sisters speak not like inhabitants of earth, and yet are on't.

Anah. But if our father see the sight!
Aho. He would but deem it was the moon
Rising into some sorcerer's tune
An hour too soon."

When "Heaven and Earth" appears on the stage, these lines, to the tune of "Molly put the kettle on," will be received with the applause due to their merit. No person who has a musical ear can read the verses, especially the last emphatic line, without being reminded by the measure, of the air to which they are so happily adapted.

I called Byron's Angels and Patriarchs, Laras. But Japhet, — (the others are absolute cyphers,) — Japhet is not even a Lara. The "vain boy," as Father Noah calls him, (and truly some grains of allowance should be made for his extreme youth, for he had but just entered on his second century; he was only a hundred years old :) — The vain boy is a puppy, and utters conceits, such as were never spoken by man, except on the stage, or at a spouting-club. I would say, that his comrade Irad had the sense of a score of Japhets, but that he also has a bee in his bonnet. Irad is a political economist.

"I would not feel as thou dost, for more
shekels
Than all our father's herds would bring, if
weigh'd
Against the metal of the sons of Cain.
The yellow dust they try to barter with us,
As if such useless and discolour'd trash,
The refuse of the earth, could be received
For milk, and wool, and flesh, and fruits,
and all
Our flocks and wilderness afford."

There is a depreciation of the metallic currency for you! One of the ha, ha, ha's, of the following scene might have been here introduced with good effect. Every reader, and every audience, would have joined in it. I should like to know if the Liberals condescend to barter their verse and prose for the yellow dust, the discolour'd trash, the metal of the sons of Cain, so much contemned by Irad.

If I have any where offended, by speaking with too little respect of this work, I have made ample amends by laying before the reader this favourable specimen. In my simple judgment, the above is the most poetical,

purpose-like, and antediluvian-like speech in the poem.

The Seraphs evidently belong to that class of spirits whom Dousterswivel called "nobodies." If the obscurity in which these nobodies are wrapped, produces in positive beauty, it has the negative merit of securing the author against positive blunders; the follies that overrun the work of a contemporary who has chosen the same theme. It cannot be said, that Byron has studied nature, or acquired his notions of Angels in a poultry-yard. It cannot be said, that when he paints an Angel, a barn-door cock, or a pigeon, sits for the picture.

This will be supposed to be an allusion to Moore's *Loves of the Angels*. But, speaking of pictures, I must leave angels and antediluvians for a moment, to say a word or two about a species of beings with whom the people of England have long been supposed to be better acquainted. Who, in the name of wonder, can have sat to the Liberals for their picture of a Scotchman? Can Lord Byron have lived in the world, and Messrs Hunt and Hazlitt have lived in London, thirty or forty years, without seeing a Scotchman? Their picture may be a likeness; but if it is, the whole race have emigrated or become extinct. On this northern side of the Grampians, (where I have resided since the year came in, and where I care not if I remain as much longer,) I have not met with a single Scotchman, or a being at all resembling one.

Byron, having got through the introductory part of his subject, in the form of a drama, in verse of various measure, the conclusion is abruptly dispatched in something like a direction to the scene-shifters, expressed in four lines of plain prose.

"The waters rise: men fly in every direction; many are overtaken by the waves; the choros of mortals disperse in search of safety up the mountains; Japhet remains upon a rock, while the ark floats towards him in the distance."

This is more like Swift's city shower than the great flood. The ark coming to the Patriarch, instead of the Patri-

arch going into the ark, before the waters rose, as related by Moses, has a fine effect. Or did she only bring-to for a passenger left behind? Blackmore would have built his ark on the stocks; launched her into the great deep; naming her at the same time with the usual formality of throwing a bottle of wine at her head; and brought her up, and moored her in not less than fifty fathoms water; Noah at the helm, and the vain boy Japhet in the main-chains, heaving the deep sea lead.

Mr Moore might have delayed the publication of his *Loves of the Angels*, till the work of which they are to form a part, shall be finished.

He would not have found himself anticipated by any thing in Byron's *Mystery*. In his preface, he is most successful in shewing that he is sensible of the objections to which his choice of a subject is exposed, than in obviating them. It is something that he disclaims all pretence to Scriptural authority for his absurdities.

Byron and Moore are likely to have many imitators, where they may be imitated with so little expense of genius. If the wham-tals amongst a chorlings, of creating angels after their own hearts, the world will soon swarm with whig angels and toby angel cockney angels and dandy angel spouting angels and reforming angel black spirits and white, blue spirit and grey.

To descend, according to rule, from "Heaven and Earth," to the rant "On the Spirit of Monachy," I should be nine days and a half in falling. But by turning over a few leaves of the *Liberal*, I find a short cut that leads me from the one to the other, in half as many seconds. A piece called the *Gulch Tree* lies in the way to break the fall. *Gulch Tree*, the author tells us, means fifteen pence; and a dear bargain the publisher would have had of it, at fifteen pence, if purchased for any other purpose than to fill a space in a publication, graced by a work from the pen of Byron. Should Casts fall in with this piece, if he is alive, and can read English, he will henceforth regard a translator with more horror than a creditor.

* I intended, when I began this letter, to say more on this publication. But my remarks lay near the surface, and will be made by hundreds. The omission can be re-

It cost me some pains before I was satisfied that I had come at the meaning of the piece, entitled "On the Spirit of Monarchy." When I first got bewildered in this chaos of sound and fury, signifying nothing,

-- Where forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wanders lost,"

I supposed it to be an attempt to revive an antiquated species of humour, called banter, in high vogue amongst wits of a certain level about a century ago. Tom Brown's Meditation on a bellows, is one of the best specimens extant. As an attempt at banter, the chief fault of this rant in *The Liberal*, is its length; for nothing of the kind can extend beyond fifteen or twenty lines, before the aim is discovered, and the jest at an end. This fills as many pages. It is not the worse that there is something like a glimmering of meaning breaks out here and there; for the humour of banter lay in fixing the attention of the banterer or person addressed, and amusing the company with his perplexity at not being able to find a meaning, in words huddled together without any. The following tolerable specimen of banter occurs in the first page:—"Man is an individual animal, with narrow faculties, but infinite desires; which he is anxious to concentrate on some one object without the grasp of his imagination, and where, if he cannot be all that he wishes himself, he may at least contemplate his own power, vanity, and passions, displayed in the most extravagant dimensions, in a being no bigger and no better than himself." It would be impertinence to this singular composition to say, that I had selected the above as the best, or amongst the best, specimens of banter in it. I give it as the first sentence of sufficient length to be exhibited as a sample.

On a second perusal, my first opinion was somewhat shaken by another. I think I perceive in it, a reproach to some friend or patron of the author, wrapped in a mystical half-allegorical form, like Gil Blas' fable of the Vizir and the Owls; and that its title may be translated, "The royal court of Pisa, a picture from the life."

Without laying aside either of these opinions, I have formed another, not incompatible with them; that it is a

real serious attempt to frame an argument against monarchical government. In this last view I shall consider it, as the last opinion is countenanced and rendered probable by the plain tenor of other parts of the publication. The unequivocal avowal of republicanism in this piece is gratifying to a loyal Briton; for although it was evident enough before, that the authors of the *Liberal* were republicans, and consequently enemies to the British constitution of government, (I prefer the plainer and shorter term, *British freedom*;) yet as they had not distinctly acknowledged it, whoever called them so was exposed to the suspicion of misrepresenting, or putting the hardest construction on their principles. After the pains I have taken to examine into the merits of this performance, I feel confident of my own competency to pronounce that it can neither be answered nor refuted. If a connexion can be traced at all between premises and conclusions, where argument is mimicked in this beautifully confused and finely perplexed piece of rant, it is of the inverse kind. To controvert the author's conclusions, you must contend for the truth of his premises; and where you find it necessary to expose the unsoundness of falsely assumed premises, you are clearing his argument of a difficulty.

I think it will not be denied that the purport of the three first pages, is, that a tyrannical disposition and a desire to rule, is the principle that makes men loyal. I am certain I have no wish to misrepresent the author's meaning, or to state it in terms to which he could reasonably take exceptions. Yet I am at a loss to find an intelligible sentence to quote in support of this interpretation of it. "Each individual would (were it in his power,) be a king, a God; but as he cannot, the next best thing is to see this reflex image of his self-love, the darling passion of his breast, realized, embodied out of himself," &c.—"The madman in Hogarth who fancies himself a king, is not a solitary instance of this species of hallucination. Almost every true and loyal subject holds such a barren sceptre in his hand." The author and his friends may have acquired the knowledge of this universal desire to be kings, from the monitor within, and their observations on each other; and it is in vain to dispute

against the truth of convictions acquired by intuition, aided and confirmed by personal observation. But they may be assured that it is not owing to their desire to shine on a throne, that they are so conspicuous for their loyalty to their king, love to their country, and respect for the laws, as they are, by all who know them, acknowledged to be. I might safely admit that a wish to be kings, let me say, a desire for universal empire, which few amongst millions ever actually felt, has its foundation in a principle of our nature that is common to all men. But this principle is not the cause of men's loyalty. If a wish to be kings, or an imagination that they are so, makes men loyal, it is a false maxim that the tree is known by its fruit, or that the heart influences the conduct, except by the rule of inverse. If men are loyal to their prince because they would like to be kings, by parity of reasoning, it is because they covet other men's goods that they are honest, and because they covet other men's wives that they are chaste. I shall not take upon me to dispute the soundness of these doctrines, farther than by saying that they do not accord with my experience. It concerns not the reader to know whether or not R. S. has been true and just in his dealings, or kept his body in temperance or chastity; but it is to the point to inform him that his life and conduct never were correct in proportion as his heart was corrupt, and that if ever he shall be seized with a desire to grasp a sceptre, King George will lose a loyal and faithful subject.

Then follows an attempt to identify monarchical government with idolatry, or to deduce its origin from it. I do not say that there is any thing like an attempt to prove this in the form of an argument. The author assumes it to be so, and rants away upon it with his usual fluency. The childish Greek mythology, the creeds of the Jew and Christian, and the superstition of modern Rome, are here so amalgamated, that a battery of ridicule or argument opened with effect against any one of them, threatens to throw all down together. The idea of pressing the Jewish history into the cause of republicanism is borrowed from Tom Paine, and his argument is sadly mangled. For Tom makes out a specious kind of case, of which this author does not

seem to perceive either the strength or the weakness.

No one will be expected to enter on the question respecting the origin of government, or into a vindication of monarchical government, in reply to this silly rhapsody. It would be throwing pearls to swine, and giving holy things to dogs, to reason with one who scorns reasoning, or knows not what it means. All the conjectures that have been hazarded, and theories that have been spun respecting the origin of government, that proceed on the suppositions that it is of human invention, and that society ever existed or could exist without it, being founded in error, have issued in absurdity. With the Epicurean philosophy, that held reason and speech, as well as government, to be human inventions, such notions must stand or fall. There is such a mutual dependence amongst the parts of this philosophy, that the whole must be received or rejected together. Preposterous and contrary to reason as it is, the absurdity of maintaining the whole system is less palpable, than the attempt to defend any of the opinions that are founded upon it by those who reject the rest. Epicureanism, I may observe, was not the philosophy of the wisest and most respectable individuals, in the age and country where it most prevailed.

No man knows his own strength or his own weakness till it is put to the proof. Had I formed a correct estimate of my own, I would not have ventured on the task I have in hand. I did not think the Liberals were capable of producing any thing that could put my temper to the test, or that I ran any risk of getting warm in reading or remarking on their writings. I am a little startled at the nature of my occupation, when I attend to the object I am employed upon, at any rate. But a magistrate must sometimes sit in judgment on a viago who has stuck her nails into the face of a gossip, or called her by a coarse name; or on a scurvy knave who has defrauded a comrade in the dividing of a paper of tobacco. To remove nuisances and correct transgressors of the most paltry description, although humble, are not unuseful or unbecoming employments; so I shall not shrink from the task I have taken in hand, although it proves to be a coarser one than I at first apprehended.

The reader of *The Liberal* now finds his indignation roused by an outrage on a feeling more intense and acute in a loyal breast than loyalty itself. On pretence of mouthing against monarchy, the foul-tongued whelp has traduced our lovely country-women, the ladies of England, whom it would have been presumption in him even to have praised. When Pope says, that "every woman is at heart a rake," he is evidently in sport. Such a spirit of playfulness, playfulness, and gallantry not unseasoned with gallantry, runs through the castle in which this scolding scoundrel, that the *conscience* and *modesty* of the continent is covered and covered by the wit. General Pitt Rivers said let and only author who ever been slandered the ladies of England, before this ranting in the spirit of monarchy, was a Frenchman. A long war with England, in which his countrymen had the worst of it, was just ended, and he was but just released from captivity, when he wrote. A resentment in some degree allied to patriotism, may have prompted his slanders. It was a display of patriotism that savoured more of the man of the revolution, than of the gallant Frenchman. But what shall be pleaded in defence of this disgrace to the name of Englishman, who cravily tells his readers, that, in the higher walks of life, and especially among those who frequent courts, the ladies, in heart and will, when not in deed, are all no better than ———? But here I must remove every pretence for saying that I misrepresent him, by giving his own words, passing over what is not to the purpose for the sake of brevity, and striking out phrases not fit to be uttered for the sake of decency. "What chance is there that monarchs should not yield to the temptations of gallantry there, where youth and beauty are as wax? What female heart can withstand the attractions of a throne?" "The power of resistance is so much the less where fashion extends impunity to the frail offender, and screens loss of character." Then follows a note. "A lady of quality abroad, in allusion to the gallantries of the reigning prince, being told, 'I suppose it will be your turn next,' said, O No, I hope not; for you know it is impossible to refuse." "Alas!"

poor virtue, what is to become of the very idea of it, if we are to be told that every man within the precincts of a palace holds his wife's virtue in trust for the prince? We entertain no doubt that many ladies of quality have resisted the importunities of a throne, and that many more would do so in private life, if they had the desired opportunity: nay, we have been assured by several, that a king would no more prevail with them than any other man!" So you have "been assured by several ladies in private life," that "they wouldn't give up their own dear Country for a king, no, that they wouldn't." For *private*, I suspect, we should read *public*, in this place. With all my pruning and cleansing this is still too beastly. And have you the assurance, sir, to say that you ever conversed or sat in company with a lady? an English lady? You have proved to every reader who understands the word that you never did. The thing is utterly impossible. By a lady, I mean a person whom English ladies and gentlemen, people of character, sense, and good-breeding, willingly associate with, and acknowledge as a lady. What can be said of this unmanly and scandalous attempt to defame the best patterns of their sex, the ornament and boast of their country, the ladies of England? Ignorance is a poor excuse for such an offence, and I can think of no other that can be pleaded for the culprit. Could it be supposed that he had access to the means of knowing better, I should say that he deserved a chastisement of a different kind from what can be inflicted by a pen. The scourge of satire and sting of reproof are metaphors that lose their force and meaning when it is attempted to apply them to creatures on whom nature has not bestowed faculties to feel or be affected by them. Men do not tame vicious brutes by words, but by blows. Again, I tell the slanderer, he does not understand what he says. Some drab, with whom he is familiar, has sat for the picture; and, believing all females to be alike, he writes under it, THIS IS A LADY.

Like a skilful orator, who wishes to leave a strong impression on his audience, the author reserves his severest stroke for the last. I shall be careful not to lessen the effect by remark on

comment. Kings grow old—kings are liable to disease—they fall sick—they die—good bye.

The next piece is a kind of verse, and entitled "The Dogs." We are told, in a kind of dedication, (I say *we*, as I am one of those to whom it is addressed,) that "the satire in the first number of the *Liberal* was produced by those who attacked us before-hand: the satire in the second is the result of the attacks on the first." What a dunnipte was I to write remarks on the first, without discovering or suspecting that it contained satire, except the Epigrams on Lord Castlereagh be satire? Was his Lordship one of those who attacked *The Liberal* before-hand? "The Dogs" then is a satire. And it is every way worthy of the writers of the Epigrams on Lord Castlereagh to make choice of the privations and hardships endured, and the dangers braved by our gallant troops in defence of our king and country, our honour, religion, and liberty, as subjects for satire. There is also satire in the Notes to "The Dogs," which, I suspect, does not strike where it is intended. The writer of the notes tells us, (and I believe with perfect truth) that he *never knew a Scotchman that was not filthy in his conversation*. Nothing of this kind is endured amongst gentlemen of any country; and the inference which all gentlemen must draw from this confession is, not that Scotchmen offend oftener in this way than other people, but that the author has kept only the lowest of company—the company of Scotch blackguards, "the worst of all blackguards." The *Scotchman* of *The Liberal* forms a proper companion for his English Lady. A pair of portraits from the life by the hand of a master.

In some part of this publication, which I cannot at this moment lay my finger on, the author complains of the name of "Cockney school," being applied to the writings of that class of authors to which he belongs, and pretends to think that the mere circumstances of being born and bred in London, or being proud of it, constitute a cockney, and that nothing more is meant by it. But this no more constitutes a Cockney than the accident of having been born in the New-

Inn at Aberdeen makes Lord Byron a Pict. Nature must conspire with accident to make a true Cockney. It is the littleness of soul, the mechanism and mannerism of mind and body contracted from a certain Londonish character, common to all the objects with which they are conversant, that make Cockneys of a description of persons reared in London. In a genuine Cockney, they become so much a part of his nature, the essence of himself, that his mind cannot expand under any change of circumstances, or receive an accession of ideas from a more extensive intercourse with mankind. It has been observed, that a person in whose nature had imprinted the seeds of good taste, although raised in the St. James's garden spoken of by Dryden, into which nothing was admitted that bore a resemblance to any thing in nature, would become an admirer of nature's works, and a judge of beauty, should he ever afterwards have an opportunity of being familiar with them. In like manner, a person of sound innate sense, and natural gentility, if reared amongst Cockneys, would be a Cockney only in externals. Should an opportunity of enlarging the sphere of his observation be afforded him at almost any period of his life, he would cast his Cockney slough, and shew, at least that nature had meant him for something better.

The reader of *The Liberal* will have anticipated, from this exordium, that I am about to speak of "Letters from Abroad." On no other occasion did the propriety of the appellation of the Cockney School ever strike me so forcibly, as on reading the Letter from Genoa. The very title of *Letters from Abroad*, argues a self-complacency in the writer at finding himself really and truly out of London, and actually beyond sea. Nobody but an inveterate Cockney could have written a sentence or a line of this letter. Any person of sense or taste, after seeing all that he appears to have seen, would have been sensible that he had met with nothing to write about. Not one circumstance that he mentions is peculiar to, or characteristic of Genoa, or uncommon or interesting in itself. They are all such as a person accustomed to visit different countries soon learns to see with-

out observing; and such as only men of microscopic minds observe carefully, and mark and treasure up in their memories, or talk about, even on first setting out in the world. In the Gulf of Genoa, it appears, the sea is lucid and the sky is blue. In sailing up it, the objects on shore are seen "one after another." The houses that stand on higher ground are seen over the tops of those that stand lower. I dare not give this in the author's words, lest fictitious people should laugh, and lay the blame on me. When the great traveller gets on shore, he sees a religious procession. Fear not, Mr North, I am not going to follow it. He sees houses, and churches, and palaces. The traveller expatiates on the external appearance of houses and shops, and makes sage remarks (of no practical use or application) on pavements and streets, and writes a dissertation on names of streets. The names of streets in Genoa are not quite the same as in London. La! How odd! In the suburbs are "*vine gardens*" answering to "*our fat gardens*." La! How nice! To this, add minute descriptions and profound observations on the dress, the looks, and the manners of ragged boys, maid-servants, and watermen, and you have the substance of a letter that will take you the best part of an hour to read. Some of the descriptions, it must be allowed, are picturesque, and would be good subjects for engravings. Plate I. The boat that carried the traveller and his family on shore, "contained as ugly a set of faces as could well be brought together." The pilots stared at the travellers, and the travellers stared at the pilots, and at each other.—Plate II. The travellers were assailed by a gang of rascally beggar-boys, with faces still uglier than those in the pilot-boat; and saw a custom-officer like a man made of dough, who wore an exaggerated cocked-hat.—Plate III. The cheapness of the fruit made the travellers laugh. There was sense in that; and I am pleased to meet with a sentiment in which my feelings are in perfect sympathy with those of my heroes. Should they and I meet in the land I live in at this time, I hope we shall all have a laugh together at the cheapness of the fish. The traveller "saw a man in one of the bye-streets alternately singing and playing on a pipe, exactly as we conceive of the ancient shepherds." But enough of de-

coration for one small work. The traveller being a Liberal, and probably related to the writer (*On the Spirit of Monarchy*), it was not to be expected that he would find anything to say in favour of old families. But the old families in Genoa have one claim on his good will. "They have a dislike to the English, which, under all circumstances, is in their favour." There peeps out the patriot!—There shines the lover of his country in our English traveller! The palace of the Dorias, however, is the central figure in the piece, the grand point of interest; the ancient palace of the Dorias; the palace that Andrew Doria built; that Bonaparte lodged in; that the great traveller has seen!

Can the publisher of such stuff complain of being called a Cockney? The subject of a more entertaining letter might be furnished at any time, from a morning's walk to Knightsbridge or Paddington. If such scraps will be acceptable to *your* readers, Mr N., you shall not want "*Letters from abroad*" when your humble servant gets home.

I might well be excused for ending here; for who, that has observed a horse to be toothless, blind, spavined, and glandered, takes the trouble to examine his other points? But I shall say a few words on one other article, because it is possible that a discovery I have stumbled on may have escaped more discerning eyes.

The *Essay on the Character of the Scots*, partly consists of ends of cast-off jests that have been laid aside in the latest and most respectable editions of my favourite author, Joe Miller; and partly of what I conceived, on a first reading, to be poetry of the highest order, according to the notion of poetry held by the writer himself, that is to say—"sheer invention." He indeed speaks of two Scotch individuals in a way that seems intended to convey an idea of acquaintance and intimacy. Of one of them, he tells a ridiculous after-supper sort of story. The other he mentions by name, and calls him his friend. Whether the name be real or fictitious, I know not; but lest it should be real, and belong to a respectable person, I forbear to repeat it.

I should have left the Scotch character in the hands of those who must be better acquainted with it, had it not struck me that there was a resem-

blance between the Scotchman of The Liberal and the Stot in your far-famed Royal Number. On comparing them together, I find the resemblance is only of that general kind that must subsist between original works by different masters, who have chanced to study the same subject; and I entirely acquit the author of plagiarism; but I have since had the curiosity to look at some Numbers of the SCOTSMAN newspaper. (*Scotsman* is quite as pure English as *Danesman*, *Swedesman*, *Turksman*, and *Spaniardsman*.) The result of the examination was an immediate conviction that the Liberals have fallen in with a file of the *Scotsman*; and, conscious as they must be how characteristic their own title is of themselves, they very reasonably concluded, that they would be doing no injustice to the Scots in assuming the character displayed in this paper to be a fair specimen of the characters of Scotchmen in general. After this satisfactory explanation of the origin of a very natural error, I see little in the general strain of the essay that is objectionable. Some of the coincidences between the character of the Scots, as given in The Liberal, and of the paper whence it is taken, as figured in your Stot, will best clear the author of all suspicion of wilful misrepresentation, or of the illiberality of giving vent to mere national prejudice.

"The *Scotch* [that is the Scots] are pitted against all the rest of the world. A Scotchman must be for or against somebody. He must have a cause to fight for, a point to carry in argument."—*On the Scotch Character*.

"Exposed to indignities even from the cattle with whom he herds, the stot becomes sullen, till he is ready at last to pick a quarrel with the dirty red tuft of his own tail, and rather than be idle, will savagely assail the very stump of an old tree."—*Sorrows of the Stot*.

"The essential character of the *Scotch* (Scots) is determined self-will. Of all blackguards, a Scotch blackguard is the worst. The character sits ill upon him for want of use, and is sure to be outrageously caricatured. When he has once made up his mind to disregard appearances, he 'at one bound has overleaped all bound' of decency and common sense."—*On the Scotch Character*.

The stot is, most frequently, a slow,

dull, dogged animal. He retains a most absurd resemblance to a bull—and the absurdity is augmented by the idea that he once absolutely was a bull. More accidents occur, especially to women and children, from the stot than from the bull."—*Sorrows of the Stot*.

"Their impudence is extreme, their malice is cold-blooded, covert, crawling, deliberate, without the frailty or excuse of passion."—*On the Scotch Character*.

"His forehead lowers, and his eye is swarthy; but look him in the face, and you discern the malice of emasculation, and the cowardice of his curtailed estate."—*Sorrows of the Stot*.

Need I add more instances? No.

One observation on an insulated passage in this liberal essay, and I have done. Speaking of Sir Walter Scott, and his acknowledged and his supposed writings, the author says, that he has no "sheer invention."—"He has not the faculty of imagining any thing, either in individual or general truth, different from what has been handed down to him for such. Give him costume, dialect, manners, popular superstitions, grotesque characters, supernatural events, and local scenery, and he is a prodigy. Take these actually embodied and endless materials from him, and he is a common man." In other words, "the author of those admired works has no genius, for all his creations have a resemblance to something in real life, either as it now exists, or as it is believed to have existed at some former period." I wish this were more universally and invariably true, of the works in question, than it really is. It is a high encomium to say, that such is indeed their general character.

I pretend not to distinguish between the style of one Cockney and another, nor do I know that they are distinguishable. But a bright thought should always, in justice, be ascribed to the original author. I challenge the above quoted piece of criticism for the author of "Lectures on the English Poets;" a publication, for which the author, (perhaps very unjustly,) was sentenced, by a respectable court of criticism, to be branded on the forehead with the name of Blockhead, and banished to Pisa for life. The sentence, right or wrong, was generally approved by the reading public, and I have

never heard that it has been since reversed. This author first taught the critical world to distinguish a true poet. "The child is a poet, when he first plays at hide and seek, or repeats the story of Jack the Giant Killer; the shepherd boy is a poet when he first crowns his mistress with a garland of flowers; the country man, when he stops to look at the rainbow; the city-apprentice, when he gazes after the Lord-Mayor's show; the miser, &c. &c." No doubt of it. They are all poets. And the dog that barks at the moon is a poet; and the parrot that laughs at a bag-piper is a very facetious poet. Children, clowns, and apprentice-boys, are poets; and, as we learn from the same wise school, in a certain sense, Shakespeare is no poet; and Milton is a poet not worth reading. I assume the authority to be the same, (whether the essay is from the

same individual hand or not,) on which we are now told that there is no real poetry in the works of Sir Walter Scott, and of the Author of Waverley, if they are distinct persons.

The notice that is taken in respectable works like yours, of such publications as *The Liberal*, gives them a momentary importance to which they have no natural claim, and raises them for a time above their proper level. Yet, exposing the shallowness of their pretensions to distinction, may be necessary to prevent their gaining strength to be seriously mischievous. I do not regret having put my hand to the work. But I have done with *The Liberal*. I say not that I shall never again be tempted or provoked to notice it; but I shall not again make it the subject of a paper.

R. S.

B—L.E, 21st Feb. 1823. *

THEE IS A TONGUE IN EVERY LEAF.

THEE IS A tongue in every leaf!

A voice in every rill!

A voice that speaketh everywhere,
In flood and fire, through earth and air;

A tongue that's never still!

Thou Great Spirit, wide diffused

Through every thing we see,
That with our spirits communeth
Of things mysterious—Life and Death,
Time and Eternity!

I see Him in the blazing sun,
And in the thunder cloud;

I hear Him in the mighty roar
That rusheth through the forests hoar,
When winds are piping loud.

I see Him, hear Him, *everywhere*,
In *all things*—darkness, light,
Silence, and sound; but, most of all,
When slumber's dusky curtains fall,
At the dead hour of night.

I feel Him in the silent dews,
By grateful earth betray'd;
I feel Him in the gentle showers,
The soft south wind, the breath of flowers,
The sunshine, and the shade.

And yet (ungrateful that I am!)

I've turn'd in sullen mood

From all these things, whereof He said,
When the great whole was finished,
'That they were "very good."'

My sadness on the loveliest things

Fell like unwholesome dew—
The darkness that encompass'd me,
The gloom I felt so palpably,
Mine own dark spirit threw.

Yet He was patient—slow to wrath,
Though every day provoked

By selfish, pining discontent,
Acceptance cold or negligent,
And promises revoked.

And still the same rich feast was spread

For my insensate heart—
Not always so—I woke again,
To join Creation's rapturous strain,
"O Lord, how good Thou art!"

The clouds drew up, the shadows fled,
The glorious sun broke out,
And love, and hope, and gratitude,
Dispell'd that miserable mood
Of darkness and of doubt.

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

No. V.

IN spite of the "Mysteries of Udolpho," the Appenines are the dullest set of hills I ever beheld, bare, tame, woodless and unpicturesque—The green of summer sheds no beauty on them, and the snows of winter no sublime. But the descent to Florence repays a world of ennui. The city itself is small; but the myriads of shining villas that crowd the whole vale of the Arno towards Pisa and Pistoia, assume the appearance of one vast and extended metropolis. The fields are covered with the olive and the vine; nor does the soil confine its fertility to those objects of luxury, for beneath their shade the humbler crops of corn and herbage spring up in luxuriance. The traveller, who was for the first time reminded of England on descending from the Jura, into the neat, cultivated, subdivided territory of Geneva, is here again struck with a resemblance, though perhaps a fainter one. The olive and the vine are indeed strange to him; but the enclosures, the frequent villas, and neat farm-houses, together with their happy inhabitants, are sufficient to recall the memory of Old England. Nor is the comparison altogether lost on entering the city, and observing its cleanly, well-paved streets, its industrious population, and the somber materials of its architecture. The Arno and its quays put me in mind of the Liffey and Dublin, though much grandeur must be subtracted from the latter to allow of the comparison; the pebbly bed of the Arno, with the distant Appenine, must be substituted on one side for the shipping, custom-house, and bay of the Irish metropolis; but the "strait-waist-coated stream," and the glimpses of the country on the other, will hold good of both. Yet, for the beauty of surrounding country and scenery, if we except the Italian sky and climate, how vastly superior is Dublin, and a hundred other towns of our own islands, whence the silly inhabitants run to affect rapture in foreign climes! But a name bewilders us—we first sigh to visit the land of the vine. We set out,—and find that, nine months out of twelve, the vine is in its most picturesque state, a bare and distended

shrub, and this even in Italy; while in the great wine countries—in Burgundy, Champagne, Bourdeaux, there is no distinguishing a vineyard from a field of beans. So much for the picturesque; and as for the substantial, John Bull will infallibly gather from his travels, that the best wine he ever tasted, was that which he paid for at home. Few will deny the olive to be the ugliest of all evergreens, and of the fruit we are not much enamoured. So much for the two shrubs that have such an effect on our imaginations. Were we to believe our poets, we should suppose that the soil of Italy was covered with flowers, whereas those gifts of gay nature are more rare here than in any country I know of. In summer there is not a blade of green grass in the field, much less a flower in the garden, and in more temperate months I have seen two shillings given for a rose. And this country has been called, not in irony, the garden of Europe, a country, burned to aridity six months of the year, and a great part of it frozen during its winter with a cold more rigid than ours,—a country, one half of which is by nature incapable of cultivation, and a remaining quarter, perhaps, without it, from the ignorance and laziness of its inhabitants.

The sights of Florence are its churches and galleries. Of the former, though all are magnificent in plan, there is scarcely one finished; and the three principal churches are without front, and have exhibited for centuries the same mean, ragged brick-work. The Duomo, or Cathedral, is celebrated for its cupola, by Brunelleschi, the origin of that of St Peter's; but except the cupola, there is nothing to admire in the interior of the gloomy church. The exterior, at least that part which is finished, is handsome in design, but, covered as it is with a kind of mosaic in white and black marble, it looks like a building in masquerade. This was the "bet St Giovanni" of Dante, in which the poet broke the baptismal font to save an infant that was nearly drowned in the office of christening. Opposite the church is the baptistery, with its doors of bronze, esteemed by Michael Angelo worthy of paradise.

St Lorenzo, besides containing some beautiful specimens of sculpture, is famed for the chapel of the Medicis,

— her pyramids of precious stones,
Of porphyry, jasper, agate, and all hues,
Of gem and marble, to enrust the bones
Of merchant-dukes.”

It is a handsome chapel, spoiled by a profusion of ill-assorted marbles. St Maria Novella deserves remark, principally as the original place of meeting for the story-tellers of the Decameron. But Santa Croce, in spite of its beggarly front, is the real cynosure of travellers :

— Here repose
Angelo’s, Michel’s bones, and his,
The sunny Titian, with his poet ;
Here, Machiavelli’s earth, retained to
“*show the Italian*.”

What wretched tomb-builders we are in England ! After Santa Croce and St Peter’s, who can think of our Poet’s Corner without blushing ? When we come from England with the memory of our tablets, squares, and parings of marble, we are struck with the massy magnificence of Italian monuments—indeed the flowing drapery of one of the figures in any of Canova’s monuments, might furnish forth marble sufficient to record and illustrate a million of our illustrious dead. However, in this there is often an excess, especially at St Peter’s ; and even the tomb of Alfieri here appears, from its mass, heavy without ornament, yet not simple. Nothing is fit in the monument of Alfieri, but the place of his burial. Santa Croce was his favourite haunt, especially at vesper hour ; as a living poet of Italy has described in one of his finest passages :

“ A questi marmi
Venne spesso Vittorio ad ispiarsi.
Trato a patrii Numi, errava muto
Ove Arno è più deserto, i campi e il cielo
Di cioso rimbando : e poi che nullo
Vivente aspetto gli molea la cura,
Qui posava l’austero.”

FOSCOLO.—I SEPOLCRI.

Here also lies Arctin, the first of wags. But altogether, when we recollect that this is the chosen temple, where the Florentines record their gratitude towards those citizens that honoured their

name, the paucity of monuments, and their date compared with the death of their subjects, do but recall the ingratitude, bigotry, and indifferece of the *ci-devant* republic—

See nations slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.

Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio were Florentines ; but where repose the all Etruscan three ? How long was it ere friendly perseverance could raise a monument to Galileo, who dared to preach that the sun stood still ? I cannot look on Santa Croce, but as a kind of ironical comment on Stow and the upholders of Etruscan heroism.

The gallery and its contents are almost too well known to need description. It occupies three sides of an oblong square, and was built after the design of Vasari. After mounting more flights of stairs, than is at all convenient to an Englishman’s lungs, the open gallery is entered, containing specimens of the art arranged from its infancy onwards. But the more interesting objects are shut up in small chambers apart, which, however, the keepers are always ready to open to the stranger with civility, and, what is more rare, without being paid. The first of these shown is the Saloon containing the bronzes, ~~for~~ in comparison with the Naples collection ; there is a noble statue of an orator, found near the Thrasymene.* The Saloon of the Niobe follows—a group much over-rated, of very unequal merit and doubtful origin. In a chamber filled with inscriptions and inferior bas-reliefs, is Michael Angelo’s unfinished head of Brutus, famed for its inscription, and Lord Sandwich’s reply—’tis not unlike Kean. Chambers follow filled with pictures of the best masters, arranged according to their schools ; but as the chef-d’œuvres of all are united in one apartment, the others contain little remarkable for a superficial observer. There is also a collection of portraits of the artists, great and small, for the most part painted by themselves ; I fear, Lavater would not have had a very noble idea of the tribe from these, their confessions—they are a set of most ugly christians. Strange to say, the Flemings seem the only gen-

* John of Bologna’s memory should not have been omitted.

clermen among them.—Rubens and Vandyke are noble in the midst of the Italian ragamuffins. Visages of our countrymen there are few—Harlowe and Sir Joshua together, the latter with his arm a-kimbo, braving cap, and chosen air of importance.—Jacob More, in a slate-coloured periwig and breeches, sits in impertinent full length—and the fourth, a new comer, marked 1822, and aged some twenty years and upwards, takes his place next to Mengs—the name is Brockden!

The *bonne bouche* of the gallery is the *Tribune*, a small octagon-shaped apartment, which you are taught to approach gradually, and with becoming reverence. As the several little iron *grilles* are opened one after another, you press forward with increased anxiety, disregarding of the beauties that adorn the introductory apartments—the Medusa's head of Leonardo da Vinci should, however, retard the visitor a moment. But the *Tribune* is open, and you stand before the Venus. Of the other four statues that adorn the room, the dancing Faun struck me most; the boxers are confused; the slave I don't understand; the Apollino is graceful, but says nothing; the Faun's head, restored by Michael Angelo, is justly considered one of that artist's happiest efforts. Here canvas and marble divide the palm of superiority, and Titian's Venus rivals that of Cleomenes. The female head by Raphael cannot be the Fornarina; at least it represents a person very different from the Fornarina of the Barberini Gallery. The head of Julius the Second, by the same artist, is a fine portrait of that arrogant and irascible priest; but there is no trait of heroism or warlike propensity in the countenance. The keeper of the gallery, who by office is a connoisseur, is always in raptures with Correggio's Madonna and child; but after that of Foligno and others by Raphael, the Madonnas of Correggio make but a feeble impression; and those of Leonardo, with their everlasting smile, become insupportable. But descriptions of pictures are vain for those who have not seen, and to criticise for those who have, is above my calling. For the same reason, I leave the Pitti Gallery for the pen of some of your more knowing friends. All the world visits the Museum to see the wax-works—but the comedy of

parturition, and other chirurgic scenes, I had no ambition to see performed in wax, so left it to the curious and the ladies. The Venus of Canova, shut in the Grand Duke's closet at the Pitti, is difficult to be seen, and indeed not worth the trouble to those who have seen Mr Hope's. The Pitti is a very fine palace, very much resembling Newgate.

Florence, besides the public libraries, which are numerous and celebrated, possesses an excellent reading-room, where we exiles devour English papers and periodicals. Liked the Quarterly's cold and clever review of Byron's tragedies. By the by, I saw a bust here, which his lordship sat for not long since. He seems, like Napoleon, to get fat upon renown; it is to be hoped, that his spirit will not, like Nap's, partake of his *engourdissement*. To look on the pictures and busts that we have of Byron, it is difficult not to recall the end he anticipates for the bard,

"A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust."

Thorwaldsen's bust of Byron, you would mistake for that of a lady—it is so very feminine, and withal unmarked and inane; yet Matthews vowed it very like. The canvas of Messrs Harlowe, Phillips, and Westall, tells a different story—however, it should be remembered, that Thorwaldsen is about the worst bust-builder in Europe.

Florence can boast the most liberal periodical work in Italy. Although the *Biblioteca* of Milan reckons Monti and other celebrated names amongst its contributors, yet the Austrian censorship is a weight too oppressive for any degree of genius; so that the poor *Biblioteca* has become a mere snivelling dilettanti. The *Antologia* of Florence, though still weak and infantine, takes a stronger tone of respectability every day; and the mild government of Tuscany allows lucubrations to pass unchecked, that would raise a hue and cry in any other part of Italy. An article that appeared in it lately, examining a miracle just performed at Arezzo, has not a little astonished and enraged the monks, whom the government has not indulged by granting their "measure of revenge." But periodical works in a country where there is no thought, no education, nor press, nor life, nor in-

terest, are but vain endeavours. The men of letters begin thus at the wrong end. But they wish to excite serious thought, say they, and to awaken an interest for grave and important subjects ; and, in consequence, indite terrible long essays on agriculture and political economy—they are very devils, too, at morality, and flatter themselves with having concocted a strong number, when they have crammed it half full of ethics—after this comes a desert of antiquities by way of relief—they print, and marvel that their dandies won't subscribe, and that ladies won't read them. The literary circle of Florence is rather more liberal towards foreign literature than the rest of Italy ; and Leoni, who is for ever translating our best authors, supplies this taste of theirs with sufficient food. On the contrary, Pesticari and his society of pedants were deadly averse to all innovations, and hated translations from foreign tongues, more even than they hated their enemies, the Crusicans ; and while all the rest of Italy hastened to read, and admire,

and welcome the Italian translations of the Scotch Novels, the *Giornale Arcadico*, which Pesticari had established at Rome, assailed not only the novels, but Sir Walter Scott, the supposed author, with gross abuse, calling him a cold-blooded Scotchman, whose genius and productions were, notwithstanding, quite good enough for the "Ultimi Boreali" he wrote for. Among the Crusicans, there is none of this bigotry and barbarism ; they know how to appreciate the literature of other nations, without being blind to the merits of their own ; and if they do not reckon among their number a partizan of merit equal to Monti, they are not disgraced by a character so venal and base. Florence indeed, though of late pre-eminence has been denied to her, is still the Athens of Italy ; and in the three-fold night, that distraction, ignorance, and misfortune, have spread over this ill-fated peninsula, she raises herself as the most civilized, the most Italian, the most liberal, and also the most happy among her sister cities.

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

No. VI.

Genoa, February 20, 1823.

MY DEAR NORTH,

SIX weeks of everlasting rain, fog, and ennui, had put the finishing stroke to my disgust of Italy, for which even the vaunted Carnival could offer no remedy. The Italians are the worst and most witless maskers imaginable. They disguise themselves, not for the love of fun or amusement, but with the most serious intention of admiring themselves. Of a joke or repartee they have not the slightest idea. Even the vulgar wit of the populace does not exist among them, if we except, perhaps, the Lazzaroni of Naples. Routs and balls, Rome has enough during Carnival ; but what a dull *fête*, and often worse than dull ! English aristocrats acting the connoisseur, hunting *studios* and talking *vertu*—Italian princes Englished even to the scrupulous fold of the cravat—and Italian ladies preferring the springing grenadier step of the English belle, to the winning gait of the more elegant Parisian. But there is a numerous class of English in Italy, that to me is more

disgusting than that of any nation—Turk or Jew. It is singular how much the individuals resemble each other—sleek, small-fortuned, middle-aged men, who have spent the better part of their lives in the taverns of London ; and who, in English society, never arrived further than the Burton ale-house and the brothel. How these fellows found their way to Italy, Heaven knows ! but in Florence they swarm, and at Rome during Carnival. In England, their profession was Corinthianism, when that sect was in its glory ; but now they scorn the bottle ; real pleasures are too low for their refined appetites—women are all their aim—and they here reckon Countesses and Marchionesses on their fingers' ends with the same ostentatious memory, that formerly registered the nightly visitants of our upper boxes. To hear these owners of one coat and two ideas enumerating their conquests among Italian matrons, and making their calculations for fresh ones, with that cold-blooded brutality, that in general dis-

tinguishes and debases, beyond all other people, the immoral Englishman, is enough to make one heartily join Byron, though from very different reasons, in his disgust towards our countrymen in Italy.

The opera at Rome was a relief. We had David, the famous tenor. I never could have believed, that an Aria, sung by the Moor of Venice, could have moved me; but Rossini's *Otello* is really a piece of genius, and David, in the character, is absolutely pathetic. His "*Incerta l'Anima*" rivals Kean's, *Percuelli*. Rossini is of the old family of talent—rose from nothing, gains and spends. His first opera was, I believe, the "*Cenerentola*;" or, as we call her, Cinderella. His next, the "*Barbiere di Siviglia*," gave him his renown. It was at first composed for the little secondary theatre of *La Fenice* at Naples, and thence rose gradually from theatre to theatre, till it arrived at San Carlos. Sinclair sung at Florence last year with moderate success—his powerless voice, and foreign accent, are insurmountable obstacles. He is at present singing at Venice.

I quitted Rome in the midst of rain, which had already lasted a fortnight, and which continued for a month longer. What a delightful climate!—Broiled one half of the year, and basted the other. We could get nothing to eat the first night of our journey but thrushes, the favourite and most esteemed game of Italian sportsmen. We spoke indecently (that being the mode of swearing here,) to mine host—all in vain—the country produced nothing but thrushes. Next day presented us the Lake of Bolsena, famous for eels and the picturesque. Some Pope, as Dante records, died of the former. The wine at Monte Fiascone is good, and the people honest. I forgot my watch there, and they forwarded it on to me to Florence. Acquapendente is singular: The rocks on which it is perched are crowned and festooned with myrtle, which, in this winter month, forms an agreeable contrast with the bleak Apennines, the torrents, and the cold—Passed the summits of Radicofani, covered with snow.—What a villainous country! Barren, bleak, hill, yet insipid. But we enter Tuscany—the inns grow better, the damsels prettier, and the heart

rejoices at having escaped from the empire of the priesthood—

"Il troppo odor de preti a me nemico."

Sienna is gloomy in the midst of its olive woods—visited the sights—Sodoma, a first-rate painter—marvel I never heard of his name. Florence once more; but how different his February gait from that of August! We had fog and gloom for ten days, worse than I had ever experienced in London—comforted myself with Vieusseux's reading-room, the Gallery, and Aleatico—Mr O'Meara's book about Napoleon on Vieusseux's table—what a monstrous lie, the anecdote about Madame de Stael, that she wrote to Napoleon, promising to be "black and white for him," if he paid *what was due to her*! Yet, I dare say, Bonaparte really uttered to O'Meara this mean and palpably false slander. There is much in the volume to attest its being genuine, yet how does it abase the quantum of dignity and talent, that even his bitterest enemies were used to allow to Napoleon—how these Boswells unheroize a hero!

We went to see Alfieri's "*Myrrha*" acted; a subject that only Alfieri would have chosen to write, La Fiorentina continues to represent. Was there not the *Filippo*, which is *not* prohibited at Florence? But a tragedy that turns on incest, was *piquant* for the Carnival. Drove to Pisa along the Arno. The town is gloomy, the quays and river fine. What is singular in Tuscany, I never met such groups of idlers and Lazzaroni; the city is poor and depopulated, which renders lodgings, &c. cheaper here than in any other town in Italy, Bologna, perhaps, excepted. The Pisans, high and low, are remarkably insolent, the students in the University especially; a young Englishman was insulted a year since by one of them, a challenge passed, the English gentleman went to the ground, and found one hundred and fifty students armed to oppose him, and defend the precious life of their friend. Looked at the Palazzo Roncioni, where Byron resided here—returned home and read the *Sardanapalus*. It is, perhaps, his *chef d'œuvre*, and, like the *Othello*, and the *Hamlet*, merits alone of Byron's tragedies, the honorary article. The character strongly reminded me of Gal-

lienus, the Roman Emperor, as portrayed by Gibbon.

Drove to Leghorn and back, a useless journey, save to obtain an idea of the size and bustle of the first port of the Mediterranean. Went up the Hanging Tower of Pisa—People talk of our damp climate; but here was a thick-walled tower, dripping, nay flowing on the inside from the damp of the Scirocco. Walked round the Campo Santo, but was not either knowing or interested sufficiently, in the rise of the arts, to study the progressive frescos. Here are the tombs of Pignotti and Algarotti, that to the memory of the latter erected, as the inscription informs us, by the Great Frederic.

We set off in a few days for Lucca, and thence through Massa to Sarzana, a country which in summer must be a real paradise, and to which, indeed, no person can do justice. From Sarzana to Genoa is about as perilous a journey, in the present state of roads and weather, as any gentleman need undertake. It is the land of broken bridges; not one had escaped; even the three under the walls of Genoa had been washed away, and the road—the wheel of fortune herself never encountered such ups and downs. At Sarzana was the first impediment, the Magra was terribly swollen, and had not been crossed for three or four days; we quit-
 ted our voiture, got over as well as we could, and spent a day wandering and dreaming about Lerici and the Gulph of Spezia. It was here that Shelley ventured out to sea in a bark, with which a fisherman would not have ventured to cross a stream. His family at the time of his mishap resided in the neighbourhood; and the respectable inn-keeper at Sarzana described to me the grief of one of the party, who spent some time at his house, with a feeling, and in language that astonished me. The ashes of Shelley, you must have heard, had been transmitted to Rome to be laid by those of his infant son; but as the infant had been buried in the old inclosure, where it was determined no more bodies should be laid, it was a matter of some difficulty to execute exactly the wish of the poet or his friends. However, the government gave permission to take up the body of the child, and lay the father and son together in the new inclosure. I was glad to see also, that a *cippus* was about to be erected over the grave

of poor Keates. Yet, Fieklind lies at Lisbon, without a slab or token of his name, and the chiefs of our army have been there, and also Mr Canning—this is forgetful.

To proceed from Spezia to Borghetto we were again put to our devices. The baggage set forward on mules, and we ourselves, after observing the brinks of the road, which were also brinks of precipices, sink two or three times under the wheel, chose to make the rest of the journey on foot. The road between Borghetto and Sestu, which we were allowed leisure to survey, having broken down twice, passes a lofty range of hills, which present a true but splendid prospect of the Appenines and the ocean. At Sestu was another stop, the mountain had fallen down and blocked up the road; an English traveller, with mule and guide, had been precipitated into the sea but a few hours before; we took a safer, but more wearisome road on foot over the mountain, taking another carriage on the other side. Sestu reminded me of Gaceta; the coast thence to Porto Fino resembles very much the scenery of the kingdom of Naples, but far more beautiful. Were I compelled to decide on the most beautiful spots I had seen in Italy, I should certainly fix on the Spezia, one noble view near Pietra Santa, and the road between Chiavari and Porto Fino,—Naples can afford no scenery to compare with these. Nor is there much apparent difference of climate, notwithstanding that of latitude—here are groups of orange-trees, as at Mola and Sorrentum, though, it must be owned, neither so abundant nor so healthy. At Porto Fino the road passes through the mountain by a gallery or archway, and Genoa appears to the view, yet at a distance of some miles, the shores rising abruptly from the ocean, covered with olive-groves, interspersed with painted villas. Beyond the city the shore stretches in a bold curve to Savona and Nice, while the snow-capped line of the Appenines and Alps beyond, warn the traveller that he bids adieu to the regions and climate of the South.

Genoa is a city of palaces, picturesquely and beautifully situated, if the mountains immediately over and around it were not completely bare.—“Mountains without wood, men without faith, and women without chastity,” says the proverb concerning Ge-

noa. Of the latter part of the assertion I cannot judge the truth; the women are certainly the healthiest, best-formed, and handsomest of Italy. But fair complexions are so frequent, that one is inclined to deny their Italian origin.

"Ahi Genovese, uomini diversi,"

says Dante, and a great sea-port must produce that mixture of race—

Which spoils the blood, but much improves the breed."

Lady Montague asserts, that cicisbeism, or, as she spells it according to Genoese pronunciation, *cizibeism*, began in Genoa—I know not how true. She also says, "The ladies affect the French habit, and are more genteel than those they imitate." She is right; for if there be danger in ladies' eyes, there is no more perilous pass than the Strada Balbe.

Walked one day "east of the town, a mile," to Alburo, a handsome village on an eminence above the river. Before ascending the hill, I contemplated a moment the numerous palaces clustered around it. In one of those princely mansions, said I to myself, commencing sentimentally, is Byron, inditing Don Juan, perhaps that promised canto of Hell, which I so long to see; perhaps a tragedy, a letter to six stars; or, perhaps, revising his long-concocted, oft-revised letter to Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine. But I lie, and do not myself justice; for, approaching the haunt of our great poet, I can safely swear, *at first* never to have once thought of Ebony, or any of his infernal crew of rhymers and jokers. How I came to think of them, you shall know. Ascending the hill, I spied an old man pruning his vines, and arranging them along the trellis-work that surrounded his cottage. Thinking his face a good-humoured one, I asked him where the *Signor Inglese* lived. He turned and looked at me—*l'Inglese coi capelli, o l'Inglese coi figliuoli*, said

he. "The Englishman with the horses, or the Englishman with the sons." I was puzzled for a moment; but, recollecting that the Englishman with the sons could be no other than Mr Hunt himself, he of the horses must be Byron. He shewed me the palace, and I stood regarding it with other feelings than those which my present jocular mood would convey. It was, like other Genoese villas, painted and gay; the court-yard was adorned with numerous cypresses, cut and cleft in the ancient and continental fashion of gardening; the iron gates were inviting and open, but I entered not.

Drove to Turin, not by the Bochetta, the new road taking another direction. Passed Alexandria, full of Austrians, and Asti, famous for its poet and its wine—bridges open, and roads stopped, as usual—all Piedmont covered with snow. Arrived in Turin the last day of the Carnival; procession grand; my Lord Mayor's coach nothing to the King of Sardinia's. His Majesty has an odd trick of unceasingly chewing the cud; no doubt he has many subjects for rumination. I had rather have seen old Victor Emmanuel. What an indiscriminate abuse our radical travellers have heaped on all the monarchs of Italy, thereby extremely hurting their own cause! Lady Morgan abuses the Grand Duke of Tuscany and Victor Emmanuel as much as she does the Austrian government of Milan; yet the bitterest revolutionists of Italy speak with kindness and respect of these princes, and Sante Rosa's account of the Piedmontese Revolution, asserts the abdicated monarch to have been one of the most amiable, best-intentioned, and best-hearted of men. Mounted to the Scsperga, and saw the superb Mausoleum of the Sardinian monarchs; of all the dead, the family of Amadeus are nearest Heaven—they rest on the summit of an Alp, o'erlooking Turin. Adieu.

VALPERGA.*

WE opened the packet, which we knew to contain this book, with great expectations. Frankenstein, at the time of its appearance, we certainly did not suspect to be the work of a female hand; the name of Shelley was whispered, and we did not hesitate to attribute the book to *Mr* Shelley. Soon, however, we were set right. We learned that Frankenstein was written by *Mrs* Shelley; and then we most undoubtedly said to ourselves, "For a man it was excellent, but for a woman it is wonderful." What we chiefly admired, in that wild production, was vigour of imagination and strength of language; these were unquestionable attributes, and they redeemed the defects of an absurd groundwork and an incoherent fable; and, moreover, they tempted us, and every body else, to forgive the many long passages of feeble conception and feeble execution, with which the vigorous scenes were interwoven.

The history of Castruccio Castracani, on the other hand, had been long familiar to us in the glowing and energetic sketch of Machiavelli. Perhaps, on the whole, we should have been more rejoiced in the prospect of meeting *Mrs* Shelley again on the same dark territory, where she had first displayed so many striking powers; but the story of Castruccio we were willing to consider as not unlikely to furnish, in such hands, the basis and materials of a most romantic fiction. The bitter sarcasm that peeped out here and there in Frankenstein, will be displayed, said we, with the utmost advantage; for here the authoress has chosen for her hero, one who was not only the first soldier of his time, but the first satirist also. The marvellous rise of such a man to sovereign and tyrannic power, his preservation of all his original manners in that high estate, his deep ambition, his fiery valour, his sportive wit, his searing ironies, his untimely death, and the calm mockeries with which he prepared to meet it—here, said we, are noble materials, such as might well engage the fancy of the most gifted author. We must

confess, that in much of what we looked for, we have been disappointed; but yet, even here at the outset, we do not hesitate to say, that if we have not met with what we expected, we have met with other things almost as good.

Our chief objection, indeed, may be summed up in one word—*Mrs* Shelley has not done justice to the character of Castruccio. The life of him, by Machiavelli, does not cover more than twenty or thirty duodecimo pages; yet, one rises from that brief sketch with a much more lively and perfect notion of the man, than from the perusal of the three closely printed volumes now on our table. There is not one spark of wit in all this book, and yet the keen Italian wit of Castruccio was one of the most striking features in his real character, and ought to have been among the most prominent in a work representing him throughout, in action and conversation. Machiavelli, in two or three pages, tells stories enough to have suggested the true "*Castruccio ven.*" Who does not remember that famous one of his rebuking a young man, whom he met coming out of a house of ill fame, and who blushed on being recognized? "It was when you went in that you should have coloured," said Castruccio, "not when you come out." Who does not remember his behaviour in the storm at sea? Castruccio expressing some alarm, was rebuked by a stupid fool, who said, that for him he did not value his own life a farthing. "Everybody," quoth Castruccio, "makes the best estimate of his own wares." When a thick-skulled wine-bibber boasted that he could drink such and such quantities without being the worse of it—it was Castruccio who answered, "Aye, and your ox could drink still more if he had a mind." It was the sagacious Castruccio, who, when some sage friend abused him for the extravagances he had been guilty of at a debauch, made answer, "He that is held for a wise man by day, will hardly be taken for a fool at night." It was he that dumbled-founded an orator, who concluded a long speech, by a wordy apology for

* Valperga; or, the Life and Adventures of Castruccio, Prince of Lucca. By the author of "Frankenstein." In three volumes. London: Printed for G. and W. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria-Lane, 1823.

his wordiness, with these consolatory words, "Pain not thyself, my dear sir, I was attending to my spaniel."—It was he, who, when he saw a certain envious one smiling to himself, asked, "Is it that some good hath befallen thee, or that some evil hath befallen another?" It was Castruccio, finally, who, when they came to his bedside, during his last illness, and asked his directions about his funeral, said, "Lay me on my face in the coffin—for everything will be reversed ere long after my departure."

Of all this sort of thing we have no trace in Mrs Shelley's book; and yet she appears to have contemplated a very full development of Castruccio's character. She gives us his infancy, his boyhood, his manhood, all in complete detail. The attempt, whether successful or not, certainly is made to depict the slow and gradual formation of a crafty and bloody Italian tyrant of the middle ages, out of an innocent, open-hearted and deeply-feeling youth. We suspect, that in the whole of this portraiture, far too much reliance has been laid on thoughts and feelings, not only modern, but modern and feminine at once. Perhaps we might say more; nay, perhaps we should not be saying too much, if we plainly expressed the opinion, that a very great part of Mrs Shelley's book has no inspiration, but that of a certain *school*, which is certainly a very modern, as well as a very mischievous one, and which ought never, of all things, to have numbered ladies among its disciples. But, in spite even of this, we have closed the book with no feelings but those of perfect kindness—and we shall say no more of matters that will, perhaps, suggest themselves to our readers quite strongly enough, without our giving ourselves any trouble.

Laying out of view Antelminelli's real life and character, we can have no hesitation in saying, that Mrs Shelley has given us a clever and amusing romance. Not doubting, that she will in due time make more attempts in the same way, we would fain point out, to so clever a person, faults which she might easily avoid in future, and which here, even more, perhaps, than in *Frankenstein*, neutralize much of her power. But, on further reflection, we believe the best way will be to leave all this to the working of experience. A very little consideration must be enough to shew

such a writer the absurdity of introducing so many pure episodes. The framer of an historical romance should not be reminding us at every turn, that his *principal* object is to shew off his own knowledge of strange manners, or power of fine writing. If quaint manners are to be quaintly and strongly represented, the incidents, with which these are connected, ought to have a strict connexion with, and influence over, the progress of the fable, or at least the development of the principal characters of the fable. We cannot stand the stepping aside for ten pages, *merely* for the purpose of letting us see, that the writer knows the way in which the *Mysteries* of the middle ages were represented, either on, or off the Arno—we cannot spare four days of the life of Castruccio Castracani to singers and tale-tellers, and so forth, with whom he and his story have nothing to do—we abhor all unnecessary prosing about religious sects, and we are mortally sick of "orange-tinted skies," "dirges," and "Dante."

Another thing we are very sick of, is this perpetual drumming at poor Buonaparte. That singular character is already the hero of fifty romances. Wherever one turns, he is sure to be met by the same sort of lame, impotent, and abortive attempts to shadow out Napoleon under the guise and semblance of some greater or smaller usurper of ancient days. On one hand we have that shallow "gentleman of the press," M. Jouy, labouring to bring him out *en Sylla*. On the other, there is an, if possible, still greater and more frothy goose, "M. le Vicompte d'Arincourt," hammering away at Charles Martel and his *RENEGADE*. Here we find Mrs Shelley flinging over the grey surtout and cocked hat of the great captain of France, the blazoned mantle of a fierce *Condottiere* of Lucca.—Anon, no question, we shall have this same *crambe recueta* served up *à la Cromwell, à la Cæsar, à la Tamerlane!* Will nothing persuade all these rhapsodists to let a great man's ashes repose, at least until they have had time to cool in the urn? As for Jouy and the Viscount d'Arincourt, they are apparently two perfect ninnies, so let them rave away about anything they please,—even though the Quarterly, descending from its usual high character, should puff their vile crudities and passionless rant, no human

being blessed with half an eye will waste three minutes' thought upon them—But Mrs Shelley has talents which cannot be perverted with so much impunity. She is capable, and she is worthy of other things; and were it but that she is the daughter of Godwin, we should be sorry to find her persisting in the chase of such claptraps. For heaven's sake, leave all this nonsense to the "grande pensée" of little Jony, the "Imagination haute et sublime" of the noble Viscount, and the "legs and impudence" of "Le Docteur O'Meara,"—and for heaven's sake, let us have no more puffs of such stuff from any quarter more reputable than Sir Pythagoras.

But enough of preliminaries. We have ventured, throwing a thousand defects out of view, to recommend *Valperga*, as, on the whole, a clever novel. It must now be our business to justify ourselves and our opinion, by a few extracts from the book. And, following a plan which we would always wish to adhere to, in reviewing novels, we shall endeavour to do what is necessary for our own purposes, without interfering to any considerable extent with the pleasure which our Readers may hereafter seek for in the pages of *VALPERGA* itself. That is to say, we shall keep to one particular part of the story, leaving all the wide stream of Mrs Shelley's narrative pure and untouched, for the refreshment of those whose thirst it ought to be our business to excite, not to assuage.

In order to make our extracts in some degree intelligible, *Valperga* is the name of a castle and small independent territory not far from Lucra. Euthanasia, Countess of Valperga, is in her own person a sovereign princess, but a warm lover of freedom, and much attached, by family connexions, to Florence, the capital of the Guelfic cause in Italy. She had been the companion of Castruccio's boyhood—she meets him while his manhood is opening in glory, and she loves him because she believes he is, and is to be, all that is good, as well as all that is glorious. The Ghibelline Castruccio, however, becomes first a prince, a tyrant, the conqueror of half Tuscany, the dreadful threatener of annihilation to Florence. Euthanasia discovering this, will not marry him as she had promised.—From

less to more she even becomes his enemy, in all but the heart;—he takes her castle from her—and reduces her to a private station:—in a word, the author has sought the chief materials of interest for her story, in the play of passions called into action by the various relations in which the usurper and this charming lady, the love of his youth, appear throughout the narrative.

By far the most striking part of this history, however, and indeed we may add, by far the finest part of the book, is that in which the loves of Castruccio and Euthanasia are broken and disturbed by those of Castruccio and a certain Beatrice of Ferrara.

This Beatrice is a most exquisite beauty of seventeen—invested in her own eyes, and in the superstitious eyes of all about her, with certain mysterious attributes. This beautiful maiden has the enthusiasm, and the pride, and the daring confidence of a priestess, a martyr, and a prophetess. She conceives herself to have been sent into the world and gifted by God for the accomplishment of some high and holy work. She expounds the language of the stars—her dark eyes kindle the souls of congregated men—she is worshipped, adored, revered—no one dreams or dares of connecting the idea of love with that of the "*ANCILLA DEI*."

Castruccio comes to Ferrara for the purpose of arranging a political revolution, in which Beatrice plays a distinguished part. They meet continually; he reveres her as a nun, but cannot be blind to her excessive beauty. She reveres him as the chosen warrior of what she imagines to be the cause of right—the man of the age, the hero of the world. Her soul is bathed in the flood of a new and overmastering passion, and boldly indeed does Mrs Shelley paint her feelings and her actions.

"Thus many hours passed, and when at length the prophetess retired, it was to feverish meditation, and thoughts burning with passion, rendered still more dangerous from her belief in the divine nature of all that suggested itself to her mind. She prayed to the Virgin to inspire her; and again giving herself up to reverie, she wove a subtle web, whose materials she believed heavenly, but which were indeed stolen from the glowing wings of love. Kneeling, her eyes raised to heaven, she felt the same commotion in her soul, which she had felt before, and had recognised as divine inspi-

ration; she felt the same uncontrollable transport and burst of imaginative vision, which she believed to flow immediately from the invisible ray of heaven-derived prophecy. She felt her soul, as it were, fade away, and incorporate itself with another and a diviner spirit, which whispered truth and knowledge to her mind, and then slowly receding, left her human nature, agitated, joyful, and exhausted;—these were her dreams—alas! to her they were realities.

“The following morning she again met Castruccio in the chamber of the bishop. She now looked upon him fearlessly; and, if the virgin modesty of her nature had not withheld her, her words would have been as frank as she innocently believed them to be inspired. But, although she was silent, her looks told that she was changed. Her manner the day before had been soft, concentrated, and retiring; now she was unconstrained; her eyes sparkled, and a joyous expression dwelt in every feature. Her manner towards her guardian was endearing, nor was the affectionate modulation of her voice different when she addressed his guest. Castruccio started to hear it. It reminded him of the accents of Euthanasia, whom for a while he had forgotten; and, looking at Beatrice, he thought, ‘How lovely she is, and yet how unlike!’

“Several days passed thus; Beatrice became embarrassed; it seemed as if she wished to speak to Castruccio, and yet dared not; when she approached, she blushed, and again drew back, and would again seek him, but again vainly. She had framed the mode of her address, conned and reconned the words she should say; but, when an opportunity occurred to utter them, her voice failed her, the memory of what she was about to utter deserted her, and it was not until the approach of a third person took from her the possibility of speaking, that speech again returned, and the lost occasion was uselessly lamented. At night she sought the counsels of heaven, and gave herself up to her accustomed ecstasies; they always told her the same things, until to her bewildered and untamed mind it seemed as if the spirit that had power over her, reprimanded her hesitation, her little trust in the promises of Heaven, and her reluctance to follow the path it pointed out.

“‘Surely, oh! most certainly,’ she thought, ‘thus I am commanded by the Power who has so often revealed his will to me. Can I penetrate his hidden designs? Can I do more than execute his decrees? Did I not feel thus, when, with prophetic transport, I foretold distant events that surely came to pass? When I foresaw, yet afar off, the death of Lorenzo, that lovely child blooming in health, when every one called me a false prophet? And yet he died. And now, the Marquess’s return?

Nay, am I not approved by Heaven? Did I not escape from the malice of my enemies through its miraculous interposition? Oh! I will no longer scan with presumptuous argument purposes that are ruled by mightier hands than mine; I will resign myself to the guidance of what has ever conducted me aright, and which now points out the path to happiness.’

“The next morning, her cheeks flushed, her eyes weighed down, trembling and abashed, she sought Castruccio. It is impossible that there should not have been much tenderness in his manner towards this lovely girl; her history, her strange and romantic contemplations and impulses, and the great intimacy which had arisen between them, were sufficient for this. He regarded her also as a nun; and this made him feel less restraint in the manner of his address, since he feared not to be misconstrued; while at the same time it gave an elevation and unusual tone to his ideas concerning her, that made him watch her every motion with interest. She now approached; and he said playfully, ‘Where is thy mark, prophetess? Art thou no longer the *Maiden of God*? For some days thou hast cast aside the hallowed diadem.’

“‘I still have it,’ she replied; ‘but I have dismissed it from my brow; I will give it you; come, my lord, this evening at midnight to the secret entrance of the Viscountess’s palace.’ Saying these words, she fled to hide her burning blushes in solitude, and again to feel the intoxicating delusions that led her on to destruction.

“Castruccio came. If it were in human virtue to resist the invitation of this angelic girl, his was not the mind, strictly disciplined to right, self-examining and jealous of its own integrity, that should thus weigh its actions, and move only as approved by conscience. He was frank and noble in his manner; his nature was generous; and, though there lurked in his heart the germ of an evil-bearing tree, it was as yet undeveloped and inanimated; and, in obeying the summons of Beatrice, he passively gave himself up to the strong excitements of curiosity and wonder.

“He went again and again. When the silent night was spread over every thing, and the walls of the town stood black and confused amidst the overshadowing trees, whose waving foliage was diversified by no gleam of light, but all was formless as the undistinguishable air; or if a star were dimly seen, it just glistened on the waters of the marsh, and then swiftly the heavy web of clouds hid both star and water; when the watch dogs were mute, unawakened by the moon, and the wind that blew across the plain alone told to the ear the place of the trees; when the bats and the owls were lulled by the exceeding darkness; it was on such nights as these that Castruccio sought the secret entrance of the Viscount-

ess's palace, and was received by the beautiful Beatrice, enshrined in an atmosphere of love and joy.

"She was a strange riddle to him. Without vow, without even that slight shew of distrust which is the child of confidence itself; without seeking the responsive professions of eternal love, she surrendered herself to his arms. And, when the first maiden bashfulness had passed away, all was deep tenderness and ardent love. Yet there was a dignity and a trusting affection in her most unguarded moments, that staggered him; a broken expression would sometimes fall from her lips, that seemed to say that she believed him indissolubly hers, which made him start, as if he feared that he had acted with perfidy; yet he had never solicited, never promised—What could she mean? What was she? He loved her as he would have loved any thing that was surpassingly beautiful; and, when these expressions, that intimated somewhat of enduring and unchangeable in their intercourse, intruded themselves, they pained and irritated him; he turned to the recollection of Euthanasia, his pure, his high-minded, and troth-plight bride;—she seemed as if wronged by such an idea; and yet he hardly dared think her purer than poor Beatrice, whose soul, though given up to love, was imbued in its very grain and texture with delicate affections and honourable feelings; all that makes the soul and living spark of virtue. If she had not resisted the impulses of her soul, it was not that she wanted the power; but that, deluded by the web of deceit that had so long wound itself about her, she believed them not only lawful, but inspired by the special interposition of Heaven."

The following short scene where Beatrice is first awakened to the nature of her dreams about Castruccio, is very fine:

They sat in her apartment at the Malvezzi palace; she radiant, beautiful, and happy; and, twining her lovely arms around Castruccio, she said, 'The moon will set late to-morrow night, and you must not venture here; and indeed for several nights it will spread too glaring a beam. But tell me, are you become a citizen of Ferrara? They averred that you were the head of a noble city; but I see they must have been mistaken, or the poor city must totter strangely, so headless as your absence must make it. How is this, my only friend? Are you not Antelminelli? Are we not to go to Lucca?'

"Castruccio could not stand the questioning of her soft yet earnest eyes; he withdrew himself from her arms, and, taking her hands in his, kissed them silently. 'How is my noble lord?' she repeated; 'have you had ill news? Are

you again banished? that cannot be, or methinks my heart would have told me the secret. Yet, if you are, be not unhappy,—your own Beatrice, with prophetic words, and signs from Heaven that lead the multitude, will conduct you to greater glory and greater power than you before possessed. My gentle love, you have talked less about yourself, and about your hopes and desires, than I should have wished:—Do not think me a foolish woman, tied to an embroidery frame, or that my heart would not beat high at the news of your success, or that with my whole soul I should not enter into your plans, and tell you how the stars looked upon your intents. In truth my mind pants for fitting exertion; and, in being joined to thee, dearest love, I thought that I had found the goal for which Heaven had destined me. Nay, look not away from me; I do not reproach thee; I know that, in finding thee, in being bound to thy fate, mine is fulfilled; and I am happy. Now speak—tell me what has disturbed thy thoughts.'

"Sweetest Beatrice, I have nothing to tell; yet I have for many days wished to speak; for in truth I must return to Lucca."

"The quick sensations of Beatrice could not be deceived. The words of Castruccio were too plain; she looked at him, as if she would read the secret in his soul,—she did read it;—his downcast eyes, confused air, and the words he stammered out in explanation, told her every thing. The blood rushed to her face, her neck, her hands; and then as suddenly receding, left even her lips pale. She withdrew her arms from the soft caress she had bestowed; playfully she had bound his head with her own hair and the silken strings entangled with his; she tore her tresses impatiently to disengage herself from him; then, trembling, white, and chilled, she sat down and said not a word. Castruccio looked on with fear; he attempted consolation.

"I shall visit thee again, my own Beatrice; for a time we must part;—the viscountess—the good bishop—you cannot leave them—fear not but that we shall meet again."

"We shall meet again!" she exclaimed with a passionate voice; 'Never!'

"Her tone, full of agitation and grief, sunk into the soul of Castruccio. He took her hand; it was lifeless; he would have kissed her; but she drew back coldly and sadly. His words had not been those of the heart; he had hesitated and paused: But now compassion, and the memory of what she had been, awoke his powers, and he said warmly, and with a voice whose modulations seemed tuned by love: 'You mistake me, Beatrice; indeed you do. I love you;—who could help loving one so true, so gentle, and so trusting?—we part

for a while ;—this is necessary. Does not your character require it ? the part you act in the world ? every consideration of honour and delicacy ?—Do you think that I can ever forget you ? does not your own heart tell you, that your love, your caresses, your sweet eyes, and gentle words, have woven a net which must keep me for ever ? You will remain here, and I shall go ; but a few suns, a few moons, and we shall meet again, and the joy of that moment will make you forget our transient separation."

"How cold were these words to the burning heart of the prophetess ; she, who thought that Heaven had singled out Castruccio to unite him to her, who thought that the Holy Spirit had revealed himself to bless their union, that, by the mingled strength of his manly qualities, and her Divine attributes, some great work might be fulfilled on earth ; who saw all as God's command, and done by his special interposition ; to find this heavenly tissue swept away, beaten down, and destroyed ! It was to his fortunes, good or bad, that she had bound herself, to share his glory or sooth his griefs ; and not to be the mistress of the passing hour, the distaff of the spinning Hercules. It was her heart, her whole soul she had given ; her understanding, her prophetic powers, all the little universe that with her ardent spirit she grasped and possessed, she had surrendered, fully, and without reserve ; but, alas ! the most worthless part alone had been accepted, and the rest cast as dust upon the winds. How in this moment did she long to be a winged soul, that her person heedlessly given, given only as a part of that to the whole of which he had an indefeasible right, and which was now despoiled, might melt away from the view of the despoiler, and be seen no more ! The words of her lover brought despair, not comfort ; she shook her head in silence ; Castruccio spoke again and again ; but many words are dangerous where there is much to conceal, and every syllable he uttered laid bare some new forgery of her imagination, and shewed her more and more clearly the harsh reality. She was astounded, and drank in his words eagerly, though she answered not ; she was impatient when he was silent, for she longed to know the worst ; yet she dared not direct the course of his explanations by a single inquiry : She was as a mother, who reads the death-warrant of her child on the physician's brow, yet, blindly trusting that she decyphers ill, will not destroy the last hope by a question. Even so she listened to the assurances of Castruccio, each word being a fresh assurance of her misery, yet not stamping the last damning seal on her despair."

Her length grey dawn appeared ; sh-

was silent, motionless, and wan ; she marked it not ; but he did ; and rising hastily, he cried, ' I must go, or you are lost ! Farewell, Beatrice !'

"Now she awoke, her eyes glared, her lovely features became even distorted by the strength of her agony—she started up

Not yet, not yet—one word more ! Do you—love another ?"

"Her tone was that of command ;—her flashing eyes demanded the truth, and seemed as if they would, by their excessive force, strike the falsehood dead, if he dared utter it. He was subdued, impelled to reply—

" ' I do.'

" ' Her name ?'

" ' Euthanasia.'

" ' Enough ! I will remember that name in my prayers. Now, go ! seek not to come again ; the entrance will be closed ; do not endeavour to see me at the house of the bishop ; I shall fly you as a basilisk, and, if I see you, your eyes will kill me : but I swear by all my hopes, never to see you more. Oh, never, never !'

"She again sank down pale and lifeless, pressing her hands upon her eyes, as if the more speedily to fulfil her vow. Castruccio dared stay no longer ; he fled as the demon might have fled from the bitter sorrows of despoiled Paradise ; he left her aghast, overthrown, annihilated."

Beatrice, after a time spent in the utmost prostration and repentance and misery, goes on a pilgrimage to Rome. On her way she comes to the castle of Valperga, and sees Euthanasia ; she will tell nothing of her story, but she had just come, she said, to see and bless the lady. Having done so, she quits the castle alone, barefooted, needing everything, and refusing everything. The Countess, who had in vain endeavoured to detain and to question her, had been so deeply interested by the poor girl's appearance, that she alluded to it the next time Castruccio came to visit her.

Castruccio listened earnestly ; and, when he heard what had been her last words, he cried, ' It must be she ! It is the poor Beatrice !'

" ' Beatrice ! Who is Beatrice ?'

Castruccio endeavoured to evade the question, and afterwards to answer it by the relation of a few slight circumstances ; but Euthanasia, struck by his manner, questioned him so seriously, that he ended by relating the whole story. Euthanasia was deeply moved ; and earnest pity succeeded to her first astonishment—astonishment for her powers and strange errors,

and then compassion for her sorrows and mighty fall. Castruccio, led on by the memory of her enchantments, spoke with ardour, scarcely knowing to whom he spoke; and, when he ended, Euthanasia cried, 'She must be followed, brought back, consoled; her misery is great; but there is a cure for it.'

"She then concerted with Castruccio the plan for tracing her steps, and inducing her to return. Messengers were sent on the road to Rome, who were promised high rewards if they succeeded in finding her; others were sent to Ferrara, to learn if her friends there had any knowledge of her course. These researches occupied several weeks; but they were fruitless. The messengers from Ferrara brought word, that she had left that city early in the preceding spring in a pilgrimage to Rome, and that she had never since been heard of. The Lady Marchesana, inconsolable for her departure, had since died; and the good bishop Marsilio, who had not returned from France, where he had been made a cardinal, was at too great a distance to understand the circumstances of her departure, or to act upon them. Nor were the tidings brought from Rome more satisfactory: She was traced from Lucca to Pisa, Florence, Arezzo, Perugia, Foligno, Spoleto, and even to Terni; but there all trace was lost. It appeared certain that she had never arrived in Rome; none of the priests had heard of her; every church and convent was examined; but no trace of her could be found. Every exertion was vain: it appeared as if she had sunk into the bowels of the earth.

"During the period occupied by these researches, a great change had taken place in the mind of Euthanasia. Before, though her atmosphere had been torn by storms, and blackened by the heaviest clouds, her love had ever borne her on towards one point with resistless force; and it seemed as if, body and soul, she would in the end be its victim. Now the tide ebbed, and left her, as a poor wretch upon one point of rock, when the rising ocean suddenly subsides, and restores him unexpectedly to life. She had loved Castruccio; and, as is ever the case with pure and exalted minds, she had separated the object of her love from all other beings, and, investing him with a glory, he was no longer to her as one among the common herd, nor ever for a moment could she confound him and class him with his fellow men. It is this feeling that is the essence and life of love, and that, still subsisting even after esteem and sympathy had been destroyed, had caused the excessive grief in which she had been plunged. She had separated herself from the rest as his chosen one; she had been selected from the whole world for him to love, and therefore was there a mighty barrier between her and all things else; no sentiment could pass

through her mind unmingled with his image, no thought that did not bear his stamp to distinguish it from all other thoughts; as the moon in heaven shines bright, because the sun illumines her with his rays, so did she proceed on her high path in serene majesty, protected through her love for him from all meaner cares or joys; her very person was sacred, since she had dedicated herself to him; but, the god undeified, the honours of the priestess fell to the dust. The story of Beatrice dissolved the charm; she looked on him now in the common light of day; the illusion and exaltation of love was dispelled for ever; and, although disappointment, and the bitterness of destroyed hope, robbed her of every sensation of enjoyment, it was no longer that mad despair, that clinging to the very sword that cut her, which before had tainted her cheek with the hues of death. Her old feelings of duty, benevolence, and friendship, returned; all was not now, as before, referred to love alone; the trees, the streams, the mountains, and the stars, no longer told one never-varying tale of disappointed passion; before, they had oppressed her heart by reminding her, through every change and every form, of what she had once seen in joy; and they lay as so heavy and sad a burthen on her soul, that she would exclaim as a modern poet has since done:—

Thou, thrush, that singest long, and loud, and free,
Tuto you row of willows sit,
Upon that alder sit,
Or sing another song, or choose another tree!
Roll back, sweet rill, back to thy mountain bounds,
And there for ever be thy water chained!
For thou dost haunt the air with sounds
That cannot be sustained.

Be any thing, sweet rill, but that which thou art now.

But now these feverish emotions ceased. Sorrow sat on her downcast eye, restrained her light step, and slept in the unmoved dimples of her fair cheek; but the wildness of grief had died, the fountain of selfish tears flowed no more, and she was restored from death to life. She considered Castruccio as bound to Beatrice; bound by the deep love and anguish of the fallen prophetess, by all her virtues, even by her faults; bound by his falsehood to her who was then his betrothed, and whom he carelessly wronged, and thus proved how little capable he was of participating in her own exalted feelings. She believed that he would be far happier in the passionate and unquestioning love of this enthusiast, than with her, who had lived too long to be satisfied alone with the affection of him she loved, but required in him a conformity of tastes to those she had herself cultivated, which in Castruccio was entirely wanting. She felt half glad, half sorry, for the change she was aware had been operated in her heart; for the misery that she before endured was not without its momentary in-

tervals, which busy love filled with dreams and hopes, that caused a wild transport, which, although it destroyed her, was still joy, still delight. But now there was no change; one steady hopeless blank was before her; the very energies of her mind were palsied; her imagination furled its wings, and the owlet, reason, was the only dweller that found sustenance and a being in her benighted soul."

Beatrice, in the progress of her sad story, undergoes all the miseries of madness. She consorts with a hideous witch—the original enthusiasm of her imagination, brooding over her own griefs, leads her into a thousand extravagancies; and after a long interval, she is discovered by Euthanasia, a prisoner in the dungeons of the Inquisition at Lucca.

Euthanasia, who, despoiled of her principality, and irritated, or rather alienated by the ambitious proceedings of Castruccio against Florence and Freedom, has had for some time no intercourse with her former lover, repairs now in person to his palace, and ventures into his cabinet, that she may procure from him an order for the instant release of her whose calamities had originated in love for himself. Castruccio grants this without hesitation, and perceiving that Euthanasia will not hear from him any renewal of his vows to herself, continues to keep up the intercourse thus recommenced, by sending every now and then to make inquiry after the health of poor Beatrice, to whom, on quitting the dungeon, the fair Countess had given shelter in her own home.

We shall not pursue Beatrice through the long train of agonies that terminate in her death; but we must make room for one extract from the chapter which Mrs S. entitles "Beatrice, her creed, and her love." It is impossible to read it without admiration of the eloquence with which it is written, or without sorrow, that any English lady should be capable of clothing such thoughts in such words. We are aware that it may be said, as it has often been done by sophists, ancient and modern, "Æschylus paints Clytemnestra—Shakespeare paints Iago." We would be very happy indeed, if we could believe that it is so, this author paints this part of her Beatrice; but, alas! what is here put into the mouth of a frantic girl, now with love and misery, has been of late put forth so frequently, and in so many different forms, by the

writers of that school, with which this gifted person has the misfortune to be associated, that we should only be trifling with our readers, if we hesitated to say that we do not believe any such matter. We are not going to preach, however; this is not the sort of opportunity we choose for warring with Manicheism, or with any thing *quod erit in ism*. We wish to shew what Mrs S. can do.—Euthanasia and Beatrice are sitting together—the former perceiving that the latter is strangely agitated by the intenseness of her recollections, prays her to forget the past—"forget everything that you once were."

"Aye, you say right; I must forget every thing, or to be what I am must torture me to despair. Poor, misled, foolish, insensate Beatrice! I can accuse myself alone for my many ills; myself, and that power who sits on high, and scatters evil like dew upon the earth, a killing, blighting honey dew."

"Hush! my poor girl, do not talk thus; indeed I must not have you utter these sentiments."

"Oh! let me speak; before all others I must hide my bursting feelings, deep, deep. Yet for one moment let me curse!"

"Beatrice arose; she pointed to heaven; she stood in the same attitude, as when she had prophesied to the people of Ferrara under the portico of the church of St Anna; but how changed! Her form thin; her face care-worn; her love-formed lips withered; her hands and arms, then so round and fair, now wrinkled and faded; her eyes were not the same; they had lost that softness which, mingling with their fire, was as something wonderful in brilliancy and beauty: they now, like the sun from beneath a thunder cloud, glared fiercely from under her dark and scattered hair that shaded her brow; but even now, as in those times, she spoke with tumultuous eloquence."

"Euthanasia, you are much deceived; you either worship a useless shadow, or a fiend in the clothing of a god. Listen to me, while I an ounce to you the eternal and victorious influence of evil, which circulates like air about us, clinging to our flesh like a poisonous garment, eating into us, and destroying us. Are you blind, that you see it not? Are you deaf, that you hear no groans? Are you insensible, that you feel no misery? Open your eyes, and you will behold all of which I speak, standing in hideous array before you. Look around! Is there not war, violation of treaties, and hardhearted cruelty? Look at the societies of men. Are not our fellow-creatures tormented one by the other in an endless circle of pain? Some shut up in iron cages, starved and destroyed; cities float in

blood, and the hopes of the husbandman are manured by his own mangled limbs : remember the times of our fathers, the extirpation of the Albigenes ;—the cruelties of Ezzelin, when troops of the blind, and the lame, and the mutilated, the scum of his prisons, inundated the Italian states. Remember the destruction of the Templars. Did you never glance in thought into the tower of famine of Ugolino ; or into the hearts of the armies of exiles, that each day the warring citizens banish from their homes ? Did you never reflect on the guilty policy of the Popes, those ministers of the reigning King of heaven ? Remember the Sicilian vespers ; the death of the innocent Conradin ; the myriads whose bones are now bleached beneath the sun of Asia ; they went in honour of His name, and thus He rewards them.

“ Then reflect upon domestic life, on the strife, hatred, and uncharitableness, that, as sharp spears, pierce one’s bosom at every turn ; think of jealousy, midnight murders, envy, want of faith, calumny, ingratitude, cruelty, and all which man in his duly sport inflicts upon man. Think upon disease, plague, famine, leprosy, fever, and all the aching pains our limbs suffer withal ; visit in thought the hospital, the lazar house. Oh ! surely God’s hand is the chastening hand of a father, that thus torments his children ! His children ? his eternal enemies ! Look, I am one ! He created the seeds of disease, marenna, thirst, want ; he created man,—that most wretched of slaves ; oh ! know you not what a wretch man is ! and what a store-house of infinite pain is this much-vaunted human soul ? Look into your own heart ; or, if that be too peaceful, gaze on mine ; I will tear it open for your inspection. There is remorse, hatred, grief—overwhelming, mighty, and eternal misery. God created me ; am I the work of a beneficent being ? Oh, what spirit mingled in my wretched frame love, hope, energy, confidence,—to find indifference, to be blasted to despair, to be as weak as the fallen leaf, to be betrayed by all ! Now I am changed,—I hate ;—my energy is spent in curses, and if I trust, it is to be the more deeply wounded.

“ Did not the power you worship create the passions of man ; his desires which outleap possibility, and bring ruin upon his head ? Did he not implant the seeds of ambition, revenge, and hate ? Did he not create love, the tempter ; he who keeps the key of that mansion whose motto must ever be

Lasciate ogni speranza voi che intrate ?

And the imagination, that master-piece of his malice ; that spreads honey on the cup that you may drink poison ; that strews roses over thorns, thorns sharp and big as spears ; that semblance of beauty which beckons you to the desert ; that apple of gold with the heart of ashes ; that foul

image, with the veil of excellence ; that mist of the marenna, glowing with roseate hues beneath the sun, that creates it, and beautifies it, to destroy you ; that diadem of nettles ; that spear, broken in the heart ?”

But we dare not transcribe any further. (See Vol. III. p. 47.)

To come back to Euthanasia—she, after Beatrice is dead, becomes more and more weary of Lucca, and she at last seeks and obtains Castruccio’s permission to retire to Florence. In that city a great conspiracy is in motion against Castruccio—Euthanasia is long and in vain solicited to join in it ; for however she detests the bloodshed through which Castruccio has been, and is wading onwards towards the great object of his ambition, the total overthrow of Tuscan liberty, she feels, and feels justly, that nothing but the last extremity could justify her, who had been the love of his youth, in combining with his enemies against him. A terrible act of cruelty, however, in which some of her own Florentine kindred are the sufferers, at last persuades her. But she forms a romantic plan to save Castruccio by, and in his very overthrow. She bargains, ere she takes the oath of the conspirators, that his life is to be held sacred, and dreams a fanciful dream of restoring him to tranquillity and contentment of mind, of soothing him fallen, with the love she had refused to him in his princely splendour, of spending years of quiet bliss with him chastened and purified—in some beautiful Italian solitude, far from the noise and tumult of Tuscany. A scoundrel betrays the conspiracy to Castruccio’s lieutenant. The prince, on his return to Lucca, after a short absence, is informed abruptly that a plot against his life has been discovered—that three hundred conspirators are in his prisons—and that one cell holds—Euthanasia of Valperga.

The scene where Castruccio liberates Euthanasia, whom he believes to have meditated his death, is one of the finest in this book. We shall extract a part of it.

“ A little before midnight Euthanasia’s prison-chamber was unlocked, and the jailer entered, with a lamp in his hand, accompanied by one of majestic figure, and a countenance beautiful, but sad, and tarnished by the expression of pride that animated it. ‘ She sleeps,’ whispered the jailer. His companion raised his finger in token of silence ; and, taking the lamp from

the man's hand, approached her mattress, which was spread upon the floor, and, kneeling down beside it, earnestly gazed upon that face he had known so well in happier days. She made an uneasy motion, as if the lamp which he held disturbed her; he placed it on the ground, and shaded it with his figure; while, by the soft light that fell upon her, he tried to read the images that were working in her mind.

"She appeared but slightly altered since he had first seen her. If thought had drawn some lines in her brow, the intellect which its beautiful form expressed, effaced them to the eye of the spectator: her golden hair fell over her face and neck; he gently drew it back, while she smiled in her sleep; her smile was ever past description lovely, and one might well exclaim with Dante

*Quel ch'ella par quando un poco sorride,
Non si può direr, ne luvie a mente,
Sì è nuovo miracolo, e gentile.**

He gazed on her long; her white arm lay on her black dress, and he imprinted a sad kiss upon it; she awoke, and saw Castruccio gazing upon her.

"She started up; What does this mean?" she cried.

"His countenance, which had softened as he looked upon her, now re-assumed its severe expression. 'Madonna,' he replied, 'I come to take you from this place.'

"She looked on him, endeavouring to read his purpose in his eyes; but she saw there no explanation of her doubts;—'And whither do you intend to lead me?'

"'That you will know hereafter.'

"She paused; and he added with a disdainful smile, 'The Countess of Valperga need not fear, while I have the power to protect her, the fate she prepared for me.'

"'What fate?'

"'Death.'

"He spoke in an under tone, but with one of those modulations of voice, which, bringing to her mind scenes of other days, was best fitted to make an impression upon her. She replied, almost unconsciously—'I did not prepare death for you; God is my witness!'

"'Well, Madonna, we will not quarrel about words; or, like lawyers, clothe our purposes in such a subtle guise, that it might deceive all, if truth did not destroy the spider's web. I come to lead you from prison.'

"'Not thus, my lord, not thus will I be saved. I disdain any longer to assert my intentions, since I am not believed. But am I to be liberated alone; or are my friends included in your merciful intentions?'

"'Your friends are too dangerous enemies of the commonwealth, to be rescued from the fate that awaits them. Your sex, perhaps the memory of our ancient friendship, plead for you; and I do not think that

it accords with your wisdom to make conditions with one who has the power to do that which best pleases him.'

"'And yet I will not yield; I will not most unworthily attend to my own safety, while my associates die. No, my lord, if they are to be sacrificed, the addition of one poor woman will add little to the number of your victims; and I cannot consent to desert them.'

"'How do you desert them? You will never see or hear of them more, or they of you. But this is trifling; and my moments are precious.'

"'I will not—I dare not follow you. My heart, my conscience tell me to remain. I must not disobey their voice.'

"'Is your conscience so officious now, and did it say nothing, or did your heart silence it, when you plotted my destruction?'

Castruccio, this I believe is the last time that I shall ever speak to you. Our hearts are in the hands of the Father of all; and he sees my thoughts. You know me too well, to believe that I plotted your death, or that of any human creature. Now is not the time to explain my motives and plans; but my earnest prayer was that you might live; my best hope, to make that life less miserable, less unworthy, than it had hitherto been.'

"She spoke with deep earnestness; and there was something in her manner, as if the spirit of truth animated all her accents, that compelled assent. Castruccio believed all; and he spoke in a milder and more persuasive manner 'Poor Euthanasia! so you were at last enjoyed by that arch-traitor, Bondelmonti. Well, I believe, and pardon all; but, as the seal of the purity of your intentions, I now claim your consent to my offers of safety.'

"'I cannot, indeed I cannot, consent. Be merciful; be magnanimous; and pardon all; banish us all where our discontent cannot be dangerous to you. But to desert my friends, and basely to save that life you deny to them, I never can.'

"The jailor, who had hitherto stood in the shade near the door, could no longer contain himself. He knelt to Euthanasia, and earnestly and warmly entreated her to save herself, and not with wilful presumption to cast aside those means, which God had brought about for her safety. 'Remember,' he cried, 'your misfortunes will be on the prince's head; make him not answer for you also. Oh! lady, for his sake, for all our sakes, yield.'

"Castruccio was much moved to see the warmth of this man. He took the hand of Euthanasia, he also knelt. 'Yes, my only and dearest friend, save yourself for my sake. Yield, beloved Euthanasia, to my entreaties. Indeed you will not die; for you well know that your life is dearer to

me than my own. But yield to my request, by our former loves, I entreat ; by the prayers which you offer up for my salvation, I conjure you as they shall be heard, so also hear me !

"The light of the solitary lamp fell full upon the countenance of Castruccio. It was softened from all severity ; his eyes glistered, and a tear stole silently down his cheek, as he prayed her to yield. They talk of the tears of women ; but, when they flow most plentifully, they soften not the heart of man, as one tear from his eye has power on a woman. Words and looks have been feigned ; they say, though I believe them not, that women have feigned tears ; but those of a man, which are ever as the last demonstration of a too full heart, force belief, and communicate to her who causes them, that excess of tenderness, that intense depth of passion, of which they are themselves the sure indication.

"Euthanasia had seen Castruccio weep but once before ; it was many years ago, when he departed for the battle of Monte Catini ; and he then sympathized too deeply in her sorrows, not to repay her much weeping with one most true and sacred tear. And now this scene was present before her ; the gap of years remained unfilled ; and she had consented to his request, before she again recalled her thoughts, and saw the dreary prison-chamber, the glimmering lamp, and the rough form of the jailor, who knelt beside Antelmindelli. Her consent was scarcely obtained, when Castruccio leapt up, and, bidding her wrap her capuchin about her, led her by the hand down the steep prison-stairs, while the jailor went before them, and unlocked, and drew back the bolts of the heavy creaking doors.

"At the entrance of the prison they found a man on horseback holding two other horses. It was Mordecastelli. Castruccio assisted Euthanasia to mount, and then sprang on his own saddle ; they walked their horses to a gate of the town which was open—they proceeded in silence—at the gate Castruccio said to his companion—
"Here leave us ; I shall speedily return."

"Vanni then turned his horse's head, slightly answering the salute of Euthanasia, which she had involuntarily made at parting for ever with one who had been her intimate acquaintance. A countryman was waiting on horseback outside the gate.—

"You are our guide ?" said Castruccio.—
"Lead on then."

It was a frosty cloudless night. Castruccio rides with Euthanasia till she is within sight of the shore. He bids her farewell abruptly, and she soon finds herself embarked in a vessel bound for Sicily.

"About noon they met a Pisan vessel, who bade them beware of a Genoese squadron, which was cruising off Corsica ; so they bore in nearer to the shore. At sunset

that day a fierce scirocco rose, accompanied by thunder and lightning, such as is seldom seen during the winter season. Presently they saw huge dark columns descending from Heaven, and meeting the sea, which boiled beneath ; they were borne on by the storm, and scattered by the wind. The rain came down in sheets ; and the hail clattered, as it fell to its grave in the ocean—the ocean was lashed into such waves, that, many miles inland, during the pauses of the wind, the hoarse and constant murmurs of the far-off sea, made the well-housed landsman mutter one more prayer for those exposed to its fury.

"Such was the storm, as it was seen from shore. Nothing more was ever known of the Sicilian vessel which bore Euthanasia. It never reached its destined port, nor were any of those on board ever after seen. The sentinels who watched near Vado, a tower on the sea beach of the Maremma, found, on the following day, that the waves had washed on shore some of the wrecks of a vessel. They picked up a few planks and a broken mast, round which, tangled with some of its cordage, was a white silk handkerchief, such a one as had bound the tresses of Euthanasia the night that she had embarked, and in its knot were a few golden hairs.

"She was never heard of more ; even her name perished. She slept in the oozy cavern of the ocean ; the sea-weed was tangled with her shining hair ; and the spirits of the deep wondered that the earth had trusted so lovely a creature to the barren bosom of the sea, which, as an evil step-mother, deceives and betrays all committed to her care.

"Earth felt no change when she died ; and men forgot her. Yet a lovelier spirit never ceased to breathe, nor was a lovelier form ever destroyed amidst the many it brings forth. Endless tears might well have been shed at her loss ; yet for her none wept, save the piteous skies, which deplored the mischief they had themselves committed—none moaned except the sea-birds, that flapped their heavy wings above the ocean-cave wherein she lay—and the muttering thunder alone tolled her passing bell, as she quitted a life, which for her had been replete with change and sorrow."

Castruccio survives this for some time, but the romance of Mrs Shelley terminates here ; what comes after is little more than a parcel of translations from historical works, in the hand of every reader of Italian. The work, with all the deductions we have made, undoubtedly reflects no *discredit* even the authoress of *Frankenstein*—though we must once more repeat our opinion, that Valperga is, for a romance, by no means what its predecessor was for a first one.

CIBBER'S APOLOGY.*

WE have sometimes thought of making out a list of literary reputations attained and lost undeservedly, a sort of debtor and creditor account with Fate and Fortune. At the head of the latter column, we are not sure that we should not place the name of Colley Cibber. The fame of Cibber was murdered by Pope. The reputation of the poet bore down all his antagonists, and amongst them the author of the *Apology* was unlucky enough to be numbered. Against the writer of the *Dunciad*, no mortal character could stand. We have a sort of distrust even of Addison; a disgust for Lord Hervey; a compassion for Theobald; a contempt for Cibber; a dislike to Budgell. Of Dennis, we can only conceive as of a red-faced man, with inflamed eyes and a bad temper; and for Curll the bookseller, we have that kind of esteem which we feel for Jonathan Wild. Nay, were we in the shoes of the Rev. Mr Bowles, we should "be afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead;" and, though the satire was not launched at us, dread being hurt by the rebound. That the enmity of Pope to Cibber has, in its consequence, been most unjust, is apparent in the fact, that the world to this hour regards the author of such a comedy as the *Careless Husband*, and of such a book as the *Apology*, as being little better than a shallow, pretending, and profligate coxcomb. In further proof of this, we would refer even to the preface and notes of Mr Belshambers, the editor of the present reprint. He has sailed too much with the tide of that prejudice which set against his author. It is time enough to hold up our hands against Cibber for dissipation and irreligion, when the virgin fame of the "moral Pope" shall have been rescued from the scandals of Mr Bowles, and the orthodoxy of his Roman Catholicism cleared from the suspicion of his connexion with Lord Bolingbroke. As to coxcombry, did not Colley pity his son Theophilus for his velvet surtout and silver frogs? Goldsmith, who is not called a coxcomb, would have envied him, and been out of humour with his own peach-coloured coat for the next four-and-twenty

hours. The secret is—or rather the key to the secret—that Cibber was poet-laureat, and successful as a dramatic writer, whilst Pope was neither. The failure of "Three Hours after Marriage," the irritable satirist never forgave, and was not suffered to forget. Cibber, in Bayes, took care to remind the public of the "Mummy and the Crocodile."

It is not remarkable that Cibber should have written pleasantly; for all actors do so. He is, however, at the head of them, and though followed by Mrs Bellamy, Tom Davies, Tate Wilkinson, Gilliland, Alwyn, the gentleman comedian (Holcroft) and the itinerant (Riley), he is still unrivalled. The manner of an actor-author is naturally amusing as well as his matter. His profession teaches him the value of constant sprightliness and continued excitement; and as for his pursuits, they consist altogether of the ornamental. His daily fare is other men's sauce. His every-day occupations are matter for periodical papers and newspaper paragraphs. He is a perpetual subject for writers of smart essays—"an everlasting triumph, a perpetual bon-fire light." He overlooks the plain manufacturers of utilities—the homely dealers in the necessaries of life, as a gaudy coperge covered with nothing but flowers, syllabubs, and whipt-cream, does a substantial feast. Such a man has only to write his life, in order to make a successful book—to tell truth, and shame the critics. This Cibber has done, and with a lightness and an elasticity which admirably become the subject. His "Apology" for his own life, much as it might need excuse, is a better one than Dr Johnson could have made for him. The pompous strength of the moralist would have been sadly misapplied to a subject ornamental in its very essence. He would have studded it over with grave aphorisms, which, however wise in themselves, would have had about as happy an effect as the formal rows of brass-headed nails on an old-fashioned settee. Cibber, on the contrary, tells of his faults and his follies in a way more amusing, and, for aught we know, just as edifying. He ap-

pears to see them as portions of a not ill constructed drama; and at the same time that he is fully conscious of his aberrations, he views them, in a manner, good-naturedly, as leading to no ill nor disgraceful catastrophe. He seems to feel, as it were, that, of all men, the player's life especially, is half a jest. "Such a one is a moral philosopher." His egotism is not blind, nor his conceit indiscriminating; and much of what is put to the score of impudence, was doubtless the result of a stoicism of the cheerful sort.

There is every reason to suppose, that the accounts of Cibber's morals, as well as of his talents, have been grievously distorted. It was the fashion to decry him. He was obnoxious to the Tories as poet-laureate, and as the author of the Nonjurors. As a player, he was subject to the disesteem which was then, even more than it is now, attached to his profession. After all, however, *The Careless Husband*, and *The Apology*, are a complete answer to the Dunciad. If his Court Poems have been forgotten, we should be glad to know, what Birthday Odes have not? That they were esteemed good enough for the occasion, is evident in the fact of his having retained the laurel in spite of all the ridicule that was heaped upon him. We never read them, but we would bet a wager, that they are not much heavier than the effusions of James Pye, Esq., and not much more extravagant than *The Vision of Judgment*. Cibber's character, doubtless, partook of the dissipation of the majority of those with whom it was his lot to associate; but it ought to be remembered, that he died a cheerful and active old man, at the advanced age of seventy-six. With neither the prostration of intellect, nor the discontented gloom of the worn-out debauchee, he employed the last years of his vivacious existence in writing the Memoirs which are the subject of the present article. They prove that none of his faculties had deserted him, and are marked, as strongly as any of his works, with the peculiar bent of his mind. He has filled his part to the last with applause; for that he was intended by Nature, though not by his parents, for a player, seems to be indisputable. It is time, however, that he should speak for himself; and his account of his entrance into life, affords a tolerably fair

example both of the excellencies and faults of his style.

"'Twas about this time I first imbibed an inclination, which I durst not reveal, for the stage; for, besides that I knew it would disoblige my father, I had no conception of any means practicable to make my way to it. I therefore suppressed the bewitching ideas of so sublime a station, and compounded with my ambition, by laying a lower scheme of only getting the nearest way into the immediate life of a gentleman collegiate. My father being at this time employed at Chatsworth, in Derbyshire, by the (then) Earl of Devonshire, who was raising that seat from a Gothic to a Grecian magnificence, I made use of the leisure I then had, in London, to open to him, by letter, my disinclination to wait another year for an uncertain preferment at Winchester, and to entreat him that he would send me, *per saltum*, by a short cut, to the university. My father, who was naturally indulgent to me, seemed to comply with my request, and wrote word, that, as soon as his affairs would permit, he would carry me with him, and settle me in some college, but rather at Cambridge, where, during his late residence at that place, in making some statues that now stand upon Trinity College new Library, he had contracted some acquaintance with the heads of houses, who might assist his intentions for me. This I liked better than to go discountenanced to Oxford, to which it would have been a sort of reproach to me not to have come elected. After some months were elapsed, my father, not being willing to let me lie too long idling in London, sent for me down to Chatsworth, to be under his eye till he could be at leisure to carry me to Cambridge. Before I could set out on my journey thither, the nation fell in labour of the Revolution, the news being then just brought to London, that the Prince of Orange, at the head of an army, was landed in the west. When I came to Nottingham, I found my father in arms there, among those forces which the Earl of Devonshire had raised for the redress of our violated laws and liberties. My father judged this a proper season for a young stripling to turn himself loose in the bustle of the world; and being himself too advanced in years to endure the winter fatigue, which might pos-

sibly follow, entreated that noble lord that he would be pleased to accept of his son in his room, and that he would give him (my father) leave to return, and finish his works at Chatsworth. This was so well received by his lordship, that he not only admitted of my service, but promised my father, in return, that, when affairs were settled, he would provide for me. Upon this my father returned to Derbyshire; while I, not a little transported, jumped into his saddle. Thus, in one day, all my thoughts of the university were smothered in ambition! A slight commission for a horse-officer was the least view I had before me. At this crisis, you cannot but observe, that the fate of King James, and of the Prince of Orange, and that of so minute a being as myself, were all at once upon the anvil. In what shape they would severally come out, though a good guess might be made, was not then demonstrable to the deepest foresight; but, as my fortune seemed to be of small importance to the public, Providence thought fit to postpone it till that of those great rulers of nations was justly perfected. Yet, had my father's business permitted him to have carried me one month sooner to the university, who knows but, by this time, that purer fountain might have washed my imperfections into a capacity of writing, instead of plays and annual odes, sermons and pastoral letters! But whatever care of the church might so have fallen to my share, as, I dare say, it may be now in better hands, I ought not to repine at my being otherwise disposed of."

As might be expected, Cibber soon ceased to repine at not being intended for a general or a bishop; though how Mr Belchambers can find either levity or irreligion in his serious reflection (page 40) on his unsettled state at this period, is to us inexplicable. Introduced to the stage, he became intimate with the most celebrated players of the time—Betterton, whose kindness inspired him with an attachment that is honourable to both—Mountfort, Kynaston, Nokes, Mrs Mountfort, Mrs Barry, and Mrs Bracegirdle. The least happy of Mr. Belchambers' notes is perhaps that in which he endeavours to palliate the murder, of which the last named lady was the involuntary, and, for aught that appears, innocent occasion. The colouring which

he has adopted is not only in itself improbable, but, as he must be aware, was contradicted by those witnesses who were the nearest spectators of the scene, and whose credibility was least tainted.

"They both (says Mr Belchambers) went from the pavement into the middle of the road, and after making two or three passes at each other, Mountfort was mortally wounded. He threw down his sword, *which broke by the fall, and staggered to his own house*, where Mrs Page, who had gone to concert with Mrs Mountfort for her husband's safety, hearing a cry of "murder" in the street, threw open the door, and received him, pale, bleeding, and exhausted, in her arms. Hill fled and escaped; but Lord Mohun, having surrendered himself, was arraigned before Parliament as an accomplice, on the 31st January, 1693, and, after a laborious, patient, protracted, and impartial trial, acquitted of the crime, in which he certainly bore no conspicuous part. Mountfort languished till noon the next day, and solemnly declared, at the very point of death, that Hill stabbed him with one hand, while he struck him with the other, Lord Mohun holding him in conversation when the murder was committed. From the fact, however, of Mountfort's sword being taken up unsheathed and broken, there is no doubt, without insisting upon the testimony to that effect, that he used it; and that he could have used it, after receiving the desperate wound of which he died, does not appear, by his flight and exhaustion, to have been possible. Some of his fellow-players, it seems, had sifted the evidence of a material witness the day after his death, and at this evidence they openly expressed their dissatisfaction. Mountfort, it was indisputably shewn too, *went out of the way to his own house*, in going down Howard-street at all, as he ought to have crossed it, his door being the second from the south-west corner. These circumstances will perhaps support a conjecture, that some part of the odium heaped upon Lord Mohun and Hill, has proceeded from the cowardice and exasperation of a timid and vindictive fraternity, coupled with the individual artifices of Mrs Bracegirdle, to redeem a character which the real circumstances of Mountfort's death, dying as her champion, severely af-

fectcd. Cibber's assurance of her purity may merely prove the extent of his dulness or dissimulation ; for, on calmly reviewing this case in all its aspects, chequered, as it is, by Hill's impetuosity, Mrs Bracegirdle's lewdness, and Mountfort's presumption, I cannot help inferring, that he fell a victim, not unfairly, to one of those casual encounters, which mark the general violence of the times. The record of his murder is therefore erroneous, and we may hope to see it unclouded in every future collection of *Theatrical lives*."

We submit, that an emendation, built upon such conjectural criticism as this, should be at least only inserted in the margin. Mrs Brown and Mrs Brewer, who, with Lord Mohun's foot-boy, were the nearest spectators, swore distinctly on the trial, that Hill stabbed Mountfort before the sword of the latter was drawn. The evidence of the foot-boy, who denied this, differed materially from that which he gave before the coroner ; and there were other reasons for suspecting, that both this witness and the girl Walker had been tampered with. That Mountfort might have used his sword after being wounded, is evident in the fact of his having strength to walk to his own house, after he had thrown it down ; his exhaustion is accounted for equally well upon either supposition. How the sword was actually broken, is not clear. The witnesses for Lord Mohun, who were most full upon this point, contradicted each other. One said, it was broken against Hill's hilt ; another took the more improbable hypothesis of its being shivered in its fall. Now, it was most material to the aggressors to have it appear, that Mountfort used it, and with effect. The rencontre happened at night. It was admitted on all hands, that, while Mountfort was conversing with Lord Mohun, he held it sheathed in his hand. All that could be certainly collected at the trial was, that it was picked up, some time after the scuffle, unsheathed, and broken into three pieces. Mountfort, knowing himself to be dying, solemnly declared, that Hill struck and stabbed him before his own sword was drawn ; and we cannot, with Mr Belchambers, slight the declaration of a man who knows himself to be dying, for the word of a lord who fears he shall be hanged. Against Cibber's assertions

of Mrs Bracegirdle's purity, we have only the scandalous insinuations of persons, like the prostitute Sands, with whom Hill and Lord Mohun dined on the day of the murder. In fact, however, it was Mrs Bracegirdle's want of "lewdness" that occasioned the affair ; the term, therefore, is here peculiarly misplaced, nor is its truth or falsehood really relevant to the case. Lord Mohun was probably acquitted, because it was not shewn, that he was fully aware of Hill's intention. As for poor Mountfort's "presumption," it is difficult to imagine in what it consisted, and the editor might have been a little more explicit on this head, as he seems to think it so materially assists in obtaining an acquittal.—To return, however, to Cibber. It should seem, that the admirable comedy of the *Provoked Wife* had nearly been lost to the stage. It was revised and acted at the desire of Lord Halifax. Cibber's criticism on the genius of its author, Sir John Vanburgh, is in his best manner ; the last sentence is perfectly "Cibberian."

"Though to write much in a little time, is no excuse for writing ill ; yet Sir John Vanburgh's pen is not to be a little admired for its spirit, ease, and readiness in producing plays so fast upon the neck of one another ; for, notwithstanding this quick despatch, there is a clear and lively simplicity in his wit, that neither wants the ornament of learning, nor has the least smell of the lamp in it. As the face of a fine woman, with only her locks loose about her, may be then in its greatest beauty ; such were his productions, only adorned by nature. There is something so catching to the ear, so easy to the memory in all he wrote, that it has been observed by all the actors of my time, that the style of no author whatsoever gave their memory less trouble than that of Sir John Vanburgh ; which I myself, who have been charged with several of his strongest characters, can confirm by a pleasing experience. And indeed his wit and humour were so little laboured, that his most entertaining scenes seemed to be no more than his common conversation committed to paper. Here I confess my judgment at a loss, whether in this I give him more or less than his due praise. For may it not be more laudable to raise an estate, whether in wealth or fame, by pains and honest industry,

than to be born to it? Yet, if his scenes really were, as to me they always seemed, delightful, are they not, thus expeditiously written, the more surprising? Let the wit and merit of them, then, be weighed by wiser critics than I pretend to be; but no wonder, while his conceptions were so full of life and humour, his muse should be sometimes too warm to wait the slow pace of judgment, or to endure the drudgery of forming a regular fable to them; yet we see the "Relapse," however imperfect in the conduct, by the mere force of the agreeable wit, ran away with the hearts of its hearers; while "Love's Last Shift," which, as Mr Congreve justly said of it, had only in it a great many things that were like wit, that in reality were not wit; and, what is still less pardonable, as I say of it myself, has a great deal of puerility and frothy stage language in it, yet, by the mere moral delight received from its fable, it has been, with the other, in a continued and equal possession of the stage for more than forty years."

Cibber's managerial and authorial envy has evidently warped his better judgment on the celebrated Beggar's Opera, which was produced about this time, with such unprecedented attraction. He wrote a piece in rivalry of that performance, "Love in a Riddle," which, as he honestly confesses, "was vilely damned and hooted at." The success of Gay's unique composition is easily accounted for. The keenness of the moral satire, the witty ease, the exquisite burlesque, and the extreme beauty of the music, which maintains a constant struggle with the pointed irony of the songs, produce altogether a complication of feelings which is nowhere else to be found, and which, when new, must have been irresistible. Of the silly cant of its making vice amiable, we have had far too much. Polly and Macheath are only amiable in so far as they are not vicious. Amongst other portraits, we have a very lively one of the well-known Colonel Brett, the paramour and second husband of the notorious Anne, Countess of Macclesfield. The following anecdote is a good specimen of the manners of the time, and of Cibber's associates in particular:—

"While he was in pursuit of this affair, which no time was to be lost in, (for the lady was to be in town but for

three weeks,) I one day found him idling behind the scenes before the play was begun. Upon the sight of him I took the usual freedom he allowed me, to rate him roundly for the madness of not improving every moment in his power, in what was of such consequence to him. 'Why are you not,' said I, 'where you know you only should be? If your design should once get wind in the town, the ill-will of your enemies, or the sincerity of the lady's friends, may soon blow up your hopes, which, in your circumstances of life, cannot be long supported by the bare appearance of a gentleman.'—But it is impossible to proceed without some apology for the very familiar circumstance that is to follow; yet *as it might not be so trivial in its effect*, as I fear it may be in the narration, and is a mark of that intimacy which it is necessary should be known had been between us, I will honestly make bold with my scruples, and let the plain truth of my story take its chance for contempt or approbation.—After twenty excuses to clear himself of the neglect I had so warmly charged him with, he concluded them with telling me he had been out all the morning upon business, and that his linen was too much soiled to be seen in company. 'Oh ho!' said I, 'is that all? come along with me; we will soon get over that dandy difficulty.' Upon which, I hauled him by the sleeve, into my shifting-room, he either staring, laughing, or hanging back all the way. There, when I had locked him in, I began to strip off my upper clothes, and bade him do the same; still he either did not, or would not, seem to understand me, and continuing his laugh, cried, 'What! is the puppy mad?'—'No, no, only positive,' said I; 'for look you—in short, the play is ready to begin, and the parts that you and I are to act to-day are not of equal consequence; mine of *Young Reveller* (in Greenwich-Park) is but a rake; but whatever you may be, you are not to appear so; therefore take my shirt, and give me yours; for depend upon it, stay here you shall not, and so go about your business.—To conclude, we fairly changed linen, nor could his mother's have wrapped him up more fortunately; for, in about ten days, he married the lady!"

One moreau more, and we have done. It is Cibber's account of the

catastrophe of the quarrel between the patentees and the performers of Drury-Lane—in manner and in manner, as theatrical as—the life.

“When a sufficient number of actors were engaged under our confederacy with Swiny, it was then judged a proper time for the Lord Chamberlain's powers to operate, which, by lying a month dormant, had so far recovered the patentees from any apprehensions of what might fall upon them, from their late usurpations on the benefits of the actors, that they began to set their marks upon those who had distinguished themselves in the application for redress. Several little disgraces were put upon them, particularly in the disposal of parts in plays to be revived, and as visible a partiality was shewn in the promotion of those in their interest, though their endeavours to serve them could be of no extraordinary use. How often does history shew us, in the same state of courts, the same politics have been practised! All this while the other party were passively silent; till one day, the actor who particularly solicited their cause at the Lord Chamberlain's office, being shewn there the order signed for absolutely silencing the patentees, and ready to be served, flew back with the news to his companions, then at a rehearsal, in which he had been wanted; when being called to his part, and something hastily questioned by the patentee for his neglect of business, this actor, I say, with an erected look and a theatrical spirit, at once threw off the mask, and roundly told him,—‘Sir, I have now no more business here than you have; in half an hour you will neither have actors to command, nor authority to employ them.’—The patentee, though he

could not readily comprehend his mysterious manner of speaking, had just a glimpse of terror enough from the words to soften his reproof into a cold formal declaration, that ‘if he would not do his work, he should not be paid.’—But now, to complete the catastrophe of these theatrical commotions, enters the messenger, with the order of silence in his hand, whom the same actor officiously introduced, telling the patentee, that ‘the gentleman wanted to speak with him from the Lord Chamberlain.’ When the messenger had delivered the order, the actor, throwing his head over his shoulder towards the patentee, in the manner of Shakespeare's *Harry the Eighth* to *Cardinal Wolsey*, cried,

‘———Read o'er that! and now

To breakfast with what appetite you

They who chance to take up this amusing volume, will, we think, lay it down with an increased respect for the character of its author. The good sense of Cibber is seldom clouded by any of the meaner passions; he has been most unjust perhaps to George Powell, the Cooke of his day, and to Estcourt—“poor Dick Estcourt,” the modest, the witty, the well-natured. As for Cibber's histrionic vanity and *Esprit du Corps*, why should he be blamed for these, when they are allowed so readily to so many others—to sailors, painters, fiddlers, sportsmen, and jockies? Mr Belchambers' notes are in general amusing and instructive, though he writes with a tincture of prejudice against the profession to which his author belonged. We are glad to see this book inscribed to Mr M'Cready, whose literary taste and professional celebrity render such dedication peculiarly proper.

MR ROSE'S TRANSLATION OF THE ORLANDO INNAMORATO.*

CERTAIN exquisite versions from Casti, Parini, and other Italian poets, already in the hands of the public, must have excited great expectations when Mr Rose announced his intention of giving us a complete translation of Ariosto's great poem. The closest fidelity to the original, combined, by some art after which almost

all his predecessors had aspired in vain, with the most perfect freedom of English versification, and, still more, with the most complete mastery of idiomatic English—these were the qualities to which admiration had been instantly and strongly directed by the specimens in the *Court and Parliament of Beasts*, and the *Letters from the North*

* The *Orlando Innamorato* translated into prose, from the Italian of Francesco Berni, and interspersed with Extracts in the same stanza as the original. By William Stewart Rose. W. Blackwood, Edinburgh, and T. Cadell, London. 1823.

of Italy. Every body, therefore, must have thirsted to see the extraordinary skill exerted upon some of the greater and more classical works of Italian genius, from which the early masters of English poetry derived so large a share of their inspiration, but to real acquaintance with which the English reader has as yet possessed scarcely any tolerable means of access.

The *Divina Comedia* had recently been rendered by Mr Carey in a style of excellence beyond which perhaps nothing could be looked for: Petrarch, if he had found nobody to transfer the whole body of his lyrical poetry into English, had at least inspired many partial attempts of high felicity. The reprint of Fairfax might satisfy in so far the Manes of Tasso; and thus it was Ariosto that every one must have wished to see, at all events in the first instance, engaging the labours of this accomplished translator.

And Mr Rose did grapple with Ariosto.—From various hints in the volume now before us, we are led to infer that he has actually made very considerable progress in that great labour. But he owed to Lord Holland the suggestion (for which we in our turn are indebted for our present entertainment,) that the best possible prologue to the *Furioso* would be something in the shape of an English analysis or abridgment of the *Innamorato*. Ariosto's poem throughout takes for granted perfect acquaintance with that of Boiardo. The *Furioso* is in fact the continuation of the *Innamorato*; and certainly Lord Holland's suggestion was so much the more happy, because, strange to say, no English attempt whatever had hitherto been made, either upon BOIARDO himself, or his great *rifaccitore* BERNI. But Mr Rose's own introduction, at once elegant and comprehensive, really leaves us no desire to do anything but quote. After mentioning that he had at first thought of abridging Boiardo after the plan adopted by M. Tressan and the late George Ellis, in their versions and specimens of the old Romances of their respective countries, he tells us very plainly, that on further reflection he saw this would not do.

"I recollected," says he, "that I stood in a very different predicament from that of either of these authors; that, to compare my work with the one which is most likely to be familiar to my readers, the

'Specimens of early English Romances,' the originals are composed in a spirit of gravity which can hardly be confused with the gay style of the translator, and therefore nobody can be misled by the vein of pleasantry which runs through Mr Ellis's work, and which is sure to be exclusively ascribed to the author of the *Rifacimento*. This, however, would possibly not be the case with me, as the *Innamorato* is in a great measure a humorous work, of which I might give a false impression, by infusing into it a different species of wit, from that which distinguishes it:—a consideration which induced me to adopt the scheme I have pursued in the following sheets.

"This project is to give a mere ground plan of the Gothic edifice of Boiardo, upon a small scale, accompanied with some elevations and sections of the chambers, which I have sought to colour after my original: or, (to speak more plainly,) the reader is to look for the mere story in my prose abridgment, while he may form some notion of its tone and style, from the stanzas with which it is interspersed."

Mr Rose introduces a very beautiful comparison of the poetical qualities of Boiardo and Ariosto, with the remark, that Milton appears to have entertained a more enthusiastic admiration for the former than for the latter. He then boldly asserts, that Milton in so far judged rightly, in this preference, "if a richer stream of invention, and more consummate skill in its distribution, are legitimate titles to admiration!" Too tasteful, of course, to think of placing any of those who ever worked on the *Innamorato*, on the same level with Ariosto, the intimitable Ariosto, as to *poetry*, Mr Rose nevertheless shews very clearly how much the *Furioso* is inferior to the work of which it is a continuation, in respect to conduct of fable, management of allegory, and many other very important particulars. But we shall pass over this, that we may quote at once what Mr Rose says of BOIARDO and BERNI. Of the first he says:

"This extraordinary man was Matteo Maria Boiardo, Count of Scandiano, and a native of Reggio, in the Modenese, who flourished in the beginning of the sixteenth century. These are circumstances the more worthy of mention, as some of them tend to explain what may seem most strange in the composition of the *Innamorato*; such as the provincial character of the diction, and more especially that careless, and almost contemptuous tone between jest and earnest, which distinguishes his poem. It is doubtless on this account that Ugo Foscolo observes, in an ingenious

critique on the Italian romantic poets, in the *Quarterly Review*,* that he tells his story in the tone of a feudal baron; thus applying to him more justly what M. de Balzac has objected to another; of whom he says, 'qu'il s'est comporté dans son poëme comme un prince dans ses états. C'est en vertu de cette souveraineté qu'il ne reconnoit point les lois, et qu'il se met au dessus du droit commun.'

"After speaking of the mode in which he arranged his work, it is a natural transition to the substance with which Boiardo built. This shews strong internal evidence† of having been taken, in the main, from the old French romances of Charlemagne, or rather from Italian works, raised upon their foundation. Hoole mentions one of these, called *Aspramonte*, &c., of uncertain date, and we have the titles of two others, which were anterior to the *Innamorato*, one called *La fatti di Carlo Magno e dei Paladini di Francia*, printed in 1481: the other printed in 1491, and entitled *La Historia real di Francia, che tratta dei fatti dei Paladini e di Carlo Magno in sei libri*. Some indeed would seem to deny that Boiardo had dug in these mines, and would wish us to believe, that he not only compounded, but manufactured the materials with which he wrought. Such at least would appear to have been the drift of one, who observes that Agramant, Sacripant, and Gradasso, were names of certain of the vassals of Scandiano. But if he means to insinuate by this, that Boiardo was not also indebted to the other source for his fictions and characters, as well might a critic of to-day contend that the author of the *Monks and Giants*, who writes under the name of *Whistlecraft*, had not borrowed the idea of their cause of quarrel from Pulci, because he has given ridiculous modern names to some of his giants; or that he had not taken the leaders amongst his *dramatis personæ* from the romances of the *Round Table*, because he has conferred 'two leopard's faces,' that is, his own arms, on the single knight, who perishes in Sir Tristrain's successful expedition.

"But if Boiardo has apparently taken his principal fictions from the romances of Charlemagne, he has also resorted to other known quarries, and ransacked classical as well as romantic fable for materials.

"This edifice, so constructed, which Boiardo did not live to finish, soon underwent alteration and repairs. The first were

made by Niccolo degli Agostini; and later in the same century a second and more celebrated *risuscimento* of it, from which this translation is composed, was produced by Francesco Berni, whose name has given a distinctive epithet to the style of poetry in which he excelled, and of which he is vulgarly supposed to have been the inventor.

"This man was born of poor but noble parents, in a small town of Tuscany. He entered the church, to which he had evidently no disposition, as a means of livelihood, and, though as unqualified for servitude as for the discharge of his clerical duties, spent the better part of his life in dependence. He appears, however, to have been blessed with a vein of cheerfulness, which, seconded by a lively imagination, enabled him to beguile the wearisome nature of occupations which were uncongenial to him; but of this he has left many monuments in sonnets and pieces in *terza rima*, (styled in Italian *capitoli*), consisting of satires and various species of ludicrous composition. The titles of many of these sufficiently attest their whimsicality, such as his *Capitoli sugli Orinadi, sulle Anguille, his Eclogy of the Plague*, &c. &c. But the mode in which he has handled this last subject, will give the best insight into the character of his humour. Having premised that different persons gave a preference to different seasons—as the poet to the spring, and the reveler to the autumn,—he observes, that one may well like the season of flowers, or the other that of fruits; but that, for his part, he preferred the time of plague. He then backs his predilection by a rehearsal of the advantages attending this visitation; observing, that a man is in such times free from solicitations of borrowers or creditors, and safe from disagreeable companions; that he has elbow-room at church and market, and can then only be said to be in the full possession of his natural liberty. He has rung all sorts of changes on this theme, and nothing can be more humorous than his details.

"These are worked up with singular powers of diction, set off by great apparent facility of style, and are no less remarkable for music of rhythm, richness of rhyme, and a happy boldness of expression. In this respect there is some analogy, though no likeness, between Berni and Dryden: and the real merits of both are therefore imperfectly estimated by foreigners, and even by the generality of their own coun-

* In article purporting to be a review of *Whistlecraft's poem*, (now entitled *The Monks and Giants, and the Court and Parliament of Devils*.)

† A single circumstance, which I cite, because it can be appreciated by every body, would convince me that such stories, as are to be found in the *Innamorato* were not the growth of Boiardo's century. No author of that age could have imagined the friendly ties of alliance and consanguinity between Christians and Paynims, though such fictions are justified by facts: Thus we learn from Gibbon, that like relations existed between Greeks and Turks, and (as we are informed by Mr Lockhart, in the preface to his *Spanish Ballads*, a work which presents as striking pictures of manners as of passion) between Spaniards and Moors. Nor need such things surprise us, though the barriers which now separate Christian and Mahomedan, render them at present impossible. Nations are like individuals, and when they are brought into close and constant intercourse of whatever kind, their passions, good or bad, must be kindled by the contact.

trymen. Many Italians, indeed, consider Berni as a mere buffoon, which the English reader will think less extraordinary, when he hears (as Lord Glenbervie* observes, in his notes to Ricciardetto,) that such an opinion has been entertained in Italy, even with regard to Ariosto."

After a great deal more of this very pretty kind of discussion as to the poetical character of Berni, Mr Rose honestly confesses that his life was not such to reflect much honour on his muse. He vindicates his memory, however, or attempts to vindicate it, from some atrocious charges with which it has been blackened—and here he seems chiefly to rely on the argument against his being a murderer, derivable from the fact of his being the laziest and most indolent of all canons. This at least gives room for the introduction of a very charming specimen of Mr Rose's translation.

"It may be said, indeed, that perhaps no one was ever selected as a probable agent of guilt, who seems to have been so little capable of engaging in the sort of crimes which were expected of him.

"As a proof of this we might almost refer to the picture which he has given of himself, and which carries with it every warrant of resemblance. In one of the cantos of the last book of the *Innamorato*, he describes a number of persons as having become the victims of a fairy, of whom they afterwards remain the voluntary prisoners. Among these he has, in imitation of certain painters, introduced himself with another known character of the day; a circumstance which, together with the nature of the episode, might lead one to suspect that Thomson was indebted to this fiction for his *Castle of Indolence*. He has, however, given the tenants of his 'bowers of ease,' a character so much more intellectual than that of Berni's actors, that he may very fairly pretend to the praise of original composition, even if his work be an imitation instead of a mere accidental coincidence; which I am more tempted to be-

lieve.† But I draw the curtain of Berni's picture.

"A boon companion to increase this crew
By chance, a gentle Florentine, was led;
A Florentine, altho' the father who
Begot him in the Casentine was bred;
Who nigh become a burgher of his new
Domicile, there was well content to wed;
And so in Bibbiena wived, which ranks
Among the pleasant towns on Arno's banks.

At Lamporecchio, he of whom I write
Was born, for dumb Masetto,‡ famed of
yore,
Thence roam'd to Florence; and in piteous
plight
There sojourn'd till nineteen, like pilgrim
poor;
And shifted thence to Rome, with second
flight,
Hoping some succour from a kinsman's

A cardinal allied to him by blood,
And one that neither did him harm nor
good.

"He to the nephew passed, this patron
dead,
Who the same measure as his uncle meted,
And then again in search of better bread,
With empty bowels from his house re-
treated;
And hearing, for his name and fame were
spread,
The praise of one who served the Pope re-
peated,
And in the Roman court *Datario* hight,
He hired himself to him to read and write.

"This trade the unhappy man believed he
knew;
But this belief was, like the rest, a bubble,
Since he could never please the patron,
who
Fed him, nor ever once was out of trouble;
The worse he did, the more he had to do,
And only made his pain and penance
double;
And thus with sleeves and bosom stuff'd
with papers,
Wasted his wits, and lived oppress'd with
vapours.

* I state this on Lord Glenbervie's sole authority, which is, however, a weighty one. Such an opinion was probably current when he first knew Italy; but I should imagine it could hardly be entertained at present.

† I do not recollect any authority for Thomson's having been conversant with Italian poetry: and I think that a view of his works would lead to a contrary supposition. Thus I should say that though no man could copy what he actually saw with a nicer hand or eye, no man had more need of study in the Italian school of ideal picture than this English poet. In his drawings from nature his colouring is as inimitable as his design; and his bird, who

'Shivers every feather with desire,'

is painted with the precision as well as the force of the Flemish pencil. Yet he has personified Autumn as

¶

'Crowned with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,'

head what should have been in his hand, and presenting us a ludicrous figure surmuled horn.' No Italian poet would have painted from nature with Thomson; and no Italian poet would have committed such gross offences against propriety as he has in his imaginary pictures.

‡ See Boccaccio.

“ Add for his mischief (whether 'twas his little
Merit, misfortune, or his want of skill)
Some cures he farned produced him not
a tittle,

And only were a source of plague and ill.
Fire, water, storm, or devil, sacked vines
and victual,

Whether the luckless wretch would tytle
or till.

Some pensions too, which he possess'd,
were nought.

And, like the rest, produced him not a
groat.

“ This notwithstanding, he his miseries
sighted,

Like happy man, who not too deeply feels ;
And all, but most the Roman lords, de-
lighted,

Content in spite of tempests, writs or seals,
And oftentimes, to make them mirth, re-
cited

Strange chapters upon urinals and eels ; *
And other mad vagaries would rehearse.
That he had hithed, Heaven help him !
into verse.

“ His mood was choleric, and his tongue
was vicious.

But he was praised for singleness of heart ;
Not tax'd as avaricious or ambitious,
Affectionate and frank, and void of art ;
A lover of his friends, and unsuspicious ;
But where he hated, knew no middle part ;
And men his malice by his love might rate ;
But then he was more prone to love than
hate.

“ To paint his person, this was thin and
dry ;

Well sorting it, his legs were spare and
lean ;

Broad was his visage, and his nose was
high,

While narrow was the space that was be-
tween

His eye-brows ; sharp and blue his hollow
eye,

Which for his bushy beard had not been
seen,

But that the master kept this thicket clear'd,
At mortal war with moustach and with
beard.

“ No one did ever servitude detest

Like him ; though servitude was still his
dole ;

Since fortune or the devil did their best
To keep him evermore beneath control.

While, whatsoever was his patron's hest,
To execute it went against his soul ;
His service would he freely yield, un-
asked,
But lost all heart and hope, if he were
tasked.

“ Nor musick, hunting-match, nor mirth-
ful measure,

Nor play, nor other pastime moved him
aught ;

And if 'twas true that horses gave him
pleasure,

The simple sight of them was all he
sought,

Too poor to purchase ; and his only trea-
sure

His naked bed ; his pastime to do nought
But tumble there, and stretch his weary
length,

And so recruit his spirits and his strength.

“ Worn with the trade he long was used to
slave in,

So heartless and so broken down was he ;
He deemed he could not find a readier

haven,
Or safer port from that tempestuous sea ;

Nor better cordial to recruit his craven
And jaded spirit, when he once was free,

Than to betake himself to bed, and do
Nothing, and mind and matter so renew.

“ On this as on an art, he would dilate,
In good set terms, and styled his bed a vest,

Which, as the wearer pleased, was small
or great,

And of whatever fashion liked him best ;
▲ simple mantle, or a robe of state ;

With that a gown of comfort and of rest ;
Since whosoever slept his daily clothes

For thus, put off with these all worldly
woes.

“ He by the noise and lights and music
jaded

Of that long revel, and the tramp and
tread,

(Since every guest in his desires was
aided,

And knaves perform'd their will as soon
as said,)

Found out a chamber which was unin-
vaded,

And bade those varlets there prepare a
bed,

Garnished with bolsters and with pillows
fair,

At its four borders, and exactly square.

. . .

" This was six yards across by mensuration,
 With sheets and curtains bleach'd by wave
 and breeze,
 With a silk quilt for farther consolation,
 And all things fitting else; tho' hard to
 please,
 Six souls therein had found accommoda-
 tion,
 But this man sighed for elbow-room and
 ease,
 And here, as in a bed, was fain to swim,
 Extending, at his pleasure, length and
 limb.

" By chance with him, to join the fairy's
 train,
 A Frenchman and a cook was thither
 brought;
 One that had served in court with little
 gain,
 Though he with sovereign care and cun-
 ning wrought.
 For him, prepared with sheet and coun-
 terpane,
 Another bed was, like his fellow's, sought;
 And 'twixt the two, sufficient space was
 seen
 For a fair table to be placed between.

" Upon this table, for the pair to dine,
 Were savoury viands piled, prepared with
 art;
 All ordered by this master cook divine:
 Boil'd, roast, ragouts and jellies, paste and
 tart;
 But soups and syrups pleased the Flo-
 rentine,
 Who loathed fatigue like death, and for
 his part,
 Brought neither teeth nor fingers into play;
 But made two varlets feed him as he lay.

" Here, couchant, nothing but his head
 was spied,
 Sheeted and quilted to the very chin;
 And needful food a serving man supplied
 Thro' pipe of silver, placed the mouth with-
 in.
 Meantime the sluggard moved no part
 beside,
 Holding all motion else were shame and
 sin;
 And (so his spirits and his health were
 broke)
 Not to fatigue this organ, seldom spoke.

" The cook was master Peter hight, and he
 Had tales at will to while away the day;
 To him the Florentine: ' Those fools,
 pardie,

' Have little wit, who dance that end-
 less Hay;
 And Peter in return, ' I think with thee.'
 Then with some merry story backed the
 say;
 Swallow'd a mouthful and turned round
 in bed;
 And so, by starts, talked, turned, and
 slept, and fed.

" And so the time these careless comrades
 cheated,
 And still, without a change, ate, drank,
 and slept;
 Nor by the calendar their seasons metted,
 Nor register of days or sennights kept:
 No dial told the passing hours, which
 fled,
 Nor bell was heard; nor servant over-
 step
 The threshold (so the pair proclaimed
 their will)
 To bring them tale or tidings, good or ill.

" Above all other curses, pen and ink
 Were by the Tuscan held in hate and
 scorn;
 Who, worse than any loathsome sight or
 stink,
 Detested pen and paper, ink and horn;
 So deeply did a deadly venom sink,
 So festered in his flesh a rankling thorn;
 While, night and day, with heart and
 garments rent,
 Seven weary years the wretch in writing
 spent.

" Of all their ways to baffle time and tide,
 This seems the strangest of their waking
 dreams;
 Couch'd on their back, the two the raf-
 ters eyed,
 And taxed their drowsy wits to count the
 beams;
 'Tis thus they mark at leisure, which is
 wide,
 Which sort, or which of due proportion
 seems;
 And which worm-eaten are, and which
 are sound,
 And if the total sum is odd or round."*

These chaste and beautiful verses
 must be quite enough to satisfy our
 readers as to the style in which Mr
 Rose executes the metrical part of his
 task. We can assure them that he is
 not less successful in the perhaps still
 more difficult matter of abridging in
 prose the story of a long poem, one of

* I have already given a loose translation of this part of Berni's account of himself in the *Court of*
Beasts.

the principal excellencies of which lies in its story. Without running into the jesting vein of Ellis, he has contrived to give a most lively and entertaining sketch of the fable of the Innamorato, so much so that we know few volumes in the English language which a person fond of good stories would lay down with greater regret. The narrative goes on dancingly and glowingly—never flags nor halts—marvel succeeds marvel easily and beautifully, each more dazzling than the last—but we shall not be so foolish as to attempt plunging after him into this magic maze *here*. Let it suffice that the reading of a certain line in the introduction to the first canto of Marston should now be

“ Few have writ romance so well ;”

and that, in the words of the same elegant and appropriate address to Mr Rose himself, the Genius of Ancient Chivalry animates every page of this performance, and

“ Pricks again

In all his arms, with all his train,
Shield, lance, and brand, and plume, and scarf,

Fay, giant, dragon, squire, and dwarf,
And wizard, with his wand of might,
And errant maid on palfrey white.
Around the Genius weave their spells,
Pure Love, who scarce his passion tells—
Mystery, half veil'd, and half reveal'd,
And Honour, with his spotted shield—
Attention, with fix'd eye, and Fear,
That loves the tale he shrinks to hear ;
And gentle Courtesy ; and Faith,
Unchanged by sufferings, time, or death ;
And Valour, lion-mettled lord,
Leaning upon his own good sword.”

We trust nothing will occur to interrupt our author in the greater and more laborious work, to which this forms so necessary an introduction. When he has rendered Ariosto in a style of the same exquisite fidelity and beauty, apparent in the comparatively few and scattered stanzas of this volume, he will certainly sit *primus absque secundo* among English translators of Italian verse—for Carey's blank verse is, after all, an inadequate mirror of Dante's *rima terza*, whereas here, we have English *ottava rima*, almost as musical as that which it echoes. But even if we had had no promise, or prospect of the *Furioso*, this *Innamorato* of itself must have brought great

honour to his name. The volume certainly constitutes an addition of solid and lasting value to our romantic and poetical literature. Throughout, the language and verse are executed with the most nice and precise elegance ; and yet the labour which must be is scarcely to be discovered, so covered is it beneath those nameless airy graces, which he only, that is at once the scholar and the man of fashion, ever can hope to wrap about his workmanship.

We scarcely know where to choose the one specimen which we must give, of the ordinary way and style in which this melange of prose abridgment, and verse translation, is executed. Sometimes there is very little verse for many pages—sometimes ten, twenty, or more stanzas, are given at once. The following passage represents part of the famous scene, where Angelica's three lovers, Rinaldo, Orlando, and Ferrau, all pursue her flight into the forest of Ardennes. The first comer was Rinaldo, who lighted forthwith upon the two magic fountains, so dear to all lovers of romance—

“ The alabaster vase was wrought with gold,
And the white ground o'erlaid with curious care ;
While he who look'd within it, might behold
Green grove, and flowers, and meadow,
pictur'd there.
Wise Merlin made it, it is said, of old,
For Tristan when he sigh'd for Yseult fair ;
That drinking of its wave, he might forego
The peerless damsel, and forget his woe.

“ But he to his misfortune never found
That fountain, built beneath the green-wood tree ;
Although the warrior pac'd a weary round,
Encompassing the world by land and sea.
The waves which in the magic bason bound,
Make *him* unlove who loves. Nor only he
Foregoes his former love ; but that, which late
Was his chief pride and pleasure, has in hate.

“ Mount Alban's lord, whose strength and spirits sink,
For yet the sun was high and passing hot,
Stood gazing on the pearly fountain's brink,

Rapt with the sight of that delicious spot.
At length he can no more, but stoops to
drink,
And thirst and love are in the draught
forgot ;
For such the virtue those cold streams
impart,
Changed in an instant is the warrior's
heart.

" Him, with that forest's wonders unac-
quainted,
Some paces to a second water bring,
Of crystal wave with rain or soil un-
tainted.
With all the flowers that wreath the
brows of spring
Kind nature had the verdant margin
painted :
And there a pine and beech and olive fling
Their boughs above the stream, and form a
bower,
A grateful shelter from the noontide hour.

" This was the stream of love, upon whose
shore
He chanced, where Merlin no enchant-
ments shed ;
But nature here, unchanged by magic lore,
The fountain with such sovereign virtue
fed,
That all who tasted loved ; whence many,
sore
Lamenting their mistake, were ill-bested.
Rinaldo wandered to this water's brink,
But, sated, had no further wish to drink.

" Yet the delicious trees and banks pro-
duce
Desire to try the grateful shade ; and need-
ing
Repose, he 'lights, and turns his courser
loose,
Who roam'd the forest, at his pleasure
feeding ;
And there Rinaldo cast him down, at
truce
With care ; and slumber to repose suc-
ceeding,
Thus slept supine ; when spiteful fortune
brought
Her * to the spot whom least the warrior
sought.

" She thirsts, and lightly leaping from her
steed,
Ties the gay palfrey to the lofty pine ;
Then plucking from the stream a little
reed,
Sips, as a man might savour muscat wine ;
And feels while yet she drinks (such mar-
vel i reed
The water's fraught with properties di-
vine)

She is no longer what she was before ;
And next beholds the sleeper on the shore.

" Enamoured of the slumbering knight,
she hesitates long between love and shame,
but, at length, no longer mistress of her-
self, pulls a handful of flowers, and flings
them in his face. The gallantry is lost up-
on Rinaldo ; who wakes, and flies from her
with loathing. She pursues, and entreats
his compassion in vain ; and, at length,
wearied with the chase, sinks down upon
the turf, and weeps herself asleep. Ferrau
now arrives in the forest, in the hope of
finding Angelica, or wreaking his ven-
geance upon her brother. Occupied with
these thoughts, he lights upon Argalia ;
who, having followed his sister, had dis-
mounted, and was also sleeping under a
tree. Ferrau unties the sleeper's horse, and
drives him into the thicket. His adversary's
means of escape thus intercepted, he watches
till the sleeping man should wake ; nor is
his patience put to a long trial. Argalia
soon opens his eyes, and is in great distress
at finding his horse gone ; but Ferrau, who
is as quickly on his feet, tells him not to
think of his loss ; as one of them must not
quit the place alive, and his own horse will
remain the prize of the survivor.

" The two warriors now again engage in
battle, and closing, Ferrau, through a chink
in his armour, strikes Argalia to the heart.
Argalia sinks beneath the blow, and dying,
entreats his adversary to have regard to his
honour, and cast him and his armour into
the river ; that his memory may not be dis-
graced by the knowledge of his having been
vanquished in enchanted arms. Ferrau,
who compassionates his fate, promises com-
pliance, with the reservation of wearing his
helmet till he can provide himself with
another. Argalia consents by a sign, and
soon after expires.

" Ferrau, who had waited by him till
he drew his last sigh, now puts on his hel-
met, which he had previously taken from
his wounded adversary's head, in order to
give him air ; and having razed off the
crest, places it upon his own. He then,
with the dead bo'y under his arm, hav-
ing remounted his horse, proceeds sadly
towards the neighbouring river, into which
he casts Argalia, all armed as he was, con-
formably to his dying request. He then
pursues his melancholy way through the
wood.

" This while Orlando had arrived on
this theatre of adventures, and comes sud-
denly upon Angelica, who is described as
sleeping in act so exquisitely graceful, that
he gazes on the vision in stupid wonder-
ment, and, at last, to contemplate her more
closely, throws himself down by her side.

" Ferrau arrives at this juncture, and

supposing Orlando, whom he had not recognized, to be Angelica's guard, insults and defies him. The paladin starts up and declares himself, when Ferrau, though somewhat surprised, making a virtue of necessity, stands to his arms. A desperate duel follows: during this Angelica wakes and flies. Orlando proposes a truce to his adversary, that he may follow her; but Ferrau, whose courage was now up, tells him she shall be the prize of the conqueror, and refuses. The battle is therefore renewed with more fury than before. The author here exclaims—

“ Gifted with odd half lights, I often wonder

How I should think of love; if well or ill.
For whether 'tis a thing above, or under
The rule of reason, foils my little skill;
If we go guided by some god, or blunder
Into the snare, which warps our better will;
If we by line and rule our actions measure,
And 'tis a thing we take or leave at pleasure.

“ When we behold two bulls each other tear,

A cow the cause of strife, with mutual wound,

It looks as if such foolish fury were
In nature and controlling instinct found;
But when we see that absence, prudence,
care,

And occupation, can preserve us sound
From such a charm, or, if you will, infection;

Love seems to be the fruit of pure election.

“ Of this so many men have sung and told,
In Hebrew, Latin, and in heathen Greek,
In Egypt, Athens, and in Rome, of old,
Who govern'd by such different judgments

speak,

That I can ill decide with whom to hold,
And cannot waste my time the truth to seek.

Let it suffice, that Love's a wayward god;
And so heav'n keep us from the tyrant's rod!

“ The truth of these reflections the author considers as strikingly exemplified by the combat between the champions, which is interrupted by the appearance of a strange damsel upon a panting palfrey, who clamours eagerly for Ferrau. She, perceiving him, entreats Orlando to forbear his blows; which he immediately does upon the damsel's request.”

A few notes are here and there appended to this abridgment. We wish they had been more numerous, and hope, that in the *Orlando Furioso*, Mr Rose will not deal quite so narrowly with us as to this matter. With his great stock of romantic lore, it can cost him little trouble to put together what other people must either suffer by being ignorant of, or learn at a very formidable expence of time and search.

We are happy to see that our author has adopted a size and shape of volume, which will render these books of his, even as to externals, fit companions for the Ritsons, Ellises, &c. &c.

TIME'S WHISPERING GALLERY.

No. II.

KING JAMIE AND THE SLEEPING PREACHER.

Mr Secretary Winwood. Welcome from your journey! But, brother, I can only see you for a few minutes, as I expect his Majesty every instant on a strange business, which there is not time for explaining. So you are come up with your portmanteau as full of scribbled papers as a pedlar's pack! Ah, you divines are good friends to joiners—the shilves must be substantial that are made to support a row of polemical tomes.

Doctor Winwood. Ralph, you will see an argument so handled, that, I trow, my book will not speedily be consigned to gain a coat of dust upon a shelf. But if it should gain for its author a pair of lawn sleeves and consign him to the Bench, it would do no more than many a treatise has

done, which came to this great city in a parson's saddle bags.

Sec. W. Hist! I vow that here is the king, and I ought to be alone as I promised.

King James [enters.] Well, Mr Secretary, you see I am come to angle after this haddo' again—and we'll turn him into a rizzard haddo', before a's come and gane—or aiblins he shall look maist like a shotten herring, for we'll hae the very inwards of his secret, the *circum præcordia* o't, ere he swims awa'. But wha's this, Maister Winwood, for I thought that in this matter we were to be private?

Sec. W. I crave your Majesty's gracious pardon. It is my brother, Doctor Winwood, who is but this moment arrived in Westminster, about a

work which he is committing to the press. He knew not that I was momentarily expecting to be in private attendance on your grace, but he will quit the presence, and, I trust, without your displeasure, sire, for this unintentional intrusion.

King J. Hoot, man, let him bide. I have heard talk of this same doctor-brother o' thine, and a sound scholar I am tauld he is—To publish a book, is he? he shall have our poor thoughts upon it. Let him bide; I look on him as your other self in the business—*alter et idem*. Without sigil or sign manual, I appoint him for this kittle matter; Joint Secretary *a secretioribus*.

Dr. W. Your Majesty does my humble abilities too distinguished an honour. I am as yet also ignorant of the occupation in which your sacred Majesty has in this instance engaged my brother.

King J. You shall weet, master Doctor, you shall weet. He will tell you aenit it, while I gang into the pock-neuk up yonder. Is a' bien and sung, Master Secretary, as it was yesterday? Wow, man, but your English proverb disna hauld touch, that listners hear nae guid o' themsells; for I harkened with these lugs, and the man prayed for us in a prudent and well-spoken fashion, and he gave us our due praise and reverence.

Sec. W. All is in the very same order, sire, as hitherto. The curtains are still drawn close round the gallery, so that your Highness may hear and even peep without being seen.

King J. Has the chiel been deiving lang at the twa three folk who are in the chamber?

Sec. W. Why yes, the time he ordinarily holds forth must be nearly expired. When he began, I was in the gallery to see that all was right.

King J. Well, then, I'll mount; and when he wakes, we are to examine him here privately, ye ken; and if I canna bring him to reason, we will have him afore our Privy Council, which I have deferred on the affairs o' our Scottish realms till the morn's morning. [*He goes out by a small door.*]

Doctor W. But what is all this?

Sec. W. Has not the news about Haddock, the Sleeping Preacher of Oxford, travelled into your barbarous regions?

Dr. W. I cannot say that his fame

has altogether missed us, but what has this to do with the King?

Sec. W. Why this very Haddock, the drowsy sluggard himself, is now in a dog-sleep in my withdrawing-room, where, at the instance of no less than royalty, a bed has been erected for him, and this is the third sermon he has preached during his naps. The King made one of his congregation yesterday, but he was incognito, enconcealed in the music gallery to which that little door leads by a short staircase. He is now in it, and means to sift this dreamer of theological dreams after the chap has concluded to-day.

Dr. W. Is it not somewhat extraordinarily condescending for so potent and wise a monarch to interfere personally in such a matter?

Sec. W. (*speaks low.*) Tush, brother, courtiers' tongues are tied—but know this, if a squabble were to arise within the verge of the Court between two Abigails, on the comparative breeding of their mistresses' lapdogs, it would not be for want of curiosity and anxiety in a high quarter, if it had not a royal hearing, ay, and a punctilious decision too. Even now, for fear of interposition in the urgent matter we have in hand, the Prince and the Duke of Buckingham have been wrought upon to go into Northamptonshire on a hunting excursion. So we have the ground clear, and may manage the enquiry at will. Did you mark that the King said the Council was postponed?

Doctor W. Yes—but you will not assert that the great affairs of the nation have been stopt for the sake of this quackery?

Sec. W. Have they not? but they have thought. It is the Royal will and pleasure that they shall stand over, till we know whether our sleeping expounder be a fool or a knave.

Dr. W. 'Tis almost incredible—but what is your real opinion of this preaching fellow?

Sec. W. Why, that he has burnt his own fingers at last, and that his ears are in danger. Doubtless he had an object at Oxford, but he did not calculate on being sent for hither, and now his fraud will be exposed. Our good Master fidgets between his love for the marvellous, and his suspicion of imposture—he would like that the thing should possess something of the former quality, but then he would like just as much that his sagacity

should be evinced in detecting the latter.

Dr W. What can the man's motives be? I am told he is a fellow of a College, and really in orders. Possibly he is a fanatic, and believes that he is in a state of vivid dreaming.

Sec. W. I guess not at his intent or at his fancies. The King is eager to unkennel the fox himself, and would take it in high dudgeon, if any one were to get before him on the scent. But I hear a stir—the party is dispersing, for there are some dozen nobility, whom, by special favour, I have admitted to the fellow's couchée, as it must be called, rather than his levee—we shall see the King anon.

King J. (enters.) Winwood, the chief's awake. Now announce that we have been one of his audience, and bring him before us. We will draw truth up from the bottom of her weil, though our ain hands should work for it at the rape and the bucket—bring him in. (*Exit Sec.*) You have doubtless now been tauld, Doctor, of the wonderfu' talent of this Oxford body. By haly kirk, it's nae marvel in your profession, Doctor, for the congregation to be asleep, while the preaching minister is waukrife—but to see the preacher fast asleep, and yet with a tongue that gangs like the kirk-bell in the ears of a congregation all awake and attentive—wow, but this is unco strange! Heard ever one tell o' the like?

Dr W. It is, Sir, most unaccountable. And verily, if there be in it something beyond nature, it will not, since your Majesty condescends to judge in the matter, be misprised for want of a competent authority to glorify the preternatural gift. But if knavery and deccitfulness have been at work, they must now be submitted to the eyesight of one, whom crafty devices cannot dazzle.

King J. Right, Master Doctor, ye speak wiselike and well. Bread of my life, an Master Haddo' counts to cast his cantrips in my een, he shall find that I can confound him. I have not burnt midnight oil for naething, as my tractate on demonology doth notably evince. Ye hae there, Dr Winwood, the marrow, I trow, of mickle research. But an the man be really gifted with a preternatural faculty, *aliquid divinitus clapsu*, (as Tully hath it,) far be it frae me to fight

against heaven! We shall see, Doctor, for it behoveth us to take precognition of sic a matter. We are *Defensor Fidei*; and though I heard nothing that savoured of heretical pravity in the man's teaching, yet we would not that our lieges should be taught even rightly, by one who lays a groundless claim to work wonders. We maunna do evil that gaid may come o't. But here is the chiel—body o' me! he looks as if he were still dowie.

Sec. W. Gracious sire, Master Matthias Haddock attends your plasure.

King J. By my troth, Master Haddo', ye've a vera singular turn for claverin in your sleep. As we are a true head of the Protestant faith, we believe there isna anither sleeping preacher amang the haill tot of our established cleries. In the auld rotten times of papistrie, ye might hae saunts enough (as they ca'd 'em,) wha wad preach ye a homily, not only when they were sound asleep, but when they were clean gane, with their thrapples twisted, or their vera head chappit off—but in these days, the harlot of seven hills disna mak folk fu' with the wine of her abominations, as whiles she was suffered to do in bygone times. But here you, man, are of a kirk that lays no sic claim to meercales. Is it a kind of dwam that comes o'er ye, when ye prepare for the hauling forth?

Haddock. A dwam, an it please you, my liege? I do not very well comprehend the term which—

King J. Saul o' me, what ca' ye it? do ye swarf, do ye sround, fall into a trance, a *deliquium*, a *suspensio animi*?

Hud. No, my gracious Sovereign, I only compose myself to ordinary or natural slumbers.

King J. And do ye always dream, man, that ye're wagging your pow in a pu'pit, that ye are so fain to gie us your preachments, as soon's ye've donned your nightcap?

Hud. Not invariably, august Sire, I am not always aware that I have been delivering an admonition to those who have overheard me. It has often surprised me to be told of it.

King J. I think I heard you quote baith Hebrew and Greek in your sermon—though I could have furnished you, I wot, with some texts mair pertinent, from the Septuaginta—but it skills not to mention that. You know the languages?

Had. In the presence of royalty and erudition conjunct in one, I shall not dare to trumpet forth my poor attainments.

King J. True it is, we hae some poor scholarship—but awa' with your nicety, man—I noted that ye spak in Hebrew, and gied us the right masoretic guttural twang—hae ye thumbed your Bible in the auncient tongues?

Had. It is part of the studies of my profession, an please your Majesty, and I trust I have not executed it slothfully.

King J. By the crown of our royal forbears, though ye're a scholar, Master Matthias Haddo', ye're a deceiver! What! ye wad throw stoure in our een? Now, as we are in a' things as well ecclesiastical as ceevil, within these our dominions supreme, we'll hae you indicted as an impostor, unless ye knuckle down. Sac then, as lang's it suited your purpose, ye professed to be a simple man, without much Jere or letters; for I know it has been so averred in your hearing before mony and mony a witness, and ye ne'er gainsaid it. Hech, sirs! but now ye're fidging fain to boast o' being a Hebraist and a Grecian, at the first honied word that I lippent anent it. But come, man, mak a clean breast o't, and trust to our royal clemency.

Had. (*falling on his knees.*) Most gracious and righteous Sire, vain would it be if I should endeavour to prevaricate. Your intuitive perception of what is lurking beneath the surface of things, admits not that he should be successful, who weaves the woof of falsehood over his designs. He must be fool-hardy who would dally with danger, while in your sacred person; he knows there is the eagle's eye to detect him, and the lion's sinews to crush him in exemplary vengeance, if he will transgress. I confess with compunction, that I have been guilty of some degree of fraud; but I cannot disguise my hopes, that the motives of it will entitle me to the lenient consideration of so royal a bosom.

King J. But let's hear it, man—What is to extenuate your roguery?

Had. Your Majesty is, I understand, aware that I am a fellow of Exeter College, in Oxford. Now, I have an uncle, down in the West, from whom I expect an ample patrimony, but he has ever been so bent on my obtaining the reputation of a good

preacher, and especially among my colleagues at the University, that he makes his bequest depend upon it. He will not judge of my proficiency himself, for he is a plain old country squire, marvellously desirous of hearing that his nephew is a famous divine, and an admired preacher, but confessing his incompetency to decide whether texts be well handled. He owns that his talk is of bullocks, and that his judgment extends no farther than to the cry of a pack of hounds.

King J. Would that some of the country squires in our Parliament kenned themselves as well!

Had. An please your Highness, I have reason to believe that an interested adversary of mine was aware of my predicament, and instigated the fellows of my own college in their opposition to me. I attempted to obtain a vacant preachingship in our chapel—it was voted that I was an incompetent expounder of Holy Writ, and so vile in my elocution, that it was refused me, with many reproofs of my presumption. A select lectureship at St Mary's offered; I was candidate for it, but by the same evil influence I was baffled. My name was run down, and it came to be popularly said that I was even devoid of ordinary school learning. I knew my uncle would disinherit me, if this state of things continued long; and I thought that as I had been so unfairly used, I might in equity retort upon my adversaries, and regain, if possible, my due reputation, by duping them. Can your Majesty altogether condemn me for fencing with their weapons?

King J. My certie, man, but ye've a lang head and muckle ingeny—the matter's clean altered—and yet I do not know what t'ee casuists have said thereanent.—Is it justifiable, think you, Dr Winwood?

Dr Win. With submission to your Majesty's better judgment, would it not be best to have these things ascertained before determination? Under the present view it bears no appearance of malicious or ill-intentioned deceitfulness.

King J. Say out your say, Master Haddo'—How did ye contrive it?

Had. I let my scout overhear me preaching while I lay a-bed—he made the odd circumstance known—people came clandestinely by his connivance, for which I gave good opportunity—

and when in this way it was sufficiently noised abroad, I suffered myself to be entreated to admit large audiences. I was devising how best to divulge my motives, and shame those who had driven me to act delusively, when your Majesty's order came to fetch me hither. With sorrow and contrition I beg forgiveness for daring to attempt deceiving a prince of your penetration and sagacity—the endeavour has been as futile as it deserved to be—could it be otherwise? But I trust your accustomed clemency will not be supplanted in vain.

King J. Troth, man, for our ain

part, we feel no anger, and we so far pardon you freely. Indeed we were not altogether deceived. I am right glad, Master Secretary, that the pawky loon can gie so good an account of himsell. Odd, I think them who kept him down were fitly served. I hope they were aften wiled out of their warin beds a-nights to hear a cauld-rife preachment. Sec, Winwood, that the man be in the pulpit in our Chapel Royal next Sunday—if he satisfies our judgment, will they nill they, he shall be a University preacher after all, and preach awake too.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

CLASS SECOND.

Deaths, Judgments, and Providences.

It was on the 13th of February 1823, on a cold stormy day, the snow lying from one to ten feet deep on the hills, and nearly as hard as ice, when an extensive store-farmer in the outer limits of the county of Peebles went up to one of his led farms to see how his old shepherd was coming on with his flocks. A partial thaw had blackened some scraps on the brows of the mountains here and there, and over these the half-starving flocks were scattered, picking up a scanty sustenance, while all the hollow parts, and whole sides of mountains that lay sheltered from the winds on the preceding week when the great drifts blew, were heaped and over-heaped with immense loads of snow, so that every hill appeared to the farmer to have changed its form. There was a thick white haze on the sky, corresponding exactly with the wan frigid colour of the high mountains, so that in casting one's eye up to the heights, it was not apparent where the limits of the earth ended, and the heavens began. There was no horizon—no blink of the sun looking through the pale and impervious mist of heaven; but there, in that elevated and sequestered *hope*, the old shepherd and his flock seemed to be left out of nature and all its sympathies, and embosomed in one interminable chamber of waste desolation.—So his master thought; and any stranger beholding the scene, would have been still more deeply impressed that the case was so in reality.

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But the old shepherd thought and felt otherwise. He saw God in the clouds, and watched his arm in the direction of the storm. He perceived, or thought he perceived, one man's flocks suffering on account of their owner's transgression; and though he bewailed the hardships to which the poor harmless creatures were reduced, he yet acknowledged in his heart the justness of the punishment. "These temporal scourges are laid upon sinners in mercy," said he, "and it will be well for them if they get so away. It will learn them in future how to drink and carouse, and speak profane things of the name of Him in whose hand are the issues of life, and to regard his servants as the dogs of their flock."

Again, he beheld from his heights, when the days were clear, the flocks of others more favourably situated, which he attributed as a reward for their acts of charity and benevolence; for this old man believed that all temporal benefits were sent to men as a reward for good works; and all temporal deprivations as a scourge for evil ones, and that their effects in spiritual improvement or degradation were rare and particular.

"I hae been a herd in this *hope*, callant and man, for these fifty years now, Janet," said he to his old wife, "an' I think I never saw the face o' the country look waur."

"Hout, Goodman, it is but a cludd o' the despondency o' auld age come ower your een, for I hae scen waur

storms than this, or else my sight deceives me. This time seven and twenty years, when you and I were married, there was a deeper and a harder snaw baith than this. There was mony a burn dammed up wi' dead hogs that year. And what say ye to this time nine years, Goodman?"

"Ay, ay, Janet, these were hard times when they were present. But I think there's something in our corrupt nature that gars us aye trow the present burden is the heaviest. However, it is either my strength failing, that I canna wou sae weel through the snaw, or I never saw it lying sae deep before. I canna steer the poor creatures frae ae knowe-head to another, without rowing them ower the body. And sometimes when they wad sprangle away, then I stick firm an' fast myself, an' the main I fight to get out, I gong aye the deeper. This same day, nae further gane, at ae step up in the gut cleugh, I slumpit in to the neck. 'Peace be wi' us, quo' I to myself, where am I now? If my auld wife wad but look up the hill, she wad see nae mair o' her poor man but the bannet. Ah! Janet, Janet, I'm rather feared that our Maker has a crow to pick wi' us even now!"

"I hope no, Andrew; we're in good hands; and if he should e'en see meet to pick a crow wi' us, he'll maybe fling us baith the bouk an' the feathers at the end. Ye shouldna repine, Goodman. Ye've something ill for thravung your mou' at Providence now and then."

"Na, na, Janet, far be't frae me to grumble at Providence. I ken ower weel that the warst we get is far aboon our demerits. But it's no for the season that I'm sae feared; that's ruled by me that canna err; only, I dread that there's something rotten in the government or the religion of the country, that lays it under his curse. There's my fear, Janet. The scourge of a land often fa's on its meanest creatures first, and advances by degrees to gie the boommost orders o' society warning and time to repent. There, for instance, in the sixteenth and seventeenth, the scourge fell on our flocks and our birds. Then, in aughteen and nineteen, it fell on the weavers, they're the neist class, ye ken; then our merchants, they're the neist again; and last o' a' it has fallen on the farmers and the shepherds, they're the first

and maist sterling class o' a country. Na, ye needna smudge and laugh at me now, Janet; for it's true. They *are* the boommost, and hae aye been the boommost sin' the days o' Abel, an' that's nae date o' yesterday. An' ye'll observe, Janet, that whenever they began to fa' low, they gat aye another lift to keep up their respect. But I see our downfa' coming on us wi' rapid strides. There's a heartlessness and apathy croppen in amang the sheep farmers, that shows their worldly hopes to be nearly extinct. The maist o' them seem no to care a bodle whether their sheep die or live. There's our master, for instance, when times were gann weel, I hae seen him up Joka third day at the farthest in the time of a storm, to see how the sheep were doing; an' this winter I hae never seen his face sin' it came on. He seems to hae forgotten that there are sic creatures existing in this wilderness as the sheep and me. His presence be about us, gin there be nae the very man come by the window!"

Janet sprung to her feet, swept the hearth, set a chair on the clewest side, and wiped it with her check apron, all ere one could well look about him.

"Come away, master; come in by to the fire here; lang-lookit-for come at length."

"How are you, Janet? still living. I see. It is a pity that you had not popped off before this great storm came on."

"Dear, what for, maister?"

"Because Andrew would have been a great deal the better of a young son-y quean to have slept with him in such terrible weather. And then if you should take it into your head to comp the creels just now, you know it would be out of the power of man to get you to a Christian burial. We would be obliged to huddle you up in the nook of the kail-yard."

"Ah, master, what's that your saying to my auld wife? Aye the auld man yet, I hear! A great deal o' the heaven o' corrupt nature aye sproutin' out now and then. I wonder you're no fear'd to speak in that regardless manner in these judgment-looking times!"

"And you are still the old man too, Andrew; a great deal of cant and hypocrisy sprouting out at times. But tell me, you old sinner, how has your

Maker been serving you this storm? I have been right terrified about your sheep; for I know you will have been very impertinent with him of evenings."

"Hear to that now! There's no hope, I see! I thought to find you humbled wi' a' thir trials and worldly losses, but I see the heart is hardened like Pharaoh's, and you will not let the multitude o' your sins go. As to the storm, I can tell you my sheep are just at ane mae wi' t. I am waur than ony o' my neighbours, as I lie higher on the hills; but I may hae been as it chanced for you, for ye hae never lookit near me mair than you had had no concern in the creatures."

"Indeed, Andrew, it is because neither you nor the creatures are much worth looking after now-a-days. If it hadna been the fear I was in for some mishap coming over the stock, on account of the so hypocritical prayers of yours, I would not have come to look after you so soon."

"Ah, there's mae mause to be had o' you! It's a good thing I ken the heart's better than the tongue, or ane wad hae little face to pray either for you, or aught that belang, I ye. But I hope ye hae been nae the waur o' auld Andrew's prayers as yet. An' some didna pray for ye, it w'd maybe be the waur for ye. I prayed for ye when ye couldna pray for yoursel', an' had hopes when I turned auld and doited, that you might say a kind word for me. But I'm fca'd that world's wealth and world's pleasures hae been leading you ower lang in then tram, and that ye hae been trusting to that which will soon take wings and flee away."

"If you mean riches, Andrew, or world's walth, as you call it, you never said a truer word in your life; for the little that my forbears and I have made, under the influence of these long prayers of yours, is actually melting away from among my hands faster than ever the snaw did from the dike."

"It is perfectly true, what you're saying, master. I ken the extent o' your bits o' sales weel enough, an' I ken your rents; an' weel I ken your telling me nae lee. An' it's e'en a hard case. But I'll tell you what I would do. I would throw their tacks in their teeth, an' let them mak' aught o' them they liket."

"Why, that would be ruin at once,

Andrew, with a vengeance. Don't you see that stocks of sheep are fallen so low, that if they were put to sale, they would not pay more than the rents, and some few arrears that every one of us have got into; and thus by throwing up our farms, we would throw ourselves out beggars. We are all willing to put off the evil day as long as we can, and rather trust to long prayers for a while."

"Ah! you're there again, are you? Canna let aane profanity! It's hard to gar a wicked cout leave off finking. But I can tell you, master mine—An you farmers had made your hay when the sun shone, ye might a' hae suttin independent o' your se-ewin' lairds, wha are maistly sair out at elbows; an' ye ken, sir, a hungry louse bites wicked sair. But this is but a just joodgment come on you for your behaviour. We had the gann days o' prosperity for twenty years! But instead o' laying by a little for a sur leg, or making provisions for an evil day, ye gaced on like madmen. Ye biggit houses, and ye plantit vineyards, an' threw away money as ye had been sawing sklate-stapes. Ye drank wine, an' ye drank punch; and ye roared and ye sang, and spake unseemly things. An' did ye never think there was an ear that heard, an' an ee that saw a' thae things? An' did ye never think that they wad be revisited on your heads some day when ye couldna play paw to help yourself? If ye didna think sae then, ye'll think sae soon. An' ye'll maybe see the day when the like o' auld Andrew, wi' his darned hose, an' his cloutit shoon; his braid bannet, instead o' a baiver; his drink out o' the clear spring, instead o' the punch bowl; an' his good steeve ailmal parritch and his horn spoon, instead o' the drap suds o' tea, that costs sae muckle—I say, that sic a man wi' a' thae, an' his worthless prayers to boot, will maybe keep the crown o' the causey langer than some that carried their heads higher."

"Hout fie, Andrew!" quoth old Janet; "Gudeness be my help, an' I dinna think shame o' you! Our master may weel think ye'll be impudent wi' your Maker, for troth you're very impudent wi' himsel; diuna ye see that ye hae made the douse sonsy lad that he disna ken where to look?"

"Ay, Janet, your husband may weel crack. He kens he has feathered

his nest off my father and me. He is independent, let the world wag as it will."

"It's a' fairly come by, master, an' the maist part o't came through your ain hands. But my bairns are a' doing for themselves, in the same way that I did; an' if twa or three hunder pounds can beet a mister for you in a strait, ye sanna want it, come o' a' what will."

"It is weel said o' you, Andrew, and I am obliged to you. There is no class of men in this kingdom so independent as you shepherds. You have your sheep, your cow, your meal and potatoes; a regular income of from sixteen to thirty pounds yearly, without a farthing of expediture, except for shoes; for your clothes are all made at home. If you would even wish to spend it, you cannot get an opportunity, and every one of you is rich, who has not lost money by lending it. It is therefore my humble opinion, that all the farms over this country will soon change occupants; and that the shepherds must ultimately become the store-farmers."

"I hope in God I'll never live to see that, master, for the sake of them that I and mine hae won our bread frae, as weel as some others that I hae a great respect for. But that's no the thing that hasna happened afore this day. It is little mair than 140 years, sin' a' the land i' this country changed masters already; sin' every farmer in it was reduced, and the farms were a' ta'en by common people and strangers at half naething. The Welches came here then out of a place they ca' Wales, in England; the Andersons came frae a place they ca' Kamsagh, some gate i' the north; an' your ain set came first to this country then frae some bit lairdship near Glasgow. There were a set o' M'Gregors and M'Dougals, said to have been great thieves, came into Yarrow then, and changed their names to Scotts; but they didna thrive; for they warna likit, and the hinderend o' them were in the Catslackburn. They ca'd them aye the Pinolys, frae the place they came fra; but I dinna ken where it was. The Ballantynes came frae Galway; and for as flourishin' fo'ks as they are now, the first o' them came out at the Birkhill-path, riding on a mottled poney, wi' a goat-skin saddle, and a horse. The Cumings, likewise, began to spread

their wings at the same time; they came a' frae a little fat curate that came out o' Glencairn to Etterick. But that's nae disparagement to ony o' thae families; for an there be merit at a' inherent in man as to worldly things, it is certainly in raising hinsel frae naething to respect. There is nae very ancient name amang a' our farmers now, but the Tweedies an' the Murrays; I mean that anciently belonged to this district. The Tweedies are very auld, and took the name frae the water. They were lairds o' Drumclzier hunders o' years afore the Hays got it, and hae some o' the best blood o' the land in their veins; and sae also were the Murrays; but the maist part o' the rest are upstarts and come-o'-wills. Now ye see, for as far outbye as I live, I can tell ye some things that ye dinna hear amang your drunken cronies."

"It is when you begin to these old traditions that I like to listen to you, Andrew. Can you tell me what was the cause of such a complete overthrow of the farmers of that age?"

"O I canna tell, sir—I canna tell. Some overturn o' affairs, like the present, I fancy. The farmers had outhir lost a' their sheep, or a' their siller, as they are like to do now; but I canna tell how it was; for the general change had ta'en place, for the maist part, afore the Revolution. My ain grandfather, who was the son o' a great farmer, hired hinsel for a shepherd at that time to young Tam Linton, and mony ane was wae for the downcome. But, speaking o' that, of a' the downcomes that ever a country kenn'd in a farming name, there has never been ought like that o' the Lintons. When my grandfather was a young man, and ane o' their herds, they had a' the principal store-farms o' Etterick Forest, and a part in this shire. They had, when the great Mr Boston came to Etterick, the farms o' Blackhouse, Dryhope, Henderland, Chapelhope, Seabeleugh, Shorthope, Midgehope, Meggatknowes, Buccleuch, and Gilmauscleugh, that I ken of, and likely as mony mae; and now there's no a man o' the name in a' the bounds aboon the rank of a cow-herd. Thomas Linton rode to kirk an' market, wi' a liveryman at his back; but where is a' that pride now? A' buried in the mools that the bearers o't! an' the last representative o' that great overgrown

family, that laid house to house, an' field to field, is now sair gane on' a wee, wee farm o' the Duke o' Buccleuch's. The ancient curse had lighted on these men, if ever it lighted on men in this world. And yet they were reckoned good men, and kind men in their day; for the good Mr Boston wrote an epitaph on Thomas, in metre when he died; an' though I have read it a hunder times in St Mary's kirk-yard, where it is to be seen to this day, I canna say it ower. But it says that he was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, and that the Lord would requite him in a day to come, or something to that purpose. Now that said a great deal for him, master, although Providence has seen meet to strip his race o' a' their worldly possessions. But take an auld fool's advice, and never lay ye farm to farm, even though a fair opportunity should offer; for, as sure as He lives who pronounced that curse, it will take effect. I'm an auld man, an' I hae seen mony dash made that way, but I never saw ane o' them come to good! There was first Murray of Glenvath; why, it was untelling what land that man possessed. Now his family has not a furr in the twa counties. Then there was his neighbour Simpson of Posso: I hae seen the day that Simpson had two-and-twenty farms, the best o' the twa counties, an' a' stockit wi' good sheep. Now there's no a drop o' his blood has a furr in the twa counties. Then there was Grieve of Willenslee; ane wad hae thought that body was gaun to take the hale kingdom. He was said to hae had ten thousand sheep, a' on good farms, at ae time. Where are they a' now? Neither *him* nor *his* hae a furr in the twa counties. Let me tell ye, master—for ye're but a young man, an' I wad aye fain have ye to see things in a right light—that ye may blame the wars; ye may blame the government; an' ye may blame the parliamenters; but there's a hand that rules higher than a' these; an' gin ye dinna look to that, ye'll never look to the right source either o' your prosperity or adversity. An' I sairly doubt that the pride o' the farmers was raised to ower great a pitch, that Providence has been brewing a day of humiliation for them, and that there will be a change o' hands aince 1841, as there was about this time hunder an' forty years."

"Then I suppose you shepherds expect to have century about with us, or so? Well, I don't see anything very unfair in it."

"Ay, but I fear we will be as far aneath the right medium for a while, as ye are startit aboon it. We'll make a fine hand doing the honours o' the grand mansion-houses that ye hae biggit for us; the cavalry exercises; the guns an' the pointers; the wine an' the punch drinking; an' the singing o' the deboshed sangs. But we'll just come to the right set again in a generation or twa, and then as soon as we get ower lee, we'll get a downcome in our turn.—But, master, I say, how will you grand gentlemen take wi' a shepherd's life? How will ye like to be turned into recky holes like this, where ye can hardly see your fingers afore ye, an' be reduced to the parritch and the horn-spoon?"

I cannot tell, Andrew. I suppose it will have some advantages. It will teach us to say long prayers to put off the time; and if we should have the misfortune afterwards to pass into *the bad place* that you shepherds are all so terrified about, why, we will scarcely know any difference. I account that a great advantage in dwelling in such a place as this. We'll scarcely know the one place from the other."

"Ay, but O what a surprise ye will get when ye step out o' ane o' your grand palaces into hell! An' gin ye dinna repent in time, ye'll maybe get a little experiment o' that sort. Ye think ye hae said a very witty thing there; but a' profane wit's sintu', an' whatever is sinfu' is shameful; and therefore it never suits to be said either afore God or man. Ye are just a good standin' sample o' the young tenantry o' Scotland at this time. Ye're ower genteel to be devout, an' ye look ower high, and depend ower muckle on the arm o' flesh, to regard the rod and Him that hath appointed it. But it will fa' wi' the mair weight o' that! A blow that is seen coming may be wardit off; but if ane's sae proud as no to regard it, 'tis the less scaith that he be knockit down."

"I see not how any man can ward off this blow, Andrew. It has gathered its overwhelming force in springs ower which we have no control, and is of that nature that no industry of man can aught avail. It is merely as a drop in the bucket; and I greatly

fear that this grievous storm is come to lay the axe to the root of the tree."

"I'm glad to hear, however, that ye hae some scripture phrases at your tongue roots. I never heard you use ane in a serious mood before; an' I hope there will be a reformation yet. If adversity will hae that effect, I shall submit to my share o' the loss that the storm should lie still for a while, and cut off a wheen o' the creatures that ye aince made eedals o', and now dow hardly bide to see. But that's the gate wi' a' things that ane sets up for worldly worship in place o' the true object; they turn a' out curses and objects o' shame and disgrace. As for warding off the blow, master, I see no resource but throwing up the farms ilk ane, and trying to save a remnant out o' the fire. The lairds want naething better than for ye to rin in arrears; then they will get a' your stocks for naist to naething, and have the land stockit themselves as they had lang-syne; and you will be their keepers, or vassals, the same as we are to you at present. As to hinging on at the present rents, it is madness—the very extremity of madness. I hae been a herd here for fifty years, an' I ken as weel what the ground will pay at every price of sheep as you do, and I daresay a great deal better. When I came here first, your father paid less than the third of the rent that you are bound to pay; sheep of every description were dearer, lambs, ewes, and widders; and I ken weel he was making no money of it, honest man, but nicely working his way, with some years a little over, and some naething. And how is it possible that you can pay three times the rent at the same prices o' sheep? I say the very presumption of the thing is sheer madness. And it is not only this farm, but you may take it as an average of all the farms in the country, that before the French war began, the sheep were dearer than they are now—the farms were not above one-third of the rents at an average, and the farmers were not making any money. They have lost their summer day during the French war, which will never return to them, and the only resource they have, that I can see, is to abandon their farms in time, and try to save a remnant. Things will come to their true level presently, but not afore the auld stock o' farmers are crushed past

rising again. An' then I little wat what's to come o' ye; for an we herds get the land, we *winn* employ you as our shepherds, that you may depend on."

"Well, Andrew, these are curious facts that you tell me of the land having all changed occupiers about a certain period. I wish you could have stated the causes with certainty. Was not there a great loss on this farm once, when it was said the burn was so dammed up with dead carcasses that it changed its course?"

"Ay, but that's quite a late story. It happened in my own day, and I believe mostly through mischance. That was the year Rob Dodds was lost in the Carry Cleuch. I remember of it, but cannot tell what year it was, for I was but a little bish o' a callant then."

"Who was Rob Dodds? I never heard of the incident before."

"Ay, but your father remembered weel o't; for he sent a' his men mony a day to look for the corpse, but a' to nae purpose. I'll never forget it; for it made an impression on me sae deep that I couldna get rest i' my bed for months and days. He was a young handsome bonny lad, an honest man's only son, and was herd wi' Tam Linton in the Birkhill. The Lintons were sair come down then; for this Tam was a herd, and had Rab hired as his assistant. Weel, it sae happen'd that Tam's wife had occasion to cross the wild heights between the Birkhill and Tweedsmuir, to see her mother, or sister, on some express; and Tam sent the young man wi' her to see her over the Donald's Cleuch edge. It was in the middle o' winter, and, if I mind right, this time sixty years. The morning was calm, frosty, and threatening snaw, but the ground clear of it at the time they set out. Rob had orders to set his mistress to the height, and return home; but by the time they had got to the height, the snaw had come on, so the good lad went all the way through Guenshope with her, and in sight of the water o' Frood. He crossed all the wildest o' the heights on his return in safety; and on the middle-end, west of Loch-Skene, he met with Robin Laidlaw, that went to the Highlands and grew a great farmer after that. Robin was gathering the Balmoady ewes; and as they were neighbours, and both herd-

ing to ae master, Laidlaw testified some anxiety that the young man might not find his way hame, for the blast had then come on very severe. Dodds leugh at him, an' said, 'he was nae mair feared for finding the gate hame, than he wis for finding the gate to his mouth when he was hungry.' 'Weel weel,' quo' Robin, 'keep the band o' the hill a' the way, for I hae seen as clever a fellow warred on sic a day; an' be sure to hund the ewes out o' the Brand Law scores as ye ging by.' 'Tammy charged me to bring a backfu' o' peats wi' me,' said he, 'but I think I'll no gang near the peat stack the day.' 'Na,' quo' Robin, 'I think ye'll no be sae mad.' 'But, O man,' quo' the lad, 'hae ye ony bit bread about your pouches, for I'm unco hungry. The wife was in sic a hurry that I had to come away without getting ony breakfast, an' I had sae fa' to gang wi' her, that I'm grown unco toom i' the inside.' 'The fiend ae much I hie, Robie, my man, or ye should hae had it,' quo' Laidlaw.

But an that be the case, gang straight hame, and never heed the ewes, come o' them what will.' 'O there's nae fen!' said he, 'I'll turn the ewes, and be hame in good time too.' And with that he left Laidlaw, and went down the Middie-Crag-end, jumping and playing in a froherome way over his sack. He had a large lang-nebbit stail in his hand, which Laidlaw took particular notice o', thinking it would be a good help for the young man in the rough way he had to gang.

'There was never another word about the matter till that day eight days. The storm having increased to a terrible drift, the snaw had grown very deep, and the herds, wha lived about three miles sindry, hadna met for a' that time. But that day Tam Linton an' Robin Laidlaw met at the Tail Burn; an' after cracking a lang time thegither, Tam says to the tither, just as it war by chance, 'Saw ye naething o' our young dinnagood this day eight days, Robin? He gaed awa that morning to set our goodwife ower the height, an' has never mair lookit near me, the cereless rascal!'

'Tam Linton, what's that you're saying? what's that I hear ye saying, Tam Linton?' quo' Robin, wha was dung clean stupid wi' horror. 'Hae ye never seen Rob Dodds sin' that morning he gaed away wi' your wife?'

'Na, never,' quo' the tither.

'Why then, sir, let me tell ye, that you'll never see him again in this world alive,' quo' Robin, 'for he left me on the Middle-end on his way hame that day at eleven o'clock, just as the day was coming to the warst.—But, Tam Linton, what was't ye war saying? Ye're telling me a great lee, man.—Do ye say that ye haena seen Rob Dodds sin' that day?'

'Haena I tauld ye that I hae never seen his face sinsyne!' quo' Tammy.

'Sae I hear ye saying,' quo' Robin again. 'But ye're tellin' me a downright made lee. The thing's no possible; for ye hae the very staff i' your hand that he had in his, when he left me in the drift that day.'

'I ken naething about sticks or staves,' Robin Laidlaw, says Tam, lookin' rather like one catched in an ill turn. 'The staff wasna likely to come hame without the owner; and I can only say, I hae sen nae mair o' Rob Dodds sin' that morning; an' I had thoughts that, as the day grew sae ill, he had hadden forit a' the length wi' our wife, and was hiding wi' her fo'ks a' this time to bring her hame again when the storm had settled.'

'Na na, Tammy, ye needna get into ony o' thae lang-windit stories wi' me,' quo' Robin. 'For I tell ye that's the staff that Rob Dodds had in his hand when I last saw him; sae ye have either seen him dead or living—I'll gie my oath to that.'

'Ye had better tike care what ye say, Robin Laidlaw,' says Tam, vera fiercely, 'or I'll maybe make ye blithe to eat in your words again.'

'What I hae said, I'll stand to,' Tammy Linton, says Robin. 'An' mair than that,' says he, 'if that good young man has come to an untimely end, I'll see his blood requited at your hand.'

'Then there was word sent away to the Hopehouse to his parents, and ye may weel ken, master, what heavy news it was to them, for Rob was their only son; they had gien him a good education, an' muckle muckle they thought o' him; but naething wad serve him but he wad be a shepherd. His father came wi' the maist part o' Etterick parish at his back; and mony sharp and threatening words there past between him and Tam; but what could they make o't? The lad was lost, and nae law, nor nae revenge could restore

him again ; sae they had naething for't, but to spread athwart a' the hills looking for the corpse. The hale country raise for ten miles round, on ane or twa good days that happened ; but the snaw was still lying, an' a' their looking was in vain. Tam Linton wad look nane. He took the dorts, and never heeded the fo'k mair than they hadna been there. A' that height atween Loch-Skene an' the Birkhill was just movin' wi' fo'k for the space o' three weeks, for the twa auld fo'k, the lad's parents, coudna get ony rest, an' fo'k sympathized uncosair wi' them. At length the snaw gaed maistly away, an' the weather turned fine, an' I gaed out ane o' the days wi' my father to look for the body. But, aih wow ! I was a feared wight ! whenever I saw a bit sod, or a knowe, or a grey stane, I stood still an' trembled for fear it was the dead man, and no ae step durst I steer farther, till my father gaed up to a' thae things. I gaed nae mair back to look for the corpse ; for I'm sure if we had found the body I wad hae gaue out o' my judgment.

"At length every body tired o' looking, but the auld man himsel. He travelled day after day, ill weather and good weather, without intermission. They said it was the waeisomest thing ever was seen, to see that good auld grey-headed man gaun sae lang by himsel', looking for the remains o' his only son. The maist part o' his friends advised him at length to gie up the search, as the finding o' the body seemed a thing a'thegither hopeless. But he declared he wad look for his son til the day o' his death ; and if he could but find his bones, he would carry them away from the wild moors and lay them in the grave where he was to lie himsel'. Tam Linton was apprehended, and examined on oath afore the sheriff ; but there was nae proof could be led against him, an' he wan off. He swore that, as far as he remembered, he got the staff standing at the mouth o' the peat stack ; and that he conceived that either the lad or himsel' had left it there some day when bringing away a burden of peats. The shepherds' peats had not been led home that year, and the stack stood on a hill head, half a mile frae the house, and the herds were obliged to carry them home as they needed them.

"But there was a mystery hung ~~about~~ ^{over} the lad's death that was never

cleared up, nor ever will a' thegither. Every man was convinced, in his own mind, that Linton knew of the body a' the time ; and also, that the young man had not come by his death fairly. It was proven that the lad's dog had come hame several times, and that Tam Linton had been seen kicking it frae about his house, and as the dog could be no where all that time, but waiting on the body, if that had not been concealed in some more than ordinary way, the dog would at least have been seen. At length, it was suggested to the old man, that there were always dead lights hovered over a corpse by night, if the body was left exposed to the air ; and it was a fact that two drowned men had been found in a field of whins, where the water had left the bodies, by means of the dead lights, a very little while before that. On the first calm night, therefore, the old desolate man went to the Merkside-edge, to the top of a high hill that overlooked all the ground where there was ony likelihood that the body would be lying. He watched there the lee-lang night, keeping his eye constantly roaming ower the broken waste over against him, but he never noticed the least glimmer of the dead lights. About midnight, however, he heard a dog barking ; it likewise gae twa or three melancholy yowls, and then ceased. Robin Dodds was convinced it was his son's dog ; but it was at such a distance, being about twa miles off, that he coudna be sure where it was, or which o' the hills on the opposite side it was on. The second night he kept watch on the Path Knows, a hill which he supposed the howling o' the dog came frae. But that hill being all surrounded to the west and north by tremendous ravines and cataracts, he heard nothing o' the dog. In the course of the night, however, he saw, or fancied he saw, a momentary glimmer o' light, in the depth of the great gulf immediately below where he sat ; and that at three different times, always in the same place. He now became convinced that the remains o' his dear son were in the bottom of the linn, a place which he conceived inaccessible to man ; it being so deep from the summit where he stood, that the roar o' the waterfall only reached his ears now and then wi' a loud *whush* ! as if it had been a sound wandering across the hills by itsel'. But

sae intent was Robin on this Willie-an-the-wisp light, that he took landmarks frae the ae summit to the other, to make sure o' the place; and as soon as daylight came, he set about finding a passage down to the bottom of the linn. He effected this by coming to the foot of the linn, and tracing its course backward, sometimes wading in water, and sometimes clambering over rocks, till at length, with

beating heart, he reached the very spot where he perceived the light; and in the grey o' the morning, he saw there was something lying there that differed in colour from the iron-hued stones, and rocks, of which the linn was composed. He was in great astonishment what this could be; for, as he came closer on it, he saw it had no likeness to the dead body o' a man, but rather appeared to be a heap o' bed-clothes. And what think you it turned out to be? For I see ye're glowing as your een were gawn to loup out. Just neither mair nor less than a strong mineral well; or what the doctors ca' a callybit spring, a' broustered about wi' heaps o' soapy, liny kind o' stuff, that it seems had thrown out a sort o' fiery vapours i' the night-time.

"However, Robin being unable to do any mair in the way o' searching, had now nae hope left but in finding his dead son by some kind o' supernatural means. Sae he determined to watch a thirl night, and that at the very identical peat-stack where it had been said his son's staff was found. He did sae; an' about midnight, ere ever he wist, the dog set up a howl close beside him. He called on him by his name, and the dog came and fawned on his old acquaintance, and whimpered, and whinged, an' made sic a wark, as cou'd hardly hae been trowed. Robin keepit him in his bosom a' the night, and fed him wi' pieces o' bread, and said mony kind things to him; and then as soon as the sun rose, he let him gang: and the poor affectionate creature went straight to his dead master; who, after all, was lying in a little green sprithy hollow, not above a musket-shot from the peat-stack. This rendered the whole affair more mysterious than ever; for Robin Dodds himself, and above twenty men beside, could all have made oath that they had looked into that place again and again, and that so minutely, that a dead bird could not hae been in it, that they could not have seen. How-

ever, there the body of the youth was gotten, after having been lost for the long space of ten weeks; and not in a state of great decay neither, for it rather appeared swollen, as if it had been lying among water.

"Conjecture was now driven to great extremities in accounting for all these circumstances. It was manifest to every one, that the body had not been all the time in that place. But then, where had it been? Or what could have been the reasons for concealing it? These were the puzzling considerations. There were a hunder different things suspectit; and mony o' them, I dare say, a hunder miles frae the truth; but on the whole, Tammy was sair lookit down on, and almost perfectly abhorred by the country; for it was weel kenn'd that he had been particularly churlish and severe on the young man at a' times, and seemed to have a peculiar dislike to him. An it hadna been the wife, who was a kind considerate sort o' a body, if gien Tam his will, it was reckoned he wad hae hungered the lad to dead. After that, Tammy left the place, an' gaed away, I watna where; and the country, I believe, came gayan near to the truth o' the story at last. There was a girl in the Birkhall house at the time, whether a daughter o' Tam's, or no, I hae forgot, though I think otherwise. However, she durstna for her life tell a' she kenn'd so lang as the investigation was gawn on; but it at last spunkit out that Rob Dodds had got hame safe enough; and that Tam got into a great rage at him, because he had not brought a burden o' peats, there being none in the house. The youth excused himself on the score of fatigue and hunger; but Tammy swore at him, and said, 'The de'il be in your teeth, gin they shall break bread, till ye gang back out to the hill-head and bring a burden o' peats.' Dodds refused; on which Tam struck him, and forced him away; and he went crying on' greetin' out at the door, but never came back. She also told, that after poor Rob was lost, Tam tried several times to get at his dog to fell it with a stick, but the creature was terrified for him, and made its escape. It was therefore thought, an' there was little doubt, that Rob, through fatigue and hunger, and reckless of death at the way he had been guidit, went out to the hill, and died at the peat-stack, the mouth

of which was a shelter from the drift-wind; and that his cruel master, conscious o' the way he had used him, and dreading slaith, had trailed away the body, and sunk it in some pool in these unfathomable linn, or otherwise concealed it, wi' the intention, that the world might never ken whether the lad was actually dead or had absconded. If it had not been for the dog, from which it appears he had been unable to conceal it, and the old man's perseverance, to whose search there appeared to be no end, it is probable he would never have laid the body in a place where it could have been found, otherwise than by watching and following the dog. By that mode, the intentional concealment of the corpse would have been discovered, so that Tammy all that time could not be quite at his ease, and it was no wonder he attempted to fell the dog. But where the body could have been deposited, that the faithful animal was never discovered by the searchers, during the day, for the space of ten weeks, that baffled a' the conjectures that ever could be tried.

"The two old people, the lad's father and mother, never got over their great and cruel loss. They never held up their heads again, nor joined in society any mair, except in attending divine worship. It might be truly said o' them, that they spent the few years that they survived their son in constant prayer and humiliation; but they soon died, short while after ane another. As for Tam Linton, he left this part of the country; but it was said there was a curse hung over him an' his a' his life, an' that he never did mair weel. That was the year, master, on which our burn was dammed wi' the dead sheep; and in fixing the date, you see, I hae been led into a lang story, and am just nae farther wi' the main point than when I began."

"I wish from my heart, Andrew, that you would try to fix a great many old dates in the same manner; for I confess I am more interested in your lang stories, than in either your lang prayers, or your lang sermons, about repentance and amendment. But pray,

you were talking of the judgments that overtook Tam Linton—Was that the same Tam Linton that was precipitated from the Brand Law by the break of a snaw wreath, and he and all his sheep jammed into the hideous gulf, called The Grey Mare's Tail?"

"The very same, sir; and that might be accountit ane o' the first judgments that befel him, for there were many of his ain sheep in the flock. Tam asserted all his life, that he went into the linn along with his hirsel, but no man ever believed him; for there was not one of the sheep came out alive, and how it was possible for the carl to have come safe out, naebody could see. It was, indeed, quite impassable; for it had been such a break of snaw as had scarcely ever been seen. The gulf was crammed sae fu', as that ane could hae gane over it like a pendit brig; and no a single sheep could be gotten out, either dead or living. When the thaw came, the burn wrought a passage for itself below the snaw, but the arch stood till summer. I have heard my father oit describe the appearance of that vault as he saw it on his way from Moffat fair. Ane hadua gane far into it, he said, till it turned darkish, like an ill-bued twilight; an' sic a like arch o' carnage he never saw! There were limbs o' sheep hingin' in a' directions, the snaw was wedged sae firm. Some hale carcasses hung by the neck, some by a spauld; then there was a hale forest o' legs sticking out in ae place, an' horns in another, terribly mangled an' broken; an' it was a'thegither sic a frightsome-looking place, that he was blithe to get out o't again."

After looking at the sheep, tasting old Janet's best kebbuck, and oatmeal cakes, a d' precing the whisky bottle, the young farmer again set out through the deep snaw, on his way home. But Andrew made him promise, that if the weather did not amend, he was to come back in a few days and see how the poor sheep were coming on; and, as an inducement, promised to tell him a great many old anecdotes of the shepherd's life.

LOVE, A POEM, IN THREE PARTS; TO WHICH IS ADDED, THE GLAOUR,
AN HISTORICAL POEM. BY E. ELLIOT.*

WE have been long looking about for some person or other to immolate to our fury—some victim to break upon the wheel, and to whom we might give, with soft reluctant amorous delay, the coup-de-grace. But it is amazing what difficulty there is in laying hands upon a suitable culprit. It is not a mere blockhead we are in search of; for in that case, we should only have to go into the Phrenological Society, and, without any selection, take the first member we met,—a blockhead, no doubt, of the first magnitude. Neither is your absolute knave the man for our purpose, otherwise a Radical or a Cockney would come quite pat. We long for a mixed character, in whom the elements of folly and blackguardism are all so happily met as to fit him, in an especial manner, for the rim of the wheel, or the pulleys of the rack. Now, perhaps we are too fastidious. Perhaps our eye is upon many such, and yet they do not appear to us to belong to the class desiderated. Our hand is beginning to forget its cunning; we shall by and by flourish even the knout inefficiently, and rogues will escape to Pisa, who ought to have been banished to Siberia with slit noses.

Beside, being thus defrauded of our just and natural pleasures, we are beginning to lose our character for stern and inflexible justice. The relaxation of punishment, it has been hinted to us, will ultimately increase the number of offenders; and the public is expecting a renewal of those executions which, it is alleged, were at once salutary and pleasant to look upon, when "our auld cloak was new." We have in our eye six criminals, two in verse, and four in prose, whom we intend to put to death in a few months. Three of them know whom we mean; and three of them are like the silly sheep,

"Pleased to the last, they crop their flow-
ery food,
And kiss the hand just raised to shed their
blood."

On perusing a few pages of the volume whose title we have given above, our eyes glistened, and our beard curled, for we thought we had him fast, and that Mr E. Elliot had forthwith only to say his prayers. Our gout flew off from the point of our great toe ;

and an expression, which some foolish people would have called diabolical, but which was, in good truth, only severe in middle-aged beauty, illuminated our editorial features. We read on and on, "nursing our wrath to keep it warm;" but it would not do; the rigid brow relaxed; the set teeth opened into a smile; the compressed lips assumed each the globular form of the small red hairy gooseberry; the merciless eye mildly tipped the wink; and the right hand, uplifted to destroy, fell down upon the green-board, and upset the very ink in which it was about to write the sentence of temporal damnation.

Now, Master E. Elliot, when you have brought yourself to understand what an escape you have had, how will you shew your gratitude? Will you include us in your next satire? Or send us a dozen of champagne? Will you proclaim or denounce? Will you bow or bristle? Bubble or squeak? Flatter or fall foul? Something you must do; for it is no every-day occurrence to be on the brink of death, and benevolently snatched back by the very hand that had been stretched out to tumble you over the precipice. Take your life; and many years may you enjoy it! for you are a bit of tolerable stuff; and although neither a Jam Belcher nor a Randall, as our friend Pierce Egan would say, yet you can hit pretty hard, and there are no symptoms of the white feather.

With respect to your poem, called "Love," which is in two parts, each part being in several books, we beg leave to shy that concern altogether for the present. James Hogg says, that

"Love is like a dizziness,
It will not let a pair bodie
Gang about his business!"

And as we have a great deal of business to go about this month, of which the writing of the whole of this Number is but a portion, we cannot, before the month of April, either make or read Love. But without reading Mr E. Elliot's poem of Love, we can assure him, on our word of honour, that it is very so—so. It has not the appearance of being a good poem; and in this instance, we shall trust to appearances. There are too many capitals in almost every page that we cut up; P's and I's are too rife, and the

glancer is too often told "Go where," and too often asked "What!?" and too often answered "Yes"—at the beginning of a line, when he has not been asking a single question. God knows what the poem is about. We have no idea; and how should we, when, as as we were just saying, we have not read a single line in it from beginning to end? Mr Elliot will find that nobody can read a long poem in parts and books upon Love. Let him try to read his own, and we bet him pounds to pennies he falls asleep, unless he reads booty, and gets a friend to prick his legs with a fork below the table. Let us not be mis-understood. Mr Elliot is a clever man, and we should like to see him who would deny it. But a cleverer man even than Mr Elliot would look silly making love or love-verses. Turning away, therefore, from Love with a yawn, as a thing wholly unsuitable to our years and profession, we came with a well-pleased face upon a letter in prose to the Right Honourable Lord Byron. The epistle shews that Mr E. Elliot can do something else than "sport with the tangles of Neera's hair;" he leaves off billing and cooing, and all that sort of thing, and tackles to his lordship with as right good will as the Gasman did to Neat, and, we must say, with somewhat similar success. He ruffles his lordship, but he never once knocks him down cleanly; the poor keeps his pins; and we advise Master E. Elliot to look about him, for his lordship's right-hand is like the kick of a horse, and if it should chance to come in contact with the knowledge-box of this rough commoner, Mr Elliot will say, as Nosworthy did of a blow from Dutch Sam, "that it was all the world like a thousand bugs crawling inside of his ear."

It appears from this letter that Mr Elliot has waxed very wroth with Lord Byron, on account of various misdemeanours imputed to his lordship, that really do not appear to us to be of that kind that need make our friend so like a porcupine. He begins with telling his lordship, "The language in which I purpore to address you will be somewhat less adulatory than that to which you have been too much accustomed." This is not very happy. No doubt Lord Byron has been a good deal abused; but what the devil would Mr Elliot be at? Has not the noble Childen abused in equal proportion? Is Mr Elliot the first man who has thrown upon him? Has not the kennel

been raked already for dead cats? and where has this somnolent Satyrist and Sciolist been snoring, that he now dreams of being in the van of the Venomists? He holds up his head as pompously as if he were dispelling an universal delusion. My good sir, there is not, believe us, one word in this letter of yours that has not been spluttered out against Lord Byron a thousand times; and if your poem of Love is no more original than this, it must just be the old story over again. If his lordship should happen to read your letter, there is no saying what he will do with it, for old, stale, rancid abuse, (we speak from experience) goes the way of all flesh. If you have got any thing to say against any man, let it be something new, and starting to himself or others. It is not gentlemanly to insult asleep a nobleman, by the monotonous repetition of newspaper paragraphs, and the slang of blue-stockings coteries.

But Mr Elliot now and then tries to be original; and then indeed his condition is deplorable. "It will not be too late for you to undervalue tragedy, when the author of abortive dramas and rhymed tours, shall have made his third dramatic attempt and succeeded? Are all your works worth the Isabella of Southern? Would five hundred Byrons make half a dramatist?"

By rhymed tours, Mr E. Elliot, author of Love, Night, &c., means the Four Cantos of Childe Harold! This is mere impotent silliness. Any three consecutive stanzas of that rhymed Tour is worth all that ever was written by all the Elliots. That is far nearer the mark than "five hundred Byrons making half a dramatist." As to the Isabella of Southern, it is a dull, disagreeable affair.—But hush—hark—hear—hear! "When will you forget or forgive the AFFAIRING AFFAIRITION OF MIRANDOLA?" O, lack-a-day, Mr E. Elliot, what an idiot have you become! Lord Byron made miserable in unforgiving envy, by William Procter! Read *Mirandola*, and then read *Sardanapalus*! and you will feel as if turning from the London to Blackwood's Magazine. *Mirandola* is the only worthless, utterly worthless thing, its author ever wrote. It is a mere drivel—all leers. Mr Procter is a pretty poet, and we are glad to see that he is about to be delivered of a bantling. With gentle hand shall we rock the cradle! But *Mirandola* is damned. We saw it damned—it was "no sooner blown than blasted." Mr E. Elliot may make himself as ridicu-

lous as he pleases, but he has no right to make Barry Cornwall William Procter so; for he is a sensible person, and takes his own praises into his own delicate, white, small-fingered hand.

Mr Elliot then informs the Noble Bard—"My Lord, you have many, very many contemporaries and countrymen, (doomed to live and die in obscurity), whose powers, *if displayed*, would dwarf into pigmy insignificance, the intellectual stature of Lord Byron." Now, my good fellow, you are bound to mention a few names here, and to inform us where some dozens of these giants have their domiciles. Among the five or six hundred millions of human beings now alive, all of whom are, we presume, Lord Byron's contemporaries, there must no doubt be many long-headed intelligent people. But why don't they come forth, and shew themselves in the ring? What does Mr Elliot know about them, since they have not displayed their powers? There is good reason to think, that there are many men in England who could lick both Neate and Spring. But why don't they? "A mute inglorious Milton" is all very well in his own way, among his village peers, the sexton, barber, man-midwife, &c., but there let him rest,—since he wont write a *Paradise Lost*. If Lord Byron is to be thus dwarfed, pray, Mr E. Elliot, "hast thou no fears of thy own impious self?" What a Geoffrey Hudson in intellect must thou be, if Byron is a Borulansky? Nay, nothing else than a wooden mannikin—a human-faced nine-pin—the minutest of all the progeny of Tom Thumb.

Mr Elliot has a craze upon the subject of Lake Poetry. He cannot get over Byron's sneers and sarcasms at Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge. Admit that his lordship is a very bad boy in laughing at his betters. What then? Who looks for perfect propriety and decorum from Lord Byron? Nobody. Then, why all this splutter? His lordship knows a great deal better than Mr Elliot the genius of these writers. But they abused him, one and all of them, and that too when he was first appearing above the horizon; and, being touchy, he throws a few squibs among the Lakers; all perfectly harmless. And nothing can be more laughable than to hear Mr Elliot roaring out "Murder—murder!--Fire—fire!--Thieves---thieves!--Robbers—robbers!" when there is no mischief at all; and when the Lakers are all wea-

ving away at their interminable webs, just the same as if neither Lord Byron nor Mr Elliot had ever delighted his mother's eyes with the "appalling apparition of a new-child."

After a deal of trash about Byron's "Malignant mediocrity," &c. and several magnanimous declarations of his belief, that his lordship is no poet at all, Mr Elliot then asserts, that neither is he any thing of a critic. "If begging the question is argument, and petulant absurdity wit, your letter to the Rev. W. L. Bowles is, the most able and triumphant work ever written." Pray, Master Elliot, since Byron begged the question, what is the question?—Art and Nature! Humbug! Don't you know that his lordship was quizzing all the time? So, we verily believe, was our friend Bowles. But E. Elliot is here as dull as a pewter utensil.—"Never," quoth he, "since the days of Junius, did any author receive such a castigation, as your reverend antagonist has inflicted on your lordship. You are the Sir William Draper of the Controversy," &c. How Bowles will laugh at you—you ninny—for all this! You might as well tickle a man's nostrils with a feather, and then tell him, that never since the days of Marsyas, had a poor devil been so flayed alive!

After the "Letter" comes a poem, called *The Giaour*, which we dozed over in our usual humdrum way, and thought very bad, although it contains, we suspect, some goodish lines. We have looked it over again, with a view of extracting some, but we cannot prevail upon ourselves to do so, the whole composition is so cursedly personal. We hate all personality—it is the sin of the age. Some passages of this *Giaour*—indeed all of them—are extremely scurrilous; but we could not prove that but by quoting the whole poem; and that Mr Elliot cannot expect, nor would our readers approve. However, on the whole, we think very highly both of him and his volume, and shall be most happy to see him at Ambrose's.

Is Elliot a real name? Such is the general want of good faith now-a-days among authors, that they think no more of telling a lie, than of eating their breakfast. The system of falsifying one's name, cannot be too severely condemned by every honest man. No man would do so who had the slightest idea of filial piety.

TALES O' THE DAFT DAYS.

No. III.

TALE SECOND.

The Old Man's Tale, or, Kilspondy Castle.

- HARD** by, where Luffness waves its
 wood,
 O'er Aberlady's peaceful bay,
 Kilspondy Castle stands, or stood,
 Alone, and mouldering in decay.
- How oft**, in youth's romantic moods,
 I've mused beneath the crumbling pile,
 And linger'd 'mid its solitudes,
 To see the evening on it smile!
- To hear**, amid the gliding gloom,
 The lonely owl, the hollow breeze
Low whistling on from room to room,
 The rustling boughs, the roaring seas!
- Night's** concert these—how grand! how
 deep!
 What harmony attunes the whole
 Soft soothing passion unto sleep—
 How pleasing to the Poet's soul!
- Or** wing'd my way to see the sun
 Arise upon its gladden'd towers,
 With ivy moss and weeds o'erhung,
 And deck'd with odoniferous flowers!
- Or**, clamb'ring to some turret's peak,
 Survey'd the varied scenes around
Here Gullian Links, retired and bleak,
 There plenty on the cultured ground!
- Before** it rolls the widening Forth,
 Gay spotted o'er with ships and boats;
Far on the mountains of the north
 Attract the mist that round them floats.
- North-Berwick-Law** here to the right,
 His come form abroad displays;
First welcomes back returning light,
 And gazes on its latest rays.
- Tantallon's** towers beyond it lower,
 Slow mould'ring on their sea-worn
 rock;
The bulky Bass, in sullen power,
 Amid that sea defies its shock.
- There** Southern hills their summits rear,
 Thence mountains in the west are
 seen;
Here thriving villages appear,
 And numerous farmsteads deck the
 scene.
- I** speak of days long long gone by;
 How sadly pleasing is langsyne!
 A magic charm—a mystic tie—
 We feel its power, but can't define.
- My wanderings then, O then, forgive,
 I'll to my mournful story turn;
 Essay to make the past re-live,
 And raise the ashes of the urn.—
- On** Peffer's banks which riling roll'd
 Beneath Kilspondy's rugged towers,
 Lived Alice Jack, alone and old,
 The soother of my boyish hours.
- By** secret impulse led along,
 How oft I've sought her humble cot,
 To hear again some Scottish song,
 Some story ne'er to be forgot!
- Her** tale was still of other years—
 Kilspondy gay—Kilspondy low,
 And oft I've dew'd with boyish tears,
 The following story of its woe:—
- Sir Ronald Moore**, when warm in youth
 Was generous, ardent, brave, and gay,
 To Winton's heiress pledged his truth,
 And bare sweet Elinor away.
- Kilspondy's** halls to festal throngs,
 And to the pair, unclosed at once,
 Re-echoing to enlivening songs,
 And bounding nightly to the dance.
- And** soon fair Elinor became
 The mother of a family,
 A blooming boy, Lochiel his name,
 Two daughters, Blanch and Emily.
- Then** morn of youth in splendour rose,
 Hope warbled—Siren of the young;
Fair Pleasure bade her flowers unclose,
 Like bees upon its sweets they hung.
- Yes**, youth is like the merry bee,
 Where'er it lights it honey finds;
While, like the spider vicious, we
 Suck venom with envenom'd minds.
- How** blest the mother and the sire!
 For wealth, content, and love were theirs,
 Th' unsullied years of life retire
 Unmuffled by regrets or cares.
- Unto** the daughters Beauty becked,
 And at her beck they gaily skip,
 She falls delighted on their necks,
 And revels on the reddening lip.
- Their** cheeks she kisses, and they glow,
 Her eye to theirs delusion lends,
 She bids the streamy tresses flow,
 And with their form a freshness blends.

While watchful nature o'er them flies,
And breathes a virtue through the whole,
Leads up the blush—informs the eyes,
Awakes the heart, and warms the soul.

Gay-hearted, tall, yet finely made,
The dark-eyed Blanch seem'd form'd to sway,
And tripping in her tartan plaid,
Bore Lothian's blithest hearts away.

Amid them, like the Huntress Queen,
She loved to chase the deer at morn,
Exulting through the sylvan scene,
Enliven'd by the hound and horn.

While soft, as if of softer kind,
Her fairer sister lived retired,
And spent those hours upon her mind
The other gave to be admired.

When children yet, beneath their dome
A hopeless orphan William came,
Unfriended and without a home,
His father's worth, his only claim.

Sir Ronald own'd the claim with joy,
For once to him his life he owed;
Thus sheltering this unhappy boy,
Enrich'd himself while he bestow'd.

Why loved fan Emily with him,
E'en then, to roam the pebbly beach,
Or be in groves in evening dim,
To hang upon her artless speech?

The shell he gather'd ever seem'd
The fairest in her far'ring eyes;
The flower he cull'd, she always deem'd
Most fragrant, and of brightest dyes.

If others smiled, their smiles but came
Like warmless moon-beams o'er his heart,

While hers, like suns all light and flame,
Both life and light at once impart.

Thus early in the morn of youth,
They loved, not knew 'twas love they felt,

Fill envious years unvail'd the truth,
And waked the ingenuous blush of guilt.

All pure that blush by love transfused,
She blush'd, remembring warm expressions,

Betray'd into the words she used,
By yielding artless to impressions.

He blush'd, lest in his words and eyes
She might have seen the kindling flame,
Ere known to him, and him despise,
Unapt his passion, base his aim.

They ceased to roam by Peffer's stream,
Or lose them in the shadowy wood—
Those days were dwindled to a dream,
The scene into a solitude.

'Twas then that Blanch, in beauty's pride,
Perceived a stranger in the chase,
In rich array, and at her side,
Oft gazing rudely in her face.

In vain she check'd her courser's speed,
Or turn'd away, or urged him on;
Th' uncounteous stranger took no heed
Till both were in the wood alone.

Then trembled Blanch—his looks were fierce,
Although the smile was struggling there,
His keen dark eye seem'd form'd to pierce,
And show how much his soul could dare.

"Stay, gentle maiden, where so fleet?
The chase already's far away,
'Dunlevin casts him at thy feet;
Now love invites another way.

"I've lands and castle by Dunbar,
I've Loth beyond the Lennue Firth;
Let love then be our guiding star;
I've east, my fan, or let us north.

"I'll love thee early, love thee late,
I'll live the vassal of thine eye;
With thee will ask no more of fate—
Without thee, I must ling'ring die."

"Nor East, nor North, vain man, I go,
But spurn thy love, and poor pretence;
Kilspindy's daughter stoop so low!
Dunlevin, she commands thee hence."

"Commands me!—well, my haughty fair,
Another day, perhaps, we'll meet;
*Your father comes—till then, I swear,
I'll muse upon this meeting sweet.

"'Tis true, I knew not that in thee
The better blood of Wintoun roll'd;
But quench that brown, 'tis not for me;
The slave may brook it—not the bold.

* The Leven, and the village of that name being on the opposite shore of the Firth, where Dunlevin's Castle is represented to be, I apprehend Dunleven and not Dunlevin is the preferable orthography; Loeh Leven is near Fort William.

"Be proud—Dunlevin's prouder still;
Be kind—you'll find him kinder too;
If scorn'd, unshaken as yon hill;
Reflect! be silent! so adieu."

She shudder'd as he scowling spoke,
With quiv'ring lip and flashing eyes,
An inward light upon her broke,
A secret voice that never lies.

She felt unhappy, restless, sad,
In reason's eye, without a cause;
Essay'd to trifle, and be glad,
But sadder and more wretched was.

She told Sir Ronald all—who vow'd
In secret to revenge the deed;
Heap scorn for scorn upon the proud,
And make the base insulter bleed.

Parental pride—his House's name,
Indignant urged and cried, avenge!
The tide within of scorn and shame,
Wild rushing, prompted to revenge.

And soon, by chance remote from view,
They met upon the lonesome Links;
High words arose—their blades they
drew,
His heart's warm tide Dunlevin's
drinks.

The father fell—he tried to speak,
While stern his murder' o'er him
gazed
In vain—for death was on his cheek;
All utterance choked—his eye-balls
glazed!

Awhile convulsed, without a groan,
He fell along the reeking sod;
His bosom heaves not—breath is gone;
His spirit stands before its God.

Unseen by all but by the eye
That dives into the lowest deeps,
Dunlevin, parting with a sigh,
His course along the ocean keeps,

Its restless waves and ceaseless roar,
As mid the rocks they fret and foam,
Or tumble on the yellow shore,
Divert his thoughts while wand'ring
home.

But short the calm—for oft the tide
Within his veins wild throbbing rose,
His bosom heaved, his features dyed,
Then sank again into repose.

So Etna sleeps in dusky eve,
When up at once the lava boils;
Its crest and bosom burn and heave,
Then back the fiery wave recoils.

Around Kilspindy's gloomy towers,
The shades of evening close apace;
But more than darkness on it lowers,
Pale horror sits on every face.

With morn Sir Ronald left his hall,
A loving husband glad and gay,
Now, piteous sight! bewail'd by all,
Lies shrunk into insentient clay.

They sadly bear the gory corpse
Unto the home he went to cheer,
While Blanch, o'erwhelm'd with swift re-
mourse,
Entrenzied shrieks, but drops no tear.

Her clammy hands she wrings and wrings,
Her bloodless lips convulsive quiver;
To heav'n a hopeless look she flings,
As if her swelling heart would shiver.

"My father, father, where shall I,
Thy murder'ess, lay or hide my head?
Upon that guilty head shall he
Thy blood, though by another shed.

"He struck the blow—but I impell'd
My father to the fatal stile,
My wounded pride an insult swell'd,
Thus br'd thee to the risk of life."

"What insult!" cried Lochiel—"oh tell
Of whom, my sister, dost thou speak?
Know'st thou by whom our father fell,
His blood upon this blade shall reckon."

"O name him, name—why look so wild.
Insult, and a murderer too;
Thine honour'd locks by blood dell'd,
Cry vengeance, and shall have their due."

"These aged limbs, that faded toom,
In equal combat have not stood;
O give me, Blanch, give, give the name,
'Tis call'd for by our father's blood."

But in her breast the name lay hid,
Although a gnawing vulture there;
In vain Lochiel implor'd on child,
No arts from her the name could tear.

In vain Lochiel, with filial zeal,
The murder' of his parent sought;
In vain inquiries and appeal,
None knew with whom Sir Ronald
tought.

The once light heart of Blanch long sank,
O'erwhelm'd amid the flood of grief,
Forlorn within herself she shrink,
Slow with'ring like an autumn leaf;

Till time, which bids the woods rebloom,
And cheers again the heaving vales,
Bare off the darker clouds of gloom,
By friendship's warmth, which re-pre-
vails.

Yet Blanch's light elastic heart
Had lost its spring, and danced no
more;

Her smiles would melt in tears apart,
When ranging o'er the silent shore.

The birds were hush'd, and scarce a leaf
Was quiv'ring in the drowsy air,
While twilight, like a midnight thief,
Laid silence glided every-where.

When lo! at once near summer's close,
Wild shrieks were heard by Peller's
stream;

Amid Lochiel and William rose,
But all grew silent as a dream.

They breathless listen'd—now they shout,
Along the only stream they go;
Amid the bushes range about,
And pry into the flood below,

But nought they spy by bush or tree,
All seems to sleep in soft repose,
Not on to' untroubled river see,
The smallest dimple as it flows.

Night falls apace, they homeward go,
While sadly sighs the sleepy breeze,
Again are heard the shrieks of woe,
But faintly from the distant seas.

They grasp their swords—nor speak, but
sweep
With frenzied ardour to the shore;
A speck alone is on the deep;
'Tis not! the shrieks are heard no
more.

The darkness grows—in grim array
The clamb'ring clouds stale heav'n's
blue arch.

O'errun the empire of the day;
Then down upon its palace march.

The thick'ning drops with hollow sound
Spout o'er the pools from brink to
brink;

Foretell the tempest how'ring round,
And ready in its wrath to smite.

A solemn awe the scene opprest,
And sank upon then hearts a weight,
While homewards hast'ning, ill at rest,
Revolving some disastrous fate.

Around is darkness, all is dumb;
Amid the forked lightnings flash,
The swelling thunders roaring come,—
Earth trembles at the horrid crash.
Vol. XIII.

The unloosen'd winds begin to rave,
Wild whistling up among the trees,
Now troll along the bounding wave,
Wild sporting o'er the foamy seas.

Behold far o'er the gleamy vast,
A tiny boat—ah, now 'tis lost!
See, see a maiden all aghost—
Two rowers, but they keep their post.

Stream forth, ye lightnings of the east,
To shew the wand'ers o'er the main;
Ye billows, heave them on your breast,
That I may see that boat again.

'Tis pass'd away, and all is drear,
The lurid flashes play no more.
Alas! some rock's the funeral bier—
Or are they safe on Fife's shore?

But why the anguish and dismay,
That fill Kilsindy's peaceful halls?
"O Blanch, my child, where dost thou
stray?"

'Tis thus her trembling mother calls.

"Whose shrieks were those?—they were
not hers—
That could not be—oh yes, it might!
No, no! they'd struck a mother's ears,
And flash'd conviction on her sight.

"Heaven! Heaven! protect my darling
child!
O lead, O lead her to these arms!
Restore her pure and undefil'd,
And hush to rest these dread alarms!

"O Blanch, my child! my child, return!—
Yet, gracious God! what meant those
shrieks?
Conviction fires me, and I burn—
Yes, of thy father's murder'er speaks.

"Thou knew'st him, yet his name lay hid
Forever in thy secret breast.
Thou lov'd'st him not—O Heaven forbid!
Yet wherefore was that name repress?

"Mysterious deed!—Yet, Blanch, come
back!
Thy wretched mother calls and calls—
Those shrieks!—O God! I'm on the rack!
An image haunts me, and appals!

"I see my husband's mangled corpse!
The murder'er on my daughter seize,
With blood-stain'd hands, and brutal
force!—
Save, save! my veins with horror freeze!

"My son, my blessing on thee light,
Ev'n as thou dost avenge our wrongs!
Go forth; go, rest not day nor night;
Bear with thee sword and quenchless
flame.

Alas, I rave ! thou'rt young in years,
They'll slay thee too, and I shall die
There, there, the vision re-appears !
How terrible, still death's the cry !

" A reeking blade a murd'rer waives !
His foot is on my bleeding Lord !
Hark, hark ! my child for mercy craves
That wretch, by God and man abhorr'd ! "

" O hush thee, mother," Emily sigh'd ;
" Thy too great griefs require repose.
In single fight my father died ;
But Blanch not with his rival goes.

" Yes, mother ; yes, she'll soon return :
Come, let me lay thee down to rest—
Ah me ! with feverish heats you burn,
And I'm already too distrest."—

But nature sank despite of art ;
The mother moan'd, yet could not weep.

What medicines reach the broken heart,
Or lull the hopeless mind asleep ?

A slow, consuming, withering fire
Upon her powers and spirits prey'd ;
While, dead to every gay desire,
She, like a fallen leaf, decay'd.

For ever brooding o'er the past,
Her husband slain, her favourite gone
On former joys too bright to last—
Too lightly valued while they shone.

Her child, her husband, still her theme ;
Still brooding o'er their mystic fates :
Their ghastly forms her nightly dream—
A dream that darkly agitates.

For still her dreams were dark and wild,
Without a ray to gild the gloom ;
Now shew'd in shame her wretched child,
Now, hideous, in a wat'ry tomb.

Her fate mysterious still. For none
Could draw the veil aside, and say,
If dead she were, or whither gone ;
Bevilacqua, lured, or dragg'd away.

Yet, in ~~the~~ of feeling warms
The gentle bosom of the fair,
She will not fly her mother's arms ;
She cannot yield her to despair :

She cannot leave that breast to throb
She suck'd, and where she nestling
slept ;
That heart of peace she cannot rob,
Which griev'd while she an infant wept :

She cannot leave those eyes to flow,
That o'er her opening beauties smil'd ;
Those cheeks to fade in hopeless woe,
That dimpled o'er her when a child.

And Blanch was ever kind, though gay :
The lightsome heart oft keenest feels ;
Its glaring colours melt away,
While time the richer tints reveals.

She fled not, then, her friends agreed.
Those shrieks were hers—sad knell of
woe,
Of death, or worse than death, indeed :
But more they vainly sought to know.

Some hinted at a hapless boat
By lightnings seen amid the spray ;
But further tidings none o'er got,
So all believ'd it east away.

Time rolls along. Stern Winter lowers,
Again the jocund Spring descends,
Soft Summer sleeps on beds of flowers,
Now Autumn o'er his harvests bends,

But Blanch returns not. Hope is fled :
Still, still her mother ling'ring lives ;
Her heart devoted to the dead,
But little to the living gives.

Her children's hearts, by youth upbrou'd,
From depths of grief in time arose :
Heaven gave us life to be enjoy'd,
Not doom'd us to perennial woes.

Poor William, then, of wealth possess'd,
By one of fortune's sudden shifts ;
But deem'd himself the more unblest,
Unless she added to her gifts.

For when at hopeless distance east
From Emily's hand, he sigh'd, resign'd ;
Now rais'd to rank, he tears at last,
To him, it wou'd, she'll prove unkind.

Full oft she look'd with kindly eyes,
And sigh'd at his unfriended state—
Alas ! perhaps her smiles and sighs
Were less for him than for his fate.

Thus, fill'd with fears and fond alarms,
He met her in the grove alone ;
She blushing with redoubled charms ;
Both shewing what they fear'd to own.

They moved in silence ; save, by starts,
Each strove on passing scenes to talk ;
But soon the heartless theme departs,
And both again in silence walk.

When at her feet a hare upsprings,
She starts—let lovers guess the rest—
His arm by instinct round her clings ;
And, ere he thinks, she's on his breast.

In that embrace their souls unite,
Two hearts are lost, two hearts are won ;
Thenceforward all is pure delight,
Their wishes, thoughts, and pleasures one.

Her mother smiled upon their loves,
And blest them from her dying bed;
Lochiel, with joyful heart, approves,
And soon the happy pair will wed.

Ah, never! fate forbids the bans,
And scenes of blood prepares instead.
Alas! what are our hopes and plans!
How little's known—how much is hid!

The leaves were redd'ning unto death,
And rustling to the evening-breeze;
Fast dropping at its baleful breath,
From sighing sprays and gloaming trees;

When by Kilspindy's Castle stood
A maime lady, lone and wild;
Then vanish'd, screaming, mid the wood,
Close pressing to her breast a child.

At once was hush'd the social Hall;
Each, breathless, listen'd to the sound:
A nameless horror seiz'd on all!
Amusement speechless walk'd around!

The mother caught the voice and shriek'd,
That shriek it was her latest breath;
Her features, scarce with life-blood
streak'd,
Are cold and pallid now in death.

They bring the wilder'd Lady back,
And from her breast the baby take:
She roars and wrings her hands, a lack!
As if her labouring heart would break.

Yet spake she not, but wildly gaz'd
On all, yet something seem'd to miss;
'Twas memory's strife with reason cruz'd,
Compan' to which ev'n death is bliss.

At length, with wild convulsive yell,
She sprang away with frantic haste,
And in a moment laughing fell
Upon her mother's ghastly corpse.

"Tear! Blanch!—the lately lovely maid!
The full of life—the warm of heart!
There, see her lost and frantic lad,
Her lips to lips that ne'er must part!

"My mother! O, my mother, wake!
Hide, shroud me in thy arms once more!
Again, like tigers from the brake,
They spring, and drag me to the shore.

"O take me, press me to thy breast!—
They've seiz'd me!—Why so cold to
me?

I'm Blanch, the child you oft carest,
Undone, and now disown'd by thee!

"O lift your eyes upon your child!—
Why are they shut—thy colour fled?
But smile, and we'll be reconcil'd—
O horror, God!—my mother's dead!"

The blood fell back upon her heart,
She fainted in her brother's arms;
Who, weeping, bare her far apart.—
Still grief the manliest heart disarms.

She saw her mother's form no more,
Unless in frenzy's frightful fits;
Then would she kneel, explain, implore,
And kiss its footsteps as it flits.

In moods like these she breath'd her grief,
And curs'd Dunlevin's hated name—
Who slew her sire; and, like a thief,
Stole in, and bare her forth to shame!

Who seiz'd, and row'd her o'er the Frith;
Nay, forc'd her to a lawless bed,
Mid scenes of wild hecacious mirth,
Even after reason's self had fled.

But how she 'scaped, and found her way
Unto the home of happy years,
She would not, or she could not say;
But answer'd ever with her tears.

By fits she'd for her baby cry,
Then clasp it to her leaping heart;
Delirious, kiss it—smile, and sigh—
Then all at once with terror start—

Scowl o'er, and from it shrieking haste,
And close her ears upon its wail;
Some likeness in its lines she'd trace,
Soon nature's workings re-prevail,

Again 'tis on her heaving breast,
Her swimming eyes upon it move;
With plaintive air 'tis lull'd to rest,
And fondled with redoubled love.

But see, Kilspindy's courts are throng'd,
The warriors' steel is gleaming there;
Lochiel for this sweet moment long'd—
His kinsmen round him tend the air.

The cry is, "Vengeance and revenge!
Dunlevin's lord his crimes shall rue!"
All swear to perish or avenge,
And in his blood their blades enbrue.

There's not a cloud in Heaven's expanse,
The boats scarce rock upon the billow;
Whereon the rays of evening dance,
And gild them on their wat'ry pillow.

The signal's given, they plash ashore,
On board the bold avengers leap;
Quit scenes that some must see no more,
And rush along the dark'ning deep.

The west beholds them and grows pale,
Around the boats the moon-beams
press;
Behind them fling a silver trail—
Here broad and bright, there less and
less.

Thus northward sweep the less'ning boats,
Pursued by many an anxious eye:
The music faint and fainter floats—
'Tis hush'd, and all is sea and sky.

The gazers all have sought their homes;
But Emily thinks not of repose;
Along the beach she weeping roams,
Still sadder as the ocean flows.

"Ah, when," she sigh'd, "will peace return
In beauty, like that tranquil sea!
Will gladness like these waters turn—
'Tis ebb'd, but flows no more for me.

"My brother's gone, my William's gone,
An awful, awful hour is this!
They perish, and I sink alone—
I reel upon a dread abyss!"

With fervour on the beach she kneel'd:
"O God, protect them through the
night!

Their cause is holy—be their shield—
Return them with the morning light."

'Twas thus she mused, and weeping,
pray'd;
Still backwards driven by the wave—
Still loath to go—to stay afraid—
Her thoughts of anguish and the grave.

At length, near midnight's solemn hour,
She homewards scarcely conscious hied;
Then mounting to her fav'rite tower,
Alone upon the leads she sigh'd.

The moon had drawn her cloudy veil,
The trembling stars their lights were
hiding,
When sounds of war were heard; and
wail,
She fancied, with these sounds came
gliding.

Her heart received and spread th' alarm;
With thudd'ning bound her pulses flew;
Her spirits died, as by a charm;
A mist seem'd thick'ning on her view.

To Heaven her secret soul she breath'd,
Scarce conscious what her lips ex-
press'd;
She named her William, and she writh'd,
Her brother, and she wept distress'd.

Of her, perhaps, Lochiel scarce thought,
His soul with pure revenge inflamed,
While William still her image sought,
And for his guide and guardian claim'd.

Amain upon the Fife strand,
A light, unwonted, blazed afar;
A beacon, telling rocks at hand,
But redd'ning at the torch of war.

The tiger's hunted to his lair;
Dunlevin's Castle's gorg'd with blood;
'Tis fired, and with a fiend's despair
He rushes 'mid the fiery flood.

Lochiel and William, side by side,
With redd'ning blades avenging flew;
"Avenge! Revenge!" they shouting
cried,
Still pressing on the reeling crew.

"Come forth, Dunlevin!" cried Lochiel;
"My father's murderer!—Wretch, ap-
pear!

Thou monster, ravisher, most vile,
Remorseless slaye—I wait thee here!"

"Then wait no more!" Dunlevin yell'd,
While in his back his blade he thrust;
'Tis thus aspersions are repell'd,
And buried with thee in the dust."

"Not buried!" William frantic roar'd—
"Thou liest, thou monster!—Dastard,
die!

Now face to face, and sword to sword,
I loathe thee, curse thee, and defy!"

The strife was long, Dunlevin fell,
The blade went crashing through his
breast;

The rocks around return'd his yell;
I weep to tell the fatal rest.

Upon the body, bleeding sank
The fainting victor, wounded much;
Recov'ring, back he struggling shrink,
As if 'twere horror even to touch.

And writhing on with toil and pain,
He grasp'd the hand of poor Lochiel;
That hand which ne'er must press again;
And, as he touch'd, was seen to smile.

Ah! hand in hand, in youth's gay morn,
They trod the hills and bloomy straths,
Now hand in hand from pleasure torn,
They tread in death's terrific paths.

The gathering smoke yet wider wheels,
The spreading flames still fiercer roar,
Beams crackle—now some turret reels,
Now thunders through the crashing
floor.

The wounded shriek upon their pyres,
They see the flame, they cannot fly,
Soon stifling smoke and scorching fires
Obstruct their agonizing cry.

The place of power dismantled lies,
Dunlevin and his band there bleed;
Joy sparkles in the victor's eye,
Triumphant shouts to shouts succeed

"But where's Lochiel?" they whisper—
"where?"

And where his friend?—not fallen
here."

Alas! too soon they found the pair
Low bleeding on the soldier's bier.

The valiant weep, and turn aside
To dash the burning tear away;
Where now is victory's boast and pride?
Ah, here the savage near his prey!

"Dunlevin breathes—still breathes," they
cry,

And fir'd to fury on him leap;
An hundred blades are whirl'd on high,
Now buried in his bosom deep.

He gasps—they fling him 'mid the flame;
"There with thy tumbling towers con-
sume—"

There perish thou and all thy name,
And not pollute a Christian tomb."

Then bending o'er the fallen twain,
Their rage at once subsides in woe;
The brave, the blooming scene of pain,
See there together pale and low.

Yet William lives—life heaves his limbs,
Though death sits o'er his languid eyes,
With cold damp wing their lustre dims,
And vulture-like around him flies.

They lift him gently from the earth,
On poor Lochiel his eyes still dwell,
He starts—looks wildly o'er the Firth,
Then dead upon the body fell.

The winds again within the sail,
The boats rush fleetly through the sea!
Ah, who will bear the fatal tale—
Grief, anguish, death, to Emily?

Not now to flut.s they strike the wave,
No voices swell the toil to lighten;
Dark, dark the bosoms of the brave,
Beyond the power of song to brighten.

The kindling cast with gold is strew'd,
The light blue billows gaily leap,
The birds sing blithe in Luffness wood,
And joyous all awakes from sleep.

But sad the tremblers on the strand,
For now the boats ascend the bay,
There father, mother, children stand,
And wives and maidens in dismay.

They slowly come—now poise the oar,
For Emily on the beach appears,
She scans them, sinks upon the shore,
And bathes it with a flood of tears.

Though young in life, yet hope was fled;
Though wealthy, pleasure's sun was
set;

Though fair, her heart to love was dead,
Her faithful heart could ne'er forget.

Come weal or woe, come life or death,
The true fond heart forgetteth never,
It lives upon its lover's breath—
He dies, and it is dead forever.

ANALYSIS OF TUCKER'S VISION.*

This amusing fiction is strictly metaphysical; for the scene in which it lies, is placed beyond the sphere of the human faculties. It is an effort of the imagination to picture out the state of future existence, which has been merely intimated by revelation: and the effort is legitimate; for while the conjecture coincides with all that we have learnt by supernatural means, it is regulated according to the knowledge which nature has supplied to reason.

The "Light of Nature," of which this is not the least interesting portion, is valued by all who have made themselves acquainted with it, a good deal above its general reputation. It has been recognised by scholars and men of reflection, as a work of much pro-

found meaning, and of singular originality. Some of our best writers have confessed their obligations to it: and many useful lights might still be derived from it, to such as concern themselves in the matters of which it treats. It must be acknowledged withal, that some considerable pains may be necessary to collect and set off to advantage, the truths that lie somewhat diffusely over this extensive work: for, as a system, it is undoubtedly too little compacted, in composition it is somewhat indistinct. The fault may have originated partly in the constitution of the author's mind, and partly in the circumstances of his life. Mr Tucker passed his days in study and retirement, his only business was con-

* See the "Light of Nature Pursued," by Edward Search, Esq.— vast mine of thought, of which more anon.—C. N. •

templation. Let us never look for the clearest arrangements in a discourse, where the writer follows his own thoughts rather to please himself than to impress them upon others—He is governed, in that case, by private impressions which he never thinks of explaining; and these become the occasion of obscurity. On the other hand, when he is solicitous to convince, and anticipates the objections that may await him in the sentiments of others, he finds it necessary to reason, not according to his own impressions, but according to theirs; and he reasons with more perspicuity. The presence of “the man without the breast,” seems to have a similar effect in rectifying our ratiocinations, as in rectifying our moral judgments; and it might not be difficult to produce instances of a fine intellectual character, vitiated by no other cause than the disregard of this presence, real or imagined. The fault which we have noted in the writings of Mr Tucker may thus have originated, in some degree, in the remote and quiet habits of his life. To analyze his speculations, or reduce them to a digest, might be matter indeed of some difficulty, but the service would not be inconsiderable.—It was formerly expected to have been done by one who seems to have been given in his earlier years to studies of this description—who was called away, in the meantime, to another country, and to engagements of a different sort.^v

The Vision is not merely a composition of fantastic and amusing fancies: nor does the author seem to have been prompted to the work by these, however richly supplied to his imagination. A much graver object seems to have engaged him.—If, as we are assured, another state of existence receives the human spirit, when it has departed from the present: if, as may be inferred from experience, there be a degree of inter-dependence throughout the whole scheme of nature, extending from the invisible to the visible,—it is not improbable that the things which lie within the sphere of our cognizance may bear some token of the things which lie beyond that sphere,—seeing they are in some degree connected; and if we cannot carry light into the future, it happens not altogether be-

cause it may not be had from the materials within our reach. In other words, not because nature has withheld all data for the speculation,—rather because our wits are not sufficiently discerning and attentive. Such seems to have been the view entertained by Mr Tucker: and his Vision is conceived accordingly. It professes, indeed, as it behoves, to be nothing more than a conjecture. But the interest is made to arise, in a great part, from the plausibility of the reasons. Nor, in truth, are there wanting some examples to stimulate an adventure of this sort, not to speak of every discovery in matters of philosophy. Before the Jewish prophecies had been fulfilled, the precise event to which some of them related could not be understood. When the event took place, it then appeared that the prophecy could have referred to that event, and to that alone; and that an eye a little more attentive might have discovered the circumstance that followed, in the terms of the prediction.

Mr Tucker, then, supposes an intermediate state betwixt the dissolution of the body, and the final destination of the soul, and this, he alleges, has been the opinion of some divines.

He supposes, farther, that the soul enters into this state not entirely disembodied, but inclosed within a fine integument of inconceivably small dimensions withdrawn from the body with which it had before been invested. The same notion had prevailed amongst the ancients: and St Paul had delivered that a germ survives the body, producing a plant that expands into a resemblance of the parent.—These authorities are allowable in an argument of this description, and not less so is the hypothesis which is added in support of them, that the fact may be assumed while no one can disprove it—for it must be observed, that the writer is not attempting to establish an article of faith, but only a plausibility.

This intermediate existence Mr Tucker denominates the Vehicular State: and he there meets with several of the philosophers whose opinions had suggested to him all essential particulars relating to it. Some of these opinions are presented in the form of dia-

logue : and, in this way, are very artfully set off, the philosophic bearing of the discourse being nicely preserved amidst the vacillating of a method which is truly dramatic ; and some of the more unintelligible doctrines, if not illustrated, are treated with a pleasant exchange. The substance of these discourses seems to be as follows :—

The supposed vehicles, notwithstanding their extreme minuteness, are possessed of organs and sensation.—But as it does not appear to Mr Tucker, as to one of the ancient philosophers, that a reasonable creature cannot inhabit any other frame of body than the human, he takes the liberty to suppose that the material of the vehicles consists altogether of muscle and fibre, that they want limbs, and are formed somewhat after the fashion of a bag. However uncouth the figures that have been allotted to these little bodies, they are yet extremely active and obedient to the spirit that possesses them : for the sphere of her presence being so wonderfully confined, it is thought that the spirit must have her material ministers, whatsoever these may be, nearer at hand and readier to execute her will. An organism so minute, complicated, and even powerful as the Vehicular, it is difficult to conceive, only because we do not attend to the infinite divisibility of matter : the last division of which, that can possibly be conceived, is still composed of parts, and why not these parts organic ? This he illustrates by the animalcules that have been found existing in the human body, themselves the envelope of a still minuter vehicle, the receptacle of the mind which governs, and the embryo of the limbs which are afterwards developed on the body of the grown man.

Such, at least, were the opinions of Beechey and Leuwenhoeck respecting animalcules. These philosophers are said to have demonstrated (by figures of arithmetic, we presume,) that the animalcule is ten thousand times less than a grain of sand ; that it is formed to receive ideas of sensation and reflection, by communicating with the world in which it moves. Nay, so far has discovery been carried in this matter, the animalcules have been suspected, from the manner in which they are observed to dart to and fro in their element, to be of extremely volatile

and imprudent disposition : to which it is replied, by a German doctor, generously interested in the character of animalcules, that they are, on the contrary, really a sedate and considerate creature ; but that always when they are observed by the microscope, they happen to have been frightened, or suffering their mortal pains from being driven out of their element.

In short, Mr T. has availed himself in this place of the celebrated hypothesis of Involution, which represents the germs of the whole succeeding generation to have existed in the body of the first parent ; the germ being afterwards merely propagated and expanded. If there be any truth, or any semblance of truth, in this hypothesis, we must cease to wonder at the curiosity which Mr Tucker proposes for our belief, of a vehicle some degrees smaller than a particle of light, possessing an intricate organization, and containing a rational soul ; and we may with the same propriety indulge his farther conclusion, that the spirit which had once been comprehended within the person of an animalcule, needs not, and cannot possess thereafter any larger tenement, and that the sphere of a vehicle had been all her habitation, even while she was lodged within the folds of a human body.

The vehicle is ushered into its new existence, with all its past ideas wiped away, and having merely the faculty of acquiring new ones. But the state into which it enters is, at the same time, represented as a state of retribution, which implies identity. How, then, shall identity consist with oblivion of the past ? It was not assuredly Mr Locke who could understand this. Observe the ingenuity of the author of the *Light of Nature* :—

“ Our vehicles, by lying so long inclosed in human bodies, receive a change in their texture, from the continual action thereof ; so that we come out diversely modified with different talents, natural parts, and genius, according to the way of life we had followed before. The laws of nature are so provided, that vice weakens the animal powers, distorts the mental organs, and introduces particles of gross matter into the delicate body, which give rack-ing pains, and cause grievous disorders of mind. Whereas, the practice of virtue strengthens the constitution, purifies the faculties, and gives a happy facility to acquire the same virtues again. As no man is perfectly virtuous, none arrives here with-

out a mixture of terrene concretion, which proves very troublesome, and a hindrance to his operations. In some it is so deeply infused, as never to be moved; so we are forced to abandon these poor wretches to misery and despair."

Another illustration is here derived from the animalcules, which are known to be, in the same manner, subject to the affections of the body which they inhabit; for it is remarkable, that the child partakes the character of the parent, that the fetus has sometimes been impressed on its surface with the figure which had been vividly present in the imagination of the mother. Why, then, may not the vehicular being be determined in its character by the terrestrial, as the terrestrial by the uterine?

Thus the human spirit carries along with it, when it leaves the body, a substance which is qualified to operate upon it in its new condition, exactly according to the good or bad tenor of its former life. But the question yet remains, how shall this operation be felt as a retribution, while there is still no memory of the past? Several fanciful methods are contrived by the author for restoring the memory, and thus establishing identity; of which there is one a little more intelligible than the others. Sometimes the disengaged vehicles delight to make excursions beyond their proper element, and take their way down to this lower world, where, by applying their sensories to the persons of living individuals, they are made acquainted, not only with all that these are doing, but with all that passes in their hearts. When the individual, again, who has been unconsciously subjected to these intimate speculations of the invisible intelligences, has escaped from the coils of the body, and found himself a vehicle within the realm of vehicles, he is soon made acquainted by his fellows who had remarked them, of all his former actions, his former thoughts and feelings; and no sooner are these again presented to him, than he once more recollects them, and recollects himself. Was this conceit, we might ask, clearly revealed by the light of nature? "I wish," says Mr Tucker, "that one man might take me up in

jest in those very places where another understands me in sober earnest."

Let no one, therefore, presume to think, that though vehicles or creatures of the dimensions now described may indeed exist among the wonders of nature, yet what has he to do with these? Assuredly he shall by and by come to know this; the concretions shall testify against him. Nor will it avail him then to have raised any sceptical question,—How shall the earthly part have any influence on the spiritual? Some, no doubt, there have been, who maintained the impossibility of the fact; but, after all, Mr Tucker's assumption of this part of the argument is the most reasonable of the whole, and his allusion to this matter altogether needless. The theory of pre-established harmony, were it true, might still consist with as regular a coincidence betwixt the motions of mind and body in the vehicular state, as in the present. But this theory is now obsolete; and not less so those of Hartley and Berkeley, which, as Mr T. remarks, have been derived from that of Leibnitz. Were these no other objections than what arises out of these philosophies, we should not hesitate to give unqualified faith to the supposed vehicular state in every article described,—we should expect with confidence to be called away, ere long, to inhabit an atom, to animate a bag, to enter, by means of a new sense, into the very hearts of men, which, in the present state, has generally been found to be a matter of some difficulty.*

Lastly, we have the ancient allegory of Psyche beautifully related by the vehicle of Plato, and a dialogue happily constructed in the Socratic manner, by the vehicle of Socrates himself. These discourses are in reference to the manner in which the human being becomes liable to the fore-said concretions.

When at length the concretions have been completely purged away, the vehicle is dissolved, and the spirit issued into her last and perfect state of existence; it is absorbed into the mundane soul. The ancient doctrine of the mundane soul is here revived by Mr T., and is supposed to correspond with some of the most important articles of

*As soon as we have found ourselves tolerably composed, after arriving in the vehicular state, we mean to put the question to David Hume.—Did not he too derive his celebrated doctrine of Cause and Effect from the pre-established harmony? since the latter also maintain the mere regularity of sequence without connection.

belief at present received amongst us. It is certainly, however, a species of transcendentalism somewhat too sublime for the ears of the moderns: and we shall therefore only give a partial description of it in the words of the author himself.—

“Upon my absorption, I found myself not translated into another species of creatures, but restored to myself again. I had the perfect command of my limbs, and their motions were familiar to me. I had that knowledge and judgment which is the result of experience. My body was immense, yet I could manage it without trouble, my understanding extensive, yet without confusion or perplexity; for the material universe was my body, the several systems my limbs, the subtle fluids my circulating juices, and the face of nature my sensory. In that sensory I discerned all science and wisdom to direct me in the application of my powers, which were vigorous and mighty, extending to every member and fibre of my vast composition; but all my knowledge was brought me by communication, and my operations performed by the joint concurrence of innumerable hosts of substances of the same nature with myself surrounding me; for there being a general participation of ideas throughout the whole community, we had all the same apprehension, the same discernment of things, the same aims and purposes; so there was no variation of sentiment, nor discordance of desire among us. The thoughts of all were the thoughts of every one, and the actions of the whole the acts of each particular; for each was consenting to whatever was done by the others, and no sooner wished to have a thing done than he saw it instantly performed. As we had but one mind and one will, every thing happened according to that will.”

To what light of nature are we indebted for this secret of the world unknown? To our former friends the little tell-tale animalcules, who may be supposed to form a sort of bridgeway betwixt this world and infinity, still slighter than the bridge of Mahomet? The multitudes of these which people the great world of the human body are supposed to constitute what are commonly known by the name of *Animal Spirits*. Their intercommunity with each other is so immediate and harmonious, it seems as though no more were present than a single percipient individual. These *Animal Spirits* existing in this singular economy, are supposed to present a miniature of the mundane soul, which, in like manner, is, at one and the same time, individual, and composed of numbers.

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Such are the reasons on which Mr Tucker has framed his conception of the vehicular state, and the state of the mundane soul. To some, they will appear sufficiently fanciful, trifling, bizarre; and we are sincerely of opinion that the reader is entitled to consider them in that light, should his humour so incline him. It is perhaps, however, a better mark of judgment to observe, in these ideas of the author, something rather interesting, and even approximating to the plausibility which, in a livelier moment, he had set himself to establish.

The remaining part of the *Vision* is altogether fanciful; and the vein of the author, in matter of this description, is indeed abundant. The intermixture is well calculated to qualify the impression of sober earnest, which might have arisen from the other parts of the composition, which he professes to have founded on real principles. The reader will immediately feel, that he is no moon-struck mystic who is so admirable a joker; that so much good humour can never be the companion of enthusiasm. He may be even inclined to suspect, that Mr Tucker might have found at least as congenial a vocation in the drama as in philosophy, and that he might have worn the sock with as much honour, and with more celebrity, than in the latter department he has ever had the fortune to obtain.

Considering the *Vision* merely as a fictitious composition, it has several merits of a peculiar kind. In the first place, the reader is pleased to see the solitary and undiscovered track on which the author has sent out his imagination, opened up and made apparent almost to his senses, by a set of images, with which he has long been familiar, in themselves, perhaps, sufficiently unmeaning, but deriving an interesting expression from the place into which they are advanced. The effect of a transportation, such as this, in supplying the situations of humour or of pathos, may be very easily understood. Suppose some very homely figure, by an arrangement, perhaps, the most convenient, is not the most judicious to make its appearance in the midst of some splendid pageant—instantly the feeling of the beholder recognizes the presence of the comic. The purpose and utility of such an object shall only add to the pleasantry

it excites. Again, let two individuals, or, to speak of what has happened, let the people of two individual nations who at home have declared themselves the enemies of each other, meet in some region of the world alike unknown to both—it is found that they are enemies no more, at least not then. In like manner, the Eurydice of the Vision derives a peculiar interest from the very locality in which she is made to appear; and the same might be observed of the shades of Dido, Beatrice, and all the other shades that have been celebrated in the descriptions of the poets. The next particular which the reader shall remark, is the versatility of the author's imagination. At one time familiar even to vulgarity; at another, refined into the high ideal—disposed alike for raillery or reverence—and passing from abstraction to describe some curious shape, that falls beneath his eye, with an ease which renders even the incongruity agreeable. In ordinary circumstances, a variety like this, whether pleasing or unpleasing in effect, is at least significant of spirit and animation. If so, it is especially appropriate in the present instance, where the purpose of the author was to unroll the picture of a world, and to exhibit it to view, peopled with the varieties of living beings.

We subjoin a few examples from the more curious and comic parts of the Vision.

When the vehicle first enters into the other world, it certainly meets with no very courteous reception—

“For I felt my limbs knocked about incessantly by a shower of hard balls, which, besides hurting me grievously, turned me round and round by the violence of their strokes, as a chaff is whisked about in a whirlwind. This made me the more earnest to grope about for some stay, which might keep me steady; but the more I strove, the worse it proved, for no stay could I find. But how came I among that river of stones? What are they, and who threw them at me so violently?”

This is explained by the guide, whom he afterwards meets with.

“On quitting your vital hold,” says he, “your body, carried along by the earth's motion, left you behind: While the nocturnal shadow protected you, you remained insensible and quiet; but that departing too, exposed you to the rays of light, which follow one another in parallel lines, leaving large spaces between;

and you being of very light substance, they only shoved you gently from one line to another by very oblique strokes, until, upon thrusting your arms directly into the stream, they buffeted you about in the manner I found you. So the streams you complain of are no other than the corpuscles of light darted incessantly from the sun and stars.” —“Nay now, papa,” says I, “you treat me like a child, indeed. Am I to swallow this, or is it an exoteric, that we babes are to take for garnish of the dish?” —“You forget,” says he, “your own doctrine, that all magnitude is relative. The light here is the very same with that below, but you are not the man you was. You are but an atom in respect of your former body.” —“Truly,” says I, “I seem to myself a good proportioned person; what though I am but a bag and not a man, methinks I could hold two good Winchester bushels of corn without bursting.” —“No, no,” says he, “little gentleman, thousands such as you might creep into a single gram. But your present composition being much finer than your former, that which before was the object of vision, becomes now an object of touch.” —“Touch, indeed!” quoth I, “with a witness. If we have nothing softer to touch, I shall never desire to use my fingers again, as long as I am a vehicle.”

This bad treatment from the particles of light, has, however, the good effect of literally bringing the vehicle to his senses. But as the period of his stay, in this region, was at present but very limited, he finds it necessary to expedite the process of his instruction, by putting himself under the tuition of Mr Locke, that is, the vehicle of Mr Locke, who was known to have been at one time pretty well versed in the philosophy of sensation and education. We shall give the manner in which the bewildered vehicle first finds out the tutor, and a specimen of the instructions which followed:—

“I then beheld a kind of sack or bag, filled out like a bladder, with air, uniform every where, excepting that from one place there came out an arm, and from another a longish neck with a head upon it, having a meagre, lank-jawed face, very like the prints I have seen before in some editions of Locke's works. It looked upon me steadfastly with a mild and benign aspect, and the lips moved as in speaking. Sure this can never be really John Locke himself, sown up here in a sack for his sins; for he died before I was born.” —“Welcome, Ned Search,” says the Sack, “into the vehicular state; you are in the hands of one who is not an utter stranger to you, though not your cotemporary; for know,

that I am John Locke, with whose writings you are not unacquainted. I have observed a faint resemblance in your way of thinking with mine which, though mingled with a great diversity of character, has given me a family kindness for you."

"I was yet so inexpert in my faculties, that I could exercise no more than one at a time; if I went to look, I could hear nothing; if I listened, I could see nothing; and now I tried to talk, I could neither see nor hear: so, wanting the guidance of my ears to direct me in the formation of my words, I strained all my mouths to make as much noise as possible, that I might be sure of being heard; like those disputants who make up for their want of heat, by their vehemence of vociferation. After some little time spent in this violent exercise, I returned to listening again; for suspecting my pronunciation might be somewhat defective, I did not doubt my good tutor would set me right. I heard him laugh most immoderately; and when his mirth was over, 'Prithee, Ned,' says he, 'what didst thou make those hideous mouths at me for? If you could have seen yourself, you would have been frightened. Why, you made a worse figure than the picture of Kane in a folio *Virgil*. We do not talk by the mouth in this country, and if I shewed you one in my face, it was only to put you upon exerting yourself, by exciting a desire of conversing with me.' I then saw his face had no mouth nor opening below the nose; but from thence, downwards, was all enormous chin; nevertheless, I could hear him speak distinctly."

In teaching the articulation of vowels, the tutor has recourse to an art more ingenious than Lancaster's.

"On a sudden his head changed to the form of a lion's, with great gaping jaws full of monstrous fangs, and he shot out twenty paws, armed with claws pointed as sharp as a needle. I was horribly frightened at this unexpected freak in a friend and a philosopher, which I took for a fit of frenzy that had seized him. But not knowing how either to get out of the way, or defend myself, I exerted all my strength and cried out, O! with a more violent scream than that wherewith Belinda rent the affrighted skies, when the rape was made upon her lock. 'Very well,' says he, with a smile, having instantly resumed his human countenance, 'I did not intend to hurt you. Do me the favour to try whether you can repeat your O, without being in a passion.'"

There is a manner of travelling in the vehicular state, which is thus described:—

"Do not you know that in mills, watches, and other complicated machines, one power is made to produce various movements? In like manner, we make a more simple machine of ourselves; for, thrusting a leg against some corpusele of light, we take any momentum we please therefrom, and any direction within the compass of a quadrant. You are sensible it is expedient for our speed, that we should take a very oblique direction, making as small an angle as possible with the line of the ray; but as this must still throw us away from it in time, we quickly find another ray on our other side, from whence we take with another leg a direction equally oblique, but turned the contrary way. Thus we pass along between two rays, one for the right foot and the other for the left, much in the same manner as a Dutchman skating upon the ice."

It is then proposed to make an excursion as far as the region where Mr T. might behold the vehicle of his late wife Eurydice. But as he has not yet learnt the art of skating, he must hold fast by the tutor, and submit "to be lugged about like a beggar's brat," or "a bone tied to the tail of a dog." In this manner they set out upon a stellar radiation, and soon arrive in the neighbourhood of Eurydice. The interview which takes place, proves the tender and serious imagination of the writer when the occasion permits; but we have only room to give the scene at parting:—

"Am I not allowed to take your hand? There came out a taper arm and pretty hand, having on one of the fingers the semblance of our wedding ring, that pledge of our plighted troth, and seal of our union. I shot forth half-a-dozen eager arms to take hold of it; and now, perhaps, had eagerly grasped it so fast, that nothing could have parted us without disruption of our vehicles; and, perhaps, the course of fate had been broken, had not that severe, relentless pedagogue, that hard-hearted old bachelor, Locke, who never knew the tenderness of love, been too nubile for me. For he darted out a great brawny arm and mutton fist, with which he caught up the skin of my vehicle, as one catches up a dog by the nape of his neck, and away we flew with incredible swiftness."

REMARKS ON MR OWEN'S PLAN.

It is a common and well-founded complaint against Mr Owen and his friends, that it is exceedingly difficult to discover any process of reasoning, by which they can have arrived at their most magnificent conclusions. They seem simply to have imbibed certain first principles, which are either common and unimportant, or new and absurd; but which, at all events, do not appear to the generality of mankind to lead to the establishment of any new system of human nature. But, by contemplating these principles with minds dazzled by the splendour of their own fanciful prospects, they have brought themselves to believe, that, admitting *them*, the truth of all their doctrines becomes self-evident. They therefore think it quite superfluous to reason in support of these doctrines, mistaking, as they are accustomed to do, a ray of enthusiasm for the light of a self-evident truth. Hence it happens, that, to the astonishment of those with whom they converse, or who read their books or pamphlets, they continue repeating, in every variety of form, the same familiar assertions, without ever dreaming that it is also necessary to establish, by tangible arguments, the conclusions which they draw from them.

We speak not now of the *practical* or *Economical* part of Mr Owen's plan, but of his *speculative opinions* alone. In practice, his own good sense is often found to correct the errors of his system. And we wish it to be here understood, that although we should succeed in proving that he contemplates impossibilities, and does not rightly comprehend human nature in theory, we do not imagine that we would therefore be justified in concluding that none of his projects, when regarded by itself, and apart from the man and his opinions, is deserving of the attention or support of those who, free from prejudice of any kind, desire only the happiness of their fellow-creatures. For the present, however, directing our chief attention to his theoretical views, we shall endeavour to state one or two of those plain reasons which seem to forbid any sensible person from at all entering into them, and the influence of which, in old society, it seems absolutely necessary for Mr Owen to do away, before he can expect

the general diffusion of that new light which shines upon his own understanding.

Man, according to Mr Owen, is entirely the creature of circumstances; and he is a good and a happy being, or a wicked and a miserable, according as those combinations of circumstances, by which he has been surrounded during the formation of his character, have been combinations favourable or unfavourable to its proper and natural development. Hence he deduces the importance of what he calls the *science of circumstances*; which is the science that is to teach us so to *combine and control* circumstances, as to elevate and improve human nature, in a manner quite inconceivable by those who have been accustomed to contemplate it, solely as it has been debased by the selfish vices of old society. This inestimable science he professes to teach us, and has reduced to a system of rules which he promises speedily to put in practice; so that, ere long, without any great revulsion of nature, but by a gradual return to an order of things which She has at first established, but from which men have in their ignorance and folly departed, all selfishness, vice, and misery, shall be completely banished from the world.

Now, in the first place, we may boldly question Mr Owen's power, or the united power of all mankind, so to control circumstances as to prevent the inroads of vice, misery, and selfishness. To talk of controlling, agreeably to the will of any individual, or set of men, the operation of all those unseen causes which influence the formation of human character, is truly impious. Can Mr Owen reverse the decrees of Fate, and so regulate the *accidents* to which human beings are liable, as to remove from them all temptation to sin, and exempt them from all chance of misery? The *circumstances* of which he is constantly speaking, are, rightly considered, the *Destiny of man*.

"But who can turn the stream of destiny,
Or break the chain of strong necessity?"

If it is the will of Heaven that a frail mortal shall yield to temptation, and suffer the penalties of guilt, is there any power on earth that will prevent him? But we would simply question

Mr Owen's power to do so, on the ground of moral impossibility. Can he, then, weigh the exact force of unruly nature, so as to be able to apportion, with an unerring hand, the weight of motive which is necessary, in order to determine each individual to a course of conduct uniformly virtuous? Is it not part of his own system, that the conduct of no individual is under his own immediate control for a moment? Can he expect, then, that the conduct of all the members of a community will ever be completely under the control of another, acting, not immediately, but merely through a set of regulations?

Moralists have ever been in the habit of deploring the frequent ruin of a whole fabric of virtuous principles, through the slow and secret influence of combinations of circumstances, which neither the individual himself, nor those who best knew his character, could have regarded as in the least degree dangerous. How the Saint of Motherwell is to be secured against the operation of causes which it seems impossible to remove without changing earth into heaven at once, Mr Owen has yet to explain. The glance of a woman's eye is sufficient to make any mere earthly saint overstep that limit, beyond which every farther step leads to utter destruction. It will be strange, indeed, if the influence of unruly passions, which have often subdued the strongest resolutions of men whose fame, honour, and fortune, depended upon the characters they had to support in society, and who also believed that their happiness throughout all eternity depended upon their conduct in this life, shall be set at utter defiance by a set of manufacturing agriculturists, educated in the dangerous persuasion, that for no action which they can perform, are they subject either to censure or punishment.*

But, *secondly*, we maintain that it is necessary to take into account something else than the mere circumstances

in which a man has been placed from infancy, before we can securely predicate the specific effect which they will have in forming his character. For, although it may be true that the character of each particular individual is formed by circumstances, it is not true that the characters of all men are formed by them alike. Mr Owen is not, it will be observed, so unreasonable as to deny the existence of original diversities among the minds, as well as the bodies of individuals. But yet we perceive, that, in speculating upon the effects of his new system of training, founded upon the principles of "the science of circumstances," he keeps these original diversities entirely out of view, and forgets to ascribe to them any portion of their known and acknowledged efficacy in modifying the influence of circumstances. His doctrine simply is, that, by educating all men alike well, we shall soon make them all alike good and happy. But then it will be observed, that the system of training which he has in view is one adapted, not to an infinite variety of real subjects, but to one single imaginary subject, which he calls Mankind, Human nature, &c. Every parish school-master knows, and we can assure Mr Owen that the teachers at New Lanark have found by experience, that the same kind and gentle usage, which calls forth the gratitude, and stimulates the exertions of a boy of mild dispositions, will encourage rebellion in another of a turbulent and unruly temper. The best systems of education, therefore, are undoubtedly those which afford the most perfect provision for those natural diversities which subsist among the minds of children; or at least no good system can entirely want such a provision. The passions of shame, hope, and fear, must be alternately addressed, and are alternately addressed, in old society, but each with different results in different cases. How Mr Owen's proposed system of education can be carried on entirely by kindness, and without addressing

* We are told that the parish records of Lanark abundantly attest the frailty of many of the imperfectly regenerated daughters of New Society. At present, however, we are bound to presume, that at Motherwell, the female breast is to be guarded by an armour of virtue which shall be proof against all the assaults of all the young men of Hamilton and the adjacent villages. It is somewhat amusing to think of the astonishment which the more presumptuous among these young men will experience at the unprecedented failure of all their attempts.—C. N.

these passions in some mode or other, we cannot well guess. We are afraid, then, that he must just be contented to retain all the more essential *principles* of the old system; and if so, let him prove to us, if he can, that he is entirely to change human nature by means of those apparently unimportant alterations which he means to adopt in the mode of reducing these principles into practice.

Mr Owen, instead of following the Baconian process of induction, and carefully observing whether or not his affirmations are separately true of every single individual, seems simply to have satisfied himself that they accord generally with his abstract idea of the species of Man; an idea into which the peculiarities of John, James, and William, do not at all enter. Thus, he thinks he has discovered, that, in order to be happy, men have only to be good, and kind, and benevolent. But because he himself, and other excellent moralists, are satisfied of the justice of this principle, he at once concludes, not merely that all mankind must soon be convinced of it too, but that each single and separate individual scoundrel must, of necessity, adopt it as a principle of action, sufficiently strong to repress every selfish and turbulent appetite, which now rules supreme in his breast. Following up this notable conclusion, he tells the children of his establishments to be good, and kind to each other, and avoid selfishness; but parents, ministers of religion, and teachers of youth, do the same in old society. Now, what peculiar charm are these good advices to acquire by issuing out of his mouth, and the mouths of these who are to carry his system into effect? Are not those who believe in the Christian religion convinced, that they must obey the commands of God in order to be happy, not only in this life, but throughout all eternity? But who among them has not to reproach himself every day on account of his disobedience? And yet Mr Owen flatters himself that he can ensure an universal obedience to *his* precepts, merely because he himself is convinced, and so hopes to convince all mankind, that they must act conformably to *them*, and in opposition to the strongest principles of their nature, in order to be comfortable and happy in the

present world! Is it possible for vain man to entertain a hope so foolish?

Punishments and rewards have, in all ages, constituted the chief instruments which men have employed in forming the characters, and regulating the conduct, of their fellow-creatures. But these are to form no part of the "*circumstances*" of new society, as controlled by Mr Owen and his friends.

According to them, all punishments and all rewards are alike unreasonable in principle, and injurious in their consequences to society. The character of every man, say they, is just such as Nature gave him, and circumstances have modified; and therefore his conduct, whatever it may be, ought neither to entitle him to praise or reward, nor to subject him to blame or punishment. In order to prove the fallacy of this reasoning, it is by no means necessary, as some appear to have supposed, to establish the doctrine of moral liberty. We leave Mr Owen to settle with his own conscience the matter of his accountableness in the *next* world. But we tell him, that whether his character has been formed *for* him or *by* him, he, in common with all mankind, may be a fit subject both for punishment and reward, in *this*.

And, *in the first place*, we may remark, that an act which may appear, to a person viewing it in one light only, to be unjust towards an individual, may, nevertheless, when viewed in all its bearings, prove to be not only an act of justice to society, but to be even necessary to its very subsistence. But what is punishment, rightly administered, according to the more correct notions entertained of it in old society; or in what light can it be viewed as unjust? Mr Owen's mistake seems to consist in supposing it to be an infliction of evil, for the mere purpose of giving pain to an individual; for, on no other supposition can he be justified in condemning it. It is, however, an infliction of evil, intended to conduce to the general good, and sanctioned by this broad principle of all law, that the rights of individuals must yield to the higher rights of the communities to which they belong. Therefore, until Mr Owen shews us the *inexpediency* of punishment, and proves to us that society can subsist without it, he must admit that the

principle upon which it, in common with reward, is founded, is quite correct. He asserts, it is true, that the time is fast approaching when, through the blessed influence of his system, the reign of folly and of crime shall cease, and when Christopher North and the administrators of the law shall be alike useless to mankind. We leave him and his disciples in full and undisturbed possession of this most pleasant dream; and we sincerely wish that we could participate with them in the enjoyment of it.

But, *secondly*, we would ask, are the punishments which God and Nature inflict—the punishments of conscience—unjust? Surely, if it were true that the consideration of our characters being formed *for* us, and not *by* us, necessarily does away all guilt, it should necessarily do away all remorse also; and therefore, according to Mr Owen's system, the man who has committed the most horrid crimes, who has murdered his father or his child, should regard his own conduct with the same self-complacency with him who has performed the most virtuous or heroic actions. But since we find that, in fact, the criminal has it not in his power to still the clamourings of conscience, it necessarily follows, by a *reductio ad absurdum*, either that God, in constituting our has cried and done injustice, or else that Mr Owen, in reprobating all punishment, is, in some way or other, mistaken.

Thirdly, Mr Owen will observe, that a single word inadvertently spoken,—even an involuntary look,—may frequently constitute punishment severer than stripes.—How, then, are mankind able, even though they were willing, to cease altogether from inflicting punishment? Surely Mr Owen does not wish that the whole world should be perfectly indifferent with respect to his own character.—But if any one feels for him the highest esteem, is not this of itself reward? If any one regards him with utter detestation, may not this of itself be punishment?

And *lastly*, a community where no individual possesses any kind of ambition, either honourable or dishonourable, is an anomaly which cannot well be conceived. We would like to know what stimuli Mr Owen thinks he can substitute for those implanted by na-

ture in the human mind, which will be of sufficient strength to prevent such a community from sinking speedily into wretchedness and barbarism. For what a useless being were man, destitute of the hope of reward! Every thing great and noble in his nature would be repressed; since those motives which alone are capable of inciting him to great and noble actions, would have lost all their efficacy. Mr Owen expressly condemns every kind of emulation, as leading to conduct decidedly selfish. He tells us, that, in new society, men will be convinced of the folly of striving for pre-eminence over their fellows;—or, in other words, that they will seek for no kind of honourable distinction. Is this consummation desirable?—or, if desirable, can it be attained?

We admit that much ignorance has often prevailed in the world with respect to the nature of punishment, and the proper mode of administering it. With the desire of benefitting its unfortunate objects, the love of revenge is too often improperly blended. But which of our lawful desires is always found pure, and uncontaminated by others that are unlawful?—It is not the less necessary for schoolmasters to use the rod, because they sometimes gratify their own selfish feelings by doing so, at the same time that they benefit their pupils.

Let Mr Owen, however, make what improvements he pleases, upon the system of rewards and punishments at present established in old society, provided he does not attempt to do them away altogether. In the education of children, for example, let him make use of no other motives than those addressed directly to the moral feelings, if he finds that, in practice, corporal inflictions may be advantageously dispensed with. In short, let him elevate and improve our nature as much as he can, by taking it as he finds it, and working upon its original elements. But let him not rashly and presumptuously attempt to give it a new birth, by changing its essential properties, and altering the laws of its inherent constitution.

Perhaps we have now said enough concerning the abstract principles upon which Mr Owen's System is built. Hitherto our task has been rather an unpleasant one, occupied as we have been solely in reviewing what we be-

lieve to be the errors of a person whom we esteem for the purity of his motives, and whom every one must acknowledge to have done much real good,—in educating the poor—in studying their personal comfort,—and in abridging their hours of labour. Perhaps, however, when we may hereafter find time to resume the subject of the present Article, and come to treat

of his Economical arrangements, as suited to the condition of the working classes, we shall find that these arrangements, modified and controlled, as they doubtless will be, by the good sense of the country gentlemen who have already sanctioned their adoption, may have something in them to meet our approbation.

NUGÆ LYRICÆ.

Barbite,
O decus Phœbi, et dapibus supremi
Grata testudo Jovis ! o laborum
Dulce lenimen ! mihi cunque salve
Rite vocanti.

HORAT. *ad Lyr.*

No. I.

THE SILENT MOURNER.

SHE leant o'er the dwelling of him,
The tomb of the youth she had loved,
In her blue eyes though tear-drops did glitter and swim,
Her soft ruby lips never moved ;
Her lips never moved, but her breast
With a gentle commotion arose ;
As if her big heart was too narrow a nest
For the dark gloomy brood of her woes !

A delicate flush o'er her cheek,
Like a living carnation, was spread ;
And the pure snows, that gleam on the tall mountain head,
Was the zone that encircled its red.—
She dwelt in the silence of grief ;
The voice of despair is not loud ;
The flash of the wildfire, though awful, is brief ;
The lightning lies couch'd in the cloud !

At intervals, shaded and seen,
Is the bright beaming star of the night ;
As the clouds hurry on through the azure serene,
Like ships in the breezes of night.
The shadows of eve are around,
And the low moaning voice of the breeze
Sighs over the stones of the grave-cover'd ground,
And sings in the dark holly trees.

Few months have elapsed, since, at eve,
These heart-shackled lovers I met ;
I bless'd them in secret, nor stoop'd to believe,
That the star of their hopes was to set ;
Was to sink with so rapid a flight,
Was to leave, where its glory had shone,
The depths, and the darkness of fathomless night,
The coldness of sorrow alone !

The winds of November are strong ;
The dews of the evening are cold ;
Return to the mansion, where happy, and long,
Were the years, and the pleasures of old !—

Ah, no!—every object by thee,
 Well remember'd, would add to thy grief:—
 'Then what is the best of my wishes for thee?
 That the span of thy days may be brief!

We hang o'er an awful abyss—
 Ah! little we dream when we love,
 That the sword, which may sever the knot of our bliss,
 By a hair is suspended above!
 Young mourner! thy desolate heart
 Is as bleak as the tempests that roll,
 When the last lingering foot-prints of Summer depart,
 And Winter sets in at the Pole!

Joy never again to thy mind
 Will the gleam of its presence impart;
 The shadows of sorrow, that darken behind,
 Throw forward their light on thy heart,
 Soon away from this pleasureless scene,
 May thy pure pinning spirit arise,
 And the hopes that are quench'd, and the joys that have been,
 Be brightly renew'd in the skies!

No. II.

HAWTHORNDEN—A SKETCH.

STRANGER! the spot is wild, the banks are steep,
 With columbine and hawthorn blossom'd o'er,
 Lychmies, and daffodils, and hare-bells blue:
 From lofty granite crags precipitous,
 The oak, with scanty footing, topples o'er,
 Tossing his limbs to heaven; and, from the cleft,
 Fringing the dark-brown natural battlements,
 The hazel throws his silvery branches down:
 There, starting into view, a castled cliff,
 Whose roof is lichen'd o'er, purple and green,
 Overhangs thy wandering stream, romantic Esk,
 And rears its head among the ancient trees.

Beneath there frowns a cavern, whose wide mouth
 Slants towards the river bed. 'Twas to this spot
 So sad, so lovely in its solitude,
 That Drummond, the historian and the bard,
 The noble and enlighten'd, from the world
 Withdrew to Wisdom, and the holy lore
 Which Nature teaches, for his heart was soft,
 And lived but in another, whom Death took,
 Blighting his warm affections in their spring.

He sojourn'd in that loved and lonely scat,
 Making this earth a type of Paradise,
 And listening, from afar, the murmurous din
 Of Life's loud bustle; as an Eremité,
 In woodland haunt remote, at eve may hear,
 When all is still, the voice o' the distant sea:
 And, in that cave, he strung and struck his lyre,
 Waking such passionate tones to love and heaven,
 That, from her orient haunts, the Muse took wing,
 And fix'd her dwelling-place on Celtic shores.

No. III.

STANZAS—THE CLOUDS WERE DISPERSED.

THE clouds were dispersed, and the tempest was o'er,
 The crimson of evening illumined the sky,
 And the soft-heaving waves, as they rippled ashore,
 Gleam'd bright with the tint of its magical dye.

The swallows were sweeping the fields of the air,
 The black-bird sang forth from its leafy retreat ;
 And the valleys, renew'd in their bloom, smiled as fair,
 As the long promised land at the Israelites' feet.

Beside me the roses and lilies were spread,
 The pink and carnation of delicate vest ;
 The columbine lifted the pride of its head,
 And the dial of the sun-flower was turn'd to the west.

The butterfly wanton'd on wings of delight,
 While the bee, on her errand of industry bent,
 Was rifling the blooms, at the fall of the night,
 For a noonday of tempest in idleness spent.

'Twas soothing, 'twas holy—a scene to be felt ;
 And I doubted if Grief could abide in a world,
 Where the sunbeams of Joy were so lavishly dealt,—
 Where the banners of Glory and Peace were unfurl'd.

No more, in the scowl of Misfortune, my soul
 Was dim as the winter, when tempests impend,
 And the winds, in their fury, rush forth from the Pole,
 The ocean to churn, and the forests to rend.

To the main, to the mountains, with love-beaming eye,
 Rejoicing, I turn'd, and their looks were as calm
 As the beautiful arch of that deep azure sky,
 Whose aspect was glory, whose zephyr was balm.

Oh ! thus, ere the days of this pilgrimage cease,
 May the sunset of life be as placid and mild,
 The storms of Adversity still'd into peace,
 All passion becalm'd, and all sorrow exiled !

No. IV.

.SPRING AFTERNOON.

IT is a lovely afternoon,
 A pleasant afternoon of Spring ;
 The little birds are all in tune,
 And with a swelling heart they sing.
 The linnet perches on the thorn,
 The blackbird sits upon the beech,
 Both happy that they e'er were born,
 And answering each to each.

There is a freshness in the trees,
 A freshness in the verdant fields,
 A freshness in the gentle breeze,
 That lightness to the bosom yields ;

Its living banks the river laves,
 It laves them, and with murmuring
 tongue
 Glides on, and bends, with rippling waves,
 The water-lilies young.

How glorious is the azure sky !
 How beautiful the glowing earth !
 The sun looks down with smiling eye,
 The world responds in quiet mirth ;
 Young flowers bestrew their scents about,
 The cultured vales are passing fair,
 The ridgy hills look forth—look out,
 And pierce the cloudless air !

The browsing flocks are scatter'd wide,
 On velvet lawn, and mountain's breast;
 The herds repose at ease, beside
 The cairn where heroes' ashes rest,
 The cairn upon the battle plain,
 The mossy mount of aged stones,
 That many a lapsing year hath lain
 O'er yellow mouldering bones.

How beautiful ! hail, lord of Day !
 No clouds upon thy beam intrude—
 Frail man appears to pass away—
 Thy youth is every year renew'd.
 Thou radiance on our sires did'st throw,
 When toss'd on Life's tempestuous
 wave ;
 They pass'd away,—thou gildest now
 The daisies on their grave !

No second spring returns to man—
 Like lightning comes to fleet away,
 The transient brightness of his span,
 The circuit of his little day ;—
 All cloud-begirt his star of light,
 The star of his existence burns,
 Sets in the western skies of Night,
 And never more returns !

A thing that was—a rainbow hung
 Athwart the stormy sky of Time,
 A weed upon the ocean flung
 To sink, or float from clime to clime ;
 A flow'et in the wilderness ;
 A breeze that mouneth, and is gone ;
 A phantom of unrest—unless
 Beneath the churchyard stone ! !

V.

THE WARRIOR'S DIRGE.

THE cuirass hangs on the wall ;
 The war-horse neighs in the stall ;
 The helm, with plumes of jet,
 At eve or morn
 No more is worn ;—
 The warrior's sun hath set !—

With his sires he slumbers now :
 His manly martial brow,
 What time the strife is high,
 No more is seen,
 On battle green,
 In adout sweeping by.

The stars are twinkling bright ;
 The autumn breezes light,
 'Mid the darksome foliage play ;
 And twilight's sombre hues,
 A tenderness infuse,
 More beautiful than day.

'Tis the knoll of curfew bell !
 Why comes he not ? His knell
 Hath been toll'd in grief : he sleeps
 In a grave new made,
 'Mid the willow shade,
 That hangs its head—and weeps !

His toils are o'er and gone—
 Calmly he sleeps alone,
 Like a ship on a waveless sea,
 When the sun hath set,
 And stars are met,
 And Heaven from cloud is free.

VI.

THE MIDNIGHT GLADE.

THE moon is rising ; silence reigns
 Upon the hills, and o'er the plains ;
 The river's rush alone is heard,
 Or rustling wing of nighted bird.

Serenely through the forest boughs
 The pure effulgence softly glows,
 And shadows out the leaflets there,
 Unmoved amid the silent air.

The wild briar bush, in silver flower,
 The hawthorn tree, the lover's bower,
 Unite their perfume exquisite
 With the yellow broom, so wild and sweet.

If tales of yore were true, if Fays
 Their revels held in modern days,
 This were a scene and season meet
 For Sylphs, and Gnomes, and Fairy feet ;

So cloudless is the sky above,
 So freshly fair the leafy grove,
 So green the sward, where daisies pied,
 And cowslips blossom side by side.

In beauty, on the azure sky,
 A ring of snowy cloudlets lie,
 Unspotted as the garments fair,
 That angels in their glory wear.

How beautiful is Nature's face !
 How full of harmony and grace !
 What countless joys doth she bequeath
 To all that live, and move, and breathe ! !

Where is the mourner ?—Here his mind
 Serenity and peace may find ;
 Where is the wanderer ?—This the road
 •Backward to happiness and God !

ANCIENT SPANISH BALLADS. HISTORICAL AND ROMANTIC.*

WE have shewn ourselves to be great lovers of poetry, ancient and modern, and in speaking of it have always thrown aside the airs of the critic, and given vent freely to our feelings of delight or admiration. Of about twenty living poets we think more or less highly, and have rarely objected to their public appearances. All men of power and genius should utter themselves to the world, and all in their own way, obeying their own impulses without any other control than that which is imposed by their own intellect, and by their knowledge of the nature of man. Criticism is not useless, that is, good criticism, for it is philosophy founded on immutable principles, and illustrated by reference to the consummate works of art. All poets must have in their understandings a body of enlightened criticism, and must write upon the severest principles, and by canons that will be obeyed. But how seldom can these principles be taught to them, by men who are not themselves poets! Two or three minds there have been, that, without creative genius, have yet seen so deep into human nature, that they have discerned the principles on which alone creative genius can adequately produce. The philosophy of such critics—Aristotle, for example—or even Longinus—or Burke—is worthy the studious contemplation of great poets; and in it they will see the reflection of their own thoughts; for such codes of criticism, as the Poetics of the Stagyrite, were framed from the mighty works of bards, in whose poetry the power of nature was seen enshrined. But what is the value—what is the meaning, of these modern periodical criticisms to those minds, that, richly endowed at birth, have devoted their lives to the discovery of the elements of passion and imagination, of the myriad modes in which they work, and the myriad forms which they assume when dealing with the realities of life? In general, it is worth nothing—for it is even, when true, partial, imperfect, inapplicable; and when false, destructive of all freedom, of all light, of all power, and nothing but a system of shackles. One or two lead-

ing critics sit like overseers in a panopticon, where they can have an eye upon every mind, whom they would wish to see busy at some allotted task, and whom they would fain sally out to punish, whenever they detected them breaking the rules of the prison. Such a system, if it could be made effective, would destroy or depress all genius; but it is really most ineffective, for the great offenders scorn such police, and each does as he lists, in noble defiance of self-elected task-masters. A few puny minds, now and then, sit down under fetters, and hope to receive their reward. But no good comes of it even to them; for they are looked down upon by those who imposed the restraint, as chicken-hearted and imbecile persons, while the public, for whose ultimate advantage they have been so confined, can see no harm that would have resulted from their being allowed to write at large. All such criticism, therefore, is either ineffective or needless.

With such opinions we have rejoiced to see Crabbe, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Moore, Byron, Scott, and others, heartily despising every word of this sort that has ever been written upon them, and following each his own muse from the strong passion of his soul, indifferent to all prudent advice. Would any man love his mistress less or more, on being told to do so by the highest authority? Would he wish to darken her eyes, if he feels them to be dark enough already in every fibre of his frame? Would he wish to see altered the line of her lips because it was not, in the opinion of his most judicious friend, so loveable as another, thicker or thinner? Would he give up the most ordinary of noses, for any one that ever adorned the face of a Greek or Roman lady? Would he endure the thought of her bosom being criticised, or one fold that veiled it touched ever so slightly by the most reverent hand of imagination, whose touch was change? Love her—follow her—win her and wear her he will, in spite of father and mother, brother and sister, and many hundreds of the most sensible and sincere friends, one and all of whom have, it is to be

presumed, acted, or will act, precisely in the same manner he is doing so much to their anger and affliction, the very first good opportunity that arrives. It is in poetry,—as in the prose-affairs of the world. All measures of matrimony and metre, ought in their widest sense to be “involuntarily moved into harmonious numbers.” And the grave critic, who forbids the one, may just as well take upon him to stop the other. Things will take their own way—and all parties should put the best face upon it they can, and labour away in their own vocation.

Accordingly, the land is overflowing with poetry, as with milk and honey. And why not? There is no obligation, either moral or physical, upon any man, or woman, or child, to swallow it, unless they choose; and many there are who never think of such a thing, looking upon poetry as something unpalatable and of no nutriment. But, on the other hand, prodigious numbers took such food greedily and thankfully; it seemed to be their daily sustenance; and waking or asleep, they talked about what was to them both meat and drink. At last—(now, for the first time in our life, are we driven to make use of the well-known economical illustration,)—the increase became greater than the demand—and after all this our lofty exordium about nature, and poetry, and principles, and power, and genius, we say, that the produce of Parnassus is a *drug*, and the market of the Muses overstocked.

Now, thank God, we are no great poet, like the gentleman aforesaid; for really, for a while, “their occupation is gone.” We hear of no demand for poetry from any one of them;—if they publish it, it goes down to a certain extent—if they do not, nobody complains. The soul is saturated with well-known strains; and three concerts every night are too much, even for the “most musical, most melancholic.”

In such a state of things, we have, for a year or two past, found much relief in altering our poetical diet. To say nothing of the great Dons of former days, whose works perhaps too nearly resemble those of which we have been speaking—being in some degree their models—we have taken a keen relish in some good old bloody ballad of the Scottish Border, written hundreds

of years ago, by nobody knows who—some shepherd lad, perhaps, that had kept peacefully plodding all his life long over his green or snowy hills, and who solaced his solitude by the imaginary din of battle, or the groans of midnight murder. There is a freshness in such natural productions of the soil, that never loses its zest. Verses hummed in the glen, or by the ingle, by some ignorant minstrel, are yet absolutely immortal; broken, disjointed, rude, barbarous, yet still undying.

“The voices of the dead—the sounds of other years.”

Such a ballad is like the pure spring water, always grateful to thirst—like simple roots, which a healthy palate always relishes. Without caring much even about the actions or the actors they rehearse, their powerful simplicity charms us, and all art and artifice being out of sight, we listen to the language, such as it is, of human beings, expressed in verse and rhyme, till we almost believe that verse and rhyme are the natural expressions of human thought in such states of life. But when we do think on the actions and the actors, many of our deepest feelings are at once stirred; for besides that general interest which we take in all exhibitions of human feelings, we see and hear the character of a country and of a nation. All men are antiquaries of the recital of a good old historical or romantic ballad—and a homely word that breathes of the olden time carries back into the past even those who live almost entirely for the present, and who, in their ordinary thoughts, forget wholly their wild forefathers of the hills and vales, and all that vanished life, of peace or tumult, of war or love, and of all the passions that then, as now, were rife beneath the shepherd's coat of grey, as beneath the mail of his feudal lord. O, gentle reader, if ever thou shouldst be wearied to death with Mr Wordsworth's *Excursion*, take up a volume of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*—and you will feel your youth renewed. The great Laker speaks for his shepherds, and nobly, eloquently, and well; but in those ancient strains, we feel that shepherds and herdsmen are themselves speaking—they tell the truth of “huts in which poor men lie,” and narrow and circumscribed

as their range of thought and feeling may be, every thing is vivid, real, intense, alive,—or fixed and stirless as death, or ghastly and sullen as something dying—or eager and wild like that which is recovering to life. From the modern poet, strong in science, and arrogant in art, we can bear to turn, “for love of him who died at Jedwood Air,” that is to say, to

“The songs to savage virtue dear,
That won of yore the public ear;
Ere polity sedate and sage,
Had quench’d the fires of feudal rage;”

or to some of those ballads, narrative of tales of love or sorrow, that are felt to be gushings from the heart, as free as the spring from its native fountain.

But even among our own Border Ballads, there are many truly chivalric, and burning with a fine warlike spuit, that, as Sir Philip Sydney said of Chevy Chase, stir the heart, like the sound of a trumpet. Not one of our great living poets, would so speak of a Percy or a Douglas, as has been done by some of the lowly-born and obscure dead. The writers of these war-ballads write in a bold business-like way just as they fought; few embellishments in their battles; a pennon in the distant air—then a “plump of spears,”—then the cloth-yard arrows flying like hail—and the pell-mell of fight. Even Sir Walter, the best of all our civic battle-bards, must give in to the old minstrels; and but for them, he had never fought so gloriously the field of Bannockburn. For our own parts, we are a pacific person, and love to cultivate the gentler arts; but sometimes in an afternoon, after a foray through a volume of the Border Minstrelsy, we feel not only able, but extremely anxious to fight the very devil himself, and have then no doubt of gaining over him a signal and decisive victory.

All this being the case, we beg leave to return our warmest thanks to Mr Lockhart for his Spanish Ballads, fine spirit-stirring strains in general, translated and transfused into our tongue with admirable felicity. ♪

The intention of the publication, as stated in the Introduction, is to present the English reader with some notion of that old Spanish Minstrelsy, which has been preserved in the Cancioneros and Romanceros of the sixteenth century. The first

Cancionero, that of Ferdinand de Castille, was published in 1510; and it appears from the very title of the book, that a certain number of the pieces contained in it were at that time considered as entitled to the appellation of ancient. The Cancionero de Romanceros, admitting nothing but Ballads, was first published at Antwerp in 1555—the Romancero Historiado of Lucas Rodrigo appeared at Alcalá in 1579—the Collection of Lorenzo de Sepulveda at Antwerp in 1566—and the Ballads of the Cid were first published in a collected form in 1616, by Escobar. But many of the Spanish Ballads are of an antiquity much higher than is to be inferred from these dates; for in the oldest edition of the Cancionero General, some pieces bear the name of Don Juan Manuel, who died in 1362, and they appear, from the regularity and completeness of their rhyme, to be among the most modern in the Collection. Besides, Mr Lockhart observes, “In the General Chronicle of Spain, which was compiled in the thirteenth century, at the command of Alphonzo the Wise, allusions are perpetually made to the popular songs of the Minstrels or *Joglures*. Now, it is evident, that the phraseology of compositions handed down orally from one generation to another, must have undergone, in the course of time, a great many alterations; yet, in point of fact, the language of by far the greater part of the Historical Ballads in the Romancero, does appear to carry the stamp of an antiquity quite as remote as that used by the compilers of the General Chronicle themselves.” Many of the Spanish Ballads, therefore, must be of an origin prior to the thirteenth century. But suppose this denied, and that they were composed but a short time before the first Cancioneros were published, Mr Lockhart well observes, “It would still be certain, that they form by far the oldest, as well as largest Collection of Popular Poetry, properly so called, that is to be found in the literature of any European nation whatever.” Of the character of this Popular Poetry, and the causes that produced it, he gives the following admirable account. Nothing can exceed the graceful ease of his style; and we do not think that we exaggerate the merit of this extract, when we say, that it is an exquisite specimen of historical composition on a literary subject—ininitely superior

to any thing in Percy, or Ellis. It shows the hand of a master.

"Throughout that very extensive body of historical ballads from which these specimens have been selected, there prevails an uniformly high tone of sentiment—such as might have been expected to distinguish the popular poetry of a nation, proud, haughty, free, and engaged in continual warfare against enemies of different faith and manners, but not less proud and not less warlike than themselves. Those petty disputes and dissensions which so long divided the Christian princes, and consequently favoured and maintained the power of the formidable enemy whom they all equally hated—those struggles between prince and nobility, which were productive of similar effects after the crowns of Leon and Castile had been united—those domestic tragedies which so often stained the character and weakened the arms of the Spanish kings—in a word, all the principal features of the old Spanish history may be found, more or less distinctly shadowed forth, among the productions of these faithful and unflattering minstrels.

"Of the language of Spain, as it existed under the reign of the Visigoth kings, we possess no monuments.—The laws and the chronicles of the period were equally written in Latin—and although both, in all probability, must have been frequently rendered into more vulgar dialects, for the use of those whose business it was to understand them, no traces of any such versions have survived the many storms and struggles of religious and political dissension, of which this interesting gion has since been made the scene. To what precise extent, therefore, the language and literature of the Peninsula felt the influence of that great revolution which subjected the far greater part of her territory to the sway of a Mussulman sceptre—and how much or how little of what we at this hour admire or condemn in the poetry of Portugal, Arragon, Castille, is really not of Spanish but of Moorish origin—these are matters which have divided all the great writers of literary history, and which we, in truth, have little chance of ever seeing accurately or completely decided.—No one, however, who considers of what elements the Christian population of Spain was originally composed, and in what shape the mind of nations, every way kindred to that population, was expressed during the middle ages—can have any doubt that great and remarkable influence *was* exerted over Spanish thought and feeling, and therefore over Spanish language and poetry—by the influx of those Oriental tribes that occupied, for seven long centuries, the fairest provinces of the Peninsula.

"Spain, although, of all the provinces which owned the authority of the Caliphs, she was the most remote from the seat of their empire, appears to have been the very first in point of cultivation;—her governors having, for at least two centuries, emulated one another in affording every species of encouragement and protection to all those liberal arts and sciences which first flourished at Bagdad under the sway of Haroon Al-Raschid, and his less celebrated, but, perhaps, still more enlightened son Al-Mamoun. Beneath the wise and munificent patronage of these rulers, the cities of Spain, within three hundred years after the defeat of King Roderick, had been everywhere penetrated with a spirit of elegance, tastefulness, and philosophy, which afforded the strongest of all possible contrasts to the contemporary condition of the other kingdoms of Europe. At Cordova, Grenada, Seville, and many now less considerable towns, colleges and libraries had been founded and endowed in the most splendid manner—where the most exact and the most elegant of sciences were cultivated together with equal zeal. Averroes translated and expounded Aristotle at Cordova: Ben-Zaid and Aboul-Mender wrote histories of their nation at Valencia;—Abdel-Malik set the first example of that most interesting and useful species of writing, by which Moreri and others have since rendered services so important to ourselves; and even an Arabian Encyclopedia was compiled under the direction of Mohammed-Aba-Abdallah at Grenada. Ibn-el-Beith went forth from Malaga to search through all the mountains and plains of Europe for every thing that might enable him to perfect his favourite sciences of botany and lithology, and his works still remain to excite the admiration of all that are in a condition to comprehend their value. The Jew of Tudela was the worthy successor of Galen and Hippocrates:—while chemistry, and other branches of medical science, almost unknown to the ancients, received their first astonishing developments from Al-Rasi and Avicenna. Rhetoric and poetry were not less diligently studied;—and, in a word, it would be difficult to point out, in the whole history of the world, a time or a country where the activity of the human intellect was more extensively, or usefully, or gracefully exerted, than in Spain, while the Mussulman sceptre yet retained any portion of that vigour which it had originally received from the conduct and heroism of Tariffa.

"Although the difference of religion prevented the Moors and their Spanish subjects from ever being completely melted into one people, yet it appears that nothing could, on the whole, be more mild than the conduct of the Moorish government towards the Christian population of the coun-

try, during this their splendid period of undisturbed dominion. Their learning and their arts they liberally communicated to all who desired such participation, and the Christian youth studied freely and honourably at the feet of Jewish physicians and Mahomedan philosophers. Communication of studies and acquirements, continued through such a space of years, could not have failed to break down, on both sides, many of the barriers of religious prejudice, and to nourish a spirit of kindness and charity among the more cultivated portions of either people. The intellect of the Christian Spaniards could not be ungrateful for the rich gifts it was every day receiving from their misbelieving masters; while the benevolence with which instructors ever regard willing disciples, must have tempered in the minds of the Arabs the sentiments of haughty superiority natural to the breasts of conquerors.

"By degrees, however, the scattered remnants of unsubdued Visigoths, who had sought and found refuge among the Mountains of Asturias and Galicia, began to gather the strength of numbers and of combination, and the Mussulmen saw different portions of their empire *passively* wrested from their hands by leaders whose descendants assumed the title of Kings in Oviedo and Navarre—and of Counts in Castille—Soprarbia—Aragon—and Barcelona. From the time when these governments were established, till all their strength was united in the persons of Ferdinand and Isabella, a perpetual war may be said to have subsisted between the professors of the two religions—and the natural jealousy of Moorish governors must have gradually, but effectually, diminished the comfort of the Christians, who yet lived under their authority. Were we to seek our ideas of the period only from the *events* recorded in its chronicles, we should be led to believe that nothing could be more deep and fervid than the spirit of mutual hostility which prevailed among all the adherents of the opposite faiths: but external events are sometimes not the surest guides to the spirit whether of peoples or of ages—and the ancient popular poetry of Spain may be referred to for proofs, which cannot be considered as either of dubious or of trivial value, that the rage of hostility had not sunk quite so far as might have been imagined into the minds and hearts of very many that were engaged in the conflict.

"There is, indeed, nothing more natural, at first sight, than to reason in some measure from a nation: as it is in our own day, back to what it was a few centuries ago: but nothing could tend to the production of greater mistakes than such a mode of judging applied to the case of Spain. In

the erect and high-spirited peasantry of that country, we still see the genuine and uncorrupted descendants of their manly forefathers—but in every other part of the population, the progress of corruption appears to have been not less powerful than rapid, and the higher we ascend in the scale of society, the more distinct and mortifying is the spectacle of moral not less than of physical deterioration. This universal falling off of men, may be traced very easily to an universal falling off in regard to every point of faith and feeling most essential to the formation and preservation of a national character. We have been accustomed to consider the modern Spaniards as the most bigotted and enslaved and ignorant of Europeans: but we must not forget, that the Spaniards of three centuries back were, in all respects, a very different set of beings. Castille, in the first regulation of her constitution, was as free as any nation needs to be, for all the purposes of social security and individual happiness. Her kings were her captains and her judges—the chiefs and the models of a gallant nobility, and the protectors of a manly and independent peasantry: But the authority with which they were invested, was guarded by the most accurate limitations,—nay—in case they should exceed the boundary of their legal power—the statute-book of the realm itself contained exact rules for the conduct of a constitutional insurrection to recal them to their duty, or to punish them for its desertion. Every order of society had, more or less directly, its representatives in the national council, and every Spaniard, of whatever degree, was penetrated with a sense of his own dignity as a freeman—his own nobility as a descendant of the Visigoths. And it is well remarked by an elegant historian of our day,* that, even to this hour, the influence of this happy order of things still continues to be felt in Spain—where manners, and language, and literature, have all received indelibly a stamp of courts, and aristocracy, and proud feeling—which affords a striking contrast to what may be observed in modern Italy, where the only freedom that ever existed had its origin and residence among citizens and merchants.

"The civil liberty of the old Spaniards could scarcely have existed so long as it did, in the presence of any feeling so black and noisome as the bigotry of modern Spain; but this was never tried, for down to the time of Charles V. no man has any right to say that the Spaniards were a bigotted people. One of the worst features of their modern bigotry—their extreme and servile subjection to the authority of the Pope,—is entirely wanting in the picture of their ancient spirit.—In the 12th century, the Kings of Aragon were the protectors of the

Albigenses; and their Pedro II. himself died in 1213, fighting bravely against the red cross, for the cause of tolerance. In 1268, two brothers of the King of Castile left the banners of the *Infiels*, beneath which they were serving at Tunis, with 800 Castilian gentlemen, for the purpose of coming to Italy and assisting the Neapolitans in their resistance to the tyranny of the Pope and Charles of Anjou. In the great schism of the West, as it is called (1378,) Pedro IV. embraced the party which the Catholic Church regards as schismatic. That feud was not allayed for more than a hundred years, and Alphonso V. was well paid for consenting to lay it aside; while down to the time of Charles V., the whole of the Neapolitan Princes of the House of Arragon may be said to have lived in a state of open enmity against the Papal See—sometimes excommunicated for generations together—seldom apparently—never cordially reconciled. When Ferdinand the Catholic finally made his first attempt to introduce the Inquisition into his kingdom, almost the whole nation took up arms to resist him. The Grand Inquisitor was killed, and every one of his creatures was compelled to leave, for a season, the yet free soil of Arragon.

But the strongest and best proof of the comparative liberality of the old Spaniards is, as I have already said, to be found in their Ballads. Throughout the far greater part of those compositions, there breathes a certain spirit of charity and humanity towards those Moorish enemies with whom the combats of the national heroes are represented. The Spaniards and the Moors lived together in their villages beneath the calmest of skies, and surrounded with the most beautiful of landscapes. In spite of their adverse faiths—in spite of their adverse interests, they had much in common.—Leaves, and sports, and recreations—nay, sometimes their haughtiest recollections, were in common, and even their heroes were the same. Bernardo del Carpio, Fernan Gonsalez, the Cid himself—almost every one of the favourite heroes of the Spanish nation, had, at some period or other of his life, fought beneath the standard of the Crescent, and the minstrels of either nation might, therefore, in regard to some instances at least, have equal pride in the celebration of their prowess. The praises which the Arab poets granted to them in their *Muwachchah*, or *girdle verses*, were repaid by liberal encomiums on Moorish valour and generosity in Castilian and Arragonese *Rondallas*. Even in the ballads most exclusively devoted to the celebration of feats of Spanish heroism, it is quite common to find some redeeming compliment to the Moors mixed with the strain of exultation. Nay, even in the more remote and ideal chivalries celebrated in the Castilian Ballads, the parts of glory

and greatness are almost as frequently attributed to Moors as to Christians;—*Calaynos* was a name as familiar as *Gayferos*. At somewhat a later period, when the conquest of Grenada had mingled the Spaniards still more effectually with the persons and manners of the Moors, we find the Spanish poets still fonder of celebrating the heroic achievements of their old Saracen rivals; and, without doubt, this their liberality towards the “Knights of Grenada, Gentlemen, albeit Moors,”

Caballeros Grenadinos
Aunque Moros hujos d'algo,

must have been very gratifying to the former subjects of the “Baby King.” It must have counteracted the bigotry of Confessors and Molahs, and tended to inspire both nations with sentiments of kindness and mutual esteem.

Bernard de Carpio, above all the rest, was the common property and pride of both people. Of his all romantic life, the most romantic incidents belonged equally to both. It was with Moors that he allied himself when he rose up to demand vengeance from King Alphonso for the murder of his father.—It was with Moorish brethren in arms that he marched to fight against the Frankish army for the independence of the Spanish soil. It was in front of a half-Leonese, half-Moorish host, that Bernard couched his lance, victorious alike over valour and magic,

When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
And every Paladin and Peer
On Roncesvalles died.

A few ballads, unquestionably of Moorish origin, and apparently rather of the romantic than of the historical class, are given in a section by themselves. The originals are valuable, as monuments of the manners and customs of a most singular race.

Composed originally by a Moor or a Spaniard (it is often very difficult to determine by which of the two), they were sung in the village greens of Andalusia in either language, but to the same tunes, and listened to with equal pleasure by man, woman, and child.—Mussulman and Christian. In these strains, whatever other merits or demerits they may possess, we are, at least, presented with a lively picture of the life of the Arabian Spaniard. We see him as he was in reality, “like steel among weapons, like wax among women,”—

Fuerte qual azero entre armas,
Y quel cera entre las damas.”

In the classification of the specimens, Mr Lockhart has followed Mr Depping. Mr Bouterweck, in his History of Spanish Literature, complained that no attempt had ever been made, even to arrange the old Spanish Ballads in any thing like chronological order. Mr

Depping has (it seems) since arranged the Historical Ballads according to the chronology of the persons and events that they celebrate, but has not attempted the chronological arrangement of them as compositions, "feeling," as Mr Lockhart judiciously remarks, "that no person can ever acquire such a delicate knowledge of a language not his own, as might enable him to distinguish, with accuracy, between the different shades of antiquity, or even perhaps to draw, with certainty and precision, the broader line between that which is of genuine antiquity, and that which is mere modern imitation."

The specimens are in three Classes—Historical, Moorish, and Romantic. The first treat of persons and events known in the authentic history of Spain; the greater part of the second refer to the period immediately preceding the downfall of the throne of Grenada, "the amours of that splendid court—the bull-feasts and other spectacles in which its lords and ladies delighted, no less than those of the christian courts of Spain—the bloody feuds of the two great families of the Zegris and the Abencerrages, which contributed so largely to the ruin of the Moorish crown, and the incidents of that last war itself, in which the power of the Mussulman was entirely overthrown by the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella." The specimens of which the third and largest section consists,

are taken from among the vast multitudes of Miscellaneous and Romantic Ballads in the old Cancioneros. "The subjects of a number of those," says Mr Lockhart, "are derived from the Fabulous Chronicle of Turpin; and the Knights of Charlemagne's Round Table appear in all their gigantic lineaments. But the greater part are formed precisely of the same sort of materials which supplied our own ancient ballad-makers, both the English and the Scottish."

Our readers will now understand generally, what is the nature of this beautiful and interesting volume. And it now remains for us to give a few specimens of the distinguished powers of Mr Lockhart as a translator. Some of the finest of Ballads appeared some years ago in this Magazine, in several articles entitled *Home Hispanice*, and a good many others in an edition of *Don Quixote*, lately published by Hurst, Robinson and Company. The universal admiration with which they were received, both by the learned and the unlearned, suggested, we presume, to Mr Lockhart the idea of translating as many more as would make a volume.

We shall quote three entire ballads; and first, the "Seven Heads," which to us possesses great pathos. It shews the power of that simplicity, which, in the Lake-School of Poetry, has so often degenerated into silliness. There is no such Lyrical Ballad in all Wordsworth. Of that he may rest assured

THE SEVEN HEADS.

"Who bears such heart of baseness, a king I'll never call—"
Thus spake Gonzalo Gustos within Almanzor's hall;
To the proud Moor Almanzor, within his kingly hall,
The grey-hair'd knight of Lara thus spake before them all:—

"In courteous guise, Almanzor, your messenger was sent,
And courteous was the answer with which from me he went;
For why? I thought the word he brought of a knight and of a king;
But false Moor henceforth never me to his feast shall bring.

"Ye bade me to your banquet, and I at your bidding came,
And accursed be the villany, and eternal be the shame—
For ye have brought an old man forth, that he your sport might be:
Thank God, I cheat you of your joy—Thank God, no tear you see.

"My gallant boys," quoth Lara, "it is a heavy sight,
These dogs have brought your father to look upon this night;
Seven gentler boys, nor braver, were never nursed in Spain,
And blood of Moors, God rest your souls, ye shed on her like rain.

"Some currish plot, some trick (God wot,) hath laid you all so low,
Ye died not all together in one fair battle so;
Not all the misbelievers ever prick'd upon yon plain
The seven brave boys of Lara in open field had slain.

"The youngest and the weakest, Gonzalez dear, wert thou,
Yet well this false Almanzor remembers thee, I trow;
Oh, well doth he remember how on his helmet rung
Thy fiery mace, Gonzalez, although thou wert so young.

"Thy gallant horse had fallen, and thou hadst mounted thee
Upon a stray one in the field—his own true barb had he;
Oh, hadst thou not pursued his flight upon that runaway,
Ne'er had the caitiff 'scaped that night, to mock thy sire to-day!

"False Moor, I am thy captive thrall; but when thou badest me forth,
To share the banquet in thy hall, I trusted in the worth
Of kingly promise.—Think'st thou not my God will hear my prayer?—
Lord! branchless be (like mine) his tree, yea, branchless, Lord, and bare!"—

So pray'd the Baron in his ire, but when he look'd again,
Then burst the sorrow of the sire, and tears ran down like rain;
Wrath no more could check the sorrow of the old and childless man,
And like waters in a furrow, down his cheeks the salt tears ran.

He took their heads up one by one—he kiss'd them—
And aye ye saw the tears down run—I wot that grief was sore.
He closed the lids on their dead eyes all with his fingers frail,
And handled all their bloody curls, and kiss'd their lips so pale.—

"O had ye died all by my side upon some famous day,
My fair young men, no weak tears then had wash'd your blood away!
The trumpet of Castille had drown'd the misbelievers' horn,
And the last of all the Lara's line a Gothic spear had borne."—

With that it chanced a Moor drew near, to lead him from the place,
Old Lara stoop'd him down once more, and kiss'd Gonzalez' face,
But ere the man observed him, or could his gesture bar,
Sudden he from his side had grasp'd that Moslem's scymitar.

Oh! swiftly from its scabbard the crooked blade he drew,
And, like some frantic creature, among them all he flew—
"Where, where is false Almanzor?—back, bastards of Mahoun!"
And here and there, in his despair, the old man hew'd them down.

A hundred hands, a hundred brands, are ready in the hall,
But ere they master'd Lara, thirteen of them did fall;
He has sent, I ween, a good thirteen of dogs that spurn'd his God,
To keep his children company, beneath the Moorish sod.

The "Avenging Childe" carries the reader away as upon a whirlwind. This Ballad is proved to be one of very high antiquity, by certain particulars in its language. The circumstance of the tiled floor, and some others of the same cast, will not escape the notice of the antiquarian reader:

THE AVENGING CHILDE. • •

HURRAH! hurrah! avoid the way of the Avenging Childe;
His horse is swift as sands that drift—an Arab of the wild;
His gown is twisted round his arm—a ghastly cheek he wears;
And in his hand, for deadly harm, a hunting knife he bears.

Avoid that knife in battle-strife, that weapon short and thin ;
The dragon's gore hath bath'd it o'er, seven times 'twas steep'd therein ;
Seven times the smith hath proved its pith, it cuts a coultter through—
In France the blade was fashioned, from Spain the shaft it drew.

He sharpens it, as he doth ride, upon his saddle bow,
He sharpens it on either side, he makes the steel to glow.
He rides to find Don Quadros, that false and fainour knight,
His glance of ire is hot as fire, although his cheek be white.

He found him standing by the King within the judgment-hall ;
He rash'd within the Baron's ring—he stood before them all.
Seven times he gazed and ponder'd, if he the deed should do,
Eight times distraught he look'd and thought, then out his dagger flew.

He stabb'd therewith at Quadros—the King did step between,
It pierced his royal garment of purple wove with green ;
He fell beneath the canopy, upon the tiles he lay.
"Thou traitor keen, what dost thou mean ? thy King why wouldst thou slay ?"—

"Now, pardon, pardon," cried the Childe, "I stabb'd not, King, at thee.
But him, that caitiff, blood-defiled, who stood beside thy knee ;
Eight brothers were we—in the land might none more loving be—
They all are slain by Quadros' hand—they all are dead but me.

"Good King, I fain would wash the stain—for vengeance is my cry,
This murderer with sword and spear to battle I defy."—
But all took part with Quadros, except one lovely May,
Except the King's fair daughter, none word for him would say.

She took their hands, she led them forth into the court below ;
She bade the ring be guarded ; she bade the trumpet blow ;
From lofty place, for that stern race, the signal she did throw—
"With truth and right the Lord will fight—together let them go."—

The one is up, the other down, the hunter's knife is bare ;
It cuts the lace beneath the face, it cuts through beard and hair ;
Right soon that knife hath quench'd his life—the head is sunder'd sheer,
Then gladsome smiled the Avenging Childe, and fix'd it on his spear.

But when the King beholds him bring that token of his truth,
Nor scorn nor wrath his bosom hath—"Kneel down, thou noble youth ;
Kneel down, kneel down, and kiss my crown, I am no more thy foe ;
My daughter now may pay the vow she plighted long ago."—

"Count Alarcos" is a doleful domestic tragedy—nor is there a finer Ballad in the traditionary poetry of any nation :

COUNT ALARCOS AND THE INFANTA SOLISA.

ALONE, as was her wont, she sate,—within her bower alone ;—
Alone, and very desolate, Solisa made her moan,
Lamenting for her flower of life, that it should pass away,
And she be never woo'd to wife, nor see a bridal day.

Thus said the sad Infanta—"I will not hide my grief,
I'll tell my father of my wrong, and he will yield relief."
The King, when he beheld her near, "Alas ! my child," said he,
"What means this melancholy cheer ?—reveal thy grief to me."—

"Good King," she said, "my mother was buried long ago,
She left me to thy keeping, none else my griefs shall know;
I fain would have a husband, 'tis time that I should wed,—
Forgive the words I utter, with mickle shame they're said."—

'Twas thus the King made answer,—“ This fault is none of mine,
You to the Prince of Hungary your ear would not incline;
Yet round us here where lives your peer?—nay, name him if you can,—
Except the Count Alarcos, and he's a married man.”—

"Ask Count Alarcos, if of yore his word he did not plight
To be my husband evermore, and love me day and night?
If he has bound him in new vows, old oaths he cannot break—
Alas! I've lost a loyal spouse, for a false lover's sake.”

The good King sat confounded in silence for some space,
At length he made this answer, with very troubled face,—
“ It was not thus your mother gave counsel you should do;
You've done much wrong, my daughter; we're shamed, both I and you.

“ If it be true that you have said, our honour's lost and gone;
And while the Countess is in life, redress for us is none.
'Though justice were upon our side, ill-talkers would not spare—
Speak, daughter, for your mother's debt, whose counsel eased my care.”—

“ How can I give you counsel?—but little wit have I . . .
But certes, Count Alarcos may make this Countess true;
Let it be noised that sickness cut short her tender life,
And then let Count Alarcos come and ask me for his wife.
What pass'd between us long ago, of that be nothing said;
'Thus none shall our dishonour know, in honour I shall wed.’—

The Count was standing with his friends, thus in the midst he spake—
“ What fools we be! what pains men dree for a fair woman's sake!
I loved a fair one long ago;—though I'm a married man,
Sad memory I can ne'er forego, how life and love began.”—

While yet the Count was speaking, the good King came full near;
He made his salutation with very courteous cheer.
“ Come hither, Count Alarcos, and dine with me this day,
For I have something secret, I in your ear must say.”—

The King came from the chapel, when he had heard the mass;
With him the Count Alarcos did to his chamber pass;
Full nobly were they served there, by pages many a one;
When all were gone, and they alone, 'twas thus the King begun.—

“ What news be these, Alarcos, that you your word did plight,
'To be a husband to my child, and love her day and night?
If more between you there did pass, yourself may know the truth,
But shamed is my grey-head—alas!—and scorn'd Solisa's youth.

“ I have a heavy word to speak,—a lady fair doth lie
Within my daughter's rightful place, and certes! she must die.—
Let it be noised that sickness cut short her tender life,
Then come and woo my daughter, and she shall be your wife:—
What pass'd between you long ago, of that be nothing said,
'Thus, none shall my dishonour know,—in honour you shall wed.’—

Thus spake the Count Alarcos—“ The truth I'll not deny,
'To the Infanta gave my troth, and broke it shamefully;
I fear'd my King would ne'er consent to give me his fair daughter,
But, oh! spare her that's innocent—avoid that sinful slaughter.”—

"She dies, she dies," the King replies ;—"from thine own sin it springs,
If guiltless blood must wash the blot which stains the blood of kings :
Ere morning dawn her life must end, and thine must be the deed—
Else thou on shameful block must bend : thereof is no remeed."—

"Good King, my hand thou mayst command, else treason blots my name !
I'll take the life of my dear wife—(God ! mine be not the blame !)
Alas ! that young and sinless heart for other's sin should bleed !
Good King, in sorrow I depart."—"May God your errand speed !"—

In sorrow he departed, dejectedly he rode
The weary journey from that place, unto his own abode ;
He grieved for his fair Countess, dear as his life was she ;
Sore grieved he for that lady, and for his children three.

The one was yet an infant upon its mother's breast,
For though it had three nurses, it liked her milk the best ;
The others were young children, that had but little wit,
Hanging about their mother's knee while nursing she did sit.

"Alas !" he said, when he had come within a little space,
"How shall I brook the cheerful look of my kind lady's face ?—
To see her coming forth in glee to meet me in my hall,
When she so soon a corpse must be, and I the cause of all !"—

Just then he saw ~~her~~ at the door with all her babes appear—
(The little page had run before to tell his lord was near)
"Now welcome home, my lord, my life !—Alas ! you droop your head :
Tell, Count Alarcos, tell your wife, what makes your eyes so red ?"—

"I'll tell you all—I'll tell you all : It is not yet the hour ;
We'll sup together in the hall—I'll tell you in your bower."—
The lady brought forth what she had, and down beside him sate ;
He sate beside her pale and sad, but neither drank nor ate.

The children to his side were led (he loved to have them so),
Then on the board he laid his head, and out his tears did flow :—
"I fain would sleep—I fain would sleep,"—the Count Alarcos said :—
Alas ! be sure, that sleep was none that night within their bed.

They came together to the bower where they were used to rest,
None with them but the little babe that was upon the breast :
The Count had barr'd the chamber doors, they ne'er were barr'd till then ;
"Unhappy lady," he began, "and I most lost of men !"—

"Now, speak not so, my noble lord, my husband, and my life,
Unhappy never can she be that is Alarcos' wife."—
"Alas ! unhappy lady, 'tis but little that you know,
For in that very word you've said is gather'd all your woe.

"Long since I loved a lady,—long since I oaths did plight,
To be that lady's husband, to love her day and night ;
Her father is our lord the King, to him the thing is known,
And now, that I the news should bring ! she claims me for her own.

* Alas ! my love, alas ! my life, the right is on their side ;
Ere I had seen your face, sweet wife, she was betrothed my bride ;
But, oh ! that I should speak the word—since in her place you lie,
It is the bidding of our Lord, that you this night must die."—

"Are these the wages of my love, so lowly and so leal?—
O, kill me not, thou noble Count, when at thy foot I kneel!—
But send me to my father's house, where once I dwelt in glee,
There will I live a lone chaste life, and rear my children three."—

"It may not be—mine oath is strong—ere dawn of day you die!"—
"O! well 'tis seen how all alone upon the earth am I—
My father is an old frail man,—my mother's in her grave,—
And dead is stout Don Garcia—Alas! my brother brave!"

"'Twas at this coward King's command they slew my brother dear,
And now I'm helpless in the land:—It is not death I fear,
But loath, loath am I to depart, and leave my children so—
Now let me lay them to my heart, and kiss them ere I go."—

"Kiss him that lies upon thy breast—the rest thou may'st not see."
"I fain would say an Ave."—"Then say it speedily."—
She knelt her down upon her knee: "O, Lord! behold my case—
Judge not my deeds, but look on me in pity and great grace."—

When she had made her orison, up from her knees she rose—
"Be kind, Alarcos, to our babes, and pray for my repose."—
And now give me my boy once more upon my breast to hold,
That he may drink one farewell drink, before my breast be cold."—

"Why would you waken the poor child? you see he is asleep—
Prepare, dear wife, there is no time, the dawn begins to peep."—
"Now hear me, Count Alarcos! I give thee pardon free—
I pardon thee for the love's sake wherewith I've loved thee."

"But *they* have not my pardon, the King and his proud daughter—
The curse of God be on them, for this unchristian slaughter!—
I charge them with my dying breath, ere thirty days be gone,
To meet me in the realm of death, and at God's awful throne!"—

He drew a kerchief round her neck, he drew it tight and strong,
Until she lay quite stiff and cold her chamber floor along;
He laid her then within the sheets, and, kneeling by her side,
To God and Mary Mother in misery he cried.

Then call'd he for his esquires:—oh! deep was their dismay,
When they into the chamber came, and saw her how she lay;
Thus died she in her innocence, a lady void of wrong,
But God took heed of their offence—his vengeance stay'd not long.

Within twelve days, in pain and dole, the Infanta pass'd away,
The cruel King gave up his soul upon the twentieth day;
Alarcos followed ere the Moon had made her round complete,—
Three guilty spirits stood right soon before God's judgment-seat.

Mr Lockhart's powers *tell* in these specimens. He is himself a poet—a good strong vigorous poet. His language has a masculine energy, not surpassed by Byron himself—and his conception is extraordinarily vivid. He seizes upon the strong points in his original; and, inspired by the feeling of their true character, he translates as if he were not translating, but pouring forth his own emotions. Indeed, many of the Ballads, which are some-

what bald in the original, become in his hands even magnificent compositions. The volume proves, that Mr Lockhart is a master of the English language, and that he has a great power of versification; but it proves more, that he has only to take a noble subject, and apply to it his ardent and original mind, in order to produce what will entitle him to rank with the best of our living Poets.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE present Session of Parliament was expected to be the most brilliant since the days of Pitt. It has hitherto been the dulllest within memory. The new Secretary of State was expected to have kept up a perpetual fire upon the Whigs—he has scarcely thought them worth a witticism. The Whigs had made St James's Street ring with dreadful note of preparation. They had voted the downfall of an incapable ministry, they had dined and drunk upon it, the victory was inevitable. They have not pulled a trigger. A few of the forlorn hope, the barristers, and notorious talkers, have been thrown forward, have been beaten, have quietly undergone their discomfiture, and seem now to be sent to the rear for the rest of the campaign. The debates have degenerated into the routine of the House; a statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, parodied by a counter-statement of that horse-veuding financier Maubely; and a question from the profundity of Hume, replied to by a question of equal depth from the profundity of Lord Palmerston. The minister sits in superior silence, leaves the heavy wheel to be turned by his subordinates, and takes no more share in the discussion than the Serjeant, who sits counting the clock in the misery of full dress, and if he pray at all, doubtless prays for a Gunpowder Plot once a Session. Dearth of important topics cannot account for this dulness. Every hour produces some demand, once sufficient to have roused the vigour of public men. There are voices coming up from every quarter of the horizon, in which an able Opposition would hear the prophecy of Ministerial ruin, and perhaps make it more than prophecy. Ireland; the pressure of the times on England; the aggressions of France, yet uncured of ambition; the Peninsula, with its mingled scroll of rage, indignation, contempt, and helplessness, laid at the bar of the British Empire, are all before the eye of an Opposition, all ready to be invoked, and to be made the fearful instruments of divided council. Nothing could be feebler than the use made of those great occasions, for the advancement of the excluded party. A single discussion, and a spiritless muster of Opposition numerical force, have been followed by utter silence, or silence broken only by the calculations and ~~boxes~~ of a man, whose

speaking is as sure an evidence of an empty house, as an owl's hooting is of night and solitude. The true cause is, that the Whigs are unpopular without, and divided within. Their solicitation of the rabble has cut away the bridge between them and the national feeling. Honourable men will not subject themselves to the insult of public meetings, where they are liable to find some ruffian from the kennel or the jail placed by their side, and decorated with the badges of Whiggism. Honourable men will not believe, that the first step to the public good, is the invitation of some profligate from the dregs of London democracy. They cannot comprehend how the fraternal embrace is to be given to vagabondism, without receiving a stum. They feel, that if, like the Roman candidate, they are to appear before the people, they ought to appear in vestures doubly white, and not polluted by the mire of rabble politics, or the deeper stain of a desire to endanger their country for the sake of their ambition. This has shaken the party outside Parliament. Public meetings are now taken out of their hands; that great weapon of popular disturbance is plundered from their armoury, and plundered by hands that they at once fear and hate. They begin to find, that democracy is not a thing to be sported with at their lordly leisure; it will not bear their hook in its nostrils; it will not live within their parks and palings, and graze under their eye for the ornament of their aristocratic landscape. If they bring the lion into the land, it will disdain their paltry boundaries, and ravage without their leave. The proudest names in the aristocracy have been withered in the contact with a succession of mindless, mannerless, and uncharactered brawlers. This was their own working, and is their appropriate punishment. The Mob-Phalaris is roasted in his own bull. The gang of itinerant statesmen, who, like gypsies, carry their freight of unsound and uncustomed goods wherever they can evade the eye of the law, are too adroit for the lazy and half-educated chicane of their superiors. Cobbett and Hunt have shut out the Opposition from the market of the people; they know what suits the popular taste, in those matters, with the instinct of nature. They speak that rabble jargon with native fluency, at which my Lords of Brookes's

toil with hopeless awkwardness; and the haughtier dealers in disturbance are left, at the close of the markets, with their bales of grievance on their hands.

The general result will be for the better. Rabble meetings will become infrequent, by the division of their leaders, by their obvious impotence to affect the measures of the state, and by the growing contempt of the country for vulgar vice and degradation. Cobbet hunts Whiggism, as the devil was said of old to hunt those who raised him; they must find work for the spirit of mischief, or be must away off the scene of life. The Whigs feel this; and a public meeting is now a public, theatrical, bitter exposure of Whig pride, in contact with rabble meanness. Lord Grey and Cobbet exchanging compliments; Mr Lambt giving the *pas* to Or nor Hunt; Mr Brougham shrinking before Wooler.—The most insolent men in the land stooped to the lips in reluctant humility, and soliciting the protection of the lowest. This is the crime that has covered Whiggism with national disgust. A generous ambition might have been forgiven: a bold attempt to overwhelm a ministry in an adverse time has had example in its favour, and might have had success. But this junction with the rabble is without precedent, without excuse, and without the hope of forgiveness. The men who would stoop to the Mob for power, would be dangerous depositaries of power. Hesitating at no sacrifice before, they would be stopped by no principle after. Their lower degradation would be repaid by their more towering disregard of the public privileges. Nothing is so haughty in power as a slave. This is no mere theory. The Whigs in 1806 were too short a time in office for the full exhibition of their practice. They had not time to spread out their snout, and suckers over the constitution, till they might defy the national breath. But in that short period they shewed a revolutionary vigour. Their single year of probation was signalized by the attempt to stir up war with the only ally of England; to commit an act of piracy on Spain, the most unwilling of all her enemies; and to commit an assault on the constitution. This violation was final; the failure was complete; and their dishonour was not less complete, in their abject offer to relinquish the Roman Catholic bill as

the price of their power. They perished; and no man who values the honour of his country, the peace of Europe, or the integrity of the constitution, will desire to see them the ministers of England.

Personal feeling is a matter of importance, as it assists the estimate of public character; and the Whigs have left behind them the reputation of having been more personally insolent in office, more careless of individual offences, and more haughty in their intercourse with those who had the misfortune to require their hearing, than any ministry on record. When such men can bind their spirits to the refuse of the streets, we have a proof of their insatiable appetite for power, a warning of the extravagant value which they would set upon its retention, and of the remorseless intrigue by which they would counteract the natural resistance of the national mind. He is but a shallow observer of human nature, who does not know that power becomes *dearer* by possession. Whatever Whiggism has done to assist its rise, would be ten times done to avert its fall. In their desperate defence, what sacred part of the constitution would those hands spare, which had violated their all in their easy entrance? What conscience would repel a falling Whig administration from hiring an auxiliary strength among the lowest of the human species?—What memory of holier times would restrain them from breaking up the establishment for the purchase of the Roman Catholics? What veneration for the laws could stand between them and some consummate personal usurpation of influence? For all these things they have attempted. The India Bill, the Catholic Bill, and the alliance with the populace, are written in brazen letters on the tomb of Whiggism, and stand at once its history and its accusation. Within the walls of Parliament, their new auxiliaries have dislocated all the tactics of party. Hume, addressing a mob, is below Hunt, and addressing a House of Commons, he rises but little above his street eloquence. His oratory is equal to his knowledge, and both complete him for the representative of the rabble. There was an old arrangement in the House of Commons, by which a kind of official respect was paid to the principal personage on the Opposition Bench. The acknowledgment of a Leader secured something like consistency in

the proceedings of party ; motions, the etiquette of debate, the appointment of peculiar nights for discussion, according to the general convenience of public business, all were settled with the minister through him. The House thus escaped a variety of contradictory and unimportant proceedings ; the chief public questions were fairly brought to issue before full Houses, and on complete notice ; and one great debate settled the public opinion for a month to come, relieved the House of endless, minute altercation, and allowed the public officers to attend to the national business.

There is now no acknowledged head of the Opposition. Tiersney seems disgusted, and scarcely hides his disgust under the pretext of being unable to bear late sittings. Mackintosh has ambition, but he is too dubiously relied on by party. Those heads of the Whig *Sylla* stricken away, we come to the brushwood at once, all of the same level, and of the same utility. The prize may in process actually lie between Hume and Brougham. The public are sick of the Whigs, and they care but little who is to be King of Barataria.

The war-cry has died ; it found no echo in the public feeling, and it is gone loose upon the winds. Yet war is still the hope of the Opposition ; and the men who deprecated all hostility with Buonaparte, are furious in their denunciations against Louis. Of such materials is the honesty of partizanship made. The Spaniard, struggling for his country, his laws, and his household, against the bloodiest and darkest tyranny since Attila, was, in their harangues, something less than man revolting against something more. The attempt to aid this generous struggle was reproved as scarcely less than an impiety, a giddy tampering with our own ruin, and an audacious resistance to the fate, by which it had been declared that France was to be irresistible. The same voices are now raised to call England into a crusade against Europe, in defence of a fantastic system, alien to the habits, interests, and even the liberties of Spain ; untried on any general scale, and likely to perpetuate dissension in a country still bleeding under the wounds of war. But this topic leads us back to the remote history of Spanish freedom.

Of all European nations, Spain has been the least tractable by strangers. Since the formation of the monarchy,

she has resisted all direct foreign influence, with an habitual haughtiness too stubborn for seduction. France has exercised a secret influence in her councils, prejudicial to Spain, without being useful to her ally ; and it is to regain this influence that she now menaces the young attempts of Spain for freedom. But when France dared to impose law, Spain replied by the sword. The answer of the Peninsula to the last and most powerful aggression of her old confederate, was "War to the knife." Her answer now will be as resolute, and will be as desperately put in action. The French armies, if they advance beyond the frontier, a question still dubious, will probably meet no resistance till their triumph seems secure. Spain, always tardy, has no force that can meet the invader. But she has what is more formidable than the pomp and preparation of war, the spirit of revenge, immortal hate, and invincible disgust to the meddling of strangers, an almost sacred honour for the soil which a stranger only can tread to pollute, and a faith at once solemn and extravagant, in the final victory of Spain. If the French linger at Madrid, this hatred will lay their armies in the grave ; if they retreat, after having reinstated the king, they leave him as helpless as they found him, and they must march to the capital every six months. The Spanish constitution is Jacobinical in principle, and equally unfitted for the habits of Spain, and the growth of her freedom.

But what was to France a summoning up of all the spirits of anarchy and blood, is to the Peninsula a powerless spell. The constitution of 1812, is a constitution on paper, modified in all its workings by the national manners, the ancient prejudices, and the honourable nature of the people. The plague that in France darkened the soil with the dead monarchy, nobility, and priesthood, and compelled Europe to establish an universal quarantine against this scourge of nations, in Spain is locked up in the secretary's desk. The liberty that in the Peninsula is a child, idly pleased with the rattles and toys of power, but capable of growing into wisdom and manliness, was in the other a shape of mature villainy, past all the gentleness and feelings of youth ; but familiar with the novel and desperate indulgences of low vice, a grim, incestuous, bloody, godless being, hating all that was above, and all that was below him, ir-

reconcilable with the laws of heaven or earth, a practised and compacted frame of hostility to human nature. Spain has not inscribed atheism on the walls of her temples, nor embroidered the guillotine upon her banners. We hear no cry of an undone church, nor of a dying nobility, from her shores. Europe is not startled from her sleep by the burst of flame, that reduces into embers the old glory, the wealth, and the throne of Spain. There have been no sweeping executions, none of those atrocious riotings in human blood, for which the name was yet to be invented, no *fusillades*, no *mitrail-lades*, no *nogades*. Her civic hands have not committed massacres, which would have stained for ever the name even of a conquering army. There is

undoubtedly a line, beyond which the general safety cannot allow forbearance. But till that boundary is violated, no nation can interfere with the wisdom of another without bringing upon its head the crime of unprovoked war. When we see Spain putting the trumpet to lips, and proclaiming universal war, calling on the multitude in every land to take up the sword against the state, and proclaiming herself as the desperate and irreconcilable enemy to the peace of the world, then we may rise up against her as we rose up against France; let loose war upon her borders, and, armed with a strength not our own, deliver over the disturber of the earth to final chains, for the future quiet of mankind.

PATRIOTIC ODE.

(From the Spanish Gazette of Madrid, 1st March, 1823.)

To the wind, to the wind, your banners rear !
 Awake !—nor lie in sloth reclining—
 Arise—nor shrink in craven fear—
 Lo ! France's thousand blades are shining—
 She comes—but not as friend she comes—
 Death—ruin—rapine in her train—
 To arms !—rouse up your warning drums—
 Ho !—to the combat, Spain !

Our sires were great in ancient days,
 No loftier power on earth allowing ;
 Shall we their mighty deeds erase,
 And to the dust our necks be bowing ?
 They strove for fame—for Liberty—
 On fields where blood was spilt like rain ;
 Hark ! how they call us from the sky—
 Ho !—to the combat, Spain !

Castille, and Arragon, arise !—
 The tempest cloud of war is brewing :—
 Burst through the shades that veil your eyes—
 Are ye asleep, while this is doing ?
 Lo ! armies crowd the Pyrenees,
 They carry with them thralldom's chain—
 Will ye ignobly crouch to these ?—
 Ho !—to the combat, Spain !

Look forth on every well-known spot—
 On field and forest, rock and river ;—
 Then draw the sword, but sheathe it not,
 Till these from foreign feet ye sever—
 The trampling feet of foreign hosts,
 Who march in power, and proud disdain ;
 Haste—homeward send their shrieking ghosts—
 Ho !—to the combat, Spain !

And are we, then, so lost—so low—
 That strangers can alone restore us ?
 Lo ! Earth regards our every blow—
 The eye of Heaven is watching o'er us !—
 By Spanish might, the Spanish land
 Its freedom only can retain,
 And crouch we to the oppressor's hands ?—
 Ho !—to the combat, Spain !

IRISH AFFAIRS.

IRELAND is in a ferment from Carnsore Point to Bloody Farland. As for Dublin, no words can possibly convey an idea of the political fever now raging in that city; and the provinces are not much cooler. We have received a very excellent article on its concerns, but it is too long, and came too late for this month. Our correspondent will perhaps remodel his paper, to suit any new views which the ensuing month may open, and it shall flourish in our April Number.

In the mean time, we shall just copy the forty-first chapter of the third book of the most delectable romance of Pantagruel. It is a fragment of the defence—the triumphant defence of Judge Bridle-goose, before Trinquamelle in the great cause of the subsidy—assessor Toucheronde. In so doing, we shall enlighten the literature and the politics of our readers—their literature, for unfortunately the times in which the witty author wrote, required a degree of grossness in language which has made Rabelais a sealed book; and therefore a cleanly specimen of his wit, and the amazing fidelity of his translator Sir Thomas Urquhart, (a countryman of our own,) must be acceptable—and their politics, for never was a truer lesson read to any *conciliators*, than in the following chapter. For Lord Wellesley, on account of his conduct in India, his measures in Spain, his early efforts in the cause of Pitt, and above all, on account of his being brother to the GREAT CAPTAIN, we feel every possible respect, but he has failed decisively in Ireland. He went to make peace between parties, and he has blown the old feud into frenzy. After all, it is rather a foolish expectation to hope to put down party feelings in any country—and Ireland is not so peculiarly pacific as to make such a project more probable there than elsewhere. Be that, however, as it may, we agree entirely with Mr. J. N. North, (who really is an honour to our family,) that people are not to be conciliated by force. Therefore, my Lord Wellesley, and Mr Plunkett, read, mark, and inwardly digest the advice of old Peter Dendin—and if you *do* wish to conciliate, take—TIME. Hear the worthy decider of suits.

“How Bridle-goose relateth the History of the Reconcilers of Parties at Variance in Matters of Law.”

“I REMEMBER, to the same purpose,” (quoth Bridle-goose, in continuing his discourses), “that in the time when at Poitiers, I was a student of law under *Crocadium Juris*, there was at Seinerus one Peter Dendin, a very honest man, careful labourer of the ground, fine singer in a church desk, of good repute and credit, and older than the most aged of all your worships; who was wont to say, that he had seen the great good man, the Council of Lateran, with his wide and broad brimmed red hat; as also, that he had beheld and looked upon the fur, goodly, and gracious Lady Pragmatical Sanction, his wife, with her huge rosary or paternostrian chaplet of jett-beads, hanging at a large sky-coloured ribbond. This honest man compounded, atoned, and agreed upon differences, controversies, and variances at law, than had been determined, voided, and finished during his time in the whole Palace of Poitiers, in the auditory of Montmorillon, and in the town-house of the old Partenay. This amicable disposition of his rendered him venerable, and his great estimation, sway, power, and

authority throughout all the neighbouring places of Chavinie, Nouaile, Legugé, Vivonne, Mezeaux, Estables, and other bordering and circumjacent towns, villages, and hamlets; all their debates were pacified by him; he put an end to their brabbling suits at law, and wrangling differences. By his advice and councils were accords and reconcilements no less firmly made, than if the verdict of a sovereign judge had been interposed therein, although, in very deed, he was no judge at all, but a right honest man, as you may well conceive. *Arg. in L. si Unius P. de Jure jur. et de verbis obligator. l. continuus.*

“There was not a hog killed within three parishes of him, whereof he had not some part of the haslet and puddings. He was almost every day invited either to a marriage, banquet, christening-feast, an uprising, or women-claurching treatment, a birth-day’s anniversary solemnity, a merry frolic-gossiping, or otherways to some delicious entertainment in a tavern, to make some accord and agreement between persons at odds, and in debate with one another. Remark what I say, for he

never yet settled and compounded a difference betwixt any two at variance, but he strait made the parties agreed and pacified, to drink together, as a sure and infallible token and symbol of a perfect and completely well-cemented reconciliation, sign of a sound and sincere amity and proper mark of a new joy and gladness to follow thereupon. *Ut Nat. per Doct. F. de Peric. et com. rei. ven. l. 1. v.* He had a son, whose name was *Tenot Daudin*, a lucky, young, sturdy, fish-king royster, so help me God, who likewise, (in imitation of his peace-making father), would have undertaken and meddled with the taking up of Variances, and deciding controversies betwixt disagreeing and contentious parties, pleaders, as you know.

*"Sapientia solit' similis filius esse patris,
Et sequitur laudem filia matris dicit."*

Et aut gloss. qu. quest. 1. C. si quis g. de cursu dist. v. C. 2. fin. et est not. per doct. eod. de impub. et. alius subdit. l. 1. ult. et l. 1. Legittima. F. de stat. hom. gloss. in l. quid si nolit. de edic. edic. l. quibus C. ad leg. Julia Major. et quod filius à Monachi aut scriptis et Monachi. per gloss. in C. impudens 27 questione. And such was his confidence to have no worse success than his father, he assumed unto himself the title of *law strife-witler*. He was likewise in these pacificatory negotiations so active and vigilant; for *Probatibus Jura subrepticis*, et *l. pupillus F. quia in fraud. cred. et dicit. l. non enim et in eo in p. com.*, that when he had smelt, heard, and understood; *ut F. si quando paup. fec. l. 12. et gloss. in verbo officii*, and found, that there was any where in the country a debatable matter at law, he would incontinently thrust in his advice, and so forwardly intrude his opinion in the business, that he made no bones of making offer, and taking upon him to decide it, how difficult soever it might happen to be, to the full contentment and satisfaction of both parties. it is written, *Qui non laborat non manducat.* And the said *Gl. F. de damni infect. l. quamvis*. And *Currere plus que le pas certidam compella egestas.* *Gloss. F. de lib. agnosco. l. si quis pro qua facit. l. si. plures C. de Codd. in col.* But so huge great was his misfortune in this his undertaking, that he never composed any difference, how little soever you may imagine it might have been, but that instead of reconciling the parties at odds, he did incense, irritate, and exasperate them to a higher point of dissension and enmity than ever they were at before. Your worships knows, I doubt not, that,

Sermo datur cunctis, animi sapientia paucis.

"Gl. F. de alien. in mun. eius. fa. lib. ii. This administered unto the tavern-keepers, wine-drawers, and vintners of *Semerua*, an occasion to say, that under him they had not in the space of a whole year so much *reconciliation-wine* (for so were they pleased to call the good wine of *Legugé*), as under his father they had done in one half hour's time. It happened a little while thereafter, that he made a most heavy lamentation to his father, attributing the causes of his bad success in pacificatory enterprizes to the perversity, stubbornness, froward, cross, and backward inclinations of the people of his time, roundly, boldly, and irreverently upbraiding, that it but a score of years before the world had been so wayward, obstinate, perversicious, implacable, and out of all square, hame, and order, as it was then, his father had never attained to, and acquired the honour and title of *Strife-appetiser*, so inrefragably, inviolably, and unvocally as he hath done; in doing whereof *Tenot* did heinously transgress against the law which prohibited children to retrace the actions of their parents, *Per leg. et Bath. l. ut. paragr. si quis F. de cond. ob caus. et autem. de Nupt. sed quod sanction Col. ut.* To this the honest old father answered thus: My son Daudin, when *Don Opoteit* taketh place, this is the course which we must trace, *Gl. C. de Appel. l. eis etiam*; for the road that you went upon was not the way to the *Fuller's Mill*, nor in any part thereof was the form to be found wherein the hare did sit. Thou hast not the skill and dexterity of settling and composing differences. Why? Because thou takest them at the beginning, in the very infancy and bud as it were, when they are green, raw, and indigestible; yet I know handsomely and featly how to compose and settle them all. Why? Because I take them at their decadence, in their waning, and when they are pretty well digested. So saith *Gloss.*

"Ductio est fructus post nulla pericula ductus."

"l. non mortuus C. de contrahend. et comit. sup. Didst thou ever hear the vulgar proverb—*Happy is the physician, whose coming is desired at the declension of a disease?* For the sickness being come to a crisis, is then upon the decreasing hand, and drawing towards an end, although the physician should not repair thither for the cure thereof; whereby, though nature wholly do the work, he bears away the palm and praise thereof. My pleaders (clients), after the same manner thereof, before I did interpose my judgment in

the reconciling of them, were waxing faint in their contestations; their altercation heat was much abated, and in declining from their former strife, they of themselves inclined to a firm accommodation of their differences; because there wanted fuel to that fire of burning, rancour and despicable wrangling, whereof the lower sort of lawyers were the kindlers; that is to say, their purses were emptied of coin; they had not a win in their fab, nor penny in their bag, wherewith to solicit and present their actions.

Deficiente pecunia, deficit omne, nra.

"There wanted then nothing but some brother to supply the place of a paranymp, brawl-broker, proxenete, or mediator, who, acting his part dexterously, should be the first broker of the motion of an agreement, for saving both the one and the other party from that hurtful and pernicious shame, whereof he could not have avoided the imputation, when it should have been said, that he was the first who yielded and spoke of a reconciliation; and that therefore his cause not being good, and being sensible where his shoe did pinch him, was willing to break the ice, and make the greater haste to prepare the way for a condescendment to an amicable and friendly treaty. Then was it that I came in pudding time, (Dandin my son), nor is the fat of bacon more relishing to boiled pease, than was

my verdict then agreeable to them; this was my luck, my profit, and good fortune. I tell thee, my jolly son Dandin, that by this rule and method I could settle a firm peace, or at least clap up a cessation of arms and truce for many years to come, betwixt the Great King and the Venetian State; the Emperor and the Cantons of Switzerland; the English and the Scots; and betwixt the Pope and the Ferrarians. Shall I go yet farther? Yea, as I would have God to help me, betwixt the Turk and the Sophy, the Tartars and the Muscovites. Remark well what I say unto thee—I would take them at that very instant nick of time, when both those of the one and of the other side should be weary and tired of making war—when they had voided and emptied their own cashes and coffers of all treasure and coin—drained and exhausted the purses and bags of their subjects—sold and mortgaged their domains and proper inheritances—and totally wasted, spent, and consumed the munition, furniture, provision, and victuals, that were necessary for the continuance of a military expedition. There I am sure, by God, or by his mother, that would they, would they, in spite of all their teeth, they should be forced to take a little respite and breathing-time, to moderate the fury and cruel rage of their ambitious aims. This is the doctrine in *GL 37. d. c. sequando.*

Odero, si potero; si non, invito amabo."

So far Bridle-goose. If Mr Plunkett had read in the following chapter the story of that worthy Gascon gentleman Gratianault, and like him taken a nap before bringing his late action against the bottle-holders of Dublin, perhaps the lecture, as Doctor Curtis, the Roman Catholic dignitary of Arnagh, phrases it, would have been profitable. And had not the Irish government meddled with the dressing of the statue of King William, which was gradually falling into neglect, they too would have done wiser, but verily it may be said of Lord W. as of Tenot Dandin, "Thou hast not the skill and dexterity of settling and composing differences."

P. S.—The most comical thing connected with these Irish affairs that we remember for some time, is an assertion of a gentleman of the name of Abercrombie in the Honourable House, viz. that some motion of his had made a considerable sensation in Ireland! The motion, by the way, came well from Abercrombie, who is in the service of the Duke of Devonshire; for it went to throw discredit on people for commemorating the accession of King William III. TO WHOM HIS MASTER OF DEVON IS INDEBTED FOR HIS TITLE AND THE PRESERVATION OF HIS ESTATE. Our readers may remember that this is the same person who cut such a figure last year in John Hope's business. But as the Solicitor demolished him, there is no need of our doing him over again.

ON THE SCOTCH CHARACTER—BY A FLUNKY.*

LORD BYRON being a somewhat whimsical nobleman, has lately hired two or three Cockneys as menial servants. They are to do his dirty work, for which they are to receive his cast-off clothes, and, we believe, twenty pounds per annum. They look about after the manner of pimps and purveyors; and as it is according to human nature to feel uppish on preferment, these flunkies occasionally enact high life below stairs, and waltz away with washerwomen and bar-maids, and used-up kept-mistresses. There is no great harm in that, for the kitchen and the servants' hall must be allowed their privileges; and, among a free people, there ought to be no inquisition into the flirtation of the pantry and the coal-cellar. But when the gentlemen of the livery and the shoulder-knot become authors, and deal in National Characteristics, curiosity is excited to know how they spell; and, besides, such interest is felt by every body in all his Lordship's concerns, that it is extended even to the mental qualifications of his body-servants, his gentlemen, and his gentlemen's gentlemen.

"The Scotch," says our valet, "are a body-corporate. They hang together like a swarm of bees. I do not know how it may be among themselves, but with us they are all united as one man." With us! *i. e.* The Cockney is in the service of a Scotch nobleman, and several of the other servants, it would appear, are Scotch, and all hang together like one man, so as to embitter the life of the said Cockney valet. It is a great hardship, and he should, if possible, get a character, and look out for another situation. "A Scotchman gets on in the world because he is not one, but many." In short, he gets on in the world like a swarm of bees. "Begin at the Arctic Circle, and they take Scotland in their way back!" From where? "Should you mention Hampstead or Highgate, they smile at this as a local prejudice, and remind you of the Calton Hill." What else could The Cockney expect, when eternally descanting in the hall upon the mountains of Cockney Land?—It is a local prejudice of our valet's, and good manners ought to have re-

strained him from discussing such invidious topics. "Even Sir Walter Scott, I understand, talks of the Scotch Novels in all companies." This information the Valet had from Lord Fife's butler. But his friend had been taking a glass in the morn-

and was bawling Bill—"The natives of the sister kingdom, in particular, (Ireland,) cut their country like a poor relation, are shy of being seen in one another's company—and try to soften down the brogue into a natural gentility of expression. A Scotchman, on the contrary, &c. &c." Have you forgot, William, ever having been in St Giles's? Irishmen shy of being in each others company! Was you never yourself kicked in an Irish row? Was not your own father an Irish tailor? Did you ever hear him soften down his brogue into a natural gentility of expression? never—never. Did you never see five hundred Irish gentlemen working in one body at the Paddington canal? Here you are a mere ninny, Flunky. Think a moment and you will find it so. "It is enough for a Scotchman to let you know that he speaks the dialect that Wilkie speaks, that he has *sat in company* with the Author of Waverley." Remember that the person you are satirizing thus—namely, the Thane's butler, only stood—never sat—in company with the Great Unknown. Stick to the truth occasionally, however painful.—"There he is *terex et rotundus*." Never quote the Latin lingo again, Bill. This is as bad as calling Mr Southey's hexameters, lambics, which you know you did, Bill, to the great annoyance of Taylor and Hessey, and other classical scholars in their most classical Journal. "I never knew a Scotchman give up an argument but once. It was a very learned man, the editor of an Encyclopedia, *not my friend Mr Macevey Napier*." This is base. How dare you to sneer at the learning of a Macevey? These are indeed Fine Arts of yours to the editor of the Supplement. It seems the argument was about Greek, which the Scotchman gave up. About Greek!

Every one stared," says our valet—

and well they might; "but the great scholar made an obstinate defence, the best his situation allowed of, and yielded in the form and with the honours of war." Was he dead drunk?—"He swears (of course) by the Edinburgh Review, and thinks Blackwood's Magazine not easily put down." Inconsistent dog! "He does not like an idea the worse for its coming to him from a respectable, well-authenticated source." Prodigious! "This may be in part the reason of the blunder they have made in laying so much stress on what they call the Cockney School in Poetry, as if the people in London were proud of that distinction!"—Stop, Flunkey—stop. You are giving yourself the lie. Did not you complain to the public lately, in a preface, that the people of London were so afraid of being thought Cockneys, that not one of them would read a single line of yours, lest he might thereby acquire the name of Cockney? *Proud of the distinction!* Go to bed, Bill; you are non-compos—quite fuddled. "It is not a single blow, but a repetition of blows, that leaves an impression on them." Is a Scotchman, Billy, distinguished by this from any other living thing? Is not your own skull, and would not your own posteriors be sensible of a repetition of blows? You well know they are.—"They make a great gulp, and swallow down a feudal lord, with all the retinue he can muster—the mere the merrier—but of a single unprotected straggler they are shy, jealous, scrupulous in the extreme as to character, inquisitive as to connections, curious in all the particulars of birth, parentage, and education." Why so sore, my Flunkey? Has not Mr Jeffrey given you a written character? You said a little while ago that you did "not know how it was among themselves;" but it seems now that you do know, and that on your coming to Scotland, "an unprotected straggler," you found people "scrupulous in the extreme as to character." No wonder you are irritated; for, like Caesar's wife, you should have been above suspicion. Did they object to your principles or your —

You may trust something to the generosity or magnanimity of an Englishman or an Irishman, but a Scotchman (the exceptions are splendid) uniformly calculates the consequences to

himself." Who were the splendid people who, regardless of all consequences to themselves, unscrupulously associated with the unprotected straggler? "If a word is said against your moral character, they shun you like a plague-spot." Alas! Poor Yorick! The truth will out; and Rousseau himself has not been more candid in his Confessions. "They imbibe a bad opinion of you from others, and conceal the good they hear of you, both from themselves and the world." What good did the people of Scotland ever know of this Cockney that they could conceal it? And what kind of good must that be, that can be so effectually concealed from the world!—"Poor Burns! he called up the ghost of Dr Hornbook; but he did not lay the spirit of cant and lying in the cunning North." Poor Flunkey, then knowest as little of Burns as of any thing else. No ghost of Dr Hornbook did he ever call up—thou knowest not the poem. And as for the cunning North, Burns was dead long before we laid the whip across thy shoulders. There is neither cant nor lying in scoring the back of a Cockney—call up the ghost of Dr Hornbook for a plaister. "Of all blackguards (I use the term for want of any other) a Scotch blackguard is, for this reason, the worst." There is some occasion, certainly, for the Cockney parenthetically apologizing for thus applying his own name to any other person; but that is not his greatest error in this instance. A Scotch blackguard is a disgusting blackguard; but a Cockney blackguard is more so. Flunkey says, "The character of a blackguard sits ill upon a Scotchman for want of use;" but on a Cockney it sits well from constant practice. He has been a blackguard, it is most probable, from his earliest youth; "he gives the world assurance of a blackguard," and humbly as he may think of himself at times, when in fits of despondency, after a debauch or a kicking, and disposed to yield the precedence to a Scotch blackguard, yet, again vivified by a little heavy-wet or blue-ruin, he plucks up wonderfully; and, unlike a Scotchman, who, according to Bill, is not one but many, he is not many but one; that is to say, the one most consummate and most contemptible blackguard in Coc-

aigne, the Pink of Bow, and the Lily of Ludgate,—“Yellow and stink.”

The Valet is in a mistake altogether. The Scotch are not at all the kind of folks which, judging from some of his fellow-menials, in whom he must be unfortunate, he takes them for; on the contrary, they have many good points, and especially, are humane and charitable. Should Lord Byron discharge the valet in question, and the man become helpless and hungry out of place, let him send down a subscription paper to Mr Jeffrey, and we engage, *meo*

periculo, that in a single day, in spite of all these scruples about character, which he so piteously deplores, as much money will be collected as may, in the hands of Sir James Mackintosh, or some other honest person, suffice for the maintenance of the poor devil all his life long; and, when the subscription is filled up, then let us have what is promised us, the conclusion of the Valet's Affair, namely, “—N. B. Defence of the Scotch Character shortly.”

EDINBURGH NUISANCES.

No. I. II. III. IV.

I.

I WISH, when people carry umbrellas, that they would consider that they have no earthly right to ram a sharp-pointed instrument of destruction into your mouth or eye. If the rain falls fast or straight downward, without wind, then the Umbrellaist walks, picking his steps, with his greet eyes upon his great splay-feet, heedless of the sweep of his points poking round in a circle, and dimming the day-lights, or penetrating the potato-traps of the uncanopied liege. If the rain is drifting before a north-easter, then he drops his forehead, shuts his eyes, lays his umbrella at rest, like a knight of romance, and fills at you with the sharp brass ferule, like an absolute Galloway Stot himself. In both cases is he equally unconcerned for your comfort and existence, and enamoured of his own. Now, Mr Editor, I wish to know if a quiet citizen, such as I am, is entitled, by the law of the land, and of human nature, to knock such a beau instantly down, or, if that be too severe, to kick him into the gutter? I should be extremely sorry indeed to have recourse to any energy beyond the law; but if my eye is pricked needlessly with a sharp instrument, such as the point of an umbrella, may I not give the retort courteous, or the quip modest, by applying that blunter instrument, the human foot, to a less sensitive part of his body, namely, the posteriors? Surely—surely I may—and I beg your pardon for asking the question. I therefore hereby give notice, that I will henceforth instantly

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knock down, or kick into the kennel, the first person of the male sex, who wantonly attack me with his umbrella, in any of the manners aforesaid—no, who am as good a subject as himself, and as regular an attendant on divine worship.

II.

The porters, caddies, chair-men, and coal-bearers of Edinburgh, are an indispensable evil, and must, I presume, be tolerated. But, pray, is it consistent with the rules of the civilized world, that a crew of caddies, to the amount of perhaps a dozen, shall all stand in a body on the pavement, at the corner of every street, and intercept, by their most filthy bodies, the progress of his Majesty's lieges on their lawful or unlawful business? These lazy, lounging, raw-boned, snuff-stinking Celts, block up the corner of every street in the New-Town, and not a lady even can pass, without being jostled with the fetid and fummy abominations of Badnoch and Lochaber. The beasts stand as if tied by the neck to the stall, or lounge back and forward like swine in a sty—and to escape their bristles and their black-guardism, it is necessary to leave the pavement, cross the kennel, and encounter the street. Now, this is not at all times easy. Perhaps a gas-pipe has been laid bare—so the fair young lady must jump over or into a ditch, or submit to be jostled, jumbled, elbowed, pawed, and pushed by a dozen of the most atrocious Macs that ever chewed tobacco. The Celtic Society thus occupies the corner of every street

2 Y +

—and the question is, may a lady or gentleman kick them, too, into the gutter, or knock down a few, occasionally, as a hint to the rest to look to their hinder-ends?

III.

Expectoration is a benign contrivance of Nature; but ought the modern Athenians, when walking along the streets of their metropolis, to spit in a high wind? Suppose that a large dose does, by a sudden shift of the gale, miss your "gay deceivers," and come slap bang against your watch-ribbon; or suppose, forgetting your own misadventures, you see a well-employed advocate, (which I saw yesterday) of an hundred and fifty pounds annual income, toss an ounce of spittle into the face of a female. Confound the slaving sons of Athens, say I—certainly a right-handed facer would, in such cases, be well applied. No man has a right to expectorate publicly in a high wind; or, if he chooses to exercise that right, let it be understood generally that he admits, to its utmost extent, a corresponding right in any person who feels himself a spittle-dash, to level the assailant with the causeway, or, if time and place will allow, to trundle him down the Mound, into the bed of the Nor-Loch.

IV.

The ex-President, Secretary, and some of the quondam Orators of the British Forum, have, within these two or three years back, become old-clothes-men, and infest the streets, determined on purchasing your wardrobe. In London, all such monsters are Jews; and it was one of them that Mr Leigh Richmond converted to Christianity a while ago. Here they seem mongrels—Anglo-Scoto-Iibernico-

Celts. Their faces are of a very singular hue, like a dull, dead, ochre wall, damp-stained, and streaked with exploding small-beer—they fasten upon you a couple of peering eyes, oblique in cowardly cunning—and with a mixture of halting hesitation and bouncing impudence, come close up to your very ear, and whisper into it the most hideous proposals of parting with coats that have clung to you from time immemorial, and breeches you have worn for unnumbered years. Seldom does one of these ex-members of the British Forum come within a yard of you, but an immense flea seizes the opportunity of escaping from the loathsome hound, and fixing his headquarters within the main-body of his opponent; nay, haply, sometimes when the wretch lifts his arm to his nasty hat, which he had stolen from the poor's-house, to cajole you into the sin of selling your small-clothes, he shakes off a still more leathsome vermin upon the ruffle of your shirt, or deposits them within the radiance of your diamond breast-pin. Now, I ask, Mr Editor, is this legal? Are we to be exposed to such vermin on the streets of this city? Or ought not the officers of police to seize these scoundrels by the collar, and transmit them to the treadmill? If their profession is a lawful one, give them a licence to infest gentlemen wherever they meet them—if it is not, let them go through the positions, and learn the steps of the most useful dance ever yet invented for vagabonds; or if this be troublesome, then grant a liberty of fist and foot to every gentleman whom the filthy miscreants accost, and let them get the gutter or the ground.

P. R.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. VII.

ΞΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEHIBBING PEOPLE,
" NOT TO LET THE HUG FACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
" BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING FILLER TUPPLE."*
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.*]

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

SEDFRONT—CHRISTOPHER NORTH, Esq. Chairman ; TIMOTHY TICKLER, Esq. Croupier ; MORGAN ODOHERTY, Esq., JAMES HOGG, Esq. &c. &c.

SCENE—*The Blue-Room—the Table crowded with Bottles, Pitchers, Devils, Books, Pamphlets, &c. .*

TIME—*One in the Morning.*

HOGG (*prologuitor*)

It's just needless for you to deny 't, mon ; it was a real bad Number. An hinna my ain bit paper on Captain Napier, there was naething' worth speaking o' ? What ware ye a' about ?

ODOHERTY.

I was in quod—hang it, they say John Bunyan and Sir Walter Raleigh wrote books there, but my spirits always sink.

HOGG.

And wha brought ye out ?

TICKLER.

Poo ! poo ! he took the benefit of the *cessio* as usual.

NORTH.

I'm sure if he would but exert himself, he need never be in any such scrapes—but I'm weary of speak'ng. Confound——

HOGG (*aside to the Adjutant.*)

Never heed—he'll mind you in his wull for a' that—his bark was aye waur than his bite.

ODOHERTY.

N'importe ! Here I am once more. I'll be cursed if I don't marry a dowager ere the next month is over. How well it will look—"At her Ladyship's house, by special licence, Morgan Odoherly, Esq. to Lady——!"

TICKLER.

"Do or die," is the word with you, it would appear.—Well, you had better get a Highland garb without delay. Nothing to be done *sans* kilt now, sir. Even "legs and impudence" won't go down unless *in parits*.

ODOHERTY.

Did you see Hogg the day of the Celtic cattle-show ? I am told he looked nobly.

TICKLER.

Yes, indeed. Hogg makes a very fine savage. He was all over in a bristle with dirk, claymore, eagle's feather, tooth, whisker, pistol and powder-horn. His ears were erect, his eye-brow indignant, his hands were hairy, his huddies were horrible, his tread was terrific. I met him even where our merchants most do congregate, at the Cross, and truly he had the crown of the causeway all to himself.

ODOHERTY.

Had you your tail on, Clanhogg?

HOGG.

Ye ill-tongued dyvour!—But what's the use of argufying wi' the like o' you?—(*Sings.*)

Knees an' elbows, and a',
 Elbows an' knees, and a';
 Here's to Donald Macdonald,
 Stanes an' bullets, an' a'!

NORTH.

Ay, ay, Jemmy, that's the way to take it—But I'm sorry you thought it a bad Number. I should have supposed that its containing a touch of your own would have been enough to save it with you, at least, and the rest of the Ettrick lads.

TICKLER.

You deceive yourself, editor.

NORTH.

Nay, Tickler, I know what you mean. Upon my word, I shall insert that thing of yours very soon—don't be so very impatient.

TICKLER.

What, you old quizz! do you suppose I was angry at your omitting my little production? You may kick it behind the fire for what I care, I assure you of that, sir.

NORTH.

Not so fast, Timotheus; but what was your chief objection?

TICKLER.

That shocking, that atrocious lie, about Brodie—or rather, I should say, that bundle of lies.

ODOHERTY.

I wrote it. 'Ware candlesticks.

HOGG.

Haul your haund there. Hoot, hoot, sirs; the present company are always excepted, ye ken.

ONNLS.

Agreed! Agreed!

TICKLER.

I disdain all personality, but that paragraph was full of shocking mis-statements. The fact is, I saw Brodie hanged, and he had no silver tube in his windpipe, and no flowered waistcoat on. It is true that he sent for a doctor to ask if there was any probability of escaping with life, but Degrauers told him at once, sir, that he would be "as dead as Julius Cæsar;" these were the words. But Brodie would hold his own opinion; and nobody e'er threw down the pocket handkerchief more assured of resuscitation. Poor devil! he just spun round a few times, and then hung as quiet as you please, wi' his pig-tail looking up to heaven.

ODOHERTY.

Alas! poor Brodie!—To tell you the truth, I wished to hum D'Israeli a little.

NORTH.

Pleasant, but wrong! For shame upon all humming!

ODOHERTY.

Farewell!—a long farewell to all our Noctes!

HOGG.

Ye mak mair truuppetting about a collector chiel, like D'Israeli, than mony a man of original genius and invention. Ye've never reviewed my "Three Perils of Man" yet.

NORTH.

The more shame to me, I confess; but wait till the "Three Perils of Woman" appear, and then we'll marry them together in one immortal article.

ODOHERTY.

What, then, are "The Three Perils of Woman?" I think, "The Three

Perils of Man" were, according to our kilted classic, "Women, War, and Witchcraft."

HOGG.

Ay ware they—but faith, guess for yoursell, my cock. I ance tald ane of you the name of a book I was on, and ye had ane wi' the same name out or I had won to my second volume.

NORTH.

Horrid usage for a man of original genius and invention. But, let's see—I think you should make them, "Man, Malmsey, and Methodism."

MR TICKLER.

Or, what say ye to "Ribbons, Rakes, and Ratafie?"

NORTH.

"Flattery, Flirting, and Philabegs?" Three F's, Hogg.

HOGG.

Weel, I thought of some o' thae very aces. I thought of "Kirms, Kinkings, and Christenings," too; and than I thought of "Dreams, Drams, and Dragons"—but I fixed at last on three I's.

ODOHERTY.

"Legs, Lace, and Lies?"

HOGG.

Na, na, you're a' out. "Love, Learning, and Laziness."

ODOHERTY.

O, most lame and impotent conclusion!—But, no doubt, you'll make it rich enough in the details. Your "Love" will no doubt end in the cutty-stool; your "Learning," in Constable's Magazine; and your "Laziness," in Black Stockings. Thus we shall have an imposing and instructive view of life and society.

HOGG.

If ye say another word, I'll dedicate the buik to you, Captain.

ODOHERTY.

Do. I always repay a dedication with a puff.

HOGG.

Yon D'Israeli chap dedicated to you, I'se warrant?

ODOHERTY.

In writing the tale of "Learning," (for, if I understand you rightly, there are to be three separate tales,) I beg of you to imitate, above all other novel writers, my illustrious friend, the Viscount D'Arlinecourt.

HOGG.

Arlinecoor, say ye? Wait till I get out my kielevine pen. Od! I never heard tell o' him afore.

ODOHERTY.

For shame! "Not to know him."—(*Shakespeare.*)—In a word, however, my worthy friend, he is the greatest genius of the age. If you doubt what I say, I refer you to Sir Richard Phillips. I think I see him lying there beside the head of North's crutch.

NORTH. (*Handing the Old Monthly to the Ensign.*)

There is the production.

ODOHERTY.

Ay, and here's the puff. "This is the work of a man of genius, and the translation has fallen into very competent hands." Need I read any more of Sir Pythagoras?

HOGG.

Oh, no. But what is't ye wad have me particularly to keep an ee upon? Troth, I wad be nane the waur of a hint or twa to help me on with the sklate.

ODOHERTY.

'Tis more especially in the tale "Learning," that I'venture to solicit your attention to my noble friend's works. He is the most learned novelist of our era. Follow him, and you will please Macvey himself.

HOGG.

Weel, let's hear a wee bit screed-o' him. I daresay Mr North will hae him yonder amang the lave, beside his stult. Sauf us! the very table's groaning wi' sae mony new authors.

NORTH.

You may say so, truly; and I groan as well as my table. Here's "The Renegade," however. Will that do, Odoherty?

ODOHERTY.

Yes, yes—any of them will do. You see, Hogg, the noble author plunges us at once into the deepest interest of his tale. An invading army of Saracens carries ruin and horror into the hills of the Cevennes. A Princess, the heroine of the book, is driven from her paternal halls—she flies with her vassals—the black flag of Agobar floats awful on the breeze—all alarm, terror, dismay, desolation—

HOGG.

That's real good. I'll begin my "Laziness," wi an invasion too.

ODOHERTY.

Certainly—and now attend to this illustrious author's style, for it is that I wish you to copy, my dear Hogg. Hear this passage, and thirst for geology. You understand that the description refers to a moment of the deepest and the most overwhelming emotion—our Princess is in full flight, the hall of her ancestors blazing behind her—

"While the Princess, borne on her gentle palfrey, abandoned herself to these sad thoughts, Lutevia, at a turn of the rock, again presented itself to her view. Lighted torches were seen to glance here and there upon the platforms of the castle. These moving lights, the signal of some new event, announced a tumultuous agitation among the soldiery. The fatal bell again was heard. Ezilda could doubt no longer that the Saracens had attacked the fortress. She immediately struck into the depths of the mountains. The bright stars directed her march, as she pursued an unfrequented road across untrod rocks, and by the edges of precipices. At every step, Nature presented inexplicable horrors, produced by the various revolutions which had acted upon this region. In one place were seen streams of basaltic lava, thick beds of red ponzolanum, calcareous spurs, and gilded pyrites, thrown out by the numerous volcanoes. In another, strange contrast! the ravages of water had succeeded to those of fire; transparent petrifications, marine shells, somnolent congelations, sparkling scoria, and crystallized prisms, were mixed accidentally with the confused works of different regions. A crater had become a lake; an ancient bed of flames, a cascade; the waves of the ocean had driven back the blazing volcanoes, had placed the peaks of mountains where their bases had been, and had rolled *pêle-mêle*; *colites and silices, cinders and crystals, staurolites and tripoli*!!! From a reversed cone covered with snow, and which contained freezing springs, boiling waters spouted. In the dark ages, it would have seemed that the two terrific geni of devastation, fire and flood, had contended; and as the mysteries of Providence put to fault the reason of the philosopher, these mysteries of nature embarrassed all the systems of the learned.

"The heavens were covered with clouds, a small rain had begun to fall, and each step had become more perilous; the narrow road cut in the rock seemed to offer only a succession of precipices.

"After some hours' journey, the Princess approached a torrent, whose waters thundered between a double colonnade of basaltic pillars. At the bottom of a glen, which seemed almost inaccessible, the road enlarged. Upon a barren flat, surrounded by pointed rocks, and enormous calcareous stones, the virgin of Lutevia perceived a sort of wild camp, lighted by scattered fires. Terror was a stranger to her soul, and believing that she was covered by the buckler of the Lord, and that her path through life was to be marked by frightful events, Ezilda was resigned to her stormy destiny!!!"

HOGG.

Oh man, that's awfu' grand—thae lang words gie siccan an air to the delination. I daresay some o' thae bonny words would suit vera weel in my "Learning." Will you lend me the buik, Mr North?

NORTH.

Say no more. The volumes are thine own.

HOGG.

Thank ye kindly, sir. Od, I'll gut this chiel or lang be. I wonder what Gray will think of me? But I'll easily ban him, noo he's ower the water.

ODOHERTY.

Ay, here's another prime morceau. 'Tis the description, you are to suppose, of a grotto where a love adventure goes on.

This celebrated grotto was sunk in the base of a mis-shapen and rugged rock. Its peak had been a volcano; its arid summit, scorched by its eruptions, covered with black.

lava, green schorl, metallic molliculi, with calcined and vitrified substances, bore in every part the destructive marks of fire; while the sunken earth, the schistous stones, the beds of mud, the irregular mixture of volcanic with marine productions, and the regular piles of basaltic prisms, were evidences of the operation of contending elements."

HOGG.

"Evidences of the operations of contending elements!" It's perfectly sublime. It dings Kilmeny—na, it clean dings her!

NORTH.

Nil desperandum! Spout us a bit more, Odoherthy.

HOGG.

Speak weel out, Captain—gie yourself breath.

ODOHERTY.

Read yourself, Hogg—there's a fine place.

HOGG.

Na, wha ever saw the like o't—Ze-ze-ze-oleet—Montlos—Girand—Salaberry—berry. Ay, it's just Salaberry. Od, this is worse than the Eleventh of Nchemiah.

ODOHERTY.

Poo! You're at the notes. Let me see the book again. Did you ever describe a handsome fellow, Hogg? Well, hear how this virgin Princess here describes one she saw sleeping in his own bed-room, to which she had penetrated. "His chest," says she—"his chest half-bared, white as the marble of Paros, was like that of the athletic Crotona. As *nigorous* as the Conqueror of the Minotaur, as *colossal* as the Grecian Ajax, as beautiful as the Antinous of the Romans——"

NORTH.

Stop, stop: fold up the bed-clothes again, if you please. Upon my word, this is worse than Sophy Western and Mrs Honour about Tom Jones's broken arm.

HOGG.

My gudeness! This is just the book I wanted.—Od, I'll come braw speed noo.

ODOHERTY.

To be sure you will. But a man of your stamp should not follow with any servile imitation. No—Admire D'Arlinecourt, but cease not to be Hogg!

HOGG.

De'il a fears o' me!

ODOHERTY.

If your heroine is to be woo'd about St Leonards, be sure you turn up Pinkerton, or Jamieson, and tip us the Latin or German names of all the different strata in that quarter. It will have a fine, and, in Scotland at least, a novel effect. If she climb Arthur's Seat, tell us how the thermometer stood when she was kissed at the top. If there is a shower on her wedding-night, take a note of the cubic inches that fell. If her petticoat be stained with green, tip us the Linnean description of the grass. And if you are afraid of going wrong in your science, Mr Leslie will perhaps look over the MS. for you.

HOGG.

I'll send him a copy of the second edition; but I'll let nae Professors look at my manuscripts. Od! I mind ower weel what cam o' my *Waterloo*.

NORTH.

Your *Waterloo*!—God bless me. Did you help Mr Simpson, then?

HOGG.

Ye're a' to seek. It wasna Jamie Simpson's book I had aught to do wi', (although it was a very bonny bit bookie, too.) It was a *Waterloo* o' mine ain, a poem I had written, and I sent it in to Grieve; and a wheen o' them had a dinner at Bill Young's, to read it ower, forsooth. And od!—heard you ever the like o' sic tinkler loons?—they brunt it bodily, and sent me a round-robin that it was havers—mere havers.

ODOHERTY.

Paltry, envious souls! Insensate jealousy! Despicable spleen!

NORTH.
 Κωραὶς ὡς
 Ἀκράντα γαγγυμιν
 Δίος πρὸς ὀρνίθα θεῖον.
 HOGG.

Eh!—

NORTH.

Græcum est.

HOGG.

What's your will?

ODOHERTY. (*Sings, accompanying himself on the trombone.*)

I.
 Greek and Latin
 Will come pat in
 Our Chaldean Shepherd's page.
 With geology,
 And petrology,
 Sans apology,
 He, he alone is born to cram our age. (*bis.*)

II.
 'Tis He will tickle ye
 With Molliculi,
 Pouzzolanum, Schorl, and Schist;
 'Tis he will bristle,
 With cone and crystal,
 His shepherd's whistle
 Is now, in loathing and high scorn, dismist. (*bis.*)

III.
 Show your glory
 In shells and scoræ!
 Pour your lava, drop your spar!—
 With Stalactites,
 And Pyrites,
 And Zeolites,
 Hogg now will make thee stare, prodigious Parr! (*bis.*)

IV.
 When he prints it out,
 The French Institute
 Will enrol one Scotchman more;—
 How we'll caper,
 When Supplement Napier,
 For a physical paper,
 Bows low, nor bows in vain, by Altrive's shore! (*bis.*)

V.
 Grasp your slate, sir,
 Scratch your pate, sir,
 You must speak—the world is dumb!
 Logic, Rhet'rick,
 Chemic, Metrie,
 Fresh from Ettrick,
 With glorious roar, and deaf'ning deluge come! (*bis.*)

HOGG (*much affected.*)

Gie me your hand, Captain.—Oh, dear! Oh, dear me!

NORTH.

Enough of this, boys.—What new book have you been reading, Tickler?

TICKLER.

From Hogg to Foscolo the transition is easy. I have been much gratified with the Essays on Petrarch.

Fudgiolo's new affair ?

ODOHERTY.

TICKLER.

He must now drop that title. 'Tis really a very elegant volume, full of facts, full of fancy, full of feeling,—a very delightful book, certainly.

NORTH.

I glanced over it. There seemed to be a cursed deal of Balaam, in the shape of Appendixes, and so forth.

TICKLER.

True enough—But there's sail enough to do even with that quantity of bal-last.

NORTH.

Have you seen a little volume about the Spanish affair, by one Pecchio, a Carbonaro Count from Italy ?

TICKLER.

Not I, faith ; nor never will.

NORTH.

No, no, 'tis not worth your seeing.—It is full of Blaquiére. Edward Blaquiére, Esq. writes the preface, and puffs his excellency Count Pecchio, and Count Pecchio repays Edward Blaquiére, Esq. in the body of the book. It contains, however, and that's what brought it to my recollection just now, some most eulogistic pages about Ugo Foscolo. Here is the book, however. Read for yourself.—(*Handling Pecchio.*)

TICKLER (*as musing.*)

Ay, my Jacopo Ortis ! and so this is the way you go on, (*reads*) " His cottage is isolated, but well furnished. A canal is near it, that look's like the troubled Lethe. One might take our friend's abode for a hermitage, were it not for the TWO PRETTY CHAMPERMAIDS that one observes moving about the precincts." —Two !—Yes, by Jupiter, 'tis so in the bond. Two ! O, ye Gods !

HOGG.

Two hizzies !—Less might serve him, I fancy.

ODOHERTY.

Two ! Pretty well for the latitude of the Regent's Park.

TICKLER.

Well done, Mr Last Words ! But these are your Zante tricks.—" The isles of Greece ! the isles of Greece !"

NORTH.

Pooh, pooh ! Timothy, you're daft. I confess I regret that he should have been called Fudgiolo—for a man never finds it easy to lose a nick-name.

ODOHERTY.

Of my making.

NORTH.

Sorrow on your impudence !—You have cost many a worthy body a sore heart in your time, with your nicknames.

ODOHERTY.

True, O King !—O King, live for ever !

HOGG.

That's just what I ay thought. If Mr North could get his ain gait, there would not be a better-natured book in a' the world—it's just that lang-legged Adjutant that pits the deevilries intill't.

ODOHERTY.

Hioicks ! Hioicks !—but, after all, isn't it odd that Reviews, &c., and all their wit, and all their malice, and all their hypocritical puffing, are not able to produce the smallest effect, good or bad, upon the permanent reputation of any writer. I confess I wonder that this should be the case.

NORTH.

I confess I should wonder if it were the case.

ODOHERTY.

Aha ! by this craft he hath his living !—but be honest for once, Kit North, and tell me the name of that author that has been permanently raised, or permanently depressed, beyond his merits by our periodicals ?

NORTH.

Permanently is a queer word—You think to get out by that loophole.

ODOHERTY.

Why, do but think of things as they are. Does Wordsworth stand a whit the lower, for having been a general laughing-stock during twenty long years? —Or does Jeffrey stand a whit the higher, for having been puffed during a period of about equal extent?

NORTH.

It was I that brought up the one, and put down the other of them.

ODOHERTY.

Huzza! A trumpeter wanted here! Why, big fellow as you think yourself, they would just have been where they are by this time, although you had staid in Barbadoes till this moment.

HOGG.

Barbaudoes! Was North in Barbadoes?

ODOHERTY.

Yes, this man who now rules, and with no light rod, the empire of European literature, consumed many years of his life among the sugar plantations of the other hemisphere. He has been a Jack of all trades in his day.

NORTH.

Wait, man, he'll see it all in my autobiography—which, if so please the fates, shall see the light.

"Ere twelve times more yon star hath fill'd her horn."

HOGG.

Meaning me?—Od, I'll no be lang about twal tumblers, if that's a' the matter.

ODOHERTY.

Ha! ha! honest Jemmy!—But, to be serious, old boy, who then is the man that hath been elevated?—who is he that hath in this sort been depressed?

NORTH.

Why, as I said before, you will creep out upon your "*permanently*."

ODOHERTY.

And you may say that. The fact of the matter, or, *ut cum Josepho loquar*, "the tottle of the whole," is, that all the criticism that has been written since the Flood, might just as well have remained in non-existence. For example, does any one really dream that there slumbers at this moment, on the shelves of the British Museum, any real fellow whose works are not known, and deserve to be known? His my friend D'Israeli, or any of that tribe, ever been able to ferret out a long concealed author of *genius*?—No, no. Depend on't, my dear, there's no Swift, nor Pope, nor Gibbon, nor Smollett, nor Milton, nor Warburton, nor Dryden, nor anybody really worth being up to, but what all the world is up to.—The critical bowstring has been justly applied, or baffled—there is no third to these two ways of it.

TICKLER.

I side with the Adjutant. And the longer things go on, there will be but the more need for plying the cord tightly. No age ever possessed, nor does ours, for what I see, more than a very few great ones; and to smother the small ones is but doing justice to these and to the public.

ODOHERTY.

Well said, Timothy.—If one looks round among our periodicals, there is scarcely one of them that is not labouring away to hoist up some heavy bottom. The Quarterly and the British Critic tell us that Milman is a mighty poet. The New Monthly Magazine, and five or six inferior books, keep up a perpetual blast about Barry Cornwall—Waugh winds his sultry horn for the glory of Mrs Hemans—Taylor and Hessey pound the public with Barton and Allan Cunningham.

NORTH.

Well, and what do ye make of all this? Is it not true, that Mr Milman is a very elegant and accomplished man, and that he deserves to be lauded for his fine verses? Is it not true that Barry Cornwall's dramatic scenes formed a delightful little book? and ought they to be quite forgotten, merely, because he has written three or four confounded trashy ones since? Is it not true that

Mrs Hemans is a woman of pretty feeling, and writes sweetly?—Is it not true that Bernard Barton and Allan Cunningham are both of them deserving of commendation?

NOGG.

Hear! hear!

ODONIKY.

The question is not whether these people deserve some praise, but whether they deserve the highest praise—for that is what they get in the quarters I have indicated. And just to bring you up with the curb, my dear, do you really suppose that any of these names will exist *anno* eighteen hundred and forty-three?

NOGG.

The Forty-Three's a long look--oh, no! we may as well be under the moulds by that time.

ODONIKY, (*dejectedly*.)

The wicked shall cease from troubling—

NOGG, (*ditto*.)

And their works shall follow them—

ODONIKY.

Come, come! what's the fun of all this? (*Sings*.)

Time and we should swiftly pass,
He the horn-glass, we the glass—
Drink! you beam which shines so bright
Soon will sink in endless night

Chorus, now, Chorus—

Ever sink, boys, ere ye sink

Drink it dim, boys! drink, crunk, drink!

Drink, before it be too late—
Snatch the hour you may from fate,
Here alone true wisdom lies,
To be merry's to be wise—

Ever sink, boys, ere ye sink—

Drink ye blind, boys! drink, drink, drink!

(*Each up pause.*)

ODONIKY.

'Odoherry, 'Odoherry! I say you are an absolute bar to business. Which of you will give me an article on the last Number of the Quarterly Review?

NOGG.

I write in 'The Quarterly myself now and then, say, if you please, I would rather it fell to the Captain's hand.

ODONIKY.

Well, I like that notion—as if I had not written in every periodical under the sun, and would not do so if I pleased to-morrow again. Why, open your grey gleamers, you Pigs—you should not be quite so obtuse at this time of day, I think—

NOGG.

Whatna warks do you really contribute till, Captain?

ODONIKY.

I write politics in the Quarterly—Belles Lettres sometimes for the Edinburgh; ditto, for the Monthly Review, (particularly the Supplemental Numbers about foreign books.) Divinity for the British Critic—these are pretty regular jobs—but I also favour now and then Colbourn, Constable, Waugh, &c. in their Magazines. In point of fact, I write for this or that periodical, according to the state of my stomach or spirits, (which is the same thing,) when I sit down. Am I flat—I tip my Grandmother a bit of prose. Am I dummed into sourness—I cut up some deuced fellow for the Quarterly. Am I yellow about the hops—Do I sport what Crabbe calls

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“The cool contemptuous smile
Of clever persons overcharged with bile;”

Why, then, there's nothing for it but stirring up the fire, drawing a cork, and Ebonizing—*ainsi va le monde!*

NORTH.

So, Principle, Mr Odohertry, is entirely to be laid out of view?

ODOHERTRY.

Not at all, not for the Bank of England, my dear fellow. But what has Principle to do here? Why, don't we all know that little Cruikshanks did the caricatures of the King for Hone, and those of the Queen for the other party, and who thought the less either of him or his caricatures? Are a man's five fingers not his own property?

NORTH.

Dans sa pèze mourra le Requinard. So you seriously think yourself entitled to play Whig the one day and Tory the next.

ODOHERTRY.

“Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur”—

NORTH.

You talk *en Suisse*.

ODOHERTRY.

Ay, and as you know to your cost, old boy, *Pont d'argent, pont de Suisse!*

HOGG.

I dinna follow you vera weel, but I'm feared you're making a very shameful story of yourself, Captain Odohertry.

NORTH, (*aside to Hogg*.)

My dear Corydon—he's only bantering us, I believe.

HOGG.

Oh! the neerdoxed! to ban Mr North! this beats a'!

ODOHERTRY.

“This beats York races, Doncaster fair, and Judges come down to hang folks.”—

NORTH.

Enough! enough!—But once more to business, my friends; what say you as to the Quarterly?

TICKLER.

'Tis certainly a first-rate Number; the best they have had these three or four years: but I don't see why *you* should have an article upon it.

NORTH.

I do see it, though. Sir, the Quarterly has done itself immortal honour by that paper “On the Opposition.” I should willingly give something to know who wrote it.

TICKLER.

Why, 'tis well argued and well written: but after all, your own work had said the same things before, and perhaps as well.

NORTH.

No, indeed, sir. We had uttered the same sentiments and opinions: but neither so wisely nor so well: the clear, quiet, masterly exposure in that paper has not often been rivalled. We have had few things so good since Burke's pamphlets. Once more, I would like to know the author's name.

HOGG.

Can it be Mr Canning?

NORTH.

No, no; it has neither his rhetoric nor his oratory: nor has it the air of being written by so old or so high a statesman as Canning.

TICKLER.

Croker?

NORTH.

Out again. It wants his rapidity and his *vivida vis*. Compare it with the *Thoughts on Ireland*. They, to be sure, were written when he was very young, and the style has the faults of youth, inexperience, and over imitation of Tacitus; but still one may see the pace of the man's mind there; and a very fine piece it is.

O'DOHERTY.

I do not think it can be Gifford's own handywork.

NORTH.

I would not swear that. It has much of the masculine determined energy of Gifford's mind; and if it has none of the bad jokes that used to figure in his diatribes, for bitter had some of them were; why, such a man may very well be supposed to have discovered his own weak point, by this time. Of late, more's the pity, his pen has not been very familiar to us, even in the Review.

TICKLER.

It will be a great loss to literature when he comes from his Review. I wonder who is to succeed him.

NORTH.

I wish, with all my heart, he had a successor worthy of himself: a man inspired, like him, in spite of all his defects, with a true and deep reverence for the old spirit of English loyalty and English religion; and, what will be even more difficult to match, imbued with a thorough knowledge of the old and genuine classics of our literature. I fear no young man will do; and I know of no old one likely to buckle to such a labour. Murray should look twice ere he leap; but perhaps Gifford himself may stand it out longer than seems to be generally expected.

TICKLER.

I hope so. After all, the Tories might find it almost as difficult to replace him, as the Whigs would find it to replace our friend Jeffrey.

NORTH.

Just so. The truth is, that both Gifford and Jeffrey have done many wrong things—the latter many hundreds, perhaps; but take them all in all, they are scholars and gentle men, and literature must number them among the *bona fides* of her republic. Compare them with the fry they have so long kept in the shade.

HOGG (*testily*).

Neither the fane nor the fether has said a word about "The Three Perils."

O'DOHERTY.

Come, that's slabby, however. But cheer up; I will do you in both, ere three months be over, on my name's not Morgan.

NORTH.

Good keep us! Does an old slager like the shepherd feel sore upon such points as these? I profess I had no notion of it, or I should have buttered you with the thumb long ago myself!

HOGG.

Praise is praise, an it be but frae a butcher's ealland.

NORTH.

Elegant, Hegg! How you would squeal if I put the knife in your side! No joke on me, my *formose pater*.

HOGG.

Dinna gloom that gait. O! I was na meaning ony offence—

TICKLER.

Kiss and be friends. But, North, don't you wonder at the Quarterly's taking no notice of the Spanish affairs? I confess I expected a paper on that subject, full of real information; which, indeed, we need not look for in any other quarter.

NORTH.

Wait a little. I suppose it will keep cool for a little, like that dishing of O'Meara.

O'DOHERTY.

I give up my brother bog-trotter. He is indeed dished.

TICKLER.

Ay, and yet I am not sure whether it be not Cobbet that has given him the *coup-de-grace*.—Did you see the Statesman's article? No?—Well, then, Cobbet just says the truth smack out. O'Meara may bother away with paragraphs till Doomsday.—He is a gone man, until he denies the letters printed in the Quarterly.

NORTH.

"Elegant O'Meara," indeed!—But if it be true that he's turned out of the menagerie, I suppose no more need be said of him. I'll tell you what is my opinion.—The puff on that fellow in the last Edinburgh Review must now be making my friend Jeffrey feel as sore as Dr Phillpotts' letter itself.—Oh! sir, these are the sort of rubs that make a man bite the blood out of his nails.—Phillpotts' calm, dignified, unanswerable smashing has done them more harm than any thing they had met with these many days, and then on the back of that comes this vile *exposee*.

ODOHERTY.

My private opinion is, that O'Meara's book was got up in a great measure as a puff on the Edinburgh Review. The art of puffing has made great progress of late. Devil a book comes out without some dirty buttering in it, either of you, North, or the Edinburgh, or the Quarterly, or of some other periodical the Author wants to conciliate. Witness D'Israeli buttering Gifford.—Lord John Russel buttering Tom Campbell.—O'Meara buttering John Allen;—and last, not least, Billy Hazlitt buttering you in the Liberal.

NORTH.

Call you that buttering your friends? A shame on such butter!

ODOHERTY.

What would you have?—The boys can't write three pages without mentioning you. If that is not butter enough for you, you must be ill to please.

HOGG.

The Captain's in the right. An author's eye commended when he's kept before the public. That's what gars me put up with the jokes of some of your childs.

ODOHERTY.

Ditto.—But the fact is, that the Cockneys are mad—they can tell a hawk from a handsaw on other occasions; but whenever the wind is *North*, due *North*, 'tis all up with them—out it comes, the absolute slaver of insanity. You have much to answer for. We shall hear of some tragedy among them one of these days.

NORTH.

Any thing but another *Mirandol*—say I.

HOGG.

Hoot, hoot, ye're ower severe now, Mr North. The poor lads had aye enough to do to gar the twa ends meet, and now ye've rooked them clean out. If they were stork, braid-backed childs like the Captain and me, it wad be less matter, they could yoke to some other thing; but thae puir whitefaced tea-drinking billies, what's to come o' them?—I'm wae when I think o't.

TICKLER.

The parishes of Wapping and Clerkenwell have good actions against North—he must have raised their poor-rates confoundedly.

ODOHERTY.

Oh, dear!—Slops won't come to so much.—I would contract to corn and water them at sixpence a-head *per dem*.

HOGG.

Wull ye put me in the schedule?—Here's my thumb!

ODOHERTY.

You, you monster, you Cyclops, you Polyphenus! why, you would swallow porridge enough to ruin me in a fortnight: but if you'll part with three grinders to the Odontist's museum, I may give you, as Mrs Walkinshaw says, another interlocutor of the Lord Ordinary.

NORTH.

Come, come, Hogg, take your revenge in your novel.—I have seen some of the proof sheets, and I assure you I think it will take to a hair. Indeed, my dear fellow, you cannot, if you would, launch any thing that will not have talent enough to swim it out. For my part, I liked the *Perils of Man* extremely well—rough, coarse pieces, no doubt—but, on the whole, a free rapid narrative, some eminently picturesque descriptions, a great deal of good blunt humour, and one or two scenes, which I wonder the play-wrights have not laid paw upon long ere now. Indeed, I think the Devil, the eating Ploughman, the two Princesses, &c. &c. would all do capitally on the stage. You

should send a copy to Terry or Murray. Murray, by the way, deserves much credit for his dramatization of Nigel.

HOGG.

He's a clever lad, Murray. I like him better than any play-actor they have.—He never gangs beyond Nature, and he never buckles to ought but what he's up to.

ODOHERTY.

Would all actors and all authors had wit to follow that example!—There is really an immensity of quiet comic humour about Murray—how good is his Jerry Hawthorn! but he did wrong to leave out Ahnacks in the East, and the Tread-mill—these were absurd sacrifices to the squeamishness of the modern Athens—they were, in fact, the best things in the original piece.

NORTH.

I hobbled out one night to see the thing, but, although the acting was excellent, with the single exception of the row, the affair struck me as a confoundedly dull one—no incident, no story, no character,—a precious heap of trash assuredly.

TICKLER.

Well, good acting is a jewel—Murray, with his bluff humour, Caldercraft, with his true gentlemanlike lightness, and Jones, with his immutable knowing grin, made it go down with me sweetly.—What do ye think of Mr Vandenhoff?

ODOHERTY.

No Vandal—but Young has been here!

NORTH.

Young, come, nobody starts with being a Young. Rome was not built in a day—hook by link the mail is made—we must all creep before we walk.

ODOHERTY.

You're as great in proverbs as Sancho himself. I swear.—Why don't you write a rational book on them? Nothing worth twopence in that way, since Erasmus's *Adagia*—all our English books contemptible—poor—imperfect—dull—stupid—and devoid of all arrangement. As for D'Israeli, he, as I said in my review of him, knows nothing whatever of the subject; for he quotes, in great numbers, a few of the most hackneyed ones in existence—old Plautus, Joe Miller, and the like.

NORTH.

I admire no proverbs more than those Dean Swift used to make, (not to repeat.)

ODOHERTY.

It would be a good thing to revive the manufacture, and apply it to literary topics.

NORTH.

We shall see—what would you think of reviving Cowper's rhyming prose in the mean time? I think you might do that easily, Hogg, or you, Odoherly; either of you have rhymes, God knows, *quantum suff*.

HOGG.

I fear 'twill be stuff—but let's try our hand----

ODOHERTY.

On Peveril of the Peak——

HOGG.

The story's ill plann'd, and the foundation very weak; yet, begin where you please, I rather think you'll not stop—Great authors like these may jump or hop, they may leap over years, in one chapter a score, or more, yet no gap appears, one reads on as before; but if I or any other should follow after that great brother, skipping and hopping, notching and betching, I rather apprehend my very best friend would vote me a Bore.

ODOHERTY.

You need not feel sore although that should be the case; I make bold, my dear Jamie, to tell ye the truth to your face, there's something so sweet, and so mellow, and so little of the air of being got up, about the style of that right fellow, that whatever he touches pleases every body, male and female, from Grizzly to the Duchers, from the porter to the peer; and, this is what's so queer, all's one whether he describe King Charles, or King Charles's little pet pup, or beer foaming in a night cellar's barrels, or muscat wine sparkling in a

jewell'd cup—high or low, with him we go; no affectation, no botheration, sound sense, a high feeling for honour and arms, a heart that the black eye of a pretty girl warms, gently and gaily, but never ungenerally, a pawky glance into everything mean, yet somehow or other a loftiness of spirit that never ceases to be felt and seen; these are the qualities by which he contrives to make all the rest of your tribe look like nullities, and by which—no offence, for you must not be disappointed of your rhyme, though it comes a little disjointed—he contrives, thanks to his long nob, to draw into his own fob such a noble shower of pounds, shillings, and pence.

HOGG.

I wish out of his next book, for which I suppose we may soon begin to look, he would be so kind as to pay down what I owe to the Duke, and also to the crown, for rents and taxes and so forth;—or you, why won't you do the same good turn for me, Mr North?

NORTH.

If I were you, Dear Jem, when money became due to them, I would instantly take my pen, and compose an ode; they would never dun you again, if your verses flowed, as I think they would, easy and good, and sweet and pleasant, as your prose does at present;—but as for me, my dear honey—is for me paying down money, for you or any other pastoral poet, I must have ye to know it, the idea's quite absurd—I won't do it, upon my word—I am not so green.—In point of fact, I have entered into a compact, (with myself I mean) to keep all my cash, making no sort of dash, buying neither pictures nor plate nor a Poyas estate; eating nothing better than plain veals and muttons, and drinking nothing better than simple claret and champagne; dressing up my old coats with new collars and buttons; and, in a word, cutting all expenses that are foolish and vain, and driving on with the old phaeton, the old horses and the old postilion; in short, maintaining the most rigid economy, until it be universally known of me, that I am fairly worth my cool million.—When that is done, there will be something new seen under the sun; for I'll let nobody then call me a niggard, but mount every thing in the grandest style, that was ever seen in this part of the isle, shewing off, whoever may scoff, like a second Sir Gregor Macgregor.

HOGG.

I suppose you speak of his highness the Cazique; but, after all, what could he have expected, if he had but recollected, that ever since the reign of Camore was ended, the clan of might and main from which that Potentate descended, have condescended to patronize as their favourite air, that fine old pibroch, “Pacckhundsaidh gu bair.”

(Sings.)

O ne'er such a race was, as there in that place was.

And there ne'er such a chase was at a', man;

From ilk other they run, all without tuck o' drum—

Deil a body made use of a paw, man;

And we ran, and they ran,

And they ran, and we ran,

But wha was't ran fastest of a', man.

Whether they ran, or we ran, or we wan, or they wan,

Or if there was winning at a', man,

There's no man can tell, save our brave general,

Wha first began running of a', man;

And we ran, &c.

NORTH.

When I am a king, which, after all, is a sort of a thing, (to speak with civility,) that, in these days of pudding and praise, nobody will call a mere impossibility—Well, when I am a king, like his Majesty Gregor, lesser or bigger, the very first thing that I will do, will be to send home a ship, inviting you, James Hogg, you comical dog, to take a trip, and you also, Sir En-

rip—
all the way out to my realms, you shall sip, you two scheldms,

grog and flip; and whenever you arrive, as sure as I'm alive, I'll come down to the shore, with my princes and peers, and the cannon shall roar, and we'll give you three cheers. But as for you, Morgan, ere you're well in the bay, you will hear the church organ sounding away, and we'll lead you at once, all rigged out for the nonce, to the highest altar, to be noosed in Hy-men's halter; for so great is my regard, my richest prettiest little ward, whether Duchess or Caziquess, you need look for nothing less, as sure as my name's King Christopher, it is you shall have the fist of her. But for you, Jamie Hogg, don't think to come *incog*.—you shall have a butt of sherry, to make your heart merry—a grand golden chain, to wear over your maud—and the lords of my train will shout and applaud, crying Christopher *florant, et sus cius Laureate*!—With Odoherby for my Field-Marshal, and Tickler for my premier, I think, but I may be partial, things will go on airtier and jennier—and Blackwood will come out to be my bookseller, no doubt; he shall have the completest of monopolies in my metropolis, for we'll suffer nobody to squint at any thing that's in print, unless it drop from his transatlantic shop; and the Magazine will in lieu of a Queen amuse the leisure hours of me and my powers; and with all these alliances, aids, and appliances, I don't think I need speak either moderate or mecker, why, if Macgregor's Cazique, I shall rank as Caziquer.

HOGG.

Will you be a despot, though?

NORTH.

Let me see—No—no—no—too much trouble. But no sedition within the bounds of my bubble! Instant perdition shall fall on Joseph Hume, if he dares to come out Disaffection to illumine, to move for my papers, or stir up any rows, about tithe-pigs or sealing-wax or my Magazinish spouse, whom, though she be spotless as unsunned snow, I would have you, and all the Bubblish Nation to know, I will discard whenever I please, sirs, cutting your heads off if you sneeze, sirs.

ODOHERTY.

I envy not your pomp, I envy Hogg!

(Sings.)

How happy a state will two Poets possess,
When Hogg has his wreath, I my rich Caziquess;
On the wife and the Muse we'll depend for support,
And eringe, without shame, at great Christopher's court.
What though Hogg in a maud and grey breeches does go,
He will soon be bew powdered and strut like a beau;
On a laureate like him, 'twont be going too far,
To bestow, mighty Monarch, St Christopher's Star.

NORTH.

On the wings of imagination, I now overfly time and space; behold me exercising the kindly vocation among the mighty Bubblish race.—In my mind's eye, here can I, this is my court, and you the potent nobles that resort to do me *honour* and *honourage* in the hopes of *fraissee* and *froumage*, wherein if I disappoint you, *g' and damage*!—Great shepherd, kneel—thy shoulder-blade shall feel, ere long, the weight of my cold steel, in reward for thy song!

ODOHERTY.

Come, Hogg.—mind your eye, tip us something à la Pye.

NORTH.

I forgot to observe, that from customary modesty not to swerve, and preferring to imitate your old Bourbon or Guelf, to any Macgregor or Iturbide that may be laid ere a week's over on the shelf, I shall christen the chief of knightly orders established within my borders, by the name of a worthy that is now dead, whose good-looking old-fashioned head has served me in good stead, being always displayed on my Magazines' backs, to the horror of all Whiggish clumjampirey, Jeremybentharautes, and Cockney hases.

(Odoherby whispers for some time to Hogg, and then, rising, picks out a volume of the works of The Right Hon. the Lord Byron.)

TICKLER.

What's all this mummery? Let your proceedings be more summary—I'm tired of such flummery.

ODOHERTY (*Reads*)HOGG (*Extemporizes*)ON THE STAR OF "THE LEGION OF
HONOUR."(*From the French.*)STAR of the brave!—whose beam hath
shed

Such glory o'er the quick and dead—
Thou radiant and adored deceit,
Which millions rush'd in arms to greet!
Wild meteor of immortal birth.
Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth?

Souls of slain heroes form'd thy rays;
Eternity flash'd through thy blaze;
The music of thy martial sphere
Was fame on high and honour here;
And thy light broke on human eyes,
Like a volcano of the skies.

Like lava roll'd thy stream of flood,
And swept down empires with its blood;
Earth rock'd beneath thee to her base,
As thou didst lighten through all space,
And the shorn sun grew dim in air,
And set while thou wert dwelling there.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,
A rainbow of the loveliest hue,
Of three bright colours,† each divine,
And fit for that celestial sign:
For freedom's hand had blended them
Like tints in an immortal gem.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes.
One, the blue depth of seraph's eyes.
One, the pure spirit's veil of white
Had robed in radiance of its light;
The three so mingled, did bescem
The texture of a heavenly dream.

Star of the brave! thy ray is pale.
And darkness must again prevail!
But, oh! thou rainbow of the free!
Our tears and blood must flow for thee.
When thy bright promise fades away,
Our life is but a load of clay.

And freedom hallows with her tread
The silent cities of the dead;
For beautiful in death are they
Who proudly fall in her array—
And soon, oh, goddess! may we be
For evermore with them or thee!

ON THE HEAD OF GEORGE BUCHANAN.

(*From the Chaldee.*)HEAD OF THE SAGE! whose mug has
shed

Such jollity o'er quick and dead—
O'er that bright tome presiding high,
Which MILLIONS rush each month to buy,
That meteor of immortal birth!
Read rather more than "Heaven and
Earth."*

Limbs of torn authors form its rays;
Eternity attends its praise;
The music of its partial puff
Gives fame and honour *quantum suff.*
And its fist darkens hostile eyes,
Like Randal hammering for a prize.

Like lava, it in wrathful mood
Swept down Hunt's kingdoms with its
flood;
Lach bow'd before it, looking base,
And wiped the spittle from his face;
And Hazlitt's nose burnt dim for care,
Spite of the purple dwelling there.

Behind thee rose, behind thee grew,
A rainbow of the loveliest hue,
Of three bright fellows, each divine
And fit at Ambrose's to dine:
For Hic autum's hand had blended them,
Much like three posies on a stem.

One loves to sport the rose of red,
One, the tough thistle's burly head,
One—the of Ireland's modest mien—
Is deck'd out with the shamrock green.
The three, so mingled, do bescem
The texture of a heavenly dream.

Head of the Sage! thy own old bones
Lie snug beneath Greyfriars stones.
But, oh! thou rainbow of the three!
North—Tickler—and Odoherity!
Were thy bright look to fade away,
Our life were but a load of hay.

Scorn hallows with a henty kick,
The dumb posteriors of Sir Duk;
And beautiful, but dead, we deem
Tom Campbell's mess of curds and cream;
And soon, O, Taylor! will it be
A match in Balaam ev'n for THREE!

(*Hogg kneels, a solemn air is heard from Odoherity's trombone, Tickler, with dignity, hands the poker to Mr North; while it is descending slowly towards the Shepherd's shoulder, the curtain is dropt down very gradually upon the dramatis personee, who form a perfect picture.*)

* A poem, by the Right Hon. the Lord Byron.

† The tri-colour.

‡ It is not, perhaps, generally known, that Tickler's family was originally English. It is supposed they lived at Southside in the days of Edward I., who was himself a 'Tickler'. The daughter of the city of Edinburgh, and, indeed, of all Scotland, no stone marks where the remains of her greatest scholar—the wit, the poet, the historian, the son, of whom she, perhaps, more than to be proud, are deposited. Should not this be corrected? It certainly should.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LXXV.

APRIL, 1823.

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EDINBURGH :

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, 17, PRINCE'S STREET, EDINBURGH ;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON ;

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

JAMES BALLANTYNE & CO. PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LXXV

APRIL, 1833.

VOL. XIII.

REVIEWS ON MR ALISON'S THEORY OF BEAUTY, AS EXPLAINED BY MR
JEFFREY.

THAT the researches of Mr Alison, and his reviewer Mr Jeffrey, have contributed to throw considerable light on the more true topics of Sublimity and Beauty, it would be absurd to deny. One very fertile source of agreeable emotion has at all events been explored by them, and their speculations possess, upon the whole, a verisimilitude, which shews, that to a certain extent at least, they must be well-founded. "A system of natural philosophy," says Dr Adam Smith, "may appear very plausible, and be for a long time very generally received, and yet have no foundation in nature; but the author, who should assign as the cause of any natural sentiment, some principle which neither had any connection with it, nor resembled any other principle which had some connection, would appear absurd and ridiculous to the most judicious and experienced reader."

Mr Alison, throughout his voluminous work, has appealed so often and so successfully to the common sense and the daily experience of mankind, as to leave upon the minds of his readers not a shadow of doubt, that his theory must have some foundation in nature. And if his principles have been carried rather too far, and have been made the basis of conclusions which they do not quite justify, the error is one which lies open to all who have understandings to make use of the materials which he has so amply furnished. It may, indeed, be considered as somewhat superfluous to say any thing

in justification of the qualified assertion, that much of the pleasure which we are in fate to experience on contemplating objects which are beautiful or sublime, is referable to the imagination, operating in the manner which he has described. For that opinion has been long ago illustrated by the ablest philosophers, and has never, in so far as we know, been disputed by any one.

Without further preface, we shall proceed in our attempt to separate, by means of a few brief explanations, the errors of his system from the truth.—But, first of all, in order to shew clearly what his peculiar opinions are, respecting the nature of beauty and sublimity, and of our emotions on contemplating them, we quote the following succinct statement of these opinions by Mr Jeffrey.—"It is," says he, "the opinion of this excellent writer, (Mr Alison,) to express it in one sentence, that the emotions which we experience from the contemplation of sublimity or beauty, are not produced by any physical or intrinsic quality in the objects which we contemplate; but by the recollection or conception of *other* objects which are associated in our imaginations with those before us, and consequently suggested by their appearance; and which are interesting or affecting, on the common and familiar principle of being the natural objects of love, or of pity, or of fear or veneration, or some other common and lively sensation of the mind. This is the first and most important proposi-

tion in his theory ; of which, accordingly, it may be stated as the fundamental principle, that all objects are beautiful or sublime which signify or suggest to us some simple emotion of love, pity, terror, or any other social or selfish affection of our nature ; and that the beauty or sublimity which we ascribe to them consists entirely in the power which they have acquired, by association or otherwise, of reminding us of the proper objects of these familiar affections. Mr Alison adds, that the sensation of sublimity or beauty is not fully developed by the mere suggestion of some natural object of interest or affection ; but is distinctly felt, only when the imagination is stimulated to conceive a connected train or series of such objects, in unison with that which was first suggested by the particular form, which is called beautiful, only for having been the parent of such a train."

In opposition to the above statement, we shall endeavour to shew, that the recollection or conception of *other* objects, associated with the one which we contemplate, is not by any means necessary in order to our esteeming it beautiful ; much less does the beauty of that object consist in its power of producing any recollection or conception in our minds.

Particular colours and forms are certainly in themselves distinguished by a species of beauty. The vulgar call a colour beautiful, just as they call a taste sweet, in cases where the pleasure is purely and immediately referable to the nature of the impression made upon the eye ; and we hold it to be a good rule, " to think with philosophers, but speak with the vulgar." It would seem, indeed, that the primary use of the term Beauty, in all languages, has been simply to distinguish between the pleasures of sight and those of the other senses ; although at present its signification is so exceedingly extensive, and its figurative application so very frequent, that it has become impossible to give it a definition. Meanwhile, we must needs confine our attention to the subject of visible beauty ; leaving it to those who are best able, to account for the " conspicuous and distinct" existence of the same or any similar quality, in arguments, times, demonstrations, and such other unmonstrous shapes.

It is needless to dispute about a

word. We may therefore be allowed to say, in conformity with the common use of language, that colours and forms, considered abstractedly from the other qualities of the objects in which they are perceived, may be more or less beautiful ; in other words, that the feeling of the beautiful is coeval with sensation. As the mind, however, advances to maturity, each expanding faculty adds to that primary feeling the peculiar emotions to which its operation gives birth. At first the infant is only sensible to what may be called the *beauty of sensation* ; he perceives in all around him nothing but forms and colours more or less agreeable to his eye. The child learns by degrees to add to his sensation the *perception* of that particular state or condition of objects of which they are the natural signs. And lastly, the poet and the man of sensibility, not content with the united pleasures of sensation and perception, sets his memory and his imagination at work, and fashions for the objects before him a beauty which is not their own, but which takes its character from the particular frame and texture of his mind. Now, unfortunately, Mr Jeffrey, commencing at the very end of this process, has either entirely overlooked the previous steps of it, or has forgotten the necessity of their intervention ; and thus we distinctly see the origin of his erroneous opinion, that it is only " by the recollection or conception of *other* objects, which are associated in our imaginations with those before us, that we receive the impression of sublimity or beauty. The truth is, however, that agreeable sensations, or the view of agreeable forms and colours, such, perhaps, as those which have been pointed out by Mr Burke, are essential, in the first place, to the perception of beauty in objects, and the production of the simple feeling consequent upon it. In unison with that feeling and perception, Fancy may perform her nobler part, and may pour upon the soul a flood of delightful emotion. But that emotion is entirely adventitious, and is of no definite character. It may therefore render the object which is perceived ten times more agreeable than it otherwise would have been ; but, in strict propriety of speech, it cannot be said to render that object one iota more beautiful.

It is true, as Mr Jeffrey contends, that there is perhaps no modification of colour or of form, which can be pointed out in all objects that are beautiful. But surely we cannot be called upon to say so, in order to be allowed to think, with Mr Burke, that the simple elements of beauty are ultimately to be sought after among those modes of sensation, which are naturally most pleasing to the mind, and which are found to occur most frequently in our perceptions of beautiful objects. It is not in consequence of the possession of any one common quality, which can be laid hold of by the understanding, that some smells and tastes are more agreeable than others. But who ever thought of calling in question the original source of the pleasure which we derive from these senses?

We do not intend to create any dispute about the *degree* of pleasure which we are capable of receiving from the sight, considered merely as one of the external senses, or to cavil concerning the measure of delightful sensation which the kaleidoscope can furnish to the man, or the child. For we freely admit that colours and forms, however lovely *in themselves*, do not in general constitute the entire beauty of any objects; and for the most part contribute but in a subordinate degree, to the production of emotion in the minds of grown up people. Experience teaches us that they serve to indicate a certain state of relative perfection in objects; and in this as in other cases, we very soon learn to abstract our regard more or less from the sign, and to fix it upon the thing signified. Accordingly, we observe that the term *Beauty* has two distinct significations. We find it sometimes applied to denote the agreeable quality of our sensations; but in common discourse, it is much more frequently used to signify that inherent quality, or that state of relative perfection, in the objects around us, with which the appearances that cause those sensations are found united, in our actual perceptions. From an inattention to this important distinction, has arisen much of that uncertainty which has so long prevailed in the philosophical world, with regard to the nature of beauty. Mr Jeffrey, for example, abstracting his regard from all but our complex emotions, tells us, not merely that these emotions are not referable to our original sensations and perceptions,

but also that *there is no "physical or intrinsic" quality of beauty in objects*. Let us now bestow upon this dogma, and the theory from which it has sprung up, a little farther attention.

In our present state of existence, the qualities of external objects are made known to us solely by means of certain arbitrary signs, which, according to the laws of our constitution, are uniformly associated with them. One class of impressions upon my senses, when conveyed to my mind by sensation, denote whiteness, another sweetness, another hardness. It is, however, evident, that no conceivable sensation can possibly resemble the whiteness that is in snow, the sweetness that is in honey, or the hardness that is in stone. But, nevertheless, by the laws of my constitution, I am led irresistibly to believe in the real existence of those qualities of objects which affect my senses. I know that God has not constituted my mind so as to deceive and mislead me. But independently altogether of this assurance, I am led, as it were, instinctively, and without reflection, to think and act conformably to the language which nature speaks to me by the senses, so soon as I am able to interpret it.

Des Cartes, it is well known, flattered himself he had made a very important discovery, when he thought he had found out that *there is no heat in the fire, no smell in a rose, nor taste in an apple*. And Mr Locke and every succeeding philosopher, till the time of Reid, was in use to astonish the uninitiated by a statement of the same apparently strange dogma, with his own addition and improvements. The mystery is now, however, fully cleared up. Mr Locke used the word *heat* to denote the sensation in our minds, which no one of common sense ever could believe to exist without us; while the vulgar more commonly applied it to the unknown cause of that sensation in the fire. And thus it happened, that while Mr Locke and the vulgar thought in exactly the same way, his opinion, which, when properly stated, amounts in fact to a complete truism, came to assume the form of a most astonishing paradox, which deceived himself in the first place, and afterwards the world, for half a century.

Now, let us remark how very nearly allied this paradox of Mr Locke is to that of Mr Jeffrey, with regard to the

non-existence of Beauty, as a permanent quality of objects. Colour, says the one, is not in the rose, but merely in the mind of him who perceives it.—Beauty, says the other, is not in the rose, but only in the mind of him who, by a certain effort of imagination, is enabled to discern it. For both, the same answer will suffice. Every one, whose organs of vision are in a healthy state, receives certain sensations on looking upon a rose; and these sensations are the signs of its inherent qualities. Now, when they are of a certain character, we are led to consider them as being also the signs of a particular state of perfection, or whatever it may be called, in which the parts of the rose exist, and to which we give the name of beauty; and we then say, that we behold a beautiful rose. The colour and the beauty in this case are alike inherent in the rose—the signs of them alone exist in the mind.

Now, it is plain that we cannot, prior to experience, tell why any simple sensations should be significant of beauty, and not of deformity; since we cannot even tell why they should be significant of a beautiful red colour, and not of a dirty brown. In either case, the effect upon the mind must necessarily be totally dissimilar in itself to any form of matter. It can therefore only be by an original principle of our nature, that we are led to believe in the real existence of beauty in the rose. And it is as unlikely that nature has deceived us, in instilling into us that principle of belief, as that she has deceived us in regard to the real existence of redness in the rose, or rather of some unknown quality which has the power to produce the idea of that colour in our minds.

That beauty, instead of being, as is commonly supposed, a permanent quality of objects, has only an accidental existence, depending on the occasional creation of pleasant visions in the mind of man, is a doctrine abhorrent to common sense. Would Paradise not have been more beautiful than a desert, unless Adam had been created to adorn it with human associations?—And, by the way, it is rather a curious question, which Milton has quite overlooked, what associations he could possibly at the first adorn it. However, concerning the real and permanent existence of some quality or other in objects, which, whatever it may be

called by philosophers—whether *perfection, order, or fitness of things*,—is called beauty by mankind in general, there cannot be a rational doubt entertained.

Now, if it be once admitted that beauty is indeed a permanent quality, the theory of association, like Mr Locke's doctrine of secondary qualities, becomes stripped entirely of its paradoxical form, and in part results in a statement of truisms. That the nature and the real existence—not of beauty itself—but of our perception of it, depends entirely upon the laws of our present constitution, is certainly abundantly manifest; for upon these laws depends our perception of colour, of form, of hardness, and indeed of every other property of bodies. That form of matter which now gives us the perception of colour, may possibly give no such perception to angels; and it is at least conceivable, that objects which are beautiful to us, are not so to them. The latter supposition is, however, highly improbable. Higher orders of beings than ourselves, who see things as they really are, and not as represented by signs, must, where we are simply pleased by the perception of beauty, be ravished by the sight of inherent perfection.

It is also quite self-evident, that the same beautiful objects must affect different people differently, according to the diversities of constitution and of education which subsist among them; for nature speaks to some in a plainer language than to others. A man who has a perfect vision, may derive more pleasure from beholding beautiful colours, than another man whose vision is less perfect;—and so also in the mind of a person who has a lively imagination, the perception of a coloured object, or a group of coloured objects, may, by accidentally producing agreeable trains of thought, excite agreeable emotions, which, by another person, or at another time, are unfelt. Now, if that object, or that group, is said to appear on these accounts more *beautiful*, we quarrel not with the extended use of the term, provided philosophers will keep always in mind the distinction which really subsists between the original permanent quality of beauty, and the occasional fleeting emotions which sometimes heighten its primary effect. For the simple perception of beauty in an object, is of

course accompanied with a simple emotion of pleasure, which is *sui generis*, and which must be quite familiar to every one. When caused by a simple perception alone, this emotion exists pure and unmixed; but it more frequently exists in combination with other emotions. In the former case, we are at once conscious of its presence: in the latter, we must analyse and reflect upon the objects of our consciousness, in order to discover it. Nevertheless we have the common sense of mankind in favour of its existence, even in cases of very complex emotion. When told that the face or the form of a lovely woman derives its beauty solely from this association, or that, or the other, or from all united; our reason, although perhaps constrained to give its assent, gives it reluctantly, and remains, after all, doubtful and unsatisfied; and, on the other hand, we naturally believe, without reasoning at all about the matter, that there is something in beauty beyond all these associations. Now, this is exactly what we call the *common sense of mankind*.

Nor is this common sense incapable of being justified by solid argument. A woman is often said to be *not beautiful but agreeable*, or *beautiful but not agreeable*. In both of these cases, it appears, that Imagination and Reason have done their utmost to destroy our perception of beauty, but in both have failed. For how, indeed, is it possible for either of these faculties to alter or annihilate an original *perception*? Experience teaches us that habit may render the countenance of an ordinary woman pleasing, by associating the features of it with those amiable dispositions, of which they happen to be the sign; but Experience also teaches us, that it can do no more. Imagination and Reason may together create ten thousand of these associations, and may thus serve to render a woman highly agreeable, in a general sense; but they can never create or destroy that simple perception and feeling, which give a well-known specific character to our complex emotion, when we think and feel that she is beautiful.

Mr Jeffrey bestows upon us one or two arguments, in order to remove "the seeming anomaly," as he is pleased to call it, "of admitted beauty, where there is no expression of any

amiable or attractive emotion." He says, for example, that beauty is always associated (in the imagination it is to be supposed he means) with the ideas of youth and health, and that the female form is to men, the object of a passion, which is satisfied with these attributes. And he also says, that "our impression of the beauty of the human countenance is derived from a habitual recollection of the interesting or amiable qualities of which it is *generally* found to be the sign." When we have brought ourselves to believe that a smooth surface may be made rough and uneven—that white may be made black—and that red may be made yellow, by Mr Jeffrey's arguments, we may perhaps be induced to take some pains in considering them. But, in the meantime, we may remark, that the view of an ugly countenance calls up the ideas of youth and health, no less frequently than that of a beautiful one; and that we have sometimes heard of females admiring each other—or admiring and hating, if you will, with a corresponding intensity and ardour. With respect to the last mentioned argument, it is, in the first place, a mere gratuitous assertion;—but, secondly, there is a well-known principle, that whatever tendency is the result of a habit, may be removed by an opposite habit. But we cannot bring ourselves to cease admiring a woman as beautiful, by habitually reflecting that she is unamiable. Therefore it appears, that the feeling caused by contemplating the beauty of the human form cannot be owing to any "habitual recollection" in the mind of the beholder.

Let it not be here objected, that the same forms and countenances do not appear equally beautiful to all men; for, in so far as this phenomenon is owing to varieties in the original perception, we know that it is still more strikingly displayed in the case of the other senses. We have already remarked, that Nature does not speak exactly the same language to all men; an approximation to uniformity in the information, which, at different times, and in different circumstances, she conveys to us by means of the senses, is all that can either be expected or desired. We freely admit the influence of circumstances, such as diversities in the bodily organs, and among the objects which act upon them, in mo-

diffusing all our original perceptions; and we also freely admit the influence of association, in modifying the complex emotions to which these perceptions sometimes give rise. All we would assert is, that there exists a permanent quality of beauty in objects, and that there is a simple feeling, which the perception of that quality is fitted to impart to us. That this perception is uniformly caused by the same objects in all men, and at all different times, we do not assert; knowing, as we do, that the powers and the capacities of the human mind are all liable to many accidents, and subject to many changes, which render his feelings and ideas different, while the objects that produced them remain the same.

Objects that are beautiful, are perhaps, for the most part, possessed of qualities that render them at the same time useful, or generally agreeable, to the beholder; just as food, that is naturally pleasant to the taste and smell, is found, when eaten, to be more frequently wholesome than food that is unpleasant. Our senses, besides ministering to our immediate gratification, serve as guardians and guides, to direct us in our intercourse with the world of matter. Now, the followers of Mr Alison, in holding that other qualities than that of beauty led us to an acquaintance with that quality by the power of association, exactly reverse the order of nature, which evidently intended, that, on the contrary, the Beautiful should serve as an index to the Useful and the Agreeable. For it is not the known agreeableness or utility of an object that leads us to infer its beauty, but it is its beauty that leads us to guess at its useful or agreeable qualities, in cases where these are otherwise unknown; and it would be

well with us if we always guessed at them aright. A child is captivated with the sight of a pretty and poisonous berry, and eats it for its very beauty. To be sure, there is here an association; but what is it? It may no doubt be called an association of beauty with utility; but then the perception of beauty is the cause or antecedent, the inference of utility is the effect or consequent.

May not a theory be framed in exact imitation of Mr Alison's, to account for the phenomena, not of Taste the internal, but of taste the external sense? If an object may be proved to be beautiful, solely in consequence of the accidental trains of thought which the view of it may call up in my mind; then surely a sapid body may be proved, by as good logic, to be agreeable to my taste, solely because it may occasionally dispose my imagination to luxuriate amid pleasant and well-founded visions of health and happiness.

To conclude—There may be a perception of Beauty, antecedent to the knowledge of any of the other qualities of an object. Although an acquaintance with these qualities may subsequently render that object more *agreeable*, or make it appear more *useful*, it can never render it more *beautiful*. For if the word beauty has any definite meaning at all, it must mean, not the cause, of agreeable feelings in general, but of a particular species of agreeable feeling, to which a thousand different emotions, of an indefinite kind, may be *added* by the laws of association, but to which, depending on the laws of perception, their absence or their presence can bring neither diminution nor increase.

THE PROUD SHEPHERD'S TRAGEDY.*

THERE is much power, both of thought and feeling, in this volume; but prodigious ignorance of all the rules of art, and utter recklessness of heart, that borders at times upon insanity. Knowing nothing whatever of the author, nor even whether he be dead or alive, nor if he and the editor be one and the same person, we speak of the book as if we had found it lying among the mountains. There is great

promise, unquestionably, of genius in many of the poems, if the writer be a young man. If he be not, then he is ruined for the rest of his years on earth; for of taste, judgment, common sense, knowledge of the ordinary concerns of this life, he possesses little or none; and without them what is an elderly gentleman good for, either in town or country? But very young gentlemen may be deficient in every

thing, except feeling and thought, and still their friends may have hope. Their feelings may be extravagant, vain, feverish, and insane,—their thoughts, inflated, fluctuating, and false; but the growth of the character may be proceeding, and may reach a high stature. We shall trust, therefore, that the Proud Shepherd is a stripling, and that he will not always write so outrageously as at present, nor dwell on the debateable land between imagination and madness.

It is asserted, indeed, in an advertisement, that the author of this volume is at present suffering under a mental malady; but there is so much resemblance between the style of this prose notice, and that of the poetry, that we cannot help thinking the advertiser and the bard to be one person. This advertisement, which contains some unintelligible stuff about *Perdita* and *Perditus*, is signed J. Downes, and dated from *Esthwaite Water*, one of the Lancashire lakes. It is followed by the author's dedication, which is still more impenetrable and oracular. It would appear from it, that he has two or three children, and either a wife or mistress, from all of whom he is separated; but to whom he dedicates these his poems—hoping that his children may spy of him, “This worthless, wicked, vagabond, lost parent of ours, was *not* a coarse and brutal sensualist, had yet a heart, and some refinement, and some feeling.” If all this be a mere contrivance, it is assuredly a most clumsy, and even disgusting one; if there be indeed an editor as well as a poet, then is he just as crazy as his friend. We fear, that let the case stand as it may, there is at least one madman—and possibly two. Why, after advertisement and dedication, here comes a third affair—“Prefatory Remarks of the Editor.” And upon our word he writes with some vigour.

“Let any one open a modern work, purporting to paint passion, and be pathetic, he finds a correct and polite writer (more or less ingenious) busy at his elegant work, and perhaps a beautiful description of distress, as if given by a spectator, flowing out of his labour; but the *writer* ever appears. Now, open Shakespeare's page, open any of those of his school, the transition from the charm of a lute to the astounding of thunder, is not greater. The elegant, the pleasing, is no more,—the performer is no more seen! but all the spirit-stirring

sounds of speech—but all the vast and overwhelming figures, that can *offend* *our ears*, disgust little minds, and enrapture great ones, burst on the aroused sense—all the elements of the sublime in nature appear, congregating to exalt the sublime in sentiment—to give effect to the vented tempest of the mind or heart, and at once make a sort of auditor of a reader. But this is presupposing a truly *poetical* reader. The very greatness, the “ample pinion” itself, (except where sanctioned by fashion, as in Shakespeare) may disgust the small critic, as some of the chains of the Brobdignag ladies did Gulliver. Fearlessly, however, in *these* pages, are brought forth Death, and Death-Agony—Murder—the Heart's Blood—the Soul—the Earthquake—and the Volcano. The Thunder—even Hell and Heaven—Elysium—the Doomsday—Angels, everlasting woe, (and the Supreme Being himself, too often). All these grand engines of emotion to the mind of man, are brought forth, not as in the confusion of rant and madness, but in the regular, though rapid array, in which any terrible passion will pour them forth in the war of mind, like artillery on a battle field, under an impetuous commander.”

Joseph Downes then runs into some Cockney slang about the effect of fear of criticism upon modern genius, &c. of which we have long been sick; and argues against those critics who “place Rowe and Jane Shore above Shakespeare and Lear!” Not one such exists. But let us turn to the poetry.

Well, we have turned to it; and after reading at it with more intense attention than we were ever forced to pay to an algebraical equation, we confess our inability to understand any thing whatever about the Proud Shepherd's Tragedy. So we shall merely quote two of the poems at the end of the volume; both of which are stamped with originality and vigour, although we shall not venture to affirm that we understand them throughout. There either is, or seems to be, something sublime in the following *MUSINGS ON MAN*:—

“What is this life, which comes to wake
The dust that nothing felt before,
To bid it tremble, mourn, and ache,
Then leaves it dust, and comes no more?
Comes it no more? This pleasant bane,
This dear-hugg'd burden, the poor disturb-
ed earth,
Still buy, with thousand-fold its worth;
With pain and agony keeps—yet with pain,
And agony, and dread, yields back again!
Sore, sore, unwilling back again to lay,

Uplifted once—his head
 In his own low black cradle bed !
 To sleep again in the blue glorious day.
 Too green, too beautiful—above !
 Below ! around ! too genial, sweet, and
 mild,
 Parent in clouds !—all, all for Thy poor
 child.
 Thy viewless hand leads forth, in thy dumb
 love,
 To leave without a weeping eye,
 A clinging hand, a desperate cry !

-- Youth is a pensive voyage
 In summer morning on a rosy sea,
 Smiling to th' East. (or such was youth to
 me :)

Whate'er my pleasant wonder were,
 All was such blue expansion—(free,
 Just free from earth !) Life's green immen-
 sity

To ride in glory ! What concern'd it whi-
 ther,

If Thought would ask—Where bound ?
 Why hither

Brought ? Do not wrecks bestrew this sea ?
 The pungent solemn curiosity
 Stole not as pain or darkness, but play'd
 high.

A dancing vapour round my evening sky.

3.

“ So, like a fearful smiling child,
 Left by its mother in a garden playing,
 That, peeping for her visage mild—
 Though roses hide it—soon forgets it, stray-
 ing

From flower to flower—now thinks she sees
 Her smiling at her through the trees,
 Now hears her whisper in the breeze,
 And seen or not, or heard or mute,
 Takes, as from her, each blossom and each
 fruit ;

So I half saw thee in this bloomy nature,
 Half heard, and smiled to a scarce-veil'd
 Creator ;

Like thine own sun reflected in a blue
 Water, too glorious else to view !

4.

“ But night, a pitchy night, a howling
 Night, parts the child and parent from each
 other !

Hark, how it cries ! see how it's rolling
 Its red eyes, stretching hands, and calling,
 ‘ Mother.

Oh, mother !’ and none answers—none !

Al ! bleeding see it run,
 With many a clinging thorn !—

By those same roses torn !

‘ Mother, where art thou ?’ and comes she
 not then ?

She doth not come again.

So, till the night-night-fall of near Death,
 Father ! we walk thy smile beneath,
 We dream so, and we play, as children
 under

A summer sky, who never heard it thun-
 der ;

But when the forlorn heart

Prays, in its sinking need,

A Father's hand indeed --

Where art Thou ? on Thy throne Thou
 art,

Ordering this comet's journey, that world's
 term !

Not bending, listening to the least world's
 woe.

‘ O ! Glory-working, Guilt-permitting,
 Sire ! in thy deathless, darkness, sitting
 Dreadful in loftiness, in vastness dire,
 Mournful in distance, in Almighty ire
 Fearful to him who flees Thee ; to him
 fleeing

To Thee, scarce hopeful : strange in Thy
 lone being—

Dumb, as a wrathful or discarding Sire !
 I own Thee ! but from me Thou dost re-
 tire ;

Thou dwellest there like the sun that seems
 all-seeing,

That blue-throned grand retundity of fire,
 Yet dwells in pitchy dark, as in a tower
 Of blackest marble, soar we but beyond
 This blue air's height, where mortals sport
 their hour,

Gleaming, as in a shallow pond,
 Their motley hues : as fishes, pent

In their own element,
 Dissolving soon—inpatient flounce in
 scorn.

As for the ocean both !

6.

“ Yes, him alone erect to learn Thy laws—
 Him, that smiles, sole, at thine retulgent
 wonder—

Him, who alone smiles dauntless at Thy
 thunder—

As at his Father's work, who knows its
 cause,

Rejoicing as it rolls—this planet's King,
 Vicegerent God ! of every thing

That stands, him soonest claims this plan-
 et's clod,

Whose very weeds outlive its god !

Look at yon mountain's green globose,
 earth's wen,

Immortal, it compared to men !

Agès are on that upright tower,

(His very hand's-work,) old, rolls by
 The gentle-look'd night-traveller of the
 sky,

But where the busy god that left it ? Die,
 Wretched Ephemera ! mock'd by thine
 own power,

All breathes of death and dust, save thee ;
 Destruction's hand—Time's hollow tread,

On all, in all we hear, we see :—
 But thou ! Heaven's sunshine round thy
 head !

Immortal Hope upon thy brow,
 Thy tongue—Eternity ! oh, thou

Earth's fresh and beautiful Divinity !
Thou, of them all, go'st to destruction
first ;

Death in thee, round thee, suffering
Or dooming death from every thing,
Or on't, in every step, to dust
Thou treadest back ! in every breath
A murderer ! in thy life's life—death !"

The following dream is very ghostly
and terrible, and not unworthy even
of Mr Coleridge :—

1.

" I dream'd that midst the damn'd I ran,
Naked and howling, yet a man ;
Mid fiends that hunted horribly
Men's souls—a thousand fiends to one ;
But only one to me,
Whose wild arm that I could not shun.
Kept sweeping round me bloodily
At last, till in my prison, they
That flew seem'd bless'd to me ;
I long'd to be that hunted prey,
And courted hell's full ray to shun
That steady red-eyed withering one !

2.

" And still his vast arm in the dim
Distance, all blood came back to him,
From its mad sweep ! and well I knew
The groan, still nearer ! narrower
Still, my whirl'd prison grew :
Rose in the midst a comforter,
Even while that horror round me flew !
A Seraph its white beautiful
Robes round my tired eyes drew,
And sang to me, and lapp'd, to lull
Its throbb, my head upon its breast ;
Ah ! but—but for a dream, how blest !

3.

" Then, when almost forgotten, then
Arose the old horrid sound again,
And roused me like a doomsday thunder !
The fiend sat calm, and I was free
To roam hell's shadow under ;

But ah, the seraph, where was she ?

Oh, I gazed madly in the red
Dusk for her—but all strange to me,
All the pale people of the dead,
Not one like her look'd piteously
On me ! As to a very friend,
I cried to my old enemy,
' Where is she ?' as at hell's waste end
Untrod, he sat beside a pit,
And grasp'd my warm heart, gnawing it
Alive, while I knew not ! while I
Had borne death's sting, yet did not die !
O'er that pit's mouth there sat a cloud—
Nor answer'd he, but from his side
Drew forth a stake, (exposing wide
A rough rent,) then that foggy shroud
Slow parting, did he point with it
(Smiling grim answer,) down the pit,
But *there* was only sky ! the blue
Heaven turn'd to an abyss beneath !
The painted nothingness seen through
A darkness ! of bone-rocks a cave !
It was the skeleton-god, Death,
And that the Grave !"

If the man who could thus write be
indeed a real sufferer under mental ma-
lady, the subject is too melancholy to
say one word about it here ; if he be
in his senses, then we advise him to
be a little more rational,—not to bo-
ther himself with gloomy whims and
hobgoblins,—and above all, not to bo-
ther the public with prefaces, adver-
tisements, editorial remarks, and edi-
tors, and Joseph Downes ; but to act
like Christopher North, or Lord By-
ron, or Mr Wordsworth, or any other
flesh-and-blood great genius, and ap-
pear in proper name and person. He
is a man of no common powers ; and
we wish him well in mind, reputa-
tion, body, and estate.

LETTER FROM A YARROW SHEPHERD.

MR NORTH,

I HAVE been a reader of your Ma-
gazine from its commencement ; and
although I have often vainly baraboo-
zled myself in trying to understand the
meaning of many articles you admit
into it, still I continue one of your
readers, taking it for granted that such
a wise man as you would not print any
thing that was not for the good of the
public. Things that appear enigmatical
to me, are no doubt pregnant with
wholesome instruction, and will yield
gratification and delight to more learn-
ed men. In perusing your Number
for February, however, I met with an
article professing to be a review of

VOL. XXIII.

Captain Napier's work on Store-Farm-
ing, lately published—a subject more
interesting to your readers in this part
of the country, than the witty lucu-
brations of Timothy Tickler, or even
Mr Odoherty himself. In my opinion,
Mr North, you would do well to ad-
mit more communications of this na-
ture.

The literary gossip of Edinburgh is
of little importance to many of your
readers ; and at any rate, would con-
trast well with occasional sketches of
the local manners, rural anecdotes, and
antiquities of the country. At the same
time, you should be upon your guard
in admitting such communications,

J C

unless well authenticated, for we have our quizzers here, as well as you ; and I suspect that your new correspondent, who has furnished you with the article in question, is one of this description

I was born in this parish, and have followed the occupation my signature denotes, since I was a boy ; and the word of a "*Yarrow Shepherd*," is, I hope, as good as "*AN ETRICK ONE*." Had this article come from the *real Ettrick Shepherd*, I would have wondered nothing ; for we all know that *Jamie's facts* are not "chiel's that wirna ding."—But you know, Mr North, poets have privileges not allowed to other men, and why should he not avail himself of them in his prose as well as verse ? Be that as it may, your correspondent is only "*an Ettrick Shepherd*," and I confess both shame and sorrow, that any of my brethren should impose upon you so much.

In the first place, he sets out with a long eulogium on the respectable author of the work on Store-Farming, blinking altogether the merit or demerit of his work, which only could be of any consequence to the public ; but after all he says, one is left in doubt whether flattery or ridicule is the Shepherd's object ; for with all his professions of admiration for Captain Napier's improvements, the real utility of them is left doubtful, sometimes even denied, and his conduct held up in a point of view which cannot fail to hurt his feelings. Injudicious praise might have been excused ; but a deliberate attempt seems to be made to represent him as a rash, ignorant person, wasting the public money, in useless and impracticable schemes, and interfering, in the most grotesque manner, in things completely below his notice.

The character of Captain Napier, both as a brave officer, and as an enlightened country gentleman, is too well known to require any trumpeting or *buttering* from any man whatever. We all respect him, and appreciate his unremitting and meritorious exertions for the good of the community ; and I am certain, he will himself despise the person, who, in one paragraph, forges falsehoods in his praise, and, in the next, exhibits him in such a foolish and whimsical point of view.

The first subject introduced, is that of *road-making*, which the respectable author never so much as mentions.

However, "*an Ettrick Shepherd*" goes on in these terms :—"Had it not been Captain Napier, our cross-roads might have remained in a state of nature for ages to come."—This, without noticing the correctness of the language, is a downright untruth at the very outset ; for all the lines of cross-roads to which he alludes, were surveyed and laid off at least ten years before that gentleman came to reside or take any concern whatever in the affairs of the county. He represents Captain Napier as the original projector of lines of road with which he had no more connection than the man in the moon ; for the truth of this, I appeal to the county gentlemen, and Mr Easton, the original surveyor of them. But what is more, a great part of these roads were actually *formed and made* before Captain Napier came ; and the whole would unquestionably have been finished according to the original survey, without Captain Napier, though perhaps not so soon. But your correspondent is not satisfied with these false statements, but goes the length of describing, in a ludicrous manner, the effects of a *mania* for road-making, with which he imagines Captain Napier had been seized, and which he represents him obstinately persevering in. "He surveyed," says your correspondent, "roads over mountains, and through glens and cataracts, carrying the end of the chain himself for many a weary day, and stopping at every turn to mark down the altitudes, rocks, bridges, and declivities. In these laborious peregrinations, he surveyed many lines of road, where roads have never been made, nor ever will be made while the world stands. Among these may be mentioned, an excellent one over Minchmoor, and another over Bodsbeck-Law, both rising with an abrupt ascent to the respectable elevation of 1900 feet above the level of the sea ; of course excellently adapted for *winter roads*, as they would have been always blown quite free of snows during that boisterous season ; and suppose a few scores of passengers might have perished annually on them, that was their own concern, so it behoved them to look to it.

"It is true, a few impassable *wreaths* of snow might occasionally have intervened on these mountain ways ; but as these could not have been supposed to have remained above five months at a time, or six at the most, we think it a

pity that these lines of road had not been made, as we are sure the adjoining districts will miss them. People would have seen finely about them on a good day, and would have got such of their horses amazingly well tried, as were doubtful with regard to wind. But if the honourable Captain failed in effecting some of his lines of road, he sometimes had the good fortune to procure the making of two roads in the same line, or rather additional ones to those lately made, which might be a sort of indifferent compensation to the country for the loss of the others. A stranger need not be surprised on entering Ettrick Forest, at seeing two excellent roads sweeping along the bottom of a hill, within a few yards of each other, or at the farthest, not separated above a musket-shot—an improvement which, without doubt, tends mightily to the *facilitating of communication*, though not to the increase of the farmer's funds."

If Captain Napier allows himself to be sneered at, and held up to the world in such a ridiculous light, I have nothing to say. Every one who knows any thing of him, knows well, he *never could have acted* in such a manner. But your Magazine, Mr North, is read by many who cannot have such opportunity; and this Shepherd's letter will not, at any rate, impress them with very high opinions of his judgment. After all, the idea of a road over Bodsbecklaw, which is represented as so Quixotic, even if it had originated with Captain Napier (*which it did not*;) is by no means so. It was surveyed twenty years ago, and found to be quite practicable, with a moderate ascent the whole way to the summit, on both sides. In a few years it will, no doubt, be made, and open up a communication between the vale of Ettrick and the upper part of Annandale. The other over Minchmoor has been a good bridle-road for generations.

The passage in the above quotation respecting the two roads sweeping along the bottom of a hill, within a few yards of one another, is an unfair exaggeration, and an attempt at being witty at the Captain's expense. It alludes, I suppose, to a very great improvement made in the road between Traquair and Yarrow, whereby the line has been shortened, and the summit level considerably reduced, by a new cutting of about a mile. Instead

of a few yards, however, the old and new lines are, in some places, about a quarter of a mile-separate from each other. *So much for roads.*

The *Shepherd* then proceeds to say *something* of Captain Napier's work; for all that he says about roads is completely extraneous, and what follows is as little applicable to it.

The subject he takes up is the introduction of the *Cheviot* breed of sheep, which Captain Napier takes no more notice of in his work than he did of the roads; nor was it his object to do so. But let us hear the Shepherd himself:—"On reading over the Captain's very curious work, the first thing that strikes one is, how it could be possible that the occupiers of land in this celebrated pastoral district of Ettrick Forest should have been so backward in their improvements relating to the rearing and management of sheep, the sole staple commodity of their country."

The improvements here alluded to, are the introduction of the *Cheviot* breed, and *Draining*; but it could never strike any reader of Captain Napier's book, that the occupiers of land in Ettrick Forest had been backward in adopting them, for a very good reason—they are never so much as hinted at in it. The Captain sticks better to his subject than the Shepherd, and proposes, with great plausibility, certain alterations in the present mode of managing store-farms, the merits of which the *Shepherd* ought to have investigated. But the real truth is, he makes only a handle of Captain Napier to foist in a long farrago of silly trash and barefaced lies, for no other purpose than, by making what he thinks good stories, holding up to public ridicule the shepherds of that period. I am now an old man, Mr North, and knew Ettrick Forest before there was a *Cheviot* sheep in it, as well as now, when it is completely stocked with them. There has scarcely been a shepherd in it that I have not known and conversed with for forty years back; but till I saw your last Magazine, I never heard of such things as are there related respecting the introduction of *Cheviot* sheep. Believe me, sir, the whole is imaginary and false, like the rest of your correspondent's letter, and is any thing but calculated to advance the character of your Magazine in this part of the country for the *VERACITY* of its state-

ments. I appeal to the whole of the old farmers, as well as shepherds, of the district, and if a single man contradict me, I yield the point. But I am afraid I shall tire you in pointing out his contradictions and inconsistencies. In one place, he blames the farmers for being so backward in changing from the blackfaced to the Cheviot breed; and then he attempts to prove that the former are better adapted to the soil and climate of the district than the latter; and that the change never ought to have been made.

In page 180, he leaves the subject of the Cheviot breed, and proceeds to give some more anecdotes of Captain Napier, commencing with a downright lie. He says, upon Captain Napier's coming into the country, and taking the farm of Thirlestane into his own hands, "a superb castle immediately arose beside the ruin of that which his ancestors anciently inhabited." Now, the fact is, that this superb castle, as he calls it, was built by his father, Lord Napier, many years before the Captain left the navy, and was only a small plain country house, not larger than many of the farm dwelling-houses. Since that, the Captain has made an addition to it no doubt, but still it is any thing but a superb castle. He can tell nothing as it really is. Describing the establishment of the fairs at Thirlestane for the sale of sheep and wool, he says, "There are houses erected for the accommodation of those who delight in eating and drinking, for which the tavern-keeper pays no rent." A lie as usual—they *do* pay rent.

The subject of dogs is next introduced, and very awkwardly lugged in, for the purpose, I suppose, of retailing, once more, a *stock* story of Jamie Hogg's, about their barking in the kirk, which he has hackneyed among the Magazines for the last twenty years. As I told you before, Jamie often makes a mountain of a mole-hill; and this story, among hundreds, is an instance of it. I assure you, Mr North, were you in Ettrick kirk, on a Sunday, you would see how little foundation there is for such a description; and I wonder much your correspondent should have assisted in propagating such idle misrepresentations. But he seems, in common with the poet, to have an itch for the marvellous on all occasions, and we Shepherds, Mr North, are fond of telling wonderful stories about our dogs. I have heard some of them

make a noise occasionally in the kirk, to prevent which, the late respected Pastor of Ettrick recommended that their masters should not bring them there. But this originated entirely with himself, not on account of any interference of Captain Napier's, as is stated by your correspondent.

Although he pretends it was not his object to consider the general subject of Captain Napier's work, and the consequences that might result from the adoption of the plans there proposed, as not being sufficiently interesting to general readers, he, notwithstanding, fills his long letter with remarks upon some of its most trivial details, which, whether correct or not, do not affect in the smallest degree the author's theories.

If your Magazine, Mr North, is not a fit place for such discussions, it is certainly far less so for stories only to be credited by old wives.

In some places, the Shepherd takes an opportunity of gratifying his own private *piques*. For instance, can it be of any earthly consequence to the readers of your Magazine out of the bounds of Ettrick Forest, whether the farm of Eldinhope lost 100 or 200 sheep in the year 1794; or whether, in 1799, Crosslee had an entire Cheviot stock, or Benger Burn, hogs and gimmers!

Neither the President of the United States, nor the Emperor of China, who, you say, read your Magazine, will care much for such disputes.

The real fact is, that the Shepherd introduces these trifles for the purpose of venting his spleen against one of his intelligent brethren of the crook, of the name of Alexander Laidlaw, who evidently has incurred his displeasure.

But I fear your patience will be exhausted, Mr North, and will stop short. It would occupy too many of your valuable columns, were I to follow out all the exaggerations and falsehoods of this correspondent of yours. Should he send you any more letters, I trust you will be upon your guard. At any rate, I shall keep a sharp look out; and as I am not an experienced writer myself, more than him, should any thing farther appear, I shall speak to my next neighbour, the real "*Ettrick Shepherd*," and get him to notice it. The devil is in it if Jamie does not match him with windy stories.

A YARROW SHEPHERD.

15th March, 1823.

NEWS FROM PADDY.

MY WORTHY ÆTHIOP,

HERE I AM, having done a pretty considerable bit of travel, since you sent me the cool thousand to Heidelberg—For which thank ye. As to the quarto with lithographs—the thing's impossible. The Turks have been over-romanced and versified; the world is too much accustomed to their beards and breeches. Byron has done, and Hope undone them. To be sure, I was at Constantinople during an eventful period, but really I was too anxious to keep my head upon my shoulders, to permit my scratching it for your d—d six pages a-day—isn't that your Scotch quota? Besides, the Turks are a respectable people, and don't deserve to be exposed in Mr Ballantyne's stocks. What an impertinent idea you stay-at-home bodies have of these said Musselmén! in form, and courage, and military discipline, inferior to no European force, and armed much better. It amuses me to hear the *Liberals*, the *Carbonari*, those coward disbelievers in all religion, preaching a *crusade* against the Turkish *infidels*. Nothing now comes from their mouth, but "up with the Cross, down with the Crescent." I like the Turks; they are an honest set, rather too sparing of their coffee, and generous of its dregs; but no matter, —a shrewd people, though they never write reviews. "The Republic at least won't marry an Arch-duchess," said the Grand Signior, rubbing his hands, when he heard of the French Revolution. Pray, did Pitt ever make a shrewder remark in all his speeches? Let Odoherty say what he will, there is something sublime in despotism. A seraglio is a pretty thing, not inferior to Moore's poetry, or another poet's palace; and what is more sublime than a Tartar riding express, for Heaven knows how many thousand leagues, with a Pacha's head dangling at his girdle? The Greeks are gallant fellows, but not such gentlemen as the Turks, of whom the commonest Aga understands *representation* better than the Marquis ****. "Why stab all before you?" said I to a Greek of rank at Corinth.—"We have no means or place to keep prisoners."—"How many millions of Greeks think you are there?"—"Some five millions."—"The Turks, how numerous?"—"Fifteen, sixteen

million."—"Is not such a system of war madness between such numbers?"—"Dhah! twenty stabs tire not the Grecian arm."—"Hope you any aid from Russia or from England?"—"Aid—hum—between two thieves we may gain our independence, and then a fig for both." They were very merry on the subject of Lord G**** and his Grecian college, and smiled at the *bon-homme* of the English philanthropist, who gave 'em books when they wanted muskets. They swore, King Tom was a knowing chap, for they have caught the nick-name from our Maltese vagabonds; the Greeks, above all nations, honour shrewdness in a friend or enemy; and, in either capacity, they could not have a more sagacious neighbour, than that much-vituperated and gallant officer, King Tom. I beg you to drink his Majesty's health at your next *Noctes*.

I made some progress through Asia-Minor, in hopes to reach Palestine that way, but found the thing impossible. The Pachas of this, that, and t'other were all by the ears, with promise of not a few turbans on the green. Had a narrow escape of sailing to Aleppo; grew humble, and went to Alexandria, to Cairo, and of course to Thebes. I ought to write a book on the strength of all this, if it was merely out of charity to the Quarterly, which would die without its periodical trip to the second cataract and Timbuctoo; they're right, however, in salting that French pro-consul, who is as big a rogue as ever squatted on a camel. It tells us, that the English and French consuls have divided fairly Egypt between them as to antiquities—Ods, zodiacks and pyramids! what would Sesostris have said to this? And what ought John Bull, to hear that a French loon dare think of claiming half of any thing from us, the lords of the Mediterranean? As to Cleopatra's needle, or needles, (for there are two,) which the Cockneys talk of erecting in some square or place, and which the English journals of many months since, describe as having landed in the Thames, they are both, I assure you, in *statu quo*, without seeming to entertain the least intentions of a trip to England. As to the Arabs, there is no danger in being "their guest," except as to clean-

liness, for they are, without exception, the louisiest set, I was going to say, in Christendom, if they are not excelled in this particular, by the Franciscan monks of Italy. No small-tooth comb can defend you from them. Ireland ought to lend Egypt her darling Saint, for a few months, St Patrick, who, according to the song of Faust *****'s translation,

“Bothered all the varmint.”

Got to Malta—quarantine a bore—too many red coats, so set up with a black one, proud as possible of St Paul's landing on his island, and angry with our youngsters, who, he said, rode their asses to mass, to drink holy water. Sailed to Naples; found the Austrians encamped in the marketplace, tents, cannon, and all. Their *troupes d'élite* are at Naples; the Imperial Guard, for instance, fine, stout fellows, girdled like wasps, so bestrapped about the waist, that with two poles and a chord, you could play the devil on two sticks with them. They granted what they call an amnesty t'other day, and then clapped about four hundred in prison. Another of their edicts has had the effect of banishing all books and booksellers from Naples. *Vai a Roma, non c'e gente*, being a Neapolitan ballad, the immortal city is quite *spopolated*; but your friend, whom I met the other day, threatens to send you a long account of it. A vulgar set of soi-disant literati are at Florence, proud as peacocks, but unable to produce the least thing; grammarians and deists, full of the commonest commonplace, and borrowing third-hand their irreligion from the second-hand philosophy of the French. Couldn't manage Venice. Did Genoa and Milan; and here am I at Paris, out of breath.

My travels since have been in “bookland, gorgeous land.” Peveril, with all the needless-to-be-enumerated beauties of its brethren, disappointed me. I had expected that the author would have shone out even beyond himself, when he came to treat of that era. But his English statesmen are mere sketchy shadows in comparison with his Scotch; in this respect, the Abbot and Monastery are certainly the best of the series; but look to Kenilworth, what a difference? How false is Leicester! how vainly does he attempt to do something with Raleigh? As to Peveril, 'tis worse than the author has follow-

ed the really *vulgar* prejudices of aristocracy against the round-heads.—How could he have presented us with such a character as Bridgenorth to represent them, when the Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson were open—the man of taste, as well as the devotee? This makes me regret extremely the failure of Hogg's generous and bold attempt at unheroizing Claverhouse in despite of Old Mortality. And again, how has he represented Buckingham, the mean, coward Buckingham, that sneaked away from a personal encounter with Ossory? If the great illustrator of British history has thus dignified the very meanest character in British annals, which Buckingham undoubtedly is, and has bestowed but one line on Ossory, his antagonist, and perhaps the very noblest character in the said history, to what shall we attribute his unjust caprice? The author of the learned notes to Dryden's works can never plead ignorance in excuse.

“The Loves of the Angels,” I could not get through. Really one, who writes upon the Fathers, and corrects the Old Testament, ought to produce poetry of some stronger kind than this school-boy stuff. After all, Byron's the fellow; how nervous, how sublime is “Heaven and Earth,” in spite of the Cockneyisms, that, alas! (for pitch defileth,) will break in upon him. I remarked many instances: “*the shells, the little shells*,” dear, pretty, little creatures. Only think, what must Byron be in twelve months hence, when Leigh has already won him to gloat over a cockle-shell, with all the delight of a cit on Margate shore. The preface to the Liberal gave me a higher idea of its author's powers, than any poetry I had ever met of his; it is so forcible, so knock-me-down, yet who can tell what the devil it means? the man in the buff waistcoat is quite equal to Matthews's *Sir Mark Magnum*. Let me recommend you to be on your guard against the author of that preface; he's fully your match, and seems determined to give and receive floorers. Spring and Neate are nothing to what I foresee. I perceive the Liberal honours you, and you only, with its blows; this is noble on its part to single out at once a worthy enemy. But what blundering seconds the noble Liberal has got? You bribe the parties to abuse and slander the whole

Scottish nation—I can account for that sad blunder in no other way. And the enumeration of the people, superior in decency to the Scotch, is so good,—but why does he stop at the Spanish,—why did he not add the Italian? If he had, an article entitled, “A Life at Venice and at Athens,” containing much curious truth, might have answered the assertion. A precious trio these “Giuli Three.” What trio? exclaims some ignoramus of your back settlements, who has been unable to distinguish the *tenore* of his Lordship, the *basso* of Leigh, and the *soprano* of a female voice, scarce indeed distinguishable in pouring forth the rough notes of Jacobinism. One should think, that a female breast, just chastised by a sad calamity, might find other modes of consolation than in feeble railing against kings and gods. A grammar school, together with now and then a little polite company, would be of great use to the lady, if we are not mistaken, when she might learn better taste, than to talk sentimentally of *raffishness*, and houses *looking out up the hills* of Genoa. It is surprising that a British peer should put up with such vulgar company, such radicals “by birth and bearing.”

PADDY.

Paris, 1st April, 1823.

P. S. Upon reading over my nonsense, I regret much to find myself joining the vulgar and envious cry against THE GREAT WELL-KNOWN. It is the only sure accompaniment of genius which he rested without; but the black spot has appeared in the horizon, and the storm will come on increasing. His shoulders, however, are broad enough to bear it.

Just heard of the death of John

Kemble; but I'll believe no death in the English papers, since they killed Buonaparte's mother so circumstantially, and she alive and merry all the while. The last time I saw Kemble, and 'tis a pleasing recollection to have so seen him, was some months since in the Vatican. He was wrapped in a silk-quilted morning gown, examining the antique statues, whose features seemed moulded from his own. Gibson the sculptor, one of the first in Rome, was acting Ciccone kindly to the old Roman. Methought he looked discontented, and in ill health, and the gallery was confoundedly cold at the moment; he thrust each hand into the opposite sleeve of his morning-gown, thus making a muff of both, and walked away.

Gibson's name recalls to my mind some news which I may add to this postscript. The English artists at Rome are, as you know, sadly in want of an academy, while the French possess a superb one, with every means and convenience for study. Mr Hamilton, our ambassador at Naples, led the way by transmitting L.100 to Rome, demanding if it would be accepted towards the establishment of an Academy. It was accepted. Among other subscriptions, the Duke of Devonshire has given an hundred louis. Sir Watkin W. Wynn, it is whispered, wishes to purchase or build a palace, which he intends to convert into an academy and a church, both being much wanted, but others doubt if the junction be prudent. His Holiness the Pope, although he allows a Jewish synagogue to exist, and to hold its meetings within his consecrated walls, makes a great difficulty of allowing us heretics to say our prayers in a private room. Yet we prate of his liberality!

SPECIMENS OF THE ITALIAN ART OF HOAXING.

No. III.

THE FOURTH NOVEL OF THE SECOND SUPPER.

How Scheggia, Pilucca, and Monaco, made Gian-Simone, the Hatter, believe, that, by force of Incantations, he should accomplish the love of his Mistress; and how Gian-Simone, having required a token for his greater satisfaction, they gave him one which made him almost die with fright, and afterwards made him pay the five-and-twenty florins he had promised, though he refused their services.

THIS story, in the original, is related at a length, and with a minuteness, which would appear tedious. It goes, however, to make us better acquainted with the worthies who have figured in some of the preceding stories—to expose the tricks of pretended conjurors—and the superstitions which prevailed among the citizens of Florence, as well as with less enlightened nations, in the sixteenth century, and (as a grand practical hoax) to prepare us for that more extensive and elaborate performance of a similar description, of which “the Magnificent” Lorenzo (with the assistance of some of the illustrious personages here present) was the contriver, and with which, as the flower and cream of hoaxes, I purpose to terminate my promised selections from the novels of Lasca. I shall take the liberty of abridging some of the details.

Lo Scheggia and Il Pilucca, as you may perhaps have heard tell, were companions of old, very cunning, and very facetious—men who made the most of their time—and reasonably well skilled in the arts which they professed; one of them being a jeweller, the other a sculptor; but, albeit they were none of the wealthiest, they were nevertheless professed enemies to all manner of labour, making the best cheer in the world—taking no thought of the morrow—and living in perpetual jollity and merriment.

It happened that, among their friends and associates, was one Gian-Simone, a hatter—a man of dull wit, but well to do in the world—who then kept his shop near the Cattle Market, to which Scheggia and Pilucca were in the custom of frequently repairing, above all, in the winter season, to crack their jokes, and play sometimes at cards and tables; at others, only for the sake of chatting. There they generally drank, every man his flask of wine, together,

while Scheggia, who was an excellent speaker, and remarkably fertile of invention, told stories of ghosts and enchantments, which afforded store of amusement and wonder to those who heard him.

This Gian-Simone was deeply enamoured of a fair widow, his neighbour, who, though beautiful and obliging beyond measure, was withal exceeding chaste; and, both in rank and fortune, far above his mark; so that the poor fool began to think of having recourse to spells and witchcraft, since he could not hope to win her otherwise; and naturally turned to Scheggia for his counsel how to proceed in the business. Scheggia, who could have desired nothing better, listened to his complaints with great attention, and then answered, that he would readily undertake to assist him, but that he must mention it to his friend Pilucca, since he was acquainted with a man named Zoroastro, who was able to conjure up spirits and devils, just as it pleased him. “Content,” said Gian-Simone.—So they sat late that night, (at the poor simpleton’s expence,) eating and drinking, and deliberating on the grave matter they had so taken in hand; and, no sooner were parted, than Scheggia ran to find his brother artist, and both together diverted themselves most highly with the prospect of the treat that awaited them. Early the next evening, both went to the shop of Gian-Simone, where a splendid supper was provided for their entertainment, and they held further discourses of Gian-Simone’s love, and the method proposed to be had recourse to, of arriving at the enjoyment of it. Pilucca, with much entreaty, was at last prevailed on to undertake the good office of speaking to the wise Zoroastro; and they again separated, betaking themselves, Gian-Simone to his bed, where he tossed and tumbled, thinking it an age before he could hear

Zoroastro's answer; and Pilucca, in good truth, to find Zoroastro, not indeed for the purpose of humbly entreating him, but in order to enjoy another hearty laugh at Gian-Simone's costs and charges; and, finally, to settle the plan of operations between them. It was determined accordingly, that Pilucca should return the next day to Gian-Simone, and demand twenty-five florins in advance, as the price of his magical assistance; a proposal which at first excited some suspicion in the mind of the enamoured hatter, especially so far as regarded the anticipation of payment; so that recourse was had to Scheggia's powers of eloquence to persuade him; and that accomplished person so effectually presented to his imagination the divine graces of his mistress's person, and the impossibility that he should, at any other rate, ever hope to enjoy them, that he at length gave his consent, with a proviso only, that, before actual payment, the necromancer should give him some sign or token of his skill, by which he might the better judge whether Zoroastro in fact possessed the marvellous powers to which he pretended, and so that he (the hatter) might not be deemed (as he himself expressed it) "a man to be trifled with!"—"Even so let it be," replied Scheggia; and so it was agreed that they should all go the next morning (which was Sunday) to the conjuror's house, in the street called Gualponda, where Scheggia promised him that he should behold miracles.

This Zoroastro was a person of from thirty-six to forty years old, tall, and well made, of an olive complexion, and somewhat fierce countenance, with a thick black beard, which reached to his girdle, and very whimsical and fantastic in his demeanour. He had devoted much of his time to the pursuit of alchymy—had penetrated to a great depth in all the mystery of enchantment—was possessed of seals, characters, phylacteries, pentacles, bells, phials, and furnaces, for various kinds of distillations, earths, grasses, and minerals, stones and woods; he had also skins of vellum, lynx's eyes, mad dog's foam, the bones of the "*Pesce-Colombo*," dead men's skulls, ropes

from gibbets, swords and daggers, with which murders had been committed; Solomon's knife and key; herbs plucked at various seasons of the moon, and under different conjunctions of planets, and a thousand other such-like fooleries, to frighten nurses and children. He was an adept in astrology, physiognomy, chiromancy, and a hundred humbugs besides; he was a great believer in witchcraft, but, above all, in the art of raising the dead, yet had never been so happy as either to produce or to witness a single event out of the ordinary course of nature, although he made no scruple of relating, as true, all manner of lies and absurdities relating to them; and having neither father nor mother, and being in tolerably easy circumstances, he lived almost entirely alone, not being able to find a servant, who, through fear, would stay in his house; whereat, to say the truth, he marvellously rejoiced; and being one who kept very little company, paid no kind of attention to his personal appearance, but went about the town with his head uncombed and matted, his face and clothes soiled and filthy; and so was reputed by the common people to be a great philosopher and magician.

Scheggia and Pilucca were among those who were most familiarly acquainted with this distinguished personage; they knew, to an ounce, how much he weighed, and how many days were wanting to St Biagio.* They acquainted him, therefore, with the convention they had made with Gian-Simone, and made his mouth water with the bare idea of the five-and-twenty florins in advance, so that no great persuasion was necessary to make him promise to give the required token of his abilities. The only question was, what should be the nature of that token; but this too was agreed upon, after some little discussion; and the following Sunday fixed upon for the representation of the comedy.

With the utmost impatience, Gian-Simone counted every hour that passed until the arrival of the day appointed; being more and more inflamed by the aspect of his fair and all-conquering widow, to whom, each morning, as he beheld her, he muttered between

* A proverbial expression, signifying the same with our vulgar "being up to it."—The day of St Biagio, (says the commentator,) was the anniversary of a great defeat sustained by the Florentines in the Valdilamona.

his teeth, "Ah! thou little traitor—thou mischievous heretic—not a single glance hast thou yet deigned to cast towards me, ever since the fatal moment that I first became enamoured of thee. The time will shortly arrive, when you shall weep tears of blood for all your cruelties. Let me alone, and I will soon teach you such a lesson as (by the body of Antichrist) will be to the great improvement of your civility." And so, from time to time, whenever he saw his friends Scheggia and Pilucca, he failed not to commend himself to their good offices, and entreat them to propitiate the magician.

At last Sunday came, and Gian-Simone had no sooner been to dinner, than he repaired to St Mary's church, where he heard Vespers, and afterwards waited at the door for his companions, till the Ave-Mary bell was on the point of sounding. On their arrival, he could not help testifying his impatience at their delay, which they excused, by saying, that it was necessary, for the success of their enterprise, to commence it punctually at the half hour; and they then proceeded together to the magician's house, which they reached in the dusk of the evening: and, after twice knocking at the door, the latch was drawn, and Zoroastro himself, at the head of the stair-case, with a lighted taper in his hand, stood prepared to welcome them. Having ascended the stairs, they were received by him accordingly, in the saloon, with a courteous air and cheerful countenance, and invited to take their seats; which being done, they immediately entered into familiar conversation, turning altogether on stories of ghosts and devils. At last, Pilucca, turning to Zoroastro, said—"This friend of ours is no other than the very inamorato of whom I before spoke to you; and he is come on purpose to be witness to some specimen of your art, which may induce him to commit to you the whole success of his passion." Zoroastro, upon being thus addressed, fixed his eyes full upon Gian-Simone, with a look of such fierce expression, as made him tremble from head to foot; and replied, "Be it as you have spoken. I am ready to do all he desires, for love of you; and I know not that any other than yourselves could have prevailed with me to go so far; but you are so much my friends, that I cannot, in any thing which is

possible, fail to comply with your wishes." And, forthwith leaving the room, he went down stairs, and attired himself in a long shirt, or surplice, of the whitest linen, girt round the middle with a red cord, and on his head a kind of helmet, encircled by a wreath of artificial serpents, so well represented as to appear living; in his left hand he took a marble bascu, and in his right hand a sponge, fastened to the shin-bone of a dead man; and thus equipped and furnished, he returned to the saloon. On his arrival, it is not to be expressed, either the joy and content which the others experienced in seeing him, or the fear and consternation of poor Gian-Simone, who began already heartily to repent the curiosity which had led him thither.

Meanwhile, Zoroastro having placed on the ground both the sponge and the bascu, admonished all present that they should not question anything which they might see or hear that night; and, above all, not by any means to call God or the saints to their remembrance. He then took a little book from his bosom, and pretended, in a low muttering voice, to be reading matters of deep and mysterious import; after which, he fell on his knees, and alternately kissing the earth and lifting up his hands and eyes to Heaven, continued a full quarter of an hour performing the most antic gestures in the world; and these being ended, again arose, and dipping the sponge in the bascu, (which was full of some red dye-stuff,) exclaimed, in a somewhat louder tone, "With this dragon's blood, let us make the circle of Pluto." He then described with the sponge a large circle, of such dimensions as to occupy two-thirds of the saloon; and once more falling on his knees, in the centre of it, and having kissed the ground three times, asked the bystanders what sign they would have. Upon this, Pilucca, turning to Gian-Simone, (who stood shaking all the while like an aspen leaf,) asked what token it would please him best to be furnished with of all others. But Gian-Simone, afraid to speak for himself in a matter of so much peril, begged to call Scheggia, together with Pilucca, into consultation with him; and so, after many things had been proposed and rejected, some as too trifling, others as too full of danger, and others again as being against the faith; Zoroastro

himself at last interposed, and with a half-smiling countenance, told them that he had bethought him of a sign, which was altogether of a pleasant sort, and calculated to make them laugh, and yet, at the same time, of sufficient importance as a specimen of his magical science. "And that is," said he, "that I even now behold our friend Monaco, walking by the side of the old market-place, in his slippers, cloak, and hood; and, if you choose it, I will, by force and virtue of my art, cause him to appear forthwith in the midst of this circle." Which proposal being highly commended by Scheggia and Pilucca, was equally relished by Gian-Simone, who observed, that nothing could please him so much, seeing that Monaco was his very dear and much-esteemed companion and gossip.

This Monaco was a broker, who had his name inscribed in the corporation of silk-merchants, but by no means confined himself to the concerns of his trade. He made matches, let houses upon commission, acted the go-between in love matters, and had no objection to a little affair of usury when occasion required; he was one who led a merry life, danced, sung, and played excellently on the harp; a man, in short, who was up to any thing, and (as I have already told you) a very great friend of Zoroastro, Scheggia, and Pilucca, who, having been made by them duly acquainted with all that was passing concerning Gian-Simone, and engaged in their conspiracy, came that same evening to Zoroastro's house, in the dress above described, with two bunches of lettuces strung together, and a bundle of radishes, and placed himself outside a window of the apartment, in such a position as to be seen by Zoroastro, and not by any others who were there present, and so also as to be able to hear, through a crevice in the wall, every word that was spoken within.

Seeing that all was ready for his game, Zoroastro then resumed, "There he is, going up to a green grocer, and bargaining for a salad. Stay a moment—he has taken up two bunches of lettuce, and a bunch of radishes. He is in the act of stringing them together. Now he is giving him a groat and asking for change. Right! It

comes exactly to six farthings." And so saying, he threw himself prostrate on the ground, muttering some words which could not be understood,—then got up again on his feet, gave two tumbles, which brought him to the further edge of the circle, when he fell on his knees, and looked again into the basin, as he had done before, and exclaimed, "There! he has gotten the change, and is now going toward *Skinner's Street*,* in his way home. But he reckons without his host, for see! he's already caught up into the air by my invisible spirits—there he is, over the Bishop's Palace! Aha! how finely he sails along! He's over the Piazza di Madonna. There! now he's directly over St Maria Novella, just entering into Gualpada.—Ah! he's half way through the street already. See! he's within fifty paces of us. Oho! here he is at the window! In half a moment he'll be in the midst of the circle, with his slippers, cloak, and hood, his salad and radishes in his hand." And therewithal he set up such a shout as never was heard, while Monaco, all of a sudden, made his appearance in the midst of them just as the sorcerer had described him.

Poor Gian-Simone, at sight of this marvellous phenomenon, was ready to die with fright, and could not utter a word, so great was his astonishment; and Monaco cried with a loud voice, "Ah! traitors! scoundrels! what's the meaning of all this? Is it thus you deal with good and reputable citizens?" These words only increased the terror of Gian-Simone, so that Scheggia and Zoroastro, who stood watching him, (while Pilucca appeared to be attending to the misfortunes of Monaco,) seeing him turn pale as ashes, and unable to utter a syllable, began to be a little uneasy about him, and led him out into the fresh air to recover him; in performing which act of charity, it became manifest to them, from certain tokens, that his fright had produced in the person of Gian-Simone one of its most natural, but least agreeable consequences; and Scheggia, retiring a few paces, said, "I would lay a wager, Gian-Simone, that you have *****"
"Cimabue himself, though born blind," rejoined Pilucca, "might per-

ceive it." Upon which the poor culprit, recovering the use of his speech, said, with a deep sigh, "I only wonder that I did not **** my soul out. Ods mercy! if I was not at the point of giving up the ghost!"—"The more need," replied Zoroastro, "that you should go home and dress yourself." So Gian-Simone departed, and Scheggia with him, leaving Monaco in great apparent dudgeon, and Pilucca busied (as it seemed) in soothing him; but no sooner was the coast clear, than they, together with Zoroastro, and Scheggia also, (as soon as he had deposited his unsavoury companion safely in his own house,) made themselves right merry at the fool's expense, and supped, and drank, and laughed together, in the best humour possible, till past midnight.

We need not follow the course of this entertaining history too minutely in relating how Gian-Simone was received on his return home, and put to bed, or of the fever, which subsequently attacked him, and of which he was cured after eight days (and of his love together) by the skill of Master Samuel, the Jewish Doctor. All these things may be supposed; and we will return to our friend Scheggia, who, when he found that they were safe from the dangerous consequences which were at first to be apprehended as the result of their frolic, began to think of the twenty-five ducats, of which he felt no inclination to excuse the payment. With this view, he therefore called upon Gian-Simone one morning, (before he had yet ventured to leave his sick chamber,) and began to discourse with him on his passion, assuring him that now he had witnessed the magician's power, and nothing was wanted but the payment of the money to the full success of his wishes. To whom Gian-Simone, hanging his head, thus replied,—“Comrade, I thank you, and I thank the magician also; and, to say it in few words, I shall trouble myself no further with either ghosts or devils. The Lord help me! if I do not even now tumble all over whenever I bethink me of Monaco, and his sudden apparition in the midst of us; when he had been carried through the air, and could not tell by whom, and was half dead with the terror of it. I now solemnly swear and attest to you, that all my love is clean departed out of my body,

and for that same widow, I no longer care a pin's head; nay, rather, I may say, that I loathe the very name of her, considering (as I do) that she was the cause of my being well nigh frightened out of my life. Lord! what a fright I was in! My very hair stands on end whenever I think of it, and of Master Zoroastro and his infernal doings, which brought it upon me.” When Scheggia heard him thus reason, he began to fear that all they had yet done was mere labour in vain, and said to himself, “So, after all, he won't go as we would drive him.” Turning, however, to Gian-Simone, with the air of a man who feels himself much offended, he said to him, “Gian-Simone, what is this I hear? Take care that the magician be not enraged at you. Why, what the devil are you thinking about? I very much fear, that when Zoroastro finds what a fool you have been making of him, he will play you such a turn as will make you stare. A pretty thing, indeed, when men of honour break their promises! What need had he to give you a sign, if you at the time intended to pursue the matter no farther? All that is, Gian-Simone, he is not a person to play your tricks upon; and, if he gives you an ape's or an ass's head in place of your own, as a recompense for your foolery, take my word that it is the very least you can have to expect from him.” During this harangue, Gian-Simone's countenance had already waxed white as a sheet, and he answered, “By the blood of all the martyrs, I swear, that I will to-morrow, the first thing in the morning, go before the Council of Eight, and reveal all that has happened. Nay, I know not what prevents my going immediately.” At the mention of the Council of Eight, it was Scheggia's turn to change countenance, and he said to himself, “This is no time to fight naked. Let us take care that the devil do not join in procession.” Then turning to Gian-Simone, with an air of gentle entreaty, he said to him, “My dear friend, Gian-Simone, not for a thousand florins would I have Zoroastro know what you have just been saying. Think you that the Council of Eight has any power over devils? He has a thousand modes of circumventing you, without your knowing anything about the matter. I have been thinking, however, that,

seeing he is in truth courteous and liberal, and a very gentleman in his thoughts and behaviour, if you were to try him with a present, at no great charges, such as three or four couple of capons, eight or ten pigeons, a dozen flasks of good wine, half a dozen cream cheeses, and a basket or two of pears,—all which you may send him by the market-people,—he would be better pleased with some such little mark of attention, and have a higher opinion of your gratitude and liberality, than if you were to pay him a hundred ducats; and you will then see whether he does not send to return thanks for your kindness, and so you will make him your best friend; whereas, if you act otherwise, you will only be fishing on dry ground, and pull the hatchet down on your own legs.” This advice pleased Gian-Simone wonderfully, and he agreed to follow in every respect the directions of his friend Scheggia, into whose hands he forthwith counted out just as much money as he informed him would be necessary for his propitiatory offering, with which the other immediately went to market, and very conscientiously expended every farthing in the purchase of the above-mentioned articles, and had them carried by two porters to Zoroastro’s house, where, together with Pilucca and Monaco, they all made good cheer, and regaled themselves with many a hearty laugh, at the expense of the donor of the feast, not excepting even the porters.

Whilst, however, they indulged their sportive humour to the utmost at the treat which was thus provided for them, it did not fail to occur to them all, that a debt of five-and-twenty ducats was ill discharged by the payment of a scurvy supper; and they had no sooner drunk and eaten their fill, than they began to set their wits at work in devising means to recover the promised gratuity, without compromising their safety, or entangling themselves with the Council of Eight. Many were the schemes proposed and canvassed; and at last one (of Pilucca’s invention) was agreed to and fixed upon, as the most free from objection, on the ground either of difficulty or danger; and which, accordingly, met with full success, as you will now hear related.

The friends separated over night, each returning to his own house; and

early the next morning, Pilucca, by way of giving commencement to the projected undertaking, having drawn up a counterfeit legal summons or citation, put it into the hands of one of his own workmen, (who were at that time employed about the decorations of the church of Santa Maria del Fiore,) a man with a short smoky beard, looking, for all the world, like a catchpole, whom he moreover armed with a long sword by his side, and sent him thus accoutred to Master Gian-Simone’s house, properly instructed as to all he had to say and to do there. Accordingly, he first knocked at the door, which being opened, he marched up stairs (preceded by the servant maid) into the chamber where the luckless Gian-Simone was lying in bed, by whom being asked what was his business with him, he answered, “Read, and you will know.” There-with he turned half way round, so as to discover the sword he wore by his side, which Gian-Simone no sooner saw than he guessed his office, and instantly rose from his bed, (very dolorous,) and, taking the fatal paper to the light, read the following summons:—“On behalf and by order of his Reverence the Vicar of the Archbishop of Florence, it is commanded thee, Gian-Simone, hatter, that thou present thyself, within three hours from the time of receiving this citation, at the Chancery of the aforesaid Bishopric, on pain of excommunication, and of a fine of 100 florins.” Signed with the signature of the Chancellor, and sealed (to all appearance, at least as Gian-Simone thought in his terror) with the regular seal of office. Whereat it is not to be marvelled, if he remained utterly confounded with fear and sorrow, thinking to himself what could be the reason of such a proceeding; not doubting, however, that he could immediately go to the Chancery, and give himself up to abide the event of the summons; consoling himself with the reflection, that he had all his life kept clear of all transactions with the clerical and monastic fraternity; and, therefore, that he could have done nothing to be called to account for, or for the infringement of ecclesiastical privileges.

Meanwhile, Scheggia, who was lying in wait, to prevent his egress, made a loud knocking at the door, which was opened to him, and no sooner enter-

ed the chamber, than he exclaimed, "Now, then, we are ruined past redemption! Who would have thought it? Oh! if I ever escape out of this hobble, never again will I have to do with witchcraft and sorcery. The devil take all necromancers and necromancy, say I." Gian-Simone all this while kept earnestly entreating him to explain the cause of his trouble; but he went on, notwithstanding, without returning an answer, till, at last, hearing him exclaim against necromancy, he caught him by the arm, and cried with a loud voice, "Scheggia! for mercy's sake tell me what is the matter with you, and what is the cause of all these lamentations?"—"One thing only," answered Scheggia, "and neither I nor you could have found a worse."—"Alas! alas!" cried Gian-Simone, "what now can have befallen us?" and would have shewn the summons; but Scheggia, taking a paper out of his pocket by way of anticipation, said to him, "Here! look here! 'This is a citation from the Bishop.'—'And here is another,' said Gian-Simone. 'These, then,' said Scheggia, 'are the cause of both our undoing.'—'How so?' repeated Gian-Simone. 'For God's sake explain.' Whereupon Scheggia, with a most doleful countenance, thus proceeded:—"You remember how your friend Monaco was carried through the air by devils.—Well, since that unfortunate day, he never rested, (so much did the affront and injury weigh on his spirits) till he wormed out of Pilucca the whole truth of the matter, and discovered how you and I were the chief occasion of all that he suffered, and that he was put to it for no other reason than to afford you a sign of the magician's power. On which account he was filled with rage against both of us, and went immediately to find the Vicar, to whom he related, circumstantially, all that Pilucca had told him, and called Pilucca himself to vouch for the facts. Whereupon the Vicar, seeing that the affair bore, (to say the best of it,) a very ugly aspect, would have signed a summons immediately, but, inasmuch as it was late, and the Chancellor was not present, he deferred doing so until the next morning. And all this I have just now been informed by a priest, who is one of the Vicar's household, and a very particular friend of my own."—"And is this all," replied Gian-Simo-

ne, "that you make such a stir about? What have we done, after all?"—"What have we done?" rejoined the other; "Oh! you will soon know what we have done. We have done that which is to the disparagement of our holy religion, in the first place, by evidencing our belief in spirits and incantations, and seeking, by the help of devils, to dishonour a noble and virtuous lady; and in the next place, by bringing our friend Monaco into peril of his life, seeing that he was in danger of dying, either from the mere fright of such an aerial transportation, or of having his neck broken through the malice of the fiends who carried him; all which are matters involving capital punishment; and you may be quite certain, that if we present ourselves before the Vicar, we shall be that very instant clapped into prison, and, either by confessing the crime, subject ourselves to the chance of being burned at the stake, or, by abiding the proof, (for as to denying the matter, that is impossible,) have, at the very best that can befall us, to be pelted to within an inch of our lives in the pillory, or be made to ride through the streets on a jack-ass, with our sentences written on our backs, to suffer confiscation of all our goods, and then be thrown into some dungeon, there to pass the remainder of our days in repentance. Alas! alas! and does this seem a matter of no importance to you?" Saying which, he shed so many artificial tears as it was marvellous to behold, and continued, "Alas! alas! poor Scheggia! Go now and buy thyself a house! Oh! if thou had'st but now the money at hand, thou mightest make thine escape from this misery, as, we may be sure, the enchanter himself will do, the moment he hears what has befallen us; seeing that he is far too wise to wait while the hemp grows that is to hang him."

Gian-Simone, having duly considered the words, and paid attention to the gestures used, and tears shed, by his companion, concluded by firmly believing that all he said was the precise truth; whereat he was seized with a greater fright than he had ever before experienced, thinking that he was already as good as in the hands of the hangman; and so he began to cry and lament him, and to blaspheme and curse his love, the widow, the magician, (together with his art

magic) Scheggia, Pilucca, and all who had anything to do with bringing him into his present agony ; but at length, recovering himself so far as to renew his inquiries, he turned to Scheggia and asked, " But what will Pilucca and Zoroastro do in this emergency ? "—" As for Pilucca," answered the other, " he and Monaco understand one another, and so he will be let off, that he may give evidence against us ; and Zoroastro has a thousand ways of escaping, which we do not dream of ; ay, and might show us the way to escape also, would we but let him."—" Why the devil don't you fly to him instantly, and entreat his assistance ? " said Gian-Simone. " Well, I know what people may say of you," answered Scheggia, " that you have fallen out of the frying-pan into the fire, with a vengeance. But, seriously, with what face could you have me go and ask him to assist you, when you have broken your word to him for twenty-five ducats ? You are not to imagine, that, for the sake of that trumpery present which you sent him, he has forgotten the debt that was owing from you."—" Oh ! if he will but rescue us, by any means, from our present peril," exclaimed Gian-Simone, " he shall be paid this very moment, to the uttermost farthing ; and I empower you to make him this assurance."—" Please heaven ! " ejaculated the other, raising his hands and eyes upwards, " that he may listen to your offer ! Well, I will go to him instantly, and deliver your message ; but upon this understanding, that you will by no means retract your present engagement."—" Don't doubt it ; pray don't doubt it," rejoined Gian-Simone. " Oh ! that ever it should be my lot to fall under the dominion of priests, who will declare me a heretic, and roast me before a slow fire, without scruple. Go ! go, as fast as your feet will carry you, and God be with you." And therewith Scheggia departed, like an arrow from a bow, more than ever rejoicing ; and, without moving from Gian-Simone's house any further than so as to be out of sight from it, very speedily returned, and pretended to his companion that he had been with the necromancer, who was ready to do all that was required of him, but insisted on being paid the money before-hand.

Gian-Simone, who, for all his fears

of the Inquisition, had no great fondness for parting with his money, and was moreover in the habit of exercising a great degree of caution in all his dealings, now turning himself towards Scheggia, said to him, " Here are the ducats, all ready numbered, in this box ; but yet, before you deliver it, I should like to be informed in what manner our good friend the necromancer proposes that our escape shall be effected, seeing that it is possible the very attempt may be of such a nature as to entangle us more with the priesthood, in case of its being detected."—" You speak well and wisely," replied Scheggia ; " and I will accordingly go and satisfy myself on that head. Do you, in the meantime, count over your ducats once again, and be sure you have them all ready the moment I return, so that no time may be lost." Saying thus, he again left him, and this time went straight to Zoroastro's house, where with many a hearty laugh, he amazed the necromancer and his friend Pilucca, (who was also present,) with the report of his proceedings, and, having finally agreed on what was to be said for Gian-Simone's satisfaction, and pledged his health in some glasses of the wine he had, at them the day preceding, went back to deliver the result of his second embassy.

Upon his return to Gian-Simone's house, he found that the latter had already finished counting over the money, and was excessively eager to learn in what manner the escape was to be effected, whereupon he thus explained himself : " My dear friend, Gian-Simone, the way in which the magician proposes to extricate us from our embarrassment, is as follows. Know then, that, upon inquiry of his familiar spirit, (whom he holds confined in a bottle,) he has discovered that there are only four persons in the world, (besides ourselves,) who, as yet, know any thing of the matter wherewith we are charged ; that is to say, Pilucca, Monaco, the Vicar, and the Chancellor ; and, moreover, that the Chancellor himself, although he has made out the citations, has not caused them to be entered in his books, because it is not usual to make such entries until the parties have actually appeared to them. Now, having ascertained these facts, the next thing he did, has been to make four images of green wax—one

for each of these worthies, after which he dispatched one of his devils to Hell for a bottle of Lethe, upon whose return (which is every minute expected) he will dip them all in that water, and afterwards burn them—the immediate effect of which will be, that each of the persons whom these images are intended to represent, will forthwith lose all memory of the transaction, and will never again recover the smallest trace of it, even though they should live three thousand years. Pilucca and Monaco will then think us no better than madmen if we should even utter a syllable about the matter; and as for the Vicar and Chancellor, having no record of it in writing, it will be the same to them, for all the world, as if no such thing had ever existed.”

Great and marvellous as these matters seemed to Gian-Simone, yet they were nothing in his estimation to what he firmly believed himself to have witnessed, in the transportation of Monaco through the air by demons; so he gave implicit credence to the tale delivered; and pointing to the box containing the precious deposit, “There,” said he, “are the ducats; make haste and deliver them. But what shall we do, seeing they are only twenty-two, and not twenty-five in number? the worthy necromancer should object to the deficiency? They were twenty-five the other day, but three I spent in purchasing the articles I sent by way of present.”—“Never mind,” said Scheggia, “rather than the insurance should fail for want of the stipulated premium, I will take up the remainder at my own banker’s by the way. What the devil? when one’s life is at stake, who would stand upon three ducats?” And so saying, took the box and carried it away in full triumph to his companions, who readily accepted the excuse for the deficiency, and spent that evening, and many succeeding ones, in the most exuberant jollification, on the fruits of their ingenuity.

Meanwhile Gian-Simone was quite impatient to ascertain the fact of the accomplishment of his happy deliverance, nor was it long before Scheggia returned to him with the news of all having been executed in form and method precisely as he had previously reported, adding, that, to confirm the fact of their security, he had actually himself, on his way to Gian-Simone’s, met Monaco, who accosted him with

his usual good-humoured countenance, and a “How d’y’e do, Scheggia?” just as if nothing had happened; which had been far from the case, ever since his aerial voyage.

How happy poor Gian-Simone was rendered by this intelligence, is not to be expressed; and he could not forbear asking, “Do you think, my dear fellow, that if Zoroastro had made an image for me, I also should have so clean forgotten the matter?”—“Doubtless,” answered Scheggia. “How can you question it?”—“Why, then,” rejoined Gian-Simone, “I very much wish that you would go back to the magician, and desire him to have the great kindness to do this for me, seeing, that if I could but lose all remembrance of the thing having happened, I should be at this moment the happiest fellow under the sun.” Scheggia was infinitely diverted at this grave request; but having represented that it might not be quite so easy a matter to catch the messenger, (who had been dismissed after his first errand was accomplished) and send him back to hell for another bottle, and that there was some risk of offending the magician by such a proposal, Gian-Simone was at last persuaded to be contented; and, to his infinite satisfaction, shortly afterwards meeting, both with Pilucca and Monaco, received from their manner towards him, the fullest conviction of the effect of the incantation of oblivion.—Nor, to his dying day, was he ever undeceived in the matter, though he frequently endeavoured, by means of hints and surmises, to awaken those worthy gentlemen to a recollection of the fact; while they, on their sides, took care never to forget the jest, but often regaled themselves and their companions in the choicest manner with the relation of it.

THE sixth novel of the same supper relates how the illustrious quartetto of hoaxers already enumerated, (viz. Lo Scheggia, Il Pilucca, Il Monaco, and Zoroastro,) upon another occasion played off a trick (or rather a series of tricks) something similar to the preceding, against a poor unfortunate *mystifié*, by name Master *Guasparre di Calandra*, a member of the Gold-beater’s Company; and the object of which being (like that of the former) the acquisition of solid advantage, in the shape of a ruby ring of great va-

luc, would, in this mere matter-of-fact age and country, have sent them all to Botany-Bay for the remainder of their lives, as surely as ever swindler was transported to that expiatory region.

This second exploit being so nearly parallel to that which, with so much tedious detail, has already been commemorated, we shall forbear to communicate the particulars, and rather prefer illustrating the state of popular belief at Florence during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries with reference to the "art magic," of which the former story affords so curious a specimen, by a passage from that very singular piece of auto-biography, the "Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini;" from whence it will be seen, that even at a later period than that assigned to the fraud practised on Gian-Simone the latter, one of the most considerable artists, and (in every way) greatest geniuses of his time, was rendered the easy dupe of similar artifices.

Benvenuto has related how, "as is the custom with youths," he had happened to fall in love with a young Sicilian girl, "who was exceeding beautiful," by name Angelica, whose mother having discovered the intrigue, had taken the timely precaution of withdrawing with her daughter to Naples. It appears that the lover was not long inconsolable for the loss of his mistress, though he informs us that he committed incredible acts of madness (after the manner of the Paladin Orlando) in the attempt to recover her. Two months afterwards, she wrote to him that she was in Sicily, very discontented.

"At that time," says he, (and we shall prefer following our author as closely as we are able, in his own language, to presenting our readers with the narrative in the less peculiar garb of Mr Roscoe's recent translation)—"At that time I had abandoned myself to all the pleasures that can be imagined, and had provided a new love for the sake of extinguishing the old.* It happened, that in the course of divers certain extravagancies, I formed a friendship with a Sicilian priest, who was a man of most elevated genius, and sufficiently well lettered in Greek and Latin. Having once upon a time fallen into conversation with him, we got upon the subject of the art magic; whereat, being vehem-

mently desirous of acquiring the knowledge of it, I said to him, 'I have had the greatest inclination all my life long, either to behold or experience some certain token of that art.' Where-to the priest replied, 'Of stout mind and unflinching, ought that man to be who commits himself to such a design.' I answered, that for strength and firmness of mind, he might engage for me, so long as I could but find means to attain such an object. 'Then,' said the priest, 'provided the sight alone of such a thing will satisfy you, I will undertake that you shall be satisfied fully.' Thus were we agreed to give commencement to our enterprize.

"One evening among the rest, the aforesaid priest set himself in order, and told me that I should look out for a companion or two. Accordingly, I called upon Vincenzio Romoli (my most intimate friend,) and he brought with him one of Pistoja, who was himself addicted to necromancy. We went to the Coliseum, where our friend, the priest, made his appearance in a conjuring dress, and began to describe circles on the ground, with the finest ceremonies that can be imagined. He had caused to be brought with him asafetida, precious perfumes, and fire; also certain other perfumes of very execrable odour. When all was ready, he made an opening to the circle, and taking us by the hand, ordered that fellow conjuror of his that he should cast the perfumes into the fire, as they were wanted, committing to the others the care of fire and perfumes both; and then set to work at his conjurations. This business lasted more than an hour and a half, at the end of which there appeared several legions of devils, so that the Coliseum was quite filled with them. I, having the care of the precious perfumes, when the priest discovered that there was such a surprising number of them, he turned to me, and said, 'Benvenuto, ask them something.' I said, 'Let them do so as to bring me in company with my dear Angelica the Sicilian.' For that night, however, we had no sort of answer; but, nevertheless, I received the greatest possible satisfaction with regard to what I desired to become acquainted with.

The necromancer then said, that it was necessary we should go a second time, when I should be satisfied as to

all that I required ; but that he wished I would bring with me a boy who was yet a virgin. Accordingly I took a lad who served me as shop-boy, of twelve years old, or thereabouts, and made him accompany me, together with the aforesaid Vincenzo Romoli, and also Agnolino Goddi, one of our most intimate acquaintance. With these I came again to the place of appointment, and found the conjuror, who had already made the same preparations as before, and with the same, or rather more particular ceremonies, placed us all in the midst of his circle. He then committed to Vincenzo the care of the perfumes and the fire, which he divided with Agnolino Goddi, and placed in my hand the pentacle,* which he told me I was to turn towards the places that he should point out to me ; and underneath this pentacle I held my little shop-boy. The necromancer next began to make some most terrible incantations, calling by their proper appellations a vast number of demons, the chiefs of those legions, and invoking them by the virtue and power of the uncreated, living, and eternal God, in Hebrew, and partly in Greek and Latin also ; in such sort, that the Coliseum was speedily filled with them in numbers a hundred times more than upon the former occasion. Vincenzo de Romoli busied himself all the time in attending to the fire, and Agnolino with him, and also to the precious perfumes. I, by the advice of the necromancer, again demanded to be brought in company with Angelica. The necromancer turning to me, said, ' Don't you hear them say, that you shall be with her before a month is over ? ' therewith entreating me that I would stand firmly by him, seeing that the legions were upwards of a thousand more in number than he had demanded, and were so much the more dangerous ! and that, since they had now satisfied me as to all I had required of them, I ought to behave very civilly to them, and let them depart in peace. On the other hand, my boy, who was underneath the pentacle, frightened out of his senses, exclaimed that there were in

the place at least a million of fierce men, all of them threatening us ; declaring, moreover, that there had appeared to him four enormous giants, all armed, making signs as if they wanted to break into our circle. Thereupon, while the conjuror, who himself trembled for fear, was endeavouring, the best he could, with gentle and fair words, to persuade them to depart, Vincenzo Romoli, who quivered all over, kept watching the perfumes ; and I, who was quite as much alarmed as any of them, did all I could to make a shew of bravery, and succeeded so far as marvellously to inspirit them. Yet, for certain, I gave myself over for dead, when I saw the terror which had seized on the necromancer. As for my boy, he remained fixed with his head between his knees, crying out, ' I will die in this posture : we are all of us lost.' Again I said to him, ' These creatures are all underneath us, and that which you behold is nothing but smoke and shadow ; ' so lift up your eyes.' He lifted up his face accordingly, and then exclaimed, ' The whole Coliseum is on fire, and the flames are falling upon us ! ' there with clapping his hands before his face, and crying that he was a dead man, and that he would look no more. The conjuror commended himself to me, imploring me that I would hold fast by him, and that I would tell Vincenzo to burn some asafetida, which I did accordingly ; and in doing so, cast my eyes towards Agnolino Goddi, who was terrified to such a degree, that the whites of his eyes were turned outwards, and he was more than half dead : upon which I said to him, ' Agnolo, in such a place as this a man must not be afraid ; but he must rather stir himself, and see how he can be of service ; therefore, quick, throw some of that asafetida into the fire.' Agnolo being thus summoned, began to move. My poor boy ventured to look up, and, recovering a little from his panic, said, ' Now they begin to run away with a vengeance.' And thus we remained till the matin bell was begin-

* The pentacle (called here *pintaculo*) " was a magical preparation of card, stone, and metal, on which were inscribed words and figures considered very efficacious against the power of demons."—See *Orl. Fur.* c. 3. st. 21.

† A proof, (observes the Italian editor,) that these appearances were, like a phantasmagoria, the effect of a magic-lantern on volumes of smoke from various kinds of wood."

ning to ring; when the boy again told us that very few of them now remained, and those at a distance from one another.

"The necromancer, when he had performed all the rest of his ceremonies, undressed himself, and replaced a great bundle of books which he had brought with him, led the way, and we all followed him out of the circle, each crouching under his nearest neighbour for fear; especially my boy, who had placed himself in the middle, and held the conjuror by the coat, and me by the cloak, and who kept continually saying, all the way as we went towards our homes in the Banchi, that two of those very devils whom we had seen in the Coliseum were kicking and skipping along before us, sometimes upon the roofs of the houses, and sometimes upon the pavement. The conjuror said, that of all the times he had ever placed himself in the magic circle, so great an adventure had never before happened to him, and wanted to persuade me to assist him in the consecration of a certain book, by means of which, he assured me, we should make ourselves masters of infinite riches, seeing that it would enable us to require of the devils to shew us the places of hidden treasures, with which the earth abounds, and in what way to attain unbounded wealth; and that these toys of love were mere vanity and folly, and things of no account. I told him that I would very willingly join with him if I understood Latin. Upon which he observed, that the understanding Latin was a matter of no sort of consequence; and that, if he chose, he might find many who understood Latin, and would be willing to embark with him, but he had never met with one who possessed the courage and firmness of mind that I did, and that I should do well to attend to his counsel. In these discourses we at last reached our houses; and there was not one of us all that did any thing that night but dream of devils."

We need not pursue this marvellous tale to its conclusion, in the un-

expected meeting of the author with his beautiful Sicilian, just within the period of a month, as the devils had promised; but having mentioned this new translation of Benvenuto's *Memoirs*,* shall merely observe, that it was our intention to have noticed it somewhat more fully; but that, apprehending the book to be already well known to most readers in its former version by Dr Nugent, we have changed our mind in that respect, and think it requires not our assistance to recommend it to all who, without possessing a sufficient acquaintance with the Italian language to read the original, are desirous of being introduced to the knowledge of a most eccentric character, and a familiarity with the modes of thinking and living which prevailed among all ranks of society in Italy during the most brilliant period of her modern annals. He will there also find himself in the company of popes without their pontificals, and of kings and dukes in their robes-de-chambre, and will scarcely form a better opinion of either by being admitted to this closer intimacy; and if he be one who is fired with admiration of the works of art, produced at the epoch of its greatest splendour, he will find in every page the name of some great painter or sculptor, whom he has yet known only in the methodical pages of Vasari or Landi, starting, as it were, into life on the canvas, and holding familiar dialogue with the self-important hero of the tale. Such are the inducements we may honestly hold out to the perusal of these entertaining volumes, by all who feel their interest excited by the mention of any one of the topics to which we have now incidentally adverted. With regard to the present translation, we shall only add, that it possesses the merit of being fluently, and even elegantly, written, but without sufficient attention to the simple and characteristic style of the original narrative, which would be better represented in more homely English; our notion respecting which we have endeavoured to embody in the foregoing specimen.

* *Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini*, a Florentine artist, written by himself, &c. A new edition, corrected and enlarged from the last Milan edition; with the Notes and Observations of G. P. Caspam; now first translated by Thomas Roscoe, Esq. Two vols. 8vo. Colburn, 1822.

TIME'S WHISPERING GALLERY.

No. III.

MATERNAL TENDERNES.

D'ALEMBERT, MADAME DE TENÇIN, JEANNETON.

Mad. de Tençin. I was directed hither, but I almost doubt the correctness of Pere Antoine's information. You will pardon the intrusion, Monsieur, if I am wrong;—but do I address myself to the gentleman who bears the name of Jean le Rond D'Alembert?

D'Alembert. So I am called, Madame.

Mad. de T. All is right, then. I have received such extraordinary accounts of the abilities you displayed while at college, that my curiosity has been greatly raised. It has, therefore, long been among my first wishes to make acquaintance with you; and as my rank is of no inferior order, my countenance and patronage, young man, may be of considerable service to your welfare.

D'A. You are conferring on me, Madame, too much honour. I am a retired student, busied in the pursuit of a science which would coalesce but ill with the gaieties of fashionable society. Geometry would, I fear, furnish few interesting topics for your splendid coterie.

Mad. de T. Oh, never fear; you are capable of other things besides proficiency in that dull branch of learning. I know that you have evinced great powers in other departments; you are reported to possess readiness, wit, taste, depth, and erudition. At my evening parties, I have visitors whom you would be glad to meet, and before whom you would soon feel yourself proud to display your accomplishments.

D'A. You give me credit, Madame, for more appetite for applause than I can exactly say I feel. I don't doubt but that it will come in due season. As yet, however, I work for improvement, not for show, and am but a novice in the branch of science to which I devote myself; for a while, then, all I desire is leisure to make progress in it.

Mad. de T. My protection will leave you sufficiently master of your time to do all that is needful; it will not usurp upon your self-abandonment to the Muse of Mathematics, if there be

such a charmer; for I see that I must suffer her to be co-patroness with me.

D'A. Believe me, Madame, I am most intimately penetrated with gratitude for your offered favour, but I respectfully decline it, as inconsistent with my present designs.

Mad. de T. Monsieur, you appear to be greatly wanting in a proper sense of the honour I would accord to you. It has not, I assure you, been at all my custom to trouble myself with soliciting the attendance of poor wits at the Hotel de Tençin; and when they have been graced with an invitation, a refusal has been little expected, and still more seldom given.

D'A. You seem inclined, Madame, to liberate me from the restraints of politeness. Let it suffice that you now know that the attractions of the Hotel de Tençin are not all-prevailing. I am, I really believe, though I am loath to be boastful—but I conceive I am able to resist its magnetic power.

Mad. de T. And who are you, noble Monsieur, since you think yourself entitled to treat me with impertinence? But I have indulgence for you, and even authority over you; so, for this once, I will overlook it.

Jeanneton, (D'A's foster mother.) My child, M. Jean, the lady speaks you fair. Be civil; there is a good man.—Ah, Madame, he is of the sweetest temper, if a body does not put him in a passion.—I think it would do you good, child, to go to the lady's, and not sit moping all day and night with a pen in your hand before those great books.

Mad. de T. Good woman, I should have thought that respect for your superiors would have made you leave the room. Surely your intrusion is not expected, when your lodger has a visitor on business.

D'A. Lady, I beg you will consider that worthy, that most excellent woman, as my mother. She is the mistress of the house, and I am no lodger of hers.—There is no need, Jeanneton, that you should retire.

Mad. de T. Your mother, indeed? Why, high and mighty Monsieur, were you not found exposed near the

church of St Jean de Rond, from which the name of it was given you?

D'A. Do you taunt me with the mystery, or, to speak plainly, the baseness, the ignominy of my birth? Yes, Madame, I was such a deserted foundling; and for my very existence am I indebted to that dear and kind-hearted woman. True it is, that her hard earnings have not been bestowed in forming me into what I am; for my father (be he who he may—I know him not) has conveyed the means both to support and to educate me. You now know all that I can inform you of; but still I am ignorant of the right by which you break in upon my privacy, pry into the most hidden circumstances of my life, and consider that you have just cause to be offended at my choosing to have the controul of my own time and movements.

Mad. de T. Yes, indeed, I have such a right; and I cannot be mistaken, since I came hither to intrust you with an important secret, in thinking that you will hear it with gladness. If this nurse of yours is trustworthy, she, I suppose, must hear it also; though I should prefer communicating it to yourself alone.

D'A. Jeannoton has ever been my best friend through life, and from her I keep back no secrets that concern my welfare.

Mad. de T. You show a strange taste, methinks, in your choice of a confidante; but no matter. You can depend on her, perhaps, and I perforce must, it seems. Would you, then, like to have intelligence of your mother?

D'A. If you come to speak on that painful subject, abstain, I conjure you. Pray, leave me in my present ignorance as to who she is. I neither know her, nor wish to know her.

Mad. de T. Unmatural man! Suppose that she is longing to behold you, and fold you to her maternal bosom?

D'A. She has been contented to endure my absence from the hour of my birth till now—full twenty years; her motherly affection has taken a long time in becoming susceptible.

Mad. de T. What, young man,—is a principle of nature so holy as that of a mother's yearning for her child, to be treated with bitter pleasantry and chilling sarcasm? and, good heavens! this too by that very child himself!

D'A. Sacred powers of Nature! are you, Madame, commissioned to say this, by a woman who threw her infant upon the pity of a cold world, left it in the way of the foot of chance, and even, when its father's heart half relented, still kept aloof? If you know this nominal mother of mine, who divested herself of her sex's tenderness,—who, for twenty long years, has hardened herself even against common instinct,—and who now, I know not why, unless it be that the simple Jansenist Fathers may have trumpeted forth some undeserved praises of my abilities, comes forward by you, I presume, as a mediatrix, to claim her interest in me—if you do know her, advise and beseech her still to keep herself unknown to me. It will be for our mutual happiness.

Mad. de T. You are severe, Monsieur, upon the weaknesses of your fellow-creatures. You profess yourself unacquainted with the motives which led her to this conduct. Cannot your charity conceive that they may have been in some measure reasonable? You are incompetent to judge whether her treatment of you may not have been venial,—possibly it was compulsory upon her so to act,—inevitable, not within her scope of free agency to do otherwise. How dare you, then, slander one who has hitherto been all unknown to you?

D'A. Ay, all unknown indeed! grant she may remain so! I have no affection to spare for her. I owe her no return of love; no reverence; no obedience; no filial duty.

Mad. de T. Recall that rash defiance—your mother is entitled to expect from you the grateful subservience of a son.

D'A. She has no such claim on me. No doubt, I was a child of shame, but her care of me would not have added to her transgression. She renounced me—I will never acknowledge her.

Mad. de T. What will you, sir, against nature? Headstrong youth, I am your mother. Your eminence in fame has wrung the avowal from me. I am your mother; and I expect from you all that a henceforth loving mother may claim. •••

D'A. You, Madame, my mother—you my mother? Oh, no! (*throwing himself, in tears, into the arms of Jeannoton*),—here is my mother—these are the breasts from which I drew my

earliest nourishment—in sickness, in health—through fretful infancy, and restless boyhood ;—with this admirable woman have I found refuge. I have had no lack of love, though I was a castaway, a foundling, a disowned, nameless, base-born child of dishonour. —Nay, do not weep, good Jeanneton, I am your son, yours only, ever as I ever have been.—Lady, you have acted cruelly towards yourself in making so unnecessary and inopportune a disclosure. I cannot speak with rancour towards one from whom I derived my being, but I retract nothing that I have said. We have kept asunder hitherto—let us do so in future. This conference shall be as unknown as if it had never passed. I pray you will excuse me for saying, that I wish the interview may not be prolonged.

Jeanneton. My dear Jean, you must listen to this great lady ; she will advance you in the world. I am a poor simple woman, and should die if my sweet Jean were to forsake me in my old age. But, bless your kind

heart, old Jeanneton has no fear of that.

D'A. Hush, Jeanneton, my mind is made up.

Mad. de T. Monster ! ingrate ! matricide !—but why should I waste a word upon you ? Was I to receive benefit from your acquaintance, or were you to have it from me ? But no matter—you cannot be more ready than I am to forget that this interview has ever taken place. I leave you most willingly, very sapient Monsieur, to the maternal embraces of that doubtless very excellent, but not, as it seems, very refined, personage, whom you have preferably delegated to fill my office. There is time to retrieve yourself—do you repent you of your insolence ?

D'A. You are safe, Madame, from all injurious retorts on my part ; but I implore you, allow me to retire, or to see you to your carriage.

Mad. de T. Oh ! Monsieur, spare your unwelcome courtesies. I will relieve you from my importunity.

No. IV.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

King Richard the Third. Well, boy, again thou seest thy sire. Hast penetrated the secret of his state ? Wottest thou who I am ?

Boy. No, sir ; you charged me strictly and implicitly to forbear inquiry, gracing your monition with a promise, that, in the ripeness of time, your quality, now hidden in mystery, should be unveiled to me, and that to my exceeding great advantage, if I did not defeat your good intentions by prying where I should not.

King R. True, my poor patient youth. And hast thou indeed so heedfully accorded with my wishes ? Thou entertainest a prudence far beyond thy years, and mayest well be entrusted with the secret of thy birth ; though that was illicit, thou art sprung of noble blood. Thy father wears the crown of England. I am thy king, my child, and were the realm at peace, thou shouldst not shroud thee in that lowly garb, though policy makes thy disguise for the present necessary.

Boy, [kneels.] Am I with my sovereign, and he too my father ? And does King Richard deign to acknow-

ledge me as his son ? Oh, my liege, I have lived among the low and rustic and am all untaught in courtly speech and ceremony. I fear much that my rude breeding may have made me to offend. Believe me, sire, I was happy, most happy, when I was permitted to have access to you as my father. May I crave and find pardon for avowing that this knowledge of your high estate hath tempered rather than increased my joy in beholding you ? The King of England my parent ! Oh, what, sir, am I, that I should raise my eyes to such a pitch ? Your Grace will find excuse for so slender a mind, unprepared and unfortified against such a revelation.

King R. Be composed, sweet son. How much that shifting glow upon thy maidenlike cheek reminds me of thy poor mother—ay, and thou hast her long-fringed hazel-eyes ! She was the only human being whom I ever loved—and yet I loved her only to her ruin. I wronged her sorely. Her rank of life fitted her not to be my mate—well then, I should have left her in her innocence—but she awaken-

ed passion in me, Richard, and under a disguise I seduced her. Thou wast the fruit of our love—and never, no, not even on her death-bed, knew she who was her paramour. But I am not so brain-sickly as to dwell on gloomy reveries. Be thou such as thy budding promise shews thee, and I will wipe off some of the wrongs I did her, by the fair state of honour to which I will uplift her child. Canst call to mind thy mother, Richard?

Boy. Oh yes, my liege—excuse these tears.

King R. Ah, they are scalding ones. Perchance, the recollection of thy mother's curse on me hath set them streaming.

Boy. Not so, my lord, she blest you in her latest moments; yea, with her last faint murmurs.

King R. But did she not bid thee beware of me—of me, who had mixed venom in the vessel of her peace?

Boy. I reverence truth, and will not gainsay that she gave me cautions—if it please your Grace, I will repeat her latest counsel to me.

King R. What was it? Say on.

Boy. Her words dwell with me, and seem as sacred as if they were the holy text of my breviary.—“If your father, Richard, should ever extend his protection to you, obey him with singleness of heart in all things lawful. Be a good and dutiful son to him; but I adjure thee, by this state of broken-heartedness in which thou seest me lying, be first and above all a good child to God. It is possible to be both. Had I so walked, I should not have shrunk away from every eye, and left thee a woful orphan, my pride and my reproach. But commend me to thy father, whom I still dearly love, though my giving ear to him hath brought me to an early grave. I do not upbraid him for it. It was my own doting weakness.” And while she could clasp her poor pale hands, or move her white lips, she called down blessings on you.

King R. ’Tis past, and cannot be re-acted. Your welfare is now my nearest concern. Hast thou no mounting thoughts, now that the mist has rolled away from the eminence which fortune beckons thee to climb? Thou art a shapely stripling, and might'st be my page. And yet, until my present hazardous enterprize is decided, I know

not whether thou oughtest to be exposed to risk; for should I at once declare the vital interest I have in thee, thou would'st, in case of my failure, be a prime mark for the vengeance of my foes. But, an thy wishes so run, thou may'st stay about my person and see the apshot. I will devise some likely reason for it. I give thee warning, however, that there will be deadly doings; it may go hard with us. Could'st brook to gaze on bloody battle? Would'st shrink, fair son, to see this head of mine gash'd with trenches, through which death may make his entry? Your choice is free to go or stay.

Boy. I will comply with your Grace's behest, be it what it will. But if I betray the consternation of a timorous nature, as yet untried, and unaware of what it has to encounter, my lord will not hastily spurn as a dastard, the child he has so lately owned. It has not ever been my hap to witness the pangs of mortality in its most appalling hour, save at my poor mother's death-bed. My life has been passed among my books, or in the fields.

King R. What, boy, hast thou no thirst for glory? But why should I tempt thee to embroil thyself?—What has ambition led to, among all our race?—to lives of hazard, and deaths of violence. My crown was no easy prize, and the slippery bauble even now sits loosely on my temples. Art thou then content and happy to be nothing more than thou hast been hitherto—a noteless youth, under the tutorage of a village priest?

Boy. My lord, I have found the days too short for the instruction which my venerated preceptor has spent upon me, and my nights have known no interruption of their tranquillity. Can I exchange my lot for a better?

King R. ’Tis well. Thou shalt return to thy nook of safety. If Harry of Richmond be my conqueror, there thou may'st still couch perdue and unmolested, so be they know thee not for mine. I shall have a mighty stake at venture to-morrow in Bosworth field, and for whom the die will turn up, there is no one that knoweth. But if this wily Richmond be foil'd in his presumptuous adventure, I will see thee soon again, my pretty son. Thou shalt be a man of peace—an thou wilt; the church hath quiet seats enow for a meek

and meditative mind like thine. Thou shalt, for this while, go back into the shade; I would not have thine auburn locks laid low as this grizzled head must be, ere I brook that the sceptre be wrested from my grasp.

Boy. You speak of peril, my liege; if my poor presence may, by any peradventure, minister, (not to your safety, for that I cannot hope,) but to your comfort, let it please your majesty that I remain. Possibly, I have not courage for enterprize; I gage my word that I have fortitude for endurance.

King R. Nay, tender-hearted boy, the sacrifice of thy warm blood would in no manner advantage thy father. Thou must be gone. I have unnatural fears that all my efforts will not ensure success. It is not my wont to be so sensible to silly prognostics of evil. Take these gems, my son, conceal them about thy person. If I am victorious, lose no time in revisiting me, and this small signet will be a passport to admission. Then shalt thou bear henceforth the honourable surname of our house—thou shalt be called Richard Plantagenet. But if I fall, (as something persuades that I shall) destroy the signet, and use the others as your need may prompt you. My enemics will have possession of all I claim; and I can leave thee no other legacy than the wish that thy cause may ever remain disjoined from mine. Thou hast not been nursed to feel as I do, and wilt be a happier man—yea, come weal or woe to thee, thou wilt be a happier man. The night wears apace; the same trusty hand will conduct thee back, which brought thee hither.—Adieu, dear boy.

Boy. I commend your grace to God; may he prosper your cause in righteousness! [*Goes out.*]

King R. [alone.] In righteousness? Those were indeed the words of this hermit-youth;—had any other said it, I should have construed it as mockery

—but that calm brow, those lips and eyes, and that low-breathing voice, are incapable of sneers and sarcasm. In righteousness?—No. I trust to no such shallow pretext.—Courage, and counsel, and soldierly experience, are all I confide in. The righteousness of his cause forsooth was the everlasting burden of that rueful song which the last Henry of Lancaster dimmed into deaf ears, I wot, while field after field was lost by him. The shrewish spirit of his Angevin Margaret, no marvel, stood him in better stead. The righteousness of his cause saved neither that book-bosomed king nor yet his peevish son from my dagger.—No; nor did the righteousness of their kingly title keep in the breath of my brother Edward's misbegotten brats, when it would fain have barred my access to the throne. Could not the youth have said it in banter?—Oh! no, no, no—he drew his blood from me, but we are of differing natures, and I cannot wish him to resemble me. Our juggling priests would persuade us that the prayers of the good and sanctified are of avail to the disembodied spirit;—well, if any sword in yonder scowling camp has its mission for fleshing itself on me to-morrow, I shall at least be remembered in the orisons of this my meek-spirited son. Glad am I that he has wended away again; for something, I wot not what or how—a fancy, an inward omen, a darkening of the spirit,—a voice, I seem to feel rather than to hear, tells me my last battle is toward. It shall find me dauntless as heretofore. I yield no inch of land to Harry Richmond. By daring and defying all here and hereafter, I reached the crown of England, and I will keep it or perish. What, ho!—who waits? Bring me my armour. The morn shall see me with harness on my back, and ready for its task of death, be it as bloody as it may.

AFRICA.—COURSE AND TERMINATION OF THE RIVER NIGER.
TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

PERMIT me, through the medium of your excellent and widely circulated publication, to lay before the public some facts and observations relative to the course and termination of the Niger, which I have collected since the publication of my volume on that subject* two years ago. I am the more induced to revert to this topic, by certain remarks contained in the last Number of the Quarterly Review, which are in direct opposition to specific facts before the reviewer; and by the inferences and opinions he has adopted, which are directly the reverse of those which the same data would have suggested to a person applying a moment's reflection to them.

That the NIGER and its great tributary streams take their rise in, and traverse part of the Northern Continent of Africa, and terminate in the Delta, forming the BIGHTS OF BENIN AND BIAFRA, (as I formerly pointed out to his Majesty's Government in 1820, and in my publication of the following year,) I feel perfectly convinced, from every authority or information which I have previously or subsequently received or consulted regarding this important problem, the solution of which has so deeply interested the scientific and civilized world.

Before proceeding to notice the important facts communicated by persons who saw what they relate, and who are perfectly competent to judge of what they saw, I shall examine the article in the last Quarterly Review, which asserts, on the ground of recent information, that the NILE of Egypt (of which the *Bahr el Abiad* is unquestionably the chief branch) is the same river as, and, in fact, forms part of the course of, the great river NIGER.

The remarks and information on which I am about to make some observations, appear in the Quarterly Review, No. 55, just published, commencing at page 89, in the review of the travels of Mr English, an American, and some Frenchmen, who, in different capacities, accompanied the army under the command of the son

of the present Pacha of Egypt, sent to conquer Nubia and Sennaar, in the year 1821. The facts which they relate, and not the opinions they advance upon geographical subjects, are alone most interesting, and deserving of our attention. "The army," says English, who accompanied it as an artilleryman, "halted at HALFAIA, a town on the west bank of the NILE, five hours' march below the junction of the *Bahr el Azrek* (Blue River) with the *Bahr el Abiad* (White River.) There, on the 23d of the month *Shaban* (April,) the NILE rose suddenly about two feet; which rise was occasioned by the rise of the *Bahr el Abiad*. The NILE, *Bahr el Azrek*, *Adit*, or BLUE RIVER, is not half so broad as the *Bahr el Abiad*, which is, from bank to bank, one mile higher up than where the Nile joins it, *about a mile and a quarter in breadth*. It comes, as far as we could see it, from the W. S. W. The *Adit*, or NILE OF BRUCT, enters the *Bahr el Abiad* nearly at right angles; but such is the volume of the latter river, that the NILE cannot mingle its waters with the *Bahr el Abiad* for many miles below their junction. The waters of the *Adit* are almost black during the season of their augmentation, those of the *Bahr el Abiad*, on the contrary, are white; so that for several miles below their junction, the eastern part of the river is black, and the western is white. This white colour of the *Bahr el Abiad* is occasioned by a very fine white clay, with which its waters are impregnated." The water of the *Bahr el Abiad* is of a peculiar sweet taste, "and very pleasant, more so than those of the *Adit* or *BAHR EL AZREK*."

"The source of the *Adit* or *BAHR EL AZREK* is in the GIBEL EL GUMERA (*Mountains of the Moon*) about SIXTY DAYS' march of a camel from SENNAAR, in a direction nearly south. It receives, above SENNAAR, several smaller rivers, which come from ABYSSINIA, and from the mountains south of SENNAAR.* The course of the *Bahr el Abiad*, English was told, "was NEARLY PARALLEL with that of the *Adit*; but ITS SOURCE WAS

* A Geographical and Commercial View of Northern Central Africa; containing a particular Account of the Course and Termination of the great river Niger, in the Atlantic Ocean. By James M'Queen. With Map. 8vo. Blackwood, Edinburgh, 1821.

MUCH FARTHER OFF AMONG THE *Gibel el Gamera* (Mountains of the Moon); that it is augmented by the junction of three other rivers—ONE FROM THE S. W., and two others from THE EAST, running from the mountains south of SENNAAR. The source of the *Bahr el Abiad* cannot be in the same range of mountains with that of the *Adil*, as, notwithstanding it is stated to be farther off; THE INUNDATION PRECEDED THAT OF THE AZREEK NEARLY A WHOLE MONTH. The country from SENNAAR south to SINGUE, under the parallel of 10° N. lat., is extremely woody and mountainous. Here the Pacha's conquests terminated in the kingdom of DARFOKE, five days' journey west from the confines of ABYSSINIA. Two considerable rivers, the TOURNAI and the JAROUSE, the latter at the distance of two and a half days' journey to the southward of FAZOEL (or *Fazulco*, as it is named in some of our maps,) enter the *Bahr el Azreek* from the East." From which circumstance, the reviewer, upon the authority and theory of M. CAILLAUD, proceeds to argue and to state, that the *Bahr el Azreek* must come in a direct line, and more to the south than Bruce states it. Be this as it may, however, it is not the present object of my research, and but little affects it one way or the other. Carrying the course of the *Bahr el Abiad* more to the westward than it is at present laid down, cannot constitute it the Niger against, as I shall shew, the unchangeable laws of Nature.

The preceding important accounts deserve the most serious attention. The sudden rise of the *Bahr el Abiad* taking place on the 23d of the month *Shuban* (April), and nearly one month before the inundation commences in the *Bahr el Azreek*, shews, in the first place, that the extreme sources of the former must be much farther to THE SOUTHWARD (not westward) than those of the latter; and, as I shall proceed to shew, probably, inabout the parallel of 5° N. lat. The rise of a river, as observed in 16° lat. north of the equator, and as caused by the periodical rains, must depend upon the distance of its sources from the equator, near

which the rains commence immediately, or very soon after the sun passes the Line in his advance northward. The rise of the *Bahr el Abiad*, therefore, taking place in April, and about the middle thereof, shews that its sources must approach to about 5° north of the Line, where the rains commence in the latter days of March or earliest days of April. After these rains commence, ten days may elapse, in consequence of the dryness of the soil, before they can make much impression upon the rivers; and if we allow the current, when considerably swelled, to flow at the rate of 120 miles per day on the general bearings of its course, then we should have nine days more for the time which the inundation would take to descend from the present sources of the *Bahr el Abiad* in 7° N. lat. and 25° E. long. to the junction of the *Bahr el Azreek*, a distance of 1000 miles. And if the course of the stream is laid down as more direct, and further to the south, than is at present supposed, or to 5° N. lat., then, though its eastern bend is contracted, its length southward is extended, and we should still have the same distance of course for the *Bahr el Abiad*, from its extreme source to its junction with the *Bahr el Azreek*, viz. 1000 British miles. But there is no necessity for extending the sources of the *Bahr el Abiad* to such a distance as 1000 miles from its junction with the *Blue River*, in order to account for the body of water it bears down, the channel being, as we have seen, "about one mile and a quarter in breadth," when it is a fact, that rivers, near their sources, in mountainous countries, but more especially in mountainous and woody countries within the tropics, soon increase to very great streams. Thus, the NIGER itself was found by PARK at BAMMAKOO, certainly not above 450 or 500 miles from its extreme source, to be one mile broad. Besides, the breadth of rivers at particular places is no just criterion to judge of the length of their course, unless the velocity of their currents at these particular places were also stated.* Neither do I see why, from the magnitude of the *Bahr el*

The following account of the Indus and its great tributary streams, is a convincing proof of these facts. The Indus, at Atock, in lat. 33° 54' N., is contracted to a breadth

In lat. 31° 28' N. the channel is about 1000 yards broad, and not much more than 14 feet deep in the deepest part when the river was at its lowest. The Indus receives the following branches, viz. the *Jelum* or *HYDASPES*, which, in July, when in flood, but not at the highest, was one mile, one furlong, and thirty-five perches broad. It rises seven feet higher in August. It is the second largest river in the PUNJAB.

Abiad, at its junction with the *Bahr el Azreek*, the reviewer should give such an extreme length of course for the former (3300 miles,) as compared with the latter (60 days' march of a camel, estimated at 300 miles.) The *Bahr el Azreek*, at SENNAAR, 200 miles from the junction, is found to be "half a mile broad;" and though the inferiority of the stream to the *Bahr el Abiad* is acknowledged, still the superiority of the *Abiad* is not overwhelming, as the fact of the waters remaining distinct and separate for several miles after the junction of the two streams abundantly testifies. The phenomenon of the difference of the colour of their waters during the inundation is nothing singular. The same is seen at the junction of the RIO NEGRO with the great river MARAKON, in South America.

Secondly, From the facts here stated, the *Bahr el Abiad* cannot be the NIGER, nor have any connection or communication with the latter river, because the rains that swell the NIGER do not commence about its sources till late in May, and still later all along its course to HOUSSA, nor does the river begin to swell at BAMMAKOO till June. To meet rains which could swell the *Bahr el Abiad* in April, at its junction with the *Azreek*, the NIGER, were the streams the same, must, about long. 25° E., descend as far south as 1° or 5° N. lat.; a thing which may safely be set down as improbable, if not wholly impossible. Besides, the sudden rise of the river at HALFAIA

to the height of two feet, is a most convincing proof that the extreme sources, or the chief supplies, are not only not very remote, but very near, otherwise the river would have risen gradually, as all tropical rivers do in their lower courses, and as the NILE does in EGYPT. The rise of the rivers also overturns the theory of the reviewer, that the sources of the AZREEK are more to the south, and more direct than at present laid down or represented by BRUCE; because, if these were where he would place them, they would approach very near to, or rather lie south of the equator, where the rains commence in the latter days of March; and consequently the EL AZREEK, near its mouth, would begin to be flooded about the middle of April instead of May, as it really does.*

From the narrative of English also it appears, that, above the junction of the *Bahr el Abiad* with the *Bahr el Azreek*, keeping along the course of that river, the country is level, and the soil deep and fertile. Approaching SENNAAR, a large chain of mountains begins to rise, and, extending southward, divides the waters, which flow N. E. into the *Azreek*, and N. W. into the *Bahr el Abiad*. In our present maps, there is a large river laid down to the westward of SENNAAR, descending from the S. E., and which probably joins the *Abiad* between SHILLUK and the junction of the *Azreek* with the *Abiad*. This river is called the MALEG, and must evidently, from its length of course, be a stream of consi-

* The *Chenab* or ACESINES, is the first. On the 31st July, the breadth was "one mile, three furlongs, and twenty perches, from edge to edge of the water." The current rapid, and depth from nine to fourteen feet. In dry seasons, the channel does not exceed 250 or 300 yards. The HYPHASIS was at the same time 740 yards, and the HYDROTES, on the 12th August, 513 yards broad. Yet the whole courses of these rivers, from their sources to their junction with each other, and finally with the Indus, is only from 350 to 550 miles. The whole course of the Indus is about 1350 miles. It is certainly a much more powerful stream than the BAHR EL ABIAD, which, even as laid down on our present maps, has almost an equal length of course from its sources to its junction with the BAHR EL AZREEK, and certainly a greater extent of country, whether in latitude or in longitude, from which it can draw tributary streams, than the Indus has. The Indus, during its inundation, extends over a space of ten or twelve coss, even where its channel is narrow and current rapid. (See Elphinstone's *Cabul*, pages 654 to 659.) The magnitude of the BAHR EL ABIAD, therefore, at its junction with the BAHR EL AZREEK, is, when compared with other rivers, not surprising, and by no means forms, in its most extended breadth, any just argument for very remote sources and a very great length of course.

* From the authority of *Brown* we know, that the rains in *Darfur*, that is in lat. 14° N. and 20° more to the southward than the junction of the *White and Blue* rivers, do not begin to fall till June; and consequently no river descending from the N. W. to the westward of that kingdom, as the *Niger* must do if it joins the *Egyptian Nile*, can be flooded till the end of June! another proof, were any wanting, that the *Bahr el Abiad*, which rises in April, must be a distinct and separate stream from the *Niger*.

derable magnitude, perhaps little inferior to the *Azreek*. The *MALEG* is no doubt one of the streams mentioned in English's Narrative, as stated by the natives of these parts to join the *BAHR EL ABIAD* from the east; and when we turn to a map, and observe the very great space which lies between the *AZREEK* and the reported sources of the *EL ABIAD*, it is quite obvious, that numerous rivers of great magnitude may, and no doubt do flow therein from the southward, to form the *EL ABIAD*. Had the reviewer reflected upon these things for one moment, he must have seen that the *BAHR EL ABIAD* could not be the *NIGER*; and he might have been at no loss to account for the magnitude of the river at its junction with the *NILE OF BRUCE*. From this junction to *SHILLUK*, situate on the *ABIAD*, is fully 200 miles; and in this distance the *MALEG*, and probably the other rivers running from the E., or rather S. E., join the *BAHR EL ABIAD*, which will sufficiently account for the diminished size of the latter at *SHILLUK*. Also the fact of the two streams, the *BLUE* and the *WHITE RIVERS*, running several miles

after their junction without mixing their waters, is a convincing proof that their currents are strong, particularly that of the *WHITE RIVER*, which the Quarterly Review, in some of its previous Numbers, stated was almost stagnant, "LIKE A CANAL;" and from which circumstance he proceeded to argue, that it was the great drain which drew off into the *NILE* the waters of the mighty *NIGER*.

At all events, here we have information from authority which we cannot doubt—from persons who were at the junction of these rivers, and who were informed by people there, the most likely to know, that the sources of the *BAHR EL ABIAD* lay to the S. W., not N. W., as its course would be were it the *NIGER* descending southward from *BORNOU*, and that two of its principal branches descended from E. or S. E. from the mountains to the south of *SENNAAR*. This testimony, given by the natives in these parts, is conclusive that they know nothing of the *NIGER*, though they are acquainted generally with the sources of their own rivers.*

From the entrance of the STRAITS

* Since the present article was written, and after it was in types, a copy of *ENGLISH'S* work came into my hands. Amongst the other particulars relating to the subject of the river *NIGER*, omitted to be noticed by the reviewers, are the following: The information which *ENGLISH* received concerning the *NILE* and the *BAHR EL ABIAD*, was obtained from the people of the kingdom of *SENNAAR*, and from the "few *Caravan Merchants*" found in the market-place of *SENNAAR*. "On my asking them," says he, "whether the *BAHR EL ABIAD* was open, and free of *Shallals* or rapids, they said, that at a place called *SULLUK*, about fifteen days' march above its junction with the *ADIT*, there was a *Shallal*, which, they believed, that boats could not pass." It is well known, that the natives of Africa, are very much given to amplification in their descriptions; and though this *rapid* at *Sulluk*, or *SHILLUK*, could not be passed by African canoes, it may still readily be so by European navigators. This is rendered the more probable, as *ENGLISH* informs us, that his informants had formed a similar idea of the third cataract of the *NILE*; namely, that boats could not pass it, though *Ismael Pachia* had brought up several, with which he transported his army across the *BAHR EL ABIAD*. But the existence of this rapid at *SHILLUK*, is a proof of the incorrectness of the reviewer's previous statements, that the *BAHR EL ABIAD* was, in its course, still—like "a canal." What follows, however, page 181, is of still greater importance. "On my asking these *Caravan Merchants*, whether, by following the banks of the *BAHR EL ABIAD*, and the river that empties into it from the west, it was not possible to reach a city called *TOMBUT* or *TIMBUCTOO*? they said, THAT THEY KNEW NOTHING OF THE CITY I MENTIONED, having never been farther west than *KOU* and *DARFUR*." Here was a direct question and answer to an important problem in African geography, and, in my opinion, it falsifies, most completely, all the statements about a water communication between *TIMBUCTOO* and *CAIRO* in *EGYPT*. Did it not, it must have been known to the natives of those parts, particularly to the *Caravan Merchants*, even allowing that they had never been farther west than *KOU* and *DARFUR*; because, in the latter kingdom, they are well acquainted with the river which flows through the neighbouring kingdom of *WADAY*, *DAR* or *BERGOO*. This river is represented by every one as very deep, from half a mile to a mile broad, and navigated by boats. All the rivers in the interior, we are informed, particularly the *NIGER*, west and east of *TIMBUCTOO*, are also navigated by boats of a large size. From beyond *DAU SALEY*, southwards to the point where it is said

OF BARBELMANDEB, on the east coast of AFRICA, in about 11° N. lat., a chain of mountains commences, called in the interior GIBEL EL KOMRI, or the *Mountains of the Moon*, and which, extending across AFRICA in a W.S.W. direction, terminates in the west with the exceeding high land on the BIGHT

to unite with, or rather to become, the BAHR EL ABIAD, the NIGER cannot decrease in magnitude; and therefore boats could readily pass down the stream to the EGYPTIAN NILE. Were this the case, these boats, this navigation, and the countries in the interior, to the westward, would be known, well known, to the "caravan merchants" and natives of SENNAAR, as well as to those on the banks of the BAHR EL ABIAD and the NILE. TIMBUCTOO is a city so celebrated, and so generally known in Northern AFRICA, that the caravan merchants and natives of the countries which we have just been considering, being wholly unacquainted with it, is the most convincing proof, not only that no communication exists by water between it and the EGYPTIAN NILE, but, that some insurmountable natural barrier of great extent intervenes between the waters which flow east to form the Nile, and those that flow to connect themselves with the NIGER. These barriers can only be wild, woody, mountainous countries, situate between the sources of the BAHR EL ABIAD, which flows N. E. by SHILLUK to the NILE, and the MISSERAD or GIR, which flows N. W. through DAR SALEY, and afterwards westward through BORNOU to the NIGER. And such, BROWNE, BURKHARDT, and others inform us, are the features of that portion of AFRICA.

Consulting the pages of ENGLISH himself, we are also better enabled to judge of the comparative magnitude of the BAHR EL ABIAD and the BAHR EL AZREEK, than from the statement in the Review. "At the point of junction, the BAHR EL ABIAD is almost barred across by an island and a reef of rocks; this barrier checks its current, otherwise it would probably almost arrest the current of the ADIT." With deference to an eye-witness, it appears to me, that what is here represented as checking the current of the BAHR EL ABIAD at its junction, would give greater velocity to it; and the ADIT (then not in flood, which the other was) not being greatly driven back, is a convincing proof, to use the words of the traveller, that "*the current of the ADIT is very strong*;" and consequently the volume of water it bears down, when compared to the other, very considerable. The current of both is, we learn, rapid. So also says IUN SELIM EL ASSUANY, an ARAB traveller, about the year 800. "*Their waves furiously combat each other, and retain their respective colours for nearly one day's journey*" before their waters become blended together. It is curious that IUN SELIM gives a similar account of the waters of the EL AZREEK that ENGLISH does; namely, that they are not so sweet and pleasant to drink as those of the ABIAD. The BAHR EL AZREEK receives a very considerable river from the east, betwixt SENNAAR and its junction with the BAHR EL ABIAD; and yet so considerable is the former stream at Sennaar, (its bed half a mile broad at the commencement of the flood,) that ENGLISH proceeds to argue, from the vast volume of water which it rolled down as the flood augmented, that its sources must be much more remote than BRUCE represents. This distance he estimates at 300 miles; whereas, taking into account the great bend of the river, the course, from its source to SENNAAR, is above 500 miles, a distance sufficient, in a mountainous tropical country, to account for the magnitude of the stream at the latter place. Besides the commencement of its inundation at SENNAAR, namely the 14th of the moon RAMADAN, and twenty days after the rise of the BAHR EL ABIAD, while it shows that the sources of the former are nearer than those of the latter, establishes at the same time the fact, that none of the sources of the ADIT can be more remote than about the parallel of 8° or 9° N. lat.

Previous to the commencement of the inundation, the NILE, says ENGLISH, opposite SHENDI, is "narrow and shallow, though its bed was frequently a mile and a half broad." This diminutive size ill accords with what it may reasonably be supposed the magnitude of a stream would be before entering the NUBIAN desert, which bore in its course the collected waters of the BAHR EL AZREEK, the BAHR EL ABIAD, and all the mighty rivers of central AFRICA, from DARFUR, to within 200 miles of SIENNA LEONE. During the flood, however, the NILE presents a different appearance. Below the junction of the BAHR EL ISWOOD, and above BERBER, where the river runs in a regular unobstructed bed, during the height of the flood it "presents a truly magnificent spectacle, and is more than two miles from bank to bank." The country between the BAHR EL AZREEK, and the *Bahr el Abiad*, is, says ENGLISH, "called EL GEZIRA, i. e. the island; because during the season of the rains, many rivers running from the mountains in the south into the BAHR EL ABIAD, and the ADIT, occasion this tract to be included by rivers." It is remarkable that IUN SELIM ASSUANY, the old ARABIAN traveller already quoted, designates this tract of country by the same appellation—"ISLAND."

OF BIAFRA, in about $3^{\circ} 30'$ N. lat. and on the coast of the Atlantic. If the bearing of the chain is uniform, its highest point will pass the long. of 25° east, in about 5° N. lat. In this part, no doubt, are situated the remote sources of the BAHR EL ABIAD, the chief branch of the EGYPTIAN NILE, and which would correspond exactly, from the return of the periodical rains, with the first rise in the flood of that river in April, at its junction with the BAHR EL AZREK. The grand operations of nature are, generally speaking, unchangeable; and here they come to our aid in a most remarkable manner, to determine the place where springs the *Great Western Branch* of the NILE OF EGYPT; and in solving this question, to determine also that the latter is not the mighty and long sought RIVER NIGER.

Before entering upon the other parts of the subject which I have at present in view, it may be necessary to remark, that while M. CAILLAUD, and others who accompanied the expedition mentioned, argue from theory, that the EGYPTIAN NILE and the NIGER are the same river; M. JOURMARD, also one of the party, argues most strenuously, and, I think, in so far as theory can be admitted into the question, most successfully, that it is not, and cannot be so, but that they are distinct and separate rivers.

Leaving the Eastern, and coming to the Central part of AFRICA, and the course of the rivers therein, the first authority that merits attention is the account of the travels in 1819 of Lieutenant LYON, the companion of the late Mr RITCHIE. This gentleman says, page 122, "I refrain from giving any opinion as to the course of the NIGER, having so often found how little the accounts concerning it are to be credited. I certainly have formed my own conjectures, but may be mistaken, as BETTER THEORISTS than myself have been, on that most interesting subject." It is certainly to be regretted that Lieutenant LYON did not favour the public with those conjectures he had formed upon the course and termination of the NIGER, the objects he was sent to ascertain; conjectures too which must have been formed within 350 miles of that river, or one of its chief branches, and from information received concerning it which he then and there obtained. The reason of withholding

these conjectures, though strange, is not inexplicable; but, leaving this, I shall proceed to examine what Lieutenant LYON has told us; and, in doing so, I trust I shall be able to shew that he has, unconsciously, but satisfactorily, developed to us "*the course*" and TERMINATION of the NIGER—namely, in the ATLANTIC OCEAN.

Commencing from the eastern parts, we are informed, page 266, that ten days' journey N. of WADAY or BERGOO, is a country called WAJUNGA, which has two towns situated a day's journey apart; that past, or through the eastern one from N. to S., runs a river 600 yards broad, while the Western Wajunga has three rivers running through it, *two sweet* and one salt. The largest was called by the Arabs NII, very deep, of great breadth, and running from W. to E. It is quite evident, that the course of the streams here is reversed. There cannot be three rivers running parallel with each other, or in different directions from each other, in such a short distance; nor can two of these streams be sent off from the main branch, and be sweet, while the other is salt. This is of itself a convincing proof that LYON's informant, as is very common amongst Moors and Arabs, puts the geographical line of their beds for the the courses of the rivers, which, according to BROWNE, BURKHARDT, and others, in these parts, all run from S. E. and E., to W. and N. W. In this way we can understand these WAJUNGA rivers, which, from page 126, we learn, are in these parts, traced to a considerable distance; and we find, that while the main fresh stream is running from S. E. to N. W., it is joined in this part of the country by another fresh stream from the same direction, and by one from the east, that is, from the confines of the desert country, which is salt or brackish. WAJUNGA being ten days' journey N. or N. W. of WADAY, will bring it about the junction of the SHARY with the *Misslad*, GIL, or *Nile of Edrisi*.

Going westward, we came to BORNOU, which, we learn, (page 124,) is a great empire, the capital, BIRNIE, ten days' journey west from the frontiers of BAGHERME, betwixt and which runs the river *Tzad*, its course from S. W. to N. E., of great breadth, and on which barges and smaller rafts are used to carry across goods and passen-

gers. This river flows in such a direction, that it must be passed in the route from BAGHERME to BORNOU. That this river, here called TZAD, is a different stream from the Great River, is evident, for in page 125 we are informed that TZAD is a lake, into which many streams run; and that it is of great size in the rains; while the river is called GAMBAROO after leaving BIRNIE; and in page 123, we are informed that BORNOU has two capitals, one BIRNIE, the most eastern, the other GIDUM, towards the west, which are five days' journey apart; and that "the river TZAD runs near both." But the river crossed in the journey from BAGHERME to BORNOU is most probably the SHARY, as the following remarks will more particularly point out.

Fifteen days' journey N. by E. of BORNOU, we are informed, lies KANEM; within a day's journey of the capital of which runs a very large river, the MAOO, very deep, and full of fish, which is called by the natives YAOO, and by the Moors NIL, and its course is from S. W. to N. E. EDRISS places KANEM upon a large river; but all rivers in AFRICA are called by MOORS and ARABS the NIL or the NILE of some particular place. It is quite evident, therefore, that the river here mentioned must be the river which descends from the north, called by others the TZAD, and which falls into the LAKE BIRNIE. It cannot be the river called by way of eminence the NIL, otherwise KANEM and Bagherme, or both, must be placed wrong; but the position here assigned to them agrees with every other authority. I have noticed these matters principally to shew the confusion which reigns in these accounts, derived from different informants, not very accurate observers; and to point out, as I shall do presently, that in the course given to these rivers, LYON's informants have continued to put the geographical line of the bed of the rivers for their course, in the same way as the Arabs say the Egyptian NILE goes to the country of ABYSSINIA, whereas every one knows it in reality descends or comes from it.

In page 141, we are told that RINGHAM is three days' journey N. of KASHNA, where is a river of the same name, which comes from the country S. of KASHNA. The absurdity of this is self-evident, even if it were not af-

terwards demonstrated in page 142, where we are informed, that from RINGHAM to KATTAGUM is four days' journey east, where is the river NIL, or GULBE, or KATTAGUM, which runs N. E., and flows (see page 127) across the road from BORNOU to KASHNA, N. E.; that it is sweet, of great magnitude; that it is crossed on rafts; that it rises periodically, and overflows the country during the rains. This seeming contradiction, however, in the course of these rivers, (for it is evident they are not the same) is cleared up in page 133, where it is stated that a traveller named MUSTAPHA told Lieutenant LYON, that he had himself passed three rivers in the country of KASHNA *all running*, as he thinks, FROM EAST TO WEST, one of which only was very considerable, very deep, and passed in boats and by rafts. The following is the order of their distances and bearings from KASHNA; viz. KASHNA to the river RINGHAM, seven days' journey east. This river, the smallest, is narrow, but deep, and the water quite sweet. The town of SANKARA is one day's journey east from it. From KASHNA to the river DOODROO, is nearly six days' journey south. On this river there are numerous canoes hollowed out of a single tree, and used both for fishing and as ferry-boats. From KASHNA to KATTAGUM is ten days' journey S. E. There the river is at all times large, and after rains overflows the country. Here it is evident that it is the same river which flows past both the latter places, FROM EAST TO WEST, while the river RINGHAM must be a different stream, and one of those, perhaps that river which descends from the country of AGADEZ or the mountainous districts, to the northwards, or rather north-eastward of that place.

One thing is abundantly plain, and it is worthy of remark, that not only rivers, but great rivers, are numerous in those countries, a fact which augurs mountainous, woody, and fertile districts, as LEO AFRICANUS and others stated, and not burning sandy wastes, as modern geographers have imagined. The soil of the country of AGADEZ, says LYON, page 132, is earth, not sand, quite covered with grass. Large trees, corn, and vegetables, are plentiful. The country of GOOBER is equally fertile and fine, the towns laid out in streets, and the inhabitants fair, as LYON heard and saw verified in the

person of an unfortunate female, who had been kidnapped and carried away from that country into Moorish slavery.

In page 132, we are informed that from KASHNA to NOOFFY, or NYFFE, a country on the borders of the NILE, where HORNEMAN died, is 20 days' journey west, while in pages 134 and 142, the route is thus, and probably more accurately, laid down, viz. KASHNA to SAK BATTOO, nine and a half day's journey west—a walled town three days' journey east of GOOBER, which again is one day's journey east of KIBBIE, or CABI, the port of HOUS-SA, or perhaps more properly of the country of HOUSSA, and upon the real NIGER, or JOLIBA. KIBBIE is three days N. E. of BAKKANEE, the chief town of NOOFFY, in all, 16 days' and a half's journey from KASHNA to NYFFE, by this route.

Nooffy, or NYFFE, being well known to be situated upon the real NIGER, I shall proceed to bring down the course of this river to that place, according to the accounts obtained by LYON. The river at KABRA, the port of TIMBUCTOO, called JOLIBA, is very broad; large boats from JINNE come down to this place to unload; and some persons reported, that in dry seasons a camel might pass the river without swimming. From TIMBUCTOO, the river flows E. by DOWNA, SALLA, and through MELLI, to KIBBI or CABI, as before stated, three days N. of NOOFFY. CABI, as has been stated, is the port of HOUSSA, two days' journey from the river, which is in part confirmed by the travels of BOUBEKER, a *Foulah* chief from the SENEGAL, who, on a pilgrimage to MECCA, embarked at JINNE, and in one month from thence travelled to HOUSSA, "*partly on the river.*" From NOOFFY, the NIGER flows down to YAOORIE or YAOORA, distant seven days' journey, below which place, at BOUSSA, PARK perished. From YAOORA, the river runs to FINDAH or FEL-LATA, distant three days' journey, a country S.W. of KASHNA, which kingdom the river passes thirteen days' journey S. of the capital, and it again makes its appearance four days' journey W.S.W. of the capital of BORNOU.

So far the accounts by LYON. But it is quite evident from these accounts, even did we not know it from other quarters, that there is a great blank—a wide space between the NIGER, bent from the E. and running S. at NOOFFY,

and the river which passes nine days' journey (another account says thirteen days) S. of KASHNA, running W., and in which space the course of both rivers declines so much to the S. as to be out of the route of travellers going either to the E. or the W. in the great commercial districts of Africa; and therefore they assume, that the river, though running in an opposite direction, which they fall in with after passing KASHNA, in the road to BORNOU, is the NIGER, which they left at YAOORA. Numerous examples might be given of similar thoughtlessness in African travellers; but as they are familiar to all who have turned their attention to such subjects, it is conceived unnecessary to make such references. One fact, however, remains to be stated from LYON's book, decisive of the course of the NIGER, and which is, (see p. 151,) that "the people from NOOFFY go constantly from thence to the GREAT SEA to trade with WHITES, and bring back crockery-ware, brandy, powder, and fire-arms." This is the trade carried on with Europeans in the Bights of BENIN and BIAFRA; and though it is not here said that it was upon and by the river that this trade was carried on, the informant evidently means that it was so, and which we know from other authorities is really the case.

With a few remarks more, I shall close this part of the subject, and shall proceed to apply these observations to elucidate what is to be found in those parts S. of KASHNA, mentioned as a kind of blank in the course of the rivers. "WANGARA," says LYON, p. 148, "is said to be S. of KASHNA, a low country, and inundated by rivers during the rains." BOUBEKER, already mentioned, (see *Classical Journal*.) says he heard of WANGARA, which he describes as lying south of the JOLIBA, and being overflowed by that river, as EGYPT is by the NILE. When BOUBEKER says WANGARA lay to the S. of the JOLIBA, and yet was inundated by that river, it is evident that he means WANGARA lay to the S. of his line of journey, betwixt the place where he left that river to go to HOUSSA, and the place where he again fell in with a river in his journey eastward to BORNOU. WANGARA is a country, then, S. of KASHNA a considerable distance, and which, as all authorities state, is intersected by nume-

rous rivers, and widely and deeply inundated during the month of August. The reason is obvious. It is in this part of AFRICA that all the vast rivers from the S.E., the N.E., and the N. join their streams, forming the great river, GIR OF PROLEMY, second only to the NIGER, and which it unites a little further to the S.W. That this junction of numerous streams in this part of AFRICA, is the cause of the inundations, can scarcely admit of a doubt; while, if we are to judge of the cause, as we may do from what takes place in other parts of the globe, in similar cases, all doubts must vanish, and the fact stand established beyond cavil or dispute. Thus we learn from ELPHINSTONE'S *Mission to CABUL*, that similar inundations take place in that part of the PUNJAB where the great branches of the INDUS join each other, and afterwards unite with the master stream. The passage is so applicable to the point before us, so clearly elucidatory of the cause of the inundation in WANGARA, so well known and celebrated all over AFRICA from the earliest records, that I shall here transcribe it: "For fifty *coss* above MITTANDAKOT, where it, the INDUS, receives the rivulets of the PUNJAB, it runs nearly parallel to them, and at OUCH, which is forty *coss* up, the distance across is not above ten miles. The space is one complete sheet of water in the months of July and August, and the villages are only temporary, with a few exceptions." Such, no doubt, is the African WANGARA inundated in August by the concentrated floods of several rivers, each equal in magnitude to any in the PUNJAB.

Enough, I conceive, has been said, to shew, even from the confused and scanty information furnished by LYON, that the NIGER continues its course to the sea, after being joined, to the S. of YAORA, and to the SW. of WANGARA, by the GIR OF NILE OF THE NEGROES, bearing along, in its accumulated flood, all the waters in eastern AFRICA, W. of the sources of the BAHR EL ABIAD, the kingdom of DARFUR, and the confines of the desert NE. and N.

Before proceeding to the information which I have lately received, regarding the rivers which enter the Atlantic in the DELTA, which forms the BIGHTS OF BENIN AND BIAFRA, and

their communication with the interior, it may be necessary to say a few words upon the source of the great western branch of the NIGER—the JOLIBA. In my work on the geography of northern CENTRAL AFRICA, p. 59, I had, upon the data furnished by M. MOLLIER, laid down the source of that river in about N. lat. 9, and W. long. 10. I there shewed, that M. MOLLIER had placed its sources too much both to the N. of the equator, and to the E. of TEMBO, from calculating the days' journeys from the latter place at nearly one-half too much as made good on the general bearing. Farther investigation and research have ascertained my view of the matter to have been correct. In the account of a journey of discovery from SIERRA LÉONE into the interior, undertaken by Captain ALEXANDER GORDON LAING, by the authority of the Governor of that settlement, the source of the JOLIBA is placed by him in the mountain called LOMA, 9° 36' W. long., and 9° N. lat., 120 miles S.E. from TEMBO, and 210 miles N.E. from SIERRA LÉONE, corresponding very accurately indeed with the point, where, from totally different data, I had placed the source of this mighty and interesting stream.

I come now to the important and satisfactory information which I have lately received, both verbally and in writing, from persons of intelligence and veracity, concerning the rivers which enter the sea in the BIGHTS OF BENIN AND BIAFRA. These persons are Englishmen of character, knowledge, and education, and who have traded to, and been upon all these rivers in their regular commercial pursuits during the space of the last forty-five years. They, every one of them, and above all, those of the longest experience, hold but one opinion upon the subject, viz. that the rivers in that part of the coast are outlets of a great river descending from the heart of the interior—in fact of the NIGER, and this opinion some of them strongly urged to Mr. PARK, previous to his setting out on his last unfortunate journey.

The information received in LIVERPOOL, is derived from persons of great experience, more especially from one gentleman of known character, formerly an officer in his Majesty's navy, and who has since, during the last twenty-five years, commanded vessels enga-

ged in trade, not the slave-trade, but a fair and honourable commerce, to that part of Africa, on his own account, and in company with others. This information is particularly valuable, and claims in order the first notice. I shall give it as nearly as possible in his own words:—

“THE RIO DE FORMOSA has a depth of fifteen feet water on the bar. The tide flows at full, and changes at six o'clock, and rises to the height of six feet. The course into BENIN, as far as REGGIO, is about N.E. by N., and from thence to GATTO, E.N.E., about fifty miles. The King of BENIN lives about fifty miles from Gatto, and is worshipped as a god by his subjects. From the S.E. head of the RIO DE FORMOSA, or *Benin River*, the coast lies S.S.E., thirty leagues to CAPE FORMOSA. The rivers *Escravos*, *Forcados*, *Dos Ramos*, *Dodo*, and four creeks, enter the sea in this distance. None of these rivers are more than a quarter of a mile broad. The depth of water on the bars does not exceed two fathoms. The land on both sides the RIO DE FORMOSA is low, and intersected with creeks, with intervening clumps of trees, and patches of Guinea-grass. The first town is *Salt Town*, on the N.E. side; the next, *Fish Town*, on the N.W. side; the next, *Loboo*, or *Bobo*, on the S.E.; the next, *Waccons Town*, on the N.W.; *New Town*, on the S.E.; and *Reggio Town*, on the N.W.; from whence to GATTO is fourteen leagues, through a narrow creek of that name, only navigable for very small vessels. The appearance of the land in the interior, as far as I have been, is in general low, but there are many ridges, that appear to be sixty or seventy feet high, tapering gently from N.E. to S.W. and covered with trees. From CAPE FORMOSA, the coast runs E. to BONNY, with six intermediate rivers; the first river, which is called *Nun*, opens when bearing N.E., and is accessible, having two and a half fathoms on the W. side; the second river, *St John's*, opens when bearing N.E. by E.; the third river is called *St Nicholas*, and opens when bearing N. N. W.; the fourth river, *St Barbara*, opens when bearing N.E. by N.; the fifth river, *St Bartholomew*, opens when bearing N.; and *Sombrero*, or the sixth river, opens when bearing N. by W. None of these rivers, except the river *Nun*, have been explored. The whole of this coast is

covered with mangrove-trees, growing apparently out of the water. ALL THE RIVERS HAVE BARS ACROSS THEM. None of the rivers between CAPE FORMOSA and BONNY open more than two points of the compass. *Bonny*, *Old Calabar*, and *Del Rey* rivers, open each near four points of the compass, which shews their superior magnitude, and may also enable you to judge of the magnitude of the others. From SOMBRERO, there is a sand-bank stretching to the southward, as far as *Focher*, where it is bounded by a line of breakers in a N.N.E. direction, called the Western Breakers. This bank is connected with another bank by two bars of sever miles' extent, called the *Balcw*. The passage between the *Balcw* and Western Breakers forms the channel into BONNY. The depth of water on the outer bar is three and three and a half fathoms, between the bars five fathoms, when over the inner bars it deepens to twelve and thirteen fathoms, gradually shoaling to the anchorage at BONNY TOWN, where it is ten fathoms. The course up the river is N.E., twelve miles from the outer bar to the town of BONNY. The river *Del Rey* is about twelve miles from *Backasen Point*, on the W., to *Rumby hills*, on the E. The course up to *Del Rey* point is about N. by E., with six to four fathoms water. *Cape Cameroons*, (of which more presently,) lies in 3° 31' N. lat. The N.E. end of FERNANDO Po, bears from *Cape Cameroons* S.W. distant twelve leagues. PRINCE'S ISLAND bears S.W. by S. from FERNANDO Po. distant twenty-eight leagues; the island of ST THOMAS bears S.W. twenty-seven leagues from PRINCE'S ISLAND, and the island of ANNABON bears S.W. by S. thirty-two leagues from ST THOMAS. The whole of these islands appear to be of volcanic origin.

“The island of FERNANDO Po is from thirty to forty miles in length, and is most luxuriantly fertile. Its northern extremity lies in 3° 40', its southern in 3° 5' N. lat., longitude 8° 40' east of GREENWICH. The high land of *Cameroons* is distant eight leagues from *Rumby* mountains, where is the eastern entrance of the *Del Rey* River. From thence to *Bianlia* the distance is five leagues; from *Pimbia* to the *Pulse Cape*, four and a half leagues; and two miles farther is the *True Cape*, which lies in 2° 25' N. lat., according to some observations. In old maps, the whole of this coast

is laid down wrong, particularly the latitudes. The plant which produces indigo is indigenous to the soil of BENIN and BONNY. The cotton thread is always dyed before it is woven and dressed. They display much ingenuity in dressing it. Sugar cane, of the Bourbon species, also grows here spontaneously. The plantations of corn, patches of Guinea-grass, with the silk-cotton trees, palms, &c. &c., give the River Bonny a fascinating appearance. There are many local advantages in the Bight of BIAFRA, which the Windward coast does not possess, owing to the many surfs on the beach, which preclude all intercourse, particularly on the *Gold Coast*. The religion of this portion of WESTERN AFRICA, is Polytheism. They believe in good and evil spirits. At ARDRAH, they worship the Dog; at CATABAR, the Shark; at BONNY, the *Ingunna*, and Snake; on the GUAIN COAST, the Goat is worshipped; on the MALAGETTA COAST, the Devil, with many other idols. Circumcision is common at BONNY, and they have many Scriptural names among them. Their sentences abound in vowels, and generally terminate in them. The horrid practice of inhaling a young person alive, is common.

"The general direction of the current along the coast is easterly, varying in velocity from twelve to thirty miles in twenty-four hours; but at the full and the change it runs with much greater velocity. In the *Gulph of Guinea*, two currents meet in the vicinity of FERNANDO Po; the one from the westward along the coast of *Guinea*, and the other from the southward, from the *Coast of Angola*." So strong are these currents, and so powerful the body of water brought down by the united streams of the Bonny and New Calabar river, that, on the bars, where the water is thirty-three feet deep, the breakers, in ordinary weather, are so terrific, that it damps the heart of the boldest seaman to venture through them, even when it is certain that there is not the smallest danger of the vessel striking. In piloting H. M. S. MYRMIDON, the first British ship of war that ever entered Bonny River over these bars, "the scene," continues the gentleman, my informant, "was so terrible with the foaming billows running mast high, that, while I, who was well acquainted with

the place, knew there was not the smallest danger, her Captain, a brave man and a gallant officer, repeatedly expressed himself, that all was lost!"

So mighty are the volumes of fresh water brought down by the various rivers in the *Delta*, that frequently, when at the distance of twenty-five miles from CAPE FORMOSA, vessels are found to be sailing for hours together in fresh water, without the smallest mixture of the water of the ocean. Sir GEORGE COLLIER, sent out two years ago by Government, to survey this part of the coast of AFRICA, and the island of FERNANDO Po, in his report, printed by order of the House of Commons, gives a similar account of several of these rivers, and states, that CAPE FORMOSA is not a part of the main land, but an island, formed by the branches of these rivers. The rush of water which issues from the outlet of the Bonny River is so powerful, that he considers it can only proceed from its being one of the embouchures of a great river.— "The colour of the water in the Bight of Biafra," says my judicious LIVERPOOL correspondent, "is the same as that in the Bay of AROUKE and IN THE GULF OF PERIA."

The whole of these rivers communicate with each other. This is the most important feature of the whole, as shewing their connexion with one parent stream in the interior. In the words of my LIVERPOOL correspondent, "In running down the coast, the great River VOLTA may be seen as far as POROE, running in a S.S.E. direction to its embouchure. This river is connected with the GREAT LAKE, part of which is called CRADOO by the natives of LAGOS. Cradoo Lake is connected with the River FORMOSA, the FORMOSA with the NEW CALABAR, and the six intermediate rivers between CAPE FORMOSA and BONNY. Bonny River is connected with the OLD CALABAR, Old Calabar with the DEL REY; and the natives say, there is an inland communication between the DEL REY and Cameroons River, by means of a creek; but I do not believe it. The water communication by creeks from LAGOS to BENIN, Warri, New Calabar, Bonny, and Old Calabar, actually exists. I HAVE SENT AND RECEIVED LETTERS BY MESSENGERS TO AND FROM ALL THOSE PLACES BY MEANS OF THESE WATER COMMUNI-

CATIONS. North of the *Cameroons River*, the coast terminates in the *incredibly high land of CAMEROONS*. It may be seen in clear weather, thirty leagues off; and such is its height, that though only $39^{\circ} 37'$ removed from the equator, IT IS COVERED WITH SNOW, DEEPEST WHEN THE SUN HAS HIS GREATEST NORTHERN DECLINATION; and the reason why the snow is seen upon it when the sun's declination is north, and consequently nearest to it, rather than when his declination is greatest south, and at the greatest distance from it, is, no doubt, as follows: The rains in this quarter commence about the middle of June, and occasion a greater degree of cold, than at any other season of the year. This high land seems to be little known in geographical history, and none of the neighbouring islanders have the slightest traditional knowledge of it. The winter season (*raining*) commences about the middle of June in BONNY, and lasts till September, when the *Smokes* commence, and the whole country, from the great heat, is enveloped in exhaled vapours. This is the most unhealthy and dangerous season for Europeans."

But to come to the communication with the interior. And here I shall use the words of my different LIVERPOOL informants, which I shall give in the first person throughout. "At LAGOS and WHYDAH I have conversed with many natives of the interior, who stated that they came from a far country BEYOND HOUSSA, and that they crossed an *immense lake* like the sea, which was connected with a large river and numerous creeks. They stated that the people of that country were *white*, and had long hair; and as they frequently made use of the word 'ARAB,' when speaking of these people, I imagine they must have meant ARABS. To one of them I shewed a human figure in MUNRO's plates, wherein the arteries were exposed to view, when he stated, that there were *as many lakes in the interior* as there were arteries in the human body; and that these lakes were connected with the VOLTA, CRADOO LAKE, and that he had gone by water to BENIN. The natives of LAGOS also say, that the great lake in the interior, which is connected with the *Cradoo Lake*, IS LIKE A SEA; and that they had been several days and nights in crossing it, on

their return from the Houssa country, without seeing land. I do not immediately recollect the names of the towns that the people came through who came from the interior; but I have reason to believe that they came by water. One of them told me that he came from a far country; that in coming from it he had travelled *four moons*; and that there were VERY HIGH MOUNTAINS where he came from. From what I could learn from them, their track was from N. E. I once saw three men who came through the *Eyoo country*, to visit the *Caboccer* of LAGOS. They sat cross-legged, and appeared to profess the Mahommedan religion. I never could find out, however, the *exact distance* that the natives, who frequented BENIN and LAGOS, came by water, but, according to their account, they must have travelled *an immense space by water*; and I am disposed to think, from the account which they gave, that they came from the 'far country' already alluded to as lying in a E. N. E. or N. E. direction. The war canoes at BONNY are from 70 to 100 feet in length, and capable of carrying two and three hundred people. They are made in the *Brass Pau* country, out of the silk-cotton tree. The natives of that country cut the tree down, and burn out the middle, after which they sell them to the *Eboes* at BONNY. Higher up, these canoes are built of a species of mahogany that grows in the vicinity of BONNY. With these canoes they go far up the rivers, into the interior, and when armed and equipped for war, they have really a formidable appearance. The *river Bonny* is not navigable for large ships for more than six miles above the anchorage, on account of sand-banks, but large canoes, seventy feet in length, COME FROM AN INCREDIBLE DISTANCE, FROM A N. N. E. DIRECTION. I understand the natives, who come in them, PREFER COMING BY WATER FROM A GREAT DISTANCE, BECAUSE THE COUNTRY ALONG THE COURSE OF THE RIVER IS MORE FERTILE AND PRODUCTIVE."

Such are the most material features of the information which I received verbally and in writing from different gentlemen in Liverpool, which, so far as it goes, is clear, convincing, and satisfactory. I now come to information derived from a native of this city,* who

* Glasgow.

has been for several years the master of a vessel engaged in trade between Britain and those parts of the coast of AFRICA—who has been repeatedly in those rivers, particularly the RIO DE FORMOSA—who left it *only last year*, and is now, I believe, again on his voyage out to those places.

The *Cradoo lake*, which meets the river *Lagos* at its entrance into the sea, is, he states, a branch of the great river FORMOSA. This lake is very deep, and its breadth, at about thirty miles from its mouth, sixteen or eighteen miles. The current in it sets from the eastward, at the rate of three knots an hour. A large sand-bank only separates it from the sea. In a schooner about ninety tons burden, he repeatedly visited the RIO DE FORMOSA. This noble river is fully three and a half miles broad at its mouth, having in it two bars of mud, with fifteen feet water on each, AND STRONG BREAKERS. He had been up this river with the schooner about sixty-six miles. Its course inclines north, or about N.N.E. Numerous branches, some of them very large, diverge from it to the south, particularly about forty miles from its mouth. On the north side, with the exception of *Lagos*, and *Gatto Creeks*, any streams which diverge from or join it, are so small as to resemble rivulets. He had been at Garro, up the creek of that name, which is twenty-three miles from the *Rio de Formosa*, and there the *Gatto* stream is about one mile and a half broad, and two fathoms deep, with a pretty strong current. The river FORMOSA, at a short distance above its entrance, is from three to five miles broad. At the distance of sixty-six miles from the sea, it is three, four, and five miles broad; three, and, in some places, four fathoms deep. The current is very rapid, always muddy, but particularly so during the flood, *when its colour approaches to a brown*. The current, during this period of the inundation, runs at the rate of seven or eight knots per hour. The natives then are careful not to keep their canoes stem on, as, were they to do so, they state that the force of the currents would capsize them. The river brings down numbers of large floating islands, and abounds

with numerous deep whirlpools. He saw no such currents, either at sea, or in any other river on the coast of Africa, except the Congo, as he saw in the RIO DE FORMOSA during the flood. Even in the best weather, and during the dry season, when the stream is lowest, the FORMOSA is always dark and muddy, like the stirring up of a pond which has a muddy bottom. The stream gets deeper the farther it is ascended. It has no shelving banks or shores, but is deep to the very edge. The height of the banks is from three to four feet, and which are deeply flooded during the rains. The country around is a dead level. He particularly remarked the fine level banks which lay along the river, the soil of which was a deep *stratum* of vegetable alluvial mould, such as in other quarters of the world is brought down and deposited by large rivers. At the distance of sixty-six miles from the mouth of the river, which was the farthest point to which he ascended, and from the mast of the schooner, seventy feet above the level of the water, he looked, but could perceive no high land to the west, north, or east, as far as his eye could reach. In that fine climate high lands, had there been such, would be visible at the distance of perhaps 150 miles.

About two years ago, being at SIERRA LEONE, he fell in with a Spanish Captain named JULIAN, a very intelligent gentleman, who had traded to those parts for nearly thirty years, and who, being engaged in the slave trade, had his vessel captured by a British man-of-war, and carried into SIERRA LEONE for adjudication. This man had made very accurate observations on these parts of AFRICA, and told my informant that he was well acquainted with the RIO DE FORMOSA, and that he had been up it, in a slave vessel of a considerable size, about 300 miles,* (windings of course included) and might have proceeded much farther, had his business led him. Many of his countrymen, he affirmed, had been still farther up the river, carrying on a trade in slaves. The line of the bed of the river, he stated, runs nearly north, in this respect agreeing with the direction given to it in the maps publish-

* At this distance, he must have been within about 200 miles of BOUSSA, where PARK perished, and very near the junction of the Great River from the East.

ed for the use of the French navy during the government of BUONAPARTE. At the extreme distance, where Captain JULIAN stopped, the stream was three miles broad, three and five fathoms deep, and becoming broader as he advanced upwards. At the distance of about 200 miles (allowing for windings 135) from the sea, several very large streams branched off to the southward and eastward, in breadth resembling the river itself, but particularly THREE GREAT BRANCHES, which, at their separation from the parent stream, he supposed, were each about two miles broad! In all his voyage upwards, Captain JULIAN perceived no high lands arising on either hand.

My informant also stated, that he saw himself many Spanish vessels in the Rio DE FORMOSA, engaged in the slave trade, some of them above 100 tons burthen, which he knew had been up the river to a great distance. Even during the greatest strength of the flood, during the rainy season, he said, they could carry vessels up the river with considerable speed. The way they adopted was this: The natives of the surrounding country could be hired very cheap. With their assistance they bound lines to the large trees on the banks of the river, and then warped the vessel up to that point; and thus repeating the operation, they could make good a distance of twenty miles in one day. The chiefs and people were most anxious to trade, and open a friendly communication with them, shewed no jealousy or alarm whatever, and EXPRESSED THEIR WISH RATHER TO TRADE IN PRODUCE THAN IN SLAVES. One chief on the banks of the river, had actually prohibited the trade in slaves in his dominions. They prefer the British merchants and their goods to those of any other nation; and about OLD CALABAR, numbers can speak and write the English language fluently.

While lying in the River FORMOSA with his vessel, he was daily in the habit of trading with the people, and seeing others from the interior pass him in large thatched canoes, some of them rowed by thirty oars, which had come down the river, from such a distance that they had occupied, in their voyages, two and three moons. These canoes, in which they traded, were large and covered at each end with goat or skins, or both. He

heard the natives, who thus descended the river, talk of YAOUBA-HOUSSA, the JOLIBA, and TIMBUCTOO. They all spoke of coming down from the interior in their trading voyages by water, and asserted that there "WAS A WATER COMMUNICATION" from that part of the coast "TO NEAR TIMBUCTOO," which city, they stated, was about four miles from the JOLIBA. He purchased often from these native traders from the interior, very fine Gum Sudan and ivory, which had come from HOUSSA, and other places, and particularly a tooth about 200 lbs. in weight, which the person he purchased it from said he bought from a native of HOUSSA. The natives along both banks of the River had also on hand considerable quantities of ivory and guns, which they received from the natives who came from the interior in canoes, in exchange for their provisions, salt, and other articles, purchased from Europeans in a similar trade by barter. Gunpowder, guns, knives, cutlasses, sugar, and salt, are in great demand. All the salt is sent into the interior. They prefer the white brought from Europe, as that manufactured by themselves is of a brown colour. Salt is a great article of commerce, and eagerly purchased for the interior in buckets, from whence the Gum Sudan and ivory are chiefly brought.

Rice is most abundant upon the banks of the rivers. Indian corn, millet, and teak timber of superior quality, cover the face of the country. Palm oil and palm-wine are to be had in plenty. Gold dust is also to be obtained in considerable quantities. Fruit, particularly pine-apples, oranges, &c. are very abundant. The women dress very gaily, and are fond of show. Bandana handkerchiefs, and gaudy cottons, are in much request among them.

The bottom of the sea off the coast of the Delta, is a deep mud, very tenacious, and a small anchor lodged in it holds a vessel with great effect. The current frequently runs to the east with a velocity equal to two and three knots an hour. The mouth of Bonny River is very wide and deep, with about 30 feet water on the breakers. The current from the river, and also in the sea, is here very strong. The River Bonny, above its mouth, is inferior to the Rio DE FORMOSA. New Calabar is a large river, but not so wide as the FORMOSA. At forty miles from the

sea, the *New Calabar* averages five fathoms in depth; but the current is not so rapid as in the *Bonny* or the *For-mosa*. The land above *Cameroons*, he adds, is very high.

Except from the lips of Europeans, after they shall have traversed the interior countries of *AFRICA*, through which the *NIGER* and his tributary streams flow, we can scarcely expect clearer or more convincing evidence than what has now been adduced, to enable us to decide, that in the Bights of *BENIN* and *BIARRA* lie the embouchures of that great river which waters Northern Central *AFRICA*. The number and magnitude of the rivers in that part of the African coast, and their communication with each other near that coast, are all ascertained, from undeniable evidence; and the concurring testimony of all the natives, goes to establish, that all these streams diverge from one parent river in the interior. Their positions, bearings, and courses, render it impossible that this can be otherwise. The soil around them, the bars in their mouths, (never found but in rivers whose courses are very long,) the phenomena at sea and on shore, in all that part of the coast, present us with the same appearances as are met with at the mouths of other primary rivers, such as the *GANGES*, the *Volga*, the *Nile*, the *Danube*, the *Oronoko*, and the *Mississippi*. The latter, after a course of 1000 miles, is so scattered in the *Delta* it forms, that where it enters the *Gulph of Mexico*, the principal branch is but narrow, and only twelve feet deep at low water. The magnitude and superiority of the *NIGER*, comparing its different estuaries to the *Mississippi*, are thus shewn in a very striking manner. No river, of a size sufficient to separate into so many branches of such force and magnitude, can be formed betwixt the lat. of 6° N. the coast of *BENIN*, and 13° lat. N. a distance of 450 miles, the utmost distance that the chain of mountains asserted to run across *AFRICA*, can be removed, in order to afford the *NIGER* a passage south of *KVSUNA* and *GOONER* to the eastward, so as to run to the *EGYPTIAN NILE*; nor is it possible that so many separate rivers could, within such a short space, from east to west, be formed to the south of such a chain of hills, should such really exist, forming an impenetrable barrier

to the waters running on the north thereof. In the present state of our information, it may therefore be safely stated, that the *NIGER* enters the *Atlantic Ocean*. That it flows to the eastward to the *NILE*—or that it is lost in a lake in the interior—is possible—barely possible, but by no means probable.

The state of uncertainty, could any real uncertainty remain, cannot be of long duration. We are informed by the *Quarterly Review*, that there is the best reason to believe, that *Dr OUDNEY* and *Lieutenant CLAPPERTON*, who went into the interior of *Africa*, by the way of *TRIPOLI* and *MOUZOOK*, are safe in *BORNOU*, and perhaps by this time on their way thence to *EGYPT*; and the well-known traveller, *Captain Gordon*, left *CAIRO* in May last, to go up the *NILE*, to explore the sources of the *BAHR EL ABIAH*, determined to accomplish his object, or to perish in the attempt. The attention of those frequenting the Bights of *BENIN* and *BIARRA*, for the purpose of trade, is also now so much awakened to this subject, that we cannot fail to receive some most satisfactory accounts from that quarter, from whence the course of the *NIGER* ought certainly, as the most judicious, the easiest, and safest route, to have been explored.

It is now more than twenty-five years since my attention was first turned to the geography of this part of *Africa*—seven, since I first published to the world an abstract of the opinion I had formed upon these subjects—and three years since these were embodied in memorials, accompanied by a map, and laid before his Majesty's Government, several weeks before *Mr DUPUIS*, lately British Consul at *ASHANTEE*, came home from that place with information which he had there obtained from *MOOR* and *ARAB* travellers, that the *NIGER* really entered the *Atlantic Ocean*, in the Bights of *BENIN* and *BIARRA*. Why *Mr DUPUIS* has remained so long silent upon this important subject, I know not; but in the fact here stated, I cannot be mistaken, having, when in *London* at the time of his arrival, derived my information from the person who obtained him the appointment, and also from a fellow-passenger in the same ship from *SILERRA LEONI*, who had the fact from *Mr DUPUIS* himself, and saw him

drawing his map during the voyage home.

In all my researches on this subject, and these have not been few, truth has been my sole object. I depreciate not the labours of others engaged in the same inquiry, though they form different opinions from mine. From their labours and researches I have, in more instances than one, drawn the clearest and most convincing evidence of the truth of the geographical system and view of Northern Africa, which I have advanced. In noticing the volume which I published on this subject, the *Quarterly Review*, summer 1822, instead of answering my reasoning or the facts adduced, sneeringly remarks, that my map of Northern Africa was formed in my closet. Nothing else was ever pretended. My map of Africa was indeed, but from good—the *best authority*, formed in my closet, just as that map was formed which delineated the passage from the Atlantic Ocean into the Pacific, by BIRNIE'S STRAITS, and the *Great Polar Basin*, into which a certain great Professor in our northern climates, notwithstanding his freezing powers, tumbled headlong, and was properly soured for his incredulity. It is by no means improbable, that the NIGER may prove a similar, but more tepid basin for the *Quarterly Reviewer*; and all the harm any one can wish him, is a good ducking in its waters on the shores of the GULF OF GUINEA, for his obstinacy in carrying them through deserts, and over hills, to the BAHR EL ARIAD, in the face of all correct information. With one other remark I shall conclude this letter, which has increased beyond the bounds I anticipated. In the Number of 1822, just alluded to, the *Quarterly Review* asserts, that all the rivers which flow and form the *Delta*, in the Bights of BENIN AND

BIAFRA, spring in, and proceed from, that mighty chain of hills, of which the high land of CAMEROONS forms the termination on the shores of the Atlantic, and that from the condensation of the clouds amongst these lofty mountains, and consequent heavy rains, those streams are swelled into great rivers in comparatively short courses. Were this the case, those rivers would be found descending from the E. S. E., whereas all the chief branches unquestionably descend from the N. N. E. Also, were the sources of these rivers in the chain of hills mentioned, and at a considerable distance in the interior, as from their magnitude they must necessarily be, then these sources would approach towards the sources of the BAHR EL ARIAD, in those latitudes where the rains commence immediately after the vernal equinox; and consequently the rivers in the Bights of BIAFRA AND BENIN would be flooded in April, whereas they do not begin to rise till June, nor reach their height till September. It is worthy of remark also, that the Reviewer now places a chain of impassable mountains to the east of the Bight of BIAFRA, (as is really the case,) and in that portion of AFRICA, through which, some years ago, he decidedly carried (but in his closet) the NIGER southward to the CONGO.

Notwithstanding these errors and inconsistencies, the *Quarterly Review* deserves great praise for what it has done—what it wishes to do—what it gets done in AFRICA; and I sincerely hope, that in the year 1823, it will crown its labours in that way, by bringing *quickly* and correctly the waters of the mighty NIGER into the N. W. corner of the *Gulf of Guinea*.

I am, &c.,

JAMES M^rQUEEN.

Glasgow, March 28, 1823.

[On reference to Mr M^rQueen's ingenious work on the Geography of Northern Central Africa, our readers will find a Map which will greatly assist them in estimating the arguments adduced in favour of his hypothesis, which, we are free to admit, we consider the most plausible we have met with upon this interesting inquiry.]

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

No. VII.

"O Settentennial vedovo saro,
Poichè privato se' di mirar quelle."—DANTE.

AFTER passing through the lovely *Fal d'Arno*, the delight of all travellers except Hannibal, who lost his eye in its marshes, we approached the famous lake, where the Carthaginian took ample revenge for his misfortunes. The gorge where the battle took place, is just as you enter the Papal territory, a limit not to be passed unconsciously, as the *dogana* of Mt. Gualandro will take care to remind travellers, that they enter the dominions of St Peter. We entered by the very defile that Flaminius did, which at first appears strange to one that has forgotten his Livy, but Hannibal had got between the Consul and Rome, while Flaminius had mustered his forces at Rimini, and had marched southward from Arezzo in search of the Carthaginian army. "Tres ferme horas pugnatum est, et ubique atrociter."—"Far other scene is Thrasymane now;" the hills are covered with olive trees, and the lake, "a sheet of liquid silver," lies tranquil around its porpoise-like islands, which designate most aptly, by their appearance, the monks that alone inhabit and possess them. The road runs along the side of the lake for almost half its circumference.—All lakes are beautiful; but this, notwithstanding the praise bestowed upon it, is one of the least beautiful I have ever beheld. It is too wide to derive beauty from the country which surrounds it; its unpicturesque islands are more blemishes than any thing else; and as to olive-clad hills, whether in Tuscany or on the Thrasymane, I think have heard at any time preferable to the scraggy trunks and unverdant branches of the olive. Perugia, like the towns of old Etruria, is perched on the top of a hill, which, thanks to four buffaloes, we reached at night-fall. On the other side of Perugia, at the foot of its declivity, rolls the Tiber—how could travellers have spoken lightly of so noble a stream?—It is as worthy of the invocation of Cocles, as Cocles was worthy of it. I hailed it in two words, *Pater Tiburinus!* but had no occasion for the rest of the prayer. We passed Assisi, but did not enter the town, however in-

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teresting to the painter and the pilgrim. After the *Campo Santo* of Pisa, Assisi is richest in specimens of ancient art, from the crucifixions of the thirteenth century, to the bolder essays of Cimabue and Giotto. The tomb of St Francis could not fail to bring artists, among other pilgrims, to Assisi;—it is strange but true, that the arts seem incapable of being carried to any thing like perfection, unless when impelled by the strong excitement of religious enthusiasm and superstition. The master productions of ancient art, which have survived, are not the representations of human heroes or heroism—their subject is not Brutus, nor Themistocles, nor Leonidas. They have immortalized but the godships of Venus and Apollo, and the miracle of Laocoon's punishment. The same may be observed in the great age of modern painting;—it was crucifixions, transfigurations, Madonnas, and Ecce Homos, that produced the chef-d'œuvres of art; and as its genius expired with the superstitions of Paganism, it has expired once more with the superstitions of Catholicism.

I opened a pocket Dante to read the poet's accurate description of Assisi and St Francis, "*Intra Tupino e Paqua*," &c. What strange poetic and religious taste! He represents St Francis as the husband of the church, and St Dominick as the *drudo*, which Venturi, the highly orthodox commentator, renders by the term *cicisbeo*.—

"Dentro vi nacque l'amoroso drudo."
Paradiso, C. 12.

The poet, however, in his praise of these fathers of the friars, does not give up the right of abuse which he so dearly loved;—

"Ben son di quelle, che temono 'l danno,
E stringonsi al pastor; ma son sì poche,
Che le cappe fornisco poco panno."

The French have made the Franciscans as poets Dante could have wished; they did the same by the Jesuits. I wonder how the Dominicans escaped them, for the rogues of the *Minerva* are rich.

There still exists a temple of Diana at La Vene, "of small and delicate

proportion," overhanging the springs of the Clitumnus; the situation is classical, but scarcely so the columns, worked in imitation of fish or armour-scales. Spoleto is highly romantic; a lofty thick-wooded hill, from which the town is separated by a deep ravine, and to which it is joined by a stupendous bridge or aqueduct, is covered with hermitages, not like our English ones, only so in name, but all inhabited by *bona fide* hermits, with long beards, scrips, and solitude;—they are said to be mostly Piedmontese. From Thrasymene to Spoleto, our road was Hannibal's, who was gallantly repulsed by the inhabitants of the latter town on one of its bridges; this was discovered by the French while digging the foundations of a new one; they call it Ponte Sanguinario. Here the classical traveller takes leave of Hannibal for a while, the Carthaginian, after his defeat at Spoleto, having turned off to the Adriatic; and Canne, on the coast of Puglia, is out of the way of all high roads. It is, however, so near Manfredonia, that I wonder M. Maturin, being a classical man, did not make his Manfred visit and declaim upon the famous field.

Terni, famous for its olives and cascades, is truly a delightful spot. Sad rogues its inhabitants though;—it cost me a louis to see the Waterfall, whither, being wise, I might have walked without trouble or company. To arrive at these far-famed falls, you take the road to Rieti, over a mountain, and it is your continual wonder how a river can contrive to flow on such a height. The lofty range of the Abruzzi, which rise behind, soon solve the difficulty. From these volcanic hills flow all the sulphureous streams of the Campagna, the Nera, the Teverone, &c. Ere the voyager arrives at the Falls, he is led into a cavern, from the top of which hangs a tree with its branches downwards, all petrified; and if he be curious, he can descend by torch light into its deeper recesses. The *spegia* of the Velino is first shown,—the spot where the river commences its descent and rapidity; there you are led to the top of the great Fall—then opposite—then beneath; but the finest view must be from the opposite side of the Nera, whither Cicerones never lead the traveller. The Fall is said to be upwards of 800 feet altogether; but the unbro-

ken perpendicular part cannot be more than half that height;—

“—————how profound
The gulph! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent.”

The description is truer now than when Childe Harold visited the Falls; for last winter the bed of the oldest channel (the Paolina) gave way with a tremendous ruin, overturning immense masses of the tufus and petrified weeds that are here the only soil. Wilson the artist's apostrophe of “Well done water, by G—!” is the best comment on the scene; but would be much more happy if the water took this fine leap of its own free will. There are three channels, by all of which, after great rains, the Velino discharges itself; they are named after the Popes who made or repaired them, the Paolin, the Gregoriana, the Clementina. The first was its exit in the time of the Romans, and could have been by no means so picturesque as its present one, which may account for its being left uncelebrated by the Latin poets. These, however, never travelled in search of the picturesque, and were generally contented with admiring and singing the beauties of their own grounds, and the Velino was not so lucky in a poet as the *parceps Latis*. Terni, or, as it was of old called, Interamna, was the country of Tacitus; the historian mentions the Falls, but with no descriptive touches—his picturesque lay in the human heart. In number the principal Fall is alone seen; so great was its force when first cut, that the waters of the Nera or Nar beneath, into which it falls, used to recoil from the shock, and, driven back upon its channel, overflowed the whole country above. To remedy this, one of the succeeding Popes cut a canal at an angle with the Fall, to conduct its waters more peaceably to those of the Nera. Ancient and modern agriculturists differ—of old, they would have thought the overflowing of the Nera, at least at times, of advantage:—“Congruentia his Interamnatis disseruere: pessum ituros feracundissimos Italie campos, si amnis Nar (id enim parabatur) in

minian gate, find themselves in an irregular piazza or place, with three great streets diverging from it into the heart of the city. The middle one terminates toward the piazza (by the by, the Cockney should be informed that the word *piazza* does not mean a colonnade, to which, in Covent-Garden, they generally apply it, but an open square or space,) in two churches, one on each side, called Twins, and intended to be similar; one, however, must have had the advantage of an earlier and better birth, being the stouter and loftier twin of the two. This middle street leads straight to the Campidoglio, or Old Capitol, and to the Forum: it is called the *Corso*. That to the right stretches by the Tiber to the Castle of St Angelo and St Peter's; while the left hand street proceeds in the direction of the Quirinal Hill or Monte Cavallo, to the Piazza di Spagna, the head-quarters of the English. To the left hand, immediately off the gate, rises the Pincian Mountain; on which are public gardens, and where the Sallustian obelisk was erected the other day. In the middle of the piazza stands the obelisk of Sesostris, which Augustus erected in the Circus, dedicating it to the sun—*soli donum dedit*—as the inscription yet declares. It is covered with unexpounded hieroglyphics. A late article in the *Moniteur*, which has here

attracted some attention, leads to a hope that this latent language of signs will be at length interpreted. The seavant, however, in solving the difficulty, overturns the supposed antiquity of these inscribed columns, and asserts that many of the hieroglyphics must be construed into the names and titles of Roman emperors.

You must be aware, that the Seven Hills of Rome, or at least six of them, are deserted, and that the modern city is contained in the Campus Martius of the old. The Quirinal, or Monte Cavallo, on which is the palace and residence of the Pope, is the only one that can be called inhabited; and to go to live or to walk up the hills—"in *super i monti*"—is synonymous, in Rome, with our "going to the back of God speed." "It seems very probable," says Mr Hobhouse, "that the migration from the mounts to the Campus Martius had commenced *after* the repeated sack and sieges of the city." But we know, that when Nero's fire destroyed a great part of Rome, that emperor built his Golden House over an immense extent of the ruins, and gave the old inhabitants, in exchange, the permission to build in the Campus Martius. So that we may date the migration much earlier than the sack and sieges of the city. But these subjects must be reserved for a future letter.—Adieu.

P. S.—I saw the King of Prussia enter Rome; he came quite incog. Though crowds were collected at the gate and on the road, none shouted or welcomed him with acclamations; not that the Romans disliked, or bore any grudge to him, but being unused publicly to express their feelings of dislike, or the contrary, they merely looked a welcome. Hisses and huzzas are a national language that the poor Romans have long lost. There were some doubts as to how the Protestant prince would behave on his first interview with the Holy Father. He, however, did the thing properly, and was about to sink on his knees in orthodox humiliation, when the Pope, as usual, raised him up. I met his Majesty and suite by chance at the tomb of C. Curtius. Humboldt acted Cicerone; a mean-looking man, if he was pointed out to me aright. The young folks, princes and all, were scampering about like school-boys, dressed à l'Anglaise, with very little courtly appearance about any of them. His Majesty is a thwacking fellow, a regular grenadier. He did not seem to admire the humble way in which the subjects of the *Rex Borussiae*, as the tombstones say, were buried in this heretical nook. St Peter's was illuminated in honour of the royal visit. From Monte Cavallo the dome thus lit up has a beautiful effect; but seen from the place before the church itself, it seemed poor and *mesquin*. Torches, lamps, and lanterns, seemed mockery upon the noble edifice. There were splendid fire-works on the castle of St Angelo, on a smaller scale, but from the situation much more striking than our coronation works. The King of Prussia, accompanied by Cardinal Gonsalvi, habited, as usual, *en abbé*, was placed in a window opposite. The Cardinal presented a torch to his Majesty, who, raising it, gave the signal for the fire-works to commence. The design, when lit up, was surmounted by the arms of Prussia. It was really a fine scene—the castle, the Tiber, the crowd, all visible as in day-light, from the illumination.—Strange and different scenes has that old Tiber witnessed!

A PROFESSIONAL VISIT TO ALI PACHA IN THE AUTUMN OF 1809 ; SHEWING,

AMONG OTHER PLEASANT MATTERS, HOW DOCTORS MAY DIFFER.

WHETHER his Highness the Vizier of Epirus was distrustful of the professional skill of Doctors Frank and Zacularius,* the physicians then immediately about his person ; or, which is still more probable, would not venture to confide to them certain secrets regarding his *physical* condition ; or whether, lastly, the high reputation enjoyed by British medical practitioners throughout the Turkish dominions was his leading motive ; it is certain that, at his Highness's express desire, the surgeon of a frigate stationed in the Adriatic was landed at Preveza, to proceed thence to Jannina, which he reached in due season. As this gentleman's eccentricities, when he subsequently became the writer's companion, on his route to the Albanian capital, will contribute very essentially to the amusement of the reader, it will be right, in the first place, to introduce a slight sketch of his deportment on the present occasion.

On his arrival at Jannina, he was lodged at the house of a principal Greek, and had, for his domestic and interpreter, a sailor of that nation, who had picked up his English in the ports of the Levant, and who became, unfortunately for him, in a manner his sole companion. Freed from the restraint of naval discipline, which requires, in the superior officers, and in those more especially of the medical department, a strict observance of sobriety, he was scarcely settled, when, by an over-indulgence in the juice of the grape, he departed so widely from the sedate gravity of his profession, as to incur the high displeasure of the British resident, or unaccredited minister at the Court of Jannina,† in whose amiable society he might have found his best solace amid the dull monotony of a Turkish town. To complete his disgrace, he procured from the Pacha, on the pretext of requiring a separate establishment, a liberal supply of zechins, which afforded

a more ample field for his wild sallies. In his rambles, he one morning fell in with a mad Dervis ; and the scene which ensued in the front of the Bazar was most laughably ridiculous. Our hero carried a regulation-sword, which he delighted to flourish ; and this the Dervis perceiving, flourished his stick in token of defiance. Approaching each other, they brandished their weapons very scientifically, and began to engage. The bystanders, who might otherwise have interposed to prevent bloodshed, perceiving that the sword was still unsheathed, and that this was rather a trial of skill than betokening any harm, fell into the humour of the combatants, and shouted whenever " a palpable hit" was given, or a dexterous parry made to the adversary's thrust. The Dervis, in his distracted mood, was so well pleased with his share of the sport, that he sought opportunities to waylay the doctor, and to invite him to a fresh bout. How often they met, my informant did not say ; but he told a sprightly anecdote to the following effect. Strolling about an outskirt of the town, our medical officer met with a beautiful Greek lady, unattended, and just stepping into her house. He presented her with a few of his zechins, which she received very complacently ; but, by a sudden spring, managed so well as to shut the door upon him. Disappointed for the moment of his expected *tête à tête*, he was still not without hope of a favourable issue, and lurked about the spot, when, behold ! the door was suddenly opened, and the lady presented herself, surrounded by her attendants, to whose scorn and derision he found himself exposed. An Albanian soldier happening to pass by, he put a zechin into his hand, making signs to him to shoot the uncourteous lady, the great object of his wrath, whom he expressly pointed out. The soldier pocketed the coin, and very deliberately marched off.

* The former, the nephew of the celebrated Professor Frank of Vienna, had been with Bonaparte in Egypt ; the latter, a very intelligent Greek, was the Pacha's subject.

† A Colonel in the army, whom I shall, through delicacy, so designate in the sequel of this narrative, in paying a just tribute to his excellent qualities.

From these examples, it will readily be conceived that his stay in the Albanian capital was not long protracted. The Pacha dismissed him very civilly, and furnished with an escort to Preveza, there to wait his opportunity to embark. On his passage thence to Malta, he had ample time for reflection. He was abashed, but not discomfited, well knowing that he could tell his story in his own way;—for the Colonel, at whose instance he had been called to Jannina, was too benevolent and kind-hearted to write against him. By the same conveyance, application was made to the late Sir Alexander J. Ball, port-admiral and civil commissioner of Malta, for another medical officer to attend on the Vizier; and the lot fell on me, as the flag-surgeon. My colleague, however, was resolved, if he could so contrive it, to pay another visit to the Albanian territory. He now appeared altogether in a new character; his gentlemanly demeanour, combined with a fascinating address, his persuasive eloquence, and the suavity of his manners, set off to advantage a favourite disciple of the celebrated John Hunter, and gained every heart—when, at the Palace of Saint Antonio, he made one of a party invited by Sir Alexander, and recounted, in the style of the Arabian Nights, all the wonders he had seen, and the strange adventures he had met with on the Turkish soil. To the Admiral, he represented himself as having been on the best of terms with the Pacha, who was desirous that he should return to Jannina, there to establish a school of medicine and surgery, and to make himself in general professionally useful to his Highness's subjects. On the head of the Pacha's own particular indisposition, he had little to say, and, indeed, little could be expected from him, as he laboured under the disadvantage of not speaking either the French or Italian; while his Highness had too many delicate secrets to divulge, to intrust them to any third person beside his own confidential interpreter, who was a proficient in those languages, but understood not a word of English.

In reply to the application made to him, Sir Alexander informed the Vizier that he had sent his own surgeon, with permission to pass a month in attendance on his Highness's person. With respect to the one by whom he

had been recently attended, his Highness was free to detain him for an indefinite time. Accordingly, on the 23d of July, we embarked in the *Belle Poule* frigate, having under her convoy two light merchant vessels bound to Patras. On the evening of the 28th, we passed between the islands of Cephalonia and Zante, proceeding thence toward the Morca, and to within about fifteen miles of Patras. Our entrance was into a kind of bay leading to the Gulf of Lepanto, with the above islands, Ithaca, and other smaller ones, together with the mainland of Albania, surrounding us. The prevailing calms afforded me, to whom the scene was quite novel, a fine opportunity to contemplate the beauties of this portion of the Ionian isles, of Zante more especially, as they were successively displayed by the different bearings in our slow progress. It was not until the 1th of August, that, having disposed of our convoy, we found ourselves, on our return, nearly about the spot where we had made our entrance into the bay. On the 8th, we joined the *Magnificent*, the senior officer's ship on the station, lying a-breast of Corfu, and off the southern entrance. My colleague and myself went on board to explain the object of our mission, and were embarked in a transport then delivering supplies to the Adriatic squadron, with instructions to land us at Preveza on the completion of that service. On the afternoon of the 12th, the transport, in entering the harbour of Preveza, struck on the bar, and lay aground for a considerable time. Here the view of the verdant banks on either side, with the fort, or *seraglio*, on the left, and the smaller fort at the point leading to the town;—of the groves extending from the beach, and other picturesque objects, in the foreground, contrasted with the lofty Albanian mountains, rising in a graduated scale, the one above the other, in the distance, in every direction except toward the sea, was most interesting.

It was dusk before we were extricated from this difficulty, to fall into another, which we fancied to be still more serious. We had heard a brisk cannonading kept up; and this proved to be from the long-boat of the *Magnificent*, which had pursued one of the enemy's small craft to within the limit of the Pacha's waters. We were

not molested during the night, but at day-break were suddenly roused by the approach of an armed force, headed by the Turkish commandant, and accompanied by the Greek governor of Preveza. The law of neutrality had been violated, and the unoffending transport sentenced to pay the fine of the infraction; in other words, she was taken possession of; and what was to become of those on board, we were at a loss to conjecture. My companion, who was not as yet well recovered from his overnight's draught, was in a sad fright, and we both wished ourselves safely back at Malta. The angry scowl of the Turkish commandant, as he eyed us askant, would have quite appalled me, if I had not perceived a gracious smile on the naturally complacent countenance of the Greek governor, who was soon made acquainted with the particulars of our destination. The name of the Vizier operated on him like a charm; he assured us, through the interpreter, that we might freely command his best offices, and, as a proof of his sincerity, ordered our luggage to be embarked in his own boat. We followed, and, having landed, were conducted by his people to the house of the British Vice-Consul, a Greek, who was then absent. We did not fare the worse on that account, for we were told by his brother to consider the dwelling, and whatever it contained, as our own. We were served with coffee and other refreshments by a Turk, with a large mustache, having a sabre at his side, and a brace of pistols in his belt. Whenever he entered the apartment, and at all times, in administering to our calls, or rather signs, he placed his right hand on his breast, in token of submission to his new masters.*

We spent the greater part of the morning in viewing the Bazar, and the manufactures it contained, which we nicely inspected, watching the operations of the various trades in the distinct quarters they occupied. The streets through which we had had to pass were crowded with Albanian soldiers, who were in general, without excepting the officers, very filthy in person and dress, but with highly polished arms. In drawing toward home, we

were accosted by a young man, a Maltese, who had been some years detained as a prisoner of war at Corfu, where he had made himself master of the Romaine, or Modern Greek, and had since picked up a precarious subsistence among the Greek merchants, with whom he had travelled much in Epirus. He consented to act as our interpreter on our expedition to Janina, on the condition of a free passage, on our return, to his native island.

On the following day we set out to visit the ruins of Nicopolis—of the victorious city of Augustus, in the vicinity: after the many antique vestiges I had seen, they appeared to me to possess but little interest. The traces of the aqueduct, said to have extended thirty miles, were pointed out to us; and in a garden several beautiful columns lay prostrate. There were certainly, amid these ruins, materials for more antiquarian research than appears to have been bestowed on them. At the Magazine adjoining the Pacha's fort at Preveza, several fine pieces of sculpture in alto and basso-relievo, which had been brought from Nicopolis, were carelessly plastered into the walls, rather, it would seem, to indulge a caprice of the head-workman, than with any view to their preservation. Rich as is the British Museum in antiquarian stores, these specimens of ancient art would not have been unacceptable.

On our return, we were waylaid by the peasants, who had for sale a good store of Roman coins, chiefly of the Lower Empire, in bad condition. A few of these, the best I could select, I purchased of one of these fellows, whose importunities were quite tiresome. He still persisted in following our horses' heels; but at length, finding his commodity no longer marketable, pelted us in his rage with the remaining stock in hand.

On the morning of the 16th we embarked, and had a delightful sail up the Gulf of Arta to Salachora, where we took up our abode in the Scraglio, the fine apartments of which, we were told, probably as an excuse for the meanness and filthiness of the one assigned to us, were locked up. Next to us was lodged the Commandant, a Turk of a

* In Albania, the Greeks who held a public employment, had a Turkish attendant quartered on them, who served them as a protection, at the same time that he watched over their conduct.

fierce and forbidding aspect, having under him five other Turks, as ragged as they were ill-omened, with the exception of a fine boy, whose sabre, we particularly remarked, had a silver handle. On this subject, my companion, who was ever fond of speculation, ventured an hypothesis on which I forbear to make any comment. The Greek governor of Proveza, who had been so civil to us when on board the transport, reached Salahora shortly after our arrival, and invited us to sup and spend the night with him at the *Pêcherie*, or *Preserve*, where the fish are caught and cured. This invitation we declined, pleading as an excuse the necessity of our rising early in the morning to prosecute our journey. He sent us, however, two delicate white mullets, which, in the time of Apicius, would have brought a large sum at Rome; and one of these we presented to the Commandant.

It was a peace-offering, as the following narrative will set out. The reader must have heard of Dutch courage, and how it is inspired. Now, the courage of my colleague was every thing but Dutch. The ordinary stimulants, acting inversely, instead of raising, lowered the mercury of his thermometer, in proportion to their potency, and to the ratio in which they were applied: Buonaparte's celebrated field-mixture of brandy and gunpowder, if well dosed, would have sunk it into the ball or nether end of the tube.* In sailing up the Gulf, the weather had been oppressively sultry; thirst predominated; and he had drawn somewhat too freely on the hamper containing our travelling stock of port wine and choice London porter. The Commandant and his infidel band became to him objects of terror and alarm. They had a murderous look; and we should certainly have our throats cut in the night, if we could not fall on some expedient to divert them from the bloody purpose. After a strong debate, it was agreed to crave the Command-

ant's acceptance of a mullet, which he might prepare in his own way, and then invite him to our apartment to wash it down, taking care to make a conspicuous display of our defensive weapons. To fuddle one who had probably never tasted any liquor stronger than goat's milk, would be an easy task; and if we could not entirely mollify him by our civilities, we might at least so stultify his intellects, as to nullify any plan he might be led to concert against our safety. It was resolved to try the like expedient on his retinue.

"— Signor Biencardi, a glass of port for the noble Commandant. It is very unlike the Greek wines; but if he should still have his scruples, you may say that it is any thing but the prohibited juice of the grape—a cordial of pure British growth, where that fruit is unknown." Our interpreter having set his conscience at rest on this head, handed him a bumper, in swallowing which he made a few wry faces. But the porter! the foaming porter! bitter as gall, aloes, or coloquintida, to his maiden taste! Surely never before were such odd grimaces exhibited beneath the turban of a bewhiskered Turk. If the Signor had not protested on his conscience that a bottle of this precious liquor cost twenty piastres, (about sixteen shillings,) it is uncertain whether the runner would have been nicely drained.

However ferocious of aspect, a more gentle and unassuming creature I never met with than was this Turk; and so much for the chapter of exteriors, by which we are so often misled. In token of friendship, we interchanged with him our amber-mouthed Turkish pipes; while Signor Biencardi stood the brunt of the social colloquy. We detained him until near midnight, and retired to rest without one boding of mischief overtaking us in the night.

Our cattle had been commanded for daybreak; but the peasant who brought them, thinking we had driven too hard a bargain with him, drove

* His case has not been without a precedent. A British naval commander, in a small frigate, stationed on the coast of North America at the commencement of our struggle with our Transatlantic colonies, fought a gallant battle against a very superior Yankee force; for which heroic action he kissed his late Majesty's hand on his return to England. It is said, however, that at the beginning of the fight he was so fearfully drunk, that his officers bound him with a silk handkerchief to the mizen-mast, the better to enable him to keep his station on deck. A few rattling broadsides dissipated the fumes of the grog, and brought him to his sober energies, when he bore his part in the battle's brunt with distinguished honour.

them off, and we had to procure others, which were not in readiness till eleven o'clock. This delay brought us into a closer alliance with our new acquaintances, the Turkish guard of Salahora, among whom we distributed a few piastres at parting. We had two guides, and six horses or mules, three for ourselves, and three for our luggage. Having passed over a heath interspersed with fields of Indian corn, which appeared to be the only cultivation, we reached the delightfully picturesque plain of Arta, itself a garden, which, if the affirmation of the Greeks is to be trusted, occupies the site of the Garden of Eden. In approaching the town we fell in with a cavalcade of five Turkish ladies, with their attendants. From the sparkling vivacity of their eyes, we fancied two of them to be young; and, the veil concealing the rest of their features, another effort of the imagination made them handsome.

On our arrival we paid a visit to the Commandant *ad interim*, who treated us with coffee, and in whose company we found, among other guests, a dervish, a young man of a mild and courteous aspect. I did not much like the cut of his cone-shaped fur bonnet; but the placid cast of his features, his gracious and benignant smile, and still more, his meekly tempered eyes, which, little observant of external objects, seemed to shun observation as they were inwardly directed to the seat of studious thought, would have drawn attention and claimed respect under any disguise. He entertained his friend the Commandant with a dissertation on punch, extolling its excellent qualities, and appealing to us, through our interpreter, as to his accuracy in describing its composition. He assured him, finally, that this drink was not only cordial and restorative, but had the effect of inspiring the English with the courage for which they are so famous.

The Commandant assigned us a lodging at a Greek house, facing the Bazar, where we were doomed to make some stay, as well to my grief, who longed to shew myself at the Court of Jannina, as to the great molestation of our host and his charming family, who, while we occupied the best and only convenient apartments, were little better accommodated than the pigs they had to rear under the back shed. While the per-

spective was distant, my colleague bore up, without giving way to reflection; but now that the mountain-top alone, over which we had to pass, concealed from our view our final destination and head-quarters, his mind misgave him, on a recollection of what he had done, and what he had left undone, on his former visit to the Albanian capital. He dreaded to urge forward his steps; and he could not with any consistency, or on any decent pretext, retrace them to Preveza. Ever fertile in resources, it suddenly occurred to him that his head required a new *blackening*. He had purchased the receipt of a Jew, when last at Arta; but, in conformity to the old Israelitish custom, the rogue had cheated him. The composition had not only failed on his own scone, the grey hairs of which were still apparent; but, on our passage to Albania, he had practised, to the great amusement of the fugate's officers, on two or three of the cabin-boys, the head of one of whom, owing perhaps to the peculiar temper of the hair, which was not to be provoked into a sombre cast, took a lively green, and brought to my recollection a portrait I once saw in the exhibition at Somerset House.

The Greek lady, on whom he had been formerly billeted at this place, he had since been informed, possessed the genuine receipt, and would very obligingly condescend to black his head. For the small charge of a zechin she would bestow on me the like favour; and I might have the receipt into the bargain. It was not politic, he said, in one who carried his years so well as I did, to wear a powdered head among the Turks, to whom the custom was unknown. They would not discriminate between nature and art; and it would be humiliating to me to be considered by them as a grey-headed old fellow. So, gentle reader, to blacking we went.

My companion's head required two processes, for he was resolved to have the thing effectually done. Mine was to be finished off in one night; and such a night it was, as I hope never to spend again. In the dusk of the evening, I repaired, somewhat reluctantly, to the lady's house, and found her stirring the ingredients in the gloomy caldron. During the scene which ensued, not a word passed on either side; the whole was managed by signs and

nods, with true pantomimic force. In the first place, my head was well soaped and lathered; it was next besmeared with a paste made of a kind of fuller's earth; and this being carefully washed off, the black fluid was applied scalding hot. Next came, I know not how many cloths, in which my head was enveloped; and in this grim state I was put to bed, but not to sleep; for I felt an intolerable itching of the part under treatment, and through so many layers of cloths, it was impossible to scratch.

About two in the morning, I heard some one steal softly into the chamber. O! dearest me, thought I within myself, can this be an assassin? Or is it the ghost of a Greek man-milliner, in quest of the newest fashions, come trippingly from the shades to take the measure of my head, wrapped in so many tasteful bandages?—It was no other than the master of the house, who was come to pay his adoration to the blessed Virgin, before whose pretty, innocent figure, a lamp was kept burning. The blacking-processes were tiresome enough; but his ejaculations, prostrations, inward mutterings, crossings, and crawl-thumpings, lasted still longer; and, what would have put me out of all patience, if the itching had left me an interval of calm repose, this was not the only visit he paid to his dear Madonna. On rising, my head was well lathered and cleansed, and I came home quite an altered figure, as I thought at least, for, on viewing myself in the glass, it appeared to me that my features and complexion were changed with the colour of my hair.

Next to our lodging was a pottery, to which I gained a ready access, and which drew much of my attention. I had seen Etruscan vases without number, both at home and abroad; but finer, chaster, or more elegant forms I never witnessed, than were those of the ornamental vessels, urns, vases, garden-pots, and other utensils, which were here fabricated with a surprising facility and address. Whence did it arise, that these modellers in clay displayed so consummate a skill in performances appertaining to fine art? An anecdote may serve in illustration. A famously wrought bridle of Norman manufacture was, till within these few years, when it fell into the hands of a speculative traveller, to be seen in a cottage in the New Forest,

Hampshire. It attracted thither many strangers, whose presents rendered it a valuable heir-loom—for so it was considered—to the venerable forester, Purkis, its possessor, and his family. Tradition has transmitted to them, what the possession of the bridle seems to have confirmed, that William Rufus having been slain near to the spot where the cottage stands, his body was conveyed to Winchester for interment, in a cart, to which his own horse was harnessed, by an ancestor from whom the present family of Purkis are lineally descended, and who followed the same avocation with them, of charcoal-making, the horse and its bridle becoming his perquisites. If, therefore, in a country like England, the inhabitants of which have, in the space of more than seven centuries, reckoned from the date of the above event, in 1100, been exposed to so many dispersions, casualties, and varieties of fortune, a family is to be found still dwelling on the same spot, and engaged in the same pursuit, from a period so remote, is it hazarding too much to say that my next-door neighbours, the potters of Arta, may have had their art handed down to them from the proudest times of flourishing Greece, through successive generations, and a long line of ancestors, who, in following up their useful avocation, may have been as safe in the bosom of a city, as if they had dwelt in the recess of a forest?

My colleague was so long engaged in a physiological inquiry, the nature of which he did not communicate to me, but which, as I suspect, regarded the varieties of the human race in their physical conformation, with our host and his brother, both honest sons of Crispin, that we did not leave Arta until toward noon of Monday the 21st; and this delay was productive both of accidents and fights. We had not proceeded more than a mile, when the poor doctor, overpowered by the Greek wine he had taken too freely in entertaining his guests, fell senseless from his saddle to the earth. Leaving the guides to remount him, and *right* him in his seat, the interpreter and myself moved on slowly, but the rest of the cavalcade did not follow. We waited, until at length, becoming quite impatient, I sent him back. Still nought was to be seen in advance for a long interval. I was alone; and what was to become of me, if another, and still

more serious accident, had obliged my companions to retrace their steps to Arta? In this perplexity and alarm, I dismounted, and, giving too much of the halter to my mule, in whose rear I was placed, the vicious animal saluted me with two kicks on the breast, which sent me sprawling and breathless among the furze. The cavalcade, which had been detained by other accidents that had befallen my unfortunate colleague, coming up at this juncture, a part of the luggage was shifted from a steady-going horse, which I mounted, to my refractory beast of a mule, who was so little satisfied with her new burden, that, taking the advantage of a steep descent, off she went with a cabriole, and off went my devoted trunk, bounding as it rolled like a shot fired *à ricochet*; or, to indulge in a more familiar simile, like the school-boy's pebble as it skims the surface of the lake.

At the distance of about three leagues, we reached the mountain—a portion of the Acroceraunian chain—we had to ascend. It was now dusk; and my colleague's terrors came upon him with a renewed force. The mountain recesses, he warned us, were infested by robbers, whom we might have to encounter as night drew on. "List! do you hear?" It was the barking of the shepherds' dogs;—and thus was every strange sound converted into a cause and motive of alarm. Near the summit of the mountain, several Albanian soldiers were *hivouacked*, and lying on their blankets in waiting their companions. We invited them to accompany us, at a piastre per head, and see us safely over what my companion represented as a very dangerous pass. They took our money, and, at the distance of a few paces, suddenly disappeared, well persuaded that we had nothing to fear. In reality, it was impossible to travel at that time, whether by night or by day, any where with

more safety than in the Albanian territory.

It was near midnight before we reached the Caravansary, at the summit of the mountain, called "The Five Wells," there being that number of wells adjoining the building, for the accommodation of travellers. As there was not one apartment into which we could venture—for they all swarmed with fleas—we followed the example of the Greek merchants, who were travelling, several of them with their wives and children, to the fair of Larissa, and slept in the open air beneath a shed. We rose early in the morning, and, descending the mountain, came to the Caravansary at the entrance of the plain of Jannina. The scene which lay before us was beautiful. We proceeded until we came within sight of the lake, which, in connexion with the town, and the Seraglio at the point, presented a charming feature of the landscape. The plain, to the full extent of our view, was occupied by pasture-grounds, interspersed with vineyards and plantations of maize. At six in the evening we drew near to the Colonel's residence; and it so chanced, that two respectable Greeks who had just paid him a visit, were seated on a bench without the fore-court, chatting, and inhaling the smoke from their long tubes, at the moment when my companion and myself, mounted on our steeds, and abreast, were about to make our entrance.—"What strange panic can have overtaken these Greeks?" was the reflection I made, when I saw them, after the one had whispered the other in his ear, scamper off as if sudden lightning, or the wrath of the gods, had threatened to overtake them.—Hasten, Signor Alexis, hasten home, to communicate the sad and unexpected tidings!

(To be concluded in our next.)

CALCUTTA.

CHAP. VIII.

THE SUPREME COURT.

In a few days after the grand dinner, noticed in a former chapter, the ship arrived off Calcutta, and my time was for a day or two fully occupied in making my different arrangements, and settling the accounts of some men who had departed this life, after I had

left her; for a ship with so large a compliment as ours, seldom brings all the men to Calcutta that were on board of her when she rounded the sand-heads. This is owing to the unhealthiness of the climate in general, and of the stations on the river in

particular, in choosing which the local government seem to have been actuated by the demon of Malthusian philosophy, in fixing upon Saugur anchorage, which is close under the lee of that unhealthy island; and Diamond harbour, surrounded by rice grounds and marshes, as the places best calculated to counteract the deleterious effects of that pernicious propensity of human nature to increase and multiply. A house in Calcutta was procured for the officers, and a hulk for the men, to the first of which I removed my baggage; but during my stay in the settlement, spent the most of my time with my good friends the writers in Chowringhee.

In every part of the world where I have been, there are lounges where a man, not over *recherché* in his company, may spend his time pleasantly enough; and, at this time of day, I am too much of a cosmopolite to choose my companions by the texture of their coats.

The only large town which I am in the habit of visiting at present, (Greenock), is blessed in possessing two coffee-rooms, where a man may choose, according to the complexion of his politics, loyalty or radicalism; besides, the steam-boat quay, where philosophers of the Peripatetic school congregate, and, like their predecessors of ancient Greece, retire to a portico (Collr. ——— calls it a *portugal*) when it rains—that is, on a moderate average, 350 days in the year. The City of Palaces is by no means deficient in these accommodations, for different classes of men, among which may be enumerated Bank's Hall, the rendezvous of pilots. The store attached to the ship-building yard of my amiable little friend, Mathew Smith, where country captains assemble to discourse *de omnibus rebus*; and which, from the tone of the conversation chiefly in vogue there, has had the appropriate appellation of Scandal wharf conferred upon it. Greenway's library, the Exchange, and the Auction Rooms, are the resort of all mankind during the week days; and the churches and billiard-rooms are open on Sundays for the reception of those whose different tastes they may suit. But of these by and by. In the meantime, I shall endeavour to give you some idea of the Supreme Court, and its

most distinguished members, by relating a case which was discussed in my hearing.

The Supreme Court was instituted some thirty years ago, for the purpose of protecting the lives and liberties of his Majesty's lieges, who were Europeans, and of distributing justice after the English fashion, to such of the natives as resided within the liberties of Calcutta. For the remainder, they must satisfy themselves with what little law a *civilian* (often not many months out of college) may have it in his power to dispense in the united capacity of Judge, Sheriff, and Justice of Peace, to a population as litigious, and often as numerous, as that of the whole kingdom of Scotland.

The Supreme Court consists of three Judges, who try criminal cases, with the assistance of a jury, civil and ecclesiastical, on their own responsibility, Calcutta not yet having obtained that palladium of infallibility, a Jury Court, which has given such universal satisfaction in Scotland. The number of barristers and attorneys is limited; yet I have not as yet heard that they are too few for all the business of the Court.

To this temple of justice I repaired; and as I had heard that there was a case of importance to be tried, by ten o'clock in the morning I found myself seated in a large airy hall, close behind the bar, where the counsellors were already assembled. After waiting a few minutes, a kind of bustle was heard at one side of the room, and the Judges entered, preceded by a *suite*, in which there was a strange mixture of European style and Asiatic pomp, the rod of the sheriff being surrounded by silver sticks, the emblems of oriental authority. Those in court rose to receive them; and after they had taken their seats on the bench, some preliminary business was gone through, and then the case which I had come to hear was called.

It stood thus: An unfortunate gentleman, whose life was insured for a considerable sum, put an end to his existence in a fit of insanity; and *suicide* being one of the exceptions which the society in which he was insured took against paying the premium, the question came to be, Whether self-destruction, in such a case, was suicide?

The case for the plaintiff was opened by the Advocate-General, (Spankic,) a

tall, thin, sinewy, Baron-Bradwardine-looking man, with hair the hue of which rendered it impossible to determine whether it was flaxen by nature, or silvered prematurely; his blue eyes had a mixed expression of mildness and penetration; and a perfectly Scottish cast of countenance, ornamented with a nose elevated at an angle of 15 degrees above the plane of the horizon, made him by no means a good study for a sculptor; but so much is expression a part of beauty, that after looking for a minute in his face, one forgot its plainness in its intelligence.

His attitude in addressing the Bench, too, was not one which Demosthenes would have chosen; he placed his foot upon a chair, and embracing his leg, almost rested his chin upon the elevated knee; notwithstanding all this, and a strong Fife-shire accent, his address was in a high degree impressive. There was a closeness in his train of reasoning, joined to an earnestness of manner and expression, that could not fail to command attention. He seemed to despise the obvious plea of moving pity for the widow or orphans of the unfortunate man, but attacked at once the strongest ground of his opponents. He said, that according to our best authorities, suicide "was the horrible crime of self-murder;" and argued from this, that a madman could not be guilty of a crime, as the very essence of criminality depended upon the intention of the perpetrator, and presupposed his power of discriminating right from wrong.

He was answered by a tall, athletic, plain-looking man, who had more eloquence, but perhaps less logic, than his opponent. He seemed to feel in every cause, that he had the best side of the argument—a property of great importance in addressing a jury, and perhaps nearly as great in pleading before a Judge, as the "*si me vis*" rule applies often than we are aware of. He met his argument, by asserting that Dr Johnson had been guilty of a gross blunder, in defining suicide "the horrible crime of self-murder;" the literal meaning of the word was self-destruction, and so thought the learned body who wrote the Port-royale Dictionary, for they defined it more properly to be "the act of one who kills himself;" an act which could be as well performed by a madman, as by one perfectly sane. Indeed, many held suicide to be

a proof of insanity; and whether this was held good or not, it was quite evident that it was self-destruction, from whatever cause, that his clients had guarded against by the clause of their rules, which excluded the representatives of the self-destroyer from the benefits of that Institution.

I have since learned, that this gentleman is the son of an eminent Scotch lawyer, who was the hero of Burns's poem of the Whistle; and after having met him in company two or three times, I am able to avouch that the family fame has lost but little in its present representative, either in capacity or good fellowship. He is the friend, and was formerly the coadjutor, of Lord Erskine; and I am sure it is much to be wished that he may acquire a competency sufficient to allow him to return to his own country, where his good sense, backed by his friendship for the ex-chancellor, might perhaps keep that worthy old gentleman out of any more of the *daft-like* scrapes he has of late fallen into, which are the more to be lamented, as he has sometimes dragged along with him the whole body of Edinburgh Whigs, who, God help them, have quite enough of absurdities of their own to answer for already, and are apt enough to fall into more, without any one taking the trouble of leading them into the ditch. But, as usual, I am getting into digressions. I left my friend Craigdarroch sitting down with a triumphant look around him, as he concluded his harangue.

He was answered by Mr Hogg, a very good-looking young man, who spoke in an accent affectedly Hibernian, for his mother tongue was that vile jargon, consisting of a mixture of bad Scotch with worse English, spoken in the northern counties of the sister kingdom. His ideas seemed to flow upon him in such a torrent, that he could hardly give them utterance; when, in the heat of his argument, his pale face flushed with animation, and his eye sparkling with enthusiasm, he seemed to me to be the most naturally eloquent public speaker I had ever heard. His faults were those of his country and his education, and are of the less consequence, that they are such as age and experience must necessarily remove, and are probably by this time far in their way to oblivion. He had come to the Irish bar just at the time when Counsellor Phi-

lips was in the midst of his popularity, and his faults alone seemed borrowed from that school which he of the Emerald Isle instituted among the young lawyers of Dublin.

What struck me as chiefly objectionable, was a love of flowery diction and musical triads, and a tendency to assume facts, without being very sure of the ground on which he went, at least without taking care that the insecurity of his foundation might not be perceived, for, as to the real truth or falsehood of the assertion itself, so that it serves the purpose for which it is intended, I never yet found a lawyer who gave himself the slightest concern.

Of this last fault, he gave a strong proof on this occasion, by uttering a vehement tirade against the managers of the Laudable Society, whom he accused of a design to defraud the defenceless children of the unfortunate man, and to add poverty to orphanage and accumulated misery. There is no saying where his climax might have reached, had not Craigdarroch reminded him that the Attorney-General had, in the commencement of his speech, complimented his clients on the gentlemanly way they had done their painful duty, particularly in admitting the insanity, which they, to say the least of it, would have had difficulty in proving.

On this he had to apologize, and did so with the awkward air of a man who, to his utter astonishment, finds he has been floundering all the time he flattered himself he had been flying.

This young gentleman had been but a short time in India, but is at present the hope of the Calcutta Bar; and should either of the seniors above mentioned retire, there is but little doubt that he will step into his place, and take the lead on one side or the other, of every case of any importance.

Mr Compton, the last gentleman who spoke in this case, had more the air of an English barrister than any of the others;

he dwelt at great length on the law of the case, and enlivened his graver discourse with an occasional pun or sarcastic remark on the pleadings of his opponents, whom he compared to the grave-digger in Hamlet, accounting for the death of Ophelia, and proving that she had not committed suicide, because the water did not come to her.

Indeed it appeared that he was afflicted with a propensity to pun, and never could let an opportunity escape him, but concluded with a grave and impressive appeal to the Bench, to decide in favour of the plaintiffs, as a contrary verdict would defeat the object for which the society was formed; and illustrated his arguments by drawing a parallel between this case and that of some other Societies, instituted on the same principles, and who made duelling a disqualification, he asked, had that been the case, and the deceased fallen in a duel, would his insanity have removed him from under the penalty of the rule?

The Chief Justice Sir Hyde East then proceeded to give his opinion.—He has perhaps more the dignity of a Judge than any man at present on the Bench. He was followed by the second in rank, Sir Francis McNaughton, who laid down the case in a speech replete with the force and antithesis highly characteristic of the keen, penetrating, shining talents of that extraordinary man; and which ended, the Junior Judge, Sir A. Buller, gave his opinion in a way that conveyed to the mind of every one a conviction of his sound plain sense and impartiality; and though there might be slight differences on some parts of the business, they all agreed on what struck me to be the cream of the case, viz. That the gentleman being mad, had not murdered himself; therefore a decision was given in favour of the plaintiffs. The Court then adjourned for the day, and I left it, highly gratified with the display of talent and eloquence I had witnessed.

CHAP. IX.

• THE EXCHANGE.

TILL of late years, Calcutta did not possess a public place of meeting for transacting business, and as this must appear an essential requisite to European mercantile men, it may be as well to explain by what means it was so long dispensed with.

In the first place, formerly, and perhaps still, all sales were made through the medium of native brokers, or *Bangans*, at a nominal agency of three per cent, but in many cases their percentage was only bounded by the power of laying on, for as to their conscience,

it is quite ductile, and may be stretched to any length. Every house in Calcutta was furnished with one of those faithful servants, who often were in reality the masters of the concern; and so little did their principals know of what is esteemed indispensable in this country, that when I was in Bengal, though one man might be a tolerable judge of indigo, and another of cotton, yet I was told on authority, that I have no reason to question, that there were not in all Calcutta six Europeans who understood the qualities of the staple commodities of the country; and, to my certain knowledge, there are many eminent merchants, who could not tell the difference between the very best and very worst of the goods by which they were making their fortunes. All this information, therefore, as well as the current prices of the Bazar, had to be taken on the word of the Banyans, in so much, that a gentleman who is, and I believe justly, considered as the most acute mercantile man in Calcutta, once sold a parcel of salpêtre at the price some had been sold the week before, without consulting his sabbie oracle, and counsel, to his mortification, that he had got about thirty per cent less than he might have done. It is but justice, however, to these gentlemen, to state, that those sent out for the purpose of purchasing cotton for houses in Liverpool, Glasgow, and Manchester, were not much more *au fait* at their business than the Orientals. In my presence, several of them were shewn a sample of the best Sea Island cotton, which they declared to be pretty good Bengal cutchoura, the former being about four times the value of the lat-

When a direct communication was to be made between two mercantile men, it was done by a note, or, as it there called, a *chit*, and bargains of the greatest importance were made by that means in perfect security, for their legality was never disputed; this, perhaps, did not arise from any greater honesty in the good people of Calcutta, but necessity and expediency establish a code of honour among all degrees, which, for the good of the whole, must be kept inviolable.

For long time, all kinds of property, even landed and heritable, were transferred without the slightest inconvenience, but the arrival of a con-

veyancer in the settlement put an end to this golden age of irregular proceedings. Since that happy event, though the *Chit* sales have never been questioned, yet such is the security which law affords to property in this fortunate land, that from the time that the meaning of four lines has been put beyond question, by being extended by legal precision to forty pages, litigation of rights and titles to landed property has become a principal source of annual income to the attorneys and barristers; and people who might formerly have been bound by a sense of honour which was not to be broken, now only seek for a legal loop-hole to escape through, and "leaving the fear of God on the left hand, and, hiding their honour in their *amrice*, scruple not to hedge, and lurch, and shuffle," as their counsel, learned in the law-service of the realm, may be pleased to direct. We have only to be thankful that the law has not as yet spread her protecting wings over commercial bargains, else the Supreme Court would be under the necessity of being reinforced.

To remedy the evils of the Banyan system, to establish a price-current from well-authenticated documents, to procure a properly-qualified European as a broker, to establish a sample-room for sales of goods, and to form a place of meeting for transacting business, the Exchange was established. This took place about the middle of the year 1818; and a set of public-spirited merchants made a point of attending at first to set the thing fairly a-going; but finding it an agreeable lounge, it was soon after frequented on its own account, and whether or not it will produce all the good effects proposed by its projectors, there is no doubt that it will keep its ground as a place of public resort.

The hall selected for this purpose had formerly been a sale-room, or large shop, where English goods were sold on commission. It consisted of the whole ground-floor of a house partially divided by a double range of square pillars, from which spring arches to support the pillars of the chambers above. In the upper end of the room, smaller apartments were partitioned off, by a curtain of masonry, for the display of samples, meetings of committees, and the accommodation of a business-room for the clerk of the institution. The further division of the large room was railed off, and furnished with tables

for newspapers and periodical works, at which are to be seen the idle part of the population, half asleep, studying, with most laudable gravity, venerable tiles of English newspapers, the whole contents of which they have long before perused *verbatim* in the Calcutta daily prints. In the centre of the other two rooms are to be seen groups walking to and fro, standing in earnest conversation, consulting in a corner in half-whispers, or anxiously conning over the list of arrivals and departures of vessels, which, for their edification, is posted on a board, suspended from a pillar in the centre of the room.

In the midst of the mercantile and maritime frequenters of the Exchange, the soldier is sometimes to be seen, and is easily distinguishable from the everyday denizens of the place, not so much from the smart military cut and bright metal buttons of his white jacket, as by a face bronzed by the climate, and sallow by disease; he is generally sauntering slowly and by himself, with a cast of melancholy in his countenance, probably caused by the calculation of the absolute necessity of returning to his native land to recruit his shattered constitution, with a conviction that his pecuniary resources may probably be incompetent for the purpose; and seeing before him no prospect but certain death in a foreign land, he comes here to make a bargain, if possible, with some master of a free-trader, whose advertisement, after stating all his accommodations and more, ends by referring applicants to the Captain on 'Change.

After taking a leisurely survey of these groups, I walked into the inner room, which I supposed must be the *sanctum* of privacy and business, but, on entering, found that I never was so completely mistaken, for it seemed to be the centre of fun and good stories.

At the head of a large table sat the *Genius loci*, in the shape of the clerk of the Exchange, with a pile of half-finished papers before him, of which this hour of bustle had interrupted the progress. He was a thin, sallow young man, who seemed to have his attention keenly bent on his duties, but at the same time, whenever he turned to give directions, or answer queries propounded to him, did so with a promptness and readiness that shewed he was anxious to shew his attitude of lis-

tening to the jokes of those about him, and his desk seemed to be the *nucleus* of all such *facetia*. On his left hand, in an easy chair, into which he had with some difficulty thrust himself, sat a fat, well-favoured, good-humoured-looking elderly gentleman, whose

"Calm, broad, thoughtless aspect, beamed repose."—

the very picture of good living and an easy temper, listening with ill-disguised pleasure to a warlike story, which a stout athletic Irishman was telling, with all the characteristic humour of his nation, the surrounding group thrusting in their heads so as not to lose the slightest word—some of them with a half-formed smile on their countenances, ready to burst out into *guffaw* at the expected catastrophe, while others, though they would not leave the story unheard, kept repeating the word *shocking* at proper intervals during the narrative.

In a corner, stood a stonily-faced, bearded, canny-haired, shrewd, clever-looking Scotchman, but by no means devoid of some information which a little plucky quaker-like gentleman was relating from a letter he held in his hand. The first was the editor of a Calcutta paper, who soon after abandoned his literary career for one as hopeless and less profitable, a wild-goose scheme of clearing the island of Saur in the mouth of the Ganges of jungles, where he found the aborigines (tigers and alligators) more a match for him than his political opponents, and, as every one expected, he soon lost his health, and is now, I believe, enjoying the fruits of his folly in Scotland.

The other was a mercantile man, a universal favourite in the settlement, from a happy combination in his constitution of the kindest heart, and most mild and inoffensive manners, with great talents and information. He was intended for the Scotch church, and what was wonderful, considering his intellect, he was a Highlander. I afterwards dined with him, and obtained a great deal of valuable information concerning the Guebbers and Persees, a numerous race in the N.W. part of India; but whose manners and customs, from their patriarchal and secluded mode of life, are little known to Europeans in general; but he, from being connected with them in business, had abundant opportunities of observation, and he possesses a fund of

information with regard to them which must be of interest to the general reader, and of inestimable value to the classical, as they are the legitimate descendants of the ancient Persians, and exhibit to an astonishing degree the same features of manners and religion of their ancestors, as far as our limited knowledge of their habits allows us to judge. If you think meet, I'll give you a letter to him, as there are few of your contributors who might not be proud to have their articles appear in the same Number with his.

It was here I was first introduced to G—— T——, with whose friendship I was afterwards honoured. In him, talent, genius, and industry, amply supplied the want of an academic education, and made him (though belonging to a profession generally supposed inimical to literature) an elegant scholar, and accomplished gentleman. He was the friend of Roscoe, and seemed to imitate him in his literary pursuits; and had it pleased God to spare him a few years longer, there can be little doubt that he would have equalled, if not excelled, his model. Poor fellow, he is now no more; he fell a victim to a disease of once acute and lingering, which he bore with the firmness of a man, and the resignation of a Christian, and left to his friends the melancholy consolation that he was admired and esteemed by all who knew him; and though his days on this earth had been few, no one of them had ever passed over his head without adding something to his mental acquisitions.

He was one of the first friends that Washington Irving had in Great Britain, and they kept up a close correspondence till the day of his death. Indeed, it is impossible to suppose that two men of minds and dispositions so similar as theirs should have come in contact, without being ever after reciprocally attached to each other.

While in Calcutta, his mercantile avocations left him but little time to dedicate to his favourite studies; but some short pieces in prose and verse, in the Calcutta papers, shew what he could have done, had he had time and opportunity. The one that attracted most notice, was a *jeu d'esprit* written in the style of the Chaldee MS., which he at that time had never seen; and

which, without taking from the merit of Mr Hogg, or whoever else was the author of that admirable production, was at least equal to it. Some people may think that I have been led away by private friendship to say so much in praise of this extraordinary young man. I do not deny that what I have said comes from my heart; but those who know me, will never accuse me of being lavish in commendation, even of my best friends.

After repeated investigation into the mercantile character of the East, which I had ample opportunities of making on the Exchange and elsewhere, I think I am safe in saying, that a Calcutta merchant is, *qua* a merchant, a better man than any of the class I have met with elsewhere, though it is impossible to eradicate entirely the selfish feelings inherent in human nature, and which mercantile pursuits above all tend to cherish, (*vide* Adam Smith, *passim*) yet they may be regulated and directed; and this is strongly exemplified in these gentlemen, in their transactions with the rest of the world and each other; even in their appearance there is none of the quick, seizing, oversteaching expression so observable in men of the same class in Glasgow or Liverpool; and many things practised in these respectable communities, and looked upon as rather clever and praise-worthy, would stamp a *vitandium* on any man on the Exchange of Calcutta. Indeed, the traders of the last-named port fairly lost caste in the eyes of their brethren of Bengal, by practising some manoeuvres, which at home might be looked upon as mighty smart stratagems; but these were considered as pieces of low chicanery and humbug, of which no man in the character of a gentleman would be guilty, and a sharp looking after all bargains with them was the immediate consequence.

I left the Exchange, so much pleased with it, that I made it a constant haunt while I remained in Bengal, and in it I saw more of the character of my countrymen of the East in one day, than if I had dined at a formal party every day of the year.

COLIN BANNATYNE, P. R. N.

Rothsay, 4th April, 1823.

DAVIS'S CHINESE NOVELS.*

THE Chinese are a people marked externally, and to our slight knowledge of them intrinsically, by such great, and, as we are apt to conceive it, fantastic unlikeness to all the other divisions of the species, that it is not without some good effort of the understanding one can reduce them under regular philosophical contemplation; while those of us, who live more under the dominion of imagination than reason, are in danger even of being crossed by an impression, as if the population of the whole great empire lived and breathed for little other purpose, than *their* occasional wonder and entertainment.

This irregular and unjustifiable disposition of our minds, itself fit matter for metaphysical disquisition, towards from one to three hundred millions of our fellow-creatures, the three little specimens of their literature, which Mr D. has given us, will not tend to rectify. In their own delineation of themselves the Chinese still appear, as to European apprehension they have always done, something very extraordinary; so that in reading their proceedings one can hardly help believing, from time to time, that we are getting glimpses of a world with whose inhabitants we have no ties of consanguinity or nature; if it be not a truer account of the effect to say, that we seem to be making ourselves acquainted with the imaginary beings of some grotesque and whimsical fiction.

The first of the three novels or tales now in question, is, nevertheless, agreeably to the general taste of mankind, a love-story, and takes its name, *The Shadow in the Water*, from the unusual process by which the two young persons in whose passion and fate we are to be interested, the *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* of Chinese romance, become enamoured. They are the children of parents who, nearly connected by blood and marriage, quarrel, and from inhabiting one house, proceed to divide it into two. In part of the operation a wall is built, running down the common garden, and dividing to the two parties, among other things, a pool of water in the middle.

The said wall is carried over this pool on pillars, so as to leave between the surface of the water and the bottom of the wall, a certain small interval open, which convenient imperfection of the intended barrier gives birth to the novel. On the two opposite banks are built two pavilions or summer-houses, to which the warring families respectively retire, to enjoy each their own half of the pool. This happened many years ago. As the two young cousins, who have never since met, grow up, they also occasionally retire to their respective summer-houses, alone. One day they happen both to go down to enjoy their solitary meditations about the same time. At the same time both stand looking at the pool. The youth sees reflected in the water the beautiful image of the maiden, and thinks at first it is his own; for they were so remarkably like, that as children they were often sportively exchanged by their parents; but finding on more attentive observation that it is not himself he sees, he falls in love. Further love is made by favour of the same means of communication. The story, after some peculiar, and, to us at least, original difficulties, ends happily in marriage of a rather more complicated kind than is known under our manners.

The *third* story, *The Three Dedicated Chambers*—for of the second we shall speak presently, and at full—has this peculiar and original merit, that the interest, and the complication of the events, turn wholly upon the diverse relations in which the human being stands connected with property, and the various affections with which he regards it.

Of these affections, the first out of which incident springs, is, in one of the leading characters, a passionate attachment to estates in land, in preference to every other description of property. The interest of the story opens, when, at the instigation of his son, who is also strongly affected towards property, but under a different modification of the feeling, he, weakly departing from the maxims of acquisition which had governed his life, buys a

* Chinese Novels; translated from the Original. To which are added, Proverbs, &c. By John Francis Davis. 12mo. London. Murray. 1822.

house. Another of the personages, who, though he dies in the course of the story, and the catastrophe is accomplished in his son, is really the hero, is distinguished under the same star, by a propensity to lay out ready money in the building and fitting up of houses; and produces out of this peculiar and irresistible bent of his genius the matter of the novel. A fourth contributes his share to tying and disentangling the knot, by the generous use of money. Agreeably to which dispositions and capacities of the acting personages, the house, which, having been built and fitted up by the third person, is, at the instance of the second, bought by the first, forms, together with a discovered treasure derived from the heroic munificence of the last, the centre on which the whole tale revolves. We do not intend to enter further into the story than may suffice to explain to the reader the meaning of the title, *The Three Dedicated Chambers*; being the rather attracted to do so by something about this point of a different kind of feeling from what belongs to the usual train of these narratives.

These chambers are a section of a sumptuous and beautiful house, which the hero, following out the impulses of his genius, had expended the remains of an ample inheritance of money in building and duly furnishing: a favourite portion of the whole edifice, on which he had bestowed his choicest invention, and which, when the expense of preparing his house to live in obliged him at last to dispose of it, he would not part with, but reserved as the refuge and consolation of his indigence—a reservation which, it may be remarked by the way, entitled him at any after time, if he should have the means, to redeem the whole.

The reserved part of the house is thus described:

Pp. 170, 1, 2.—“The apartments, which Yu-seo-chin retained, were in the style of a pagoda, consisting altogether of three stories. In the lower room were carved lattices, crooked railings, bamboo seats, and flower-stands. It was the place where he

received his guests. On the tablet were inscribed large characters to this effect,

DEDICATED TO MEN.

“The chamber in the middle story was adorned with bright tables and clear windows, together with pictures and other furniture. This was his study, where he was accustomed to read and write. On the tablet was largely inscribed,

DEDICATED TO THE ANCIENTS.

“The highest chamber was empty and light. There was nothing in it, besides a chafing-dish for incense, and a sacred book. It was here that he retreated from the crowd, retired from noise, and shut himself up in complete solitude. On the front of the tablet, in this chamber, was written, in large characters,

DEDICATED TO HEAVEN.”

During the fair fortunes of our hero, he had been but little acquainted, the author observes, with the two upper chambers; though the lower one, that Dedicated to Men, being appropriated to the reception of strangers, in whose entertainment he was very generous, had well deserved its appellation. In his season of distress, he learned better to understand the value of the chamber of study, and of that of higher contemplation. One would have hoped, that he would now at least have begun to withdraw his mind from his former modes of spending his money. That is not what happens: “The strength which he possessed had hitherto been dissipated in vain. He now applied his inventive genius collectively at a single point, and caused his dwelling to be decorated to an extraordinary degree.” Precedent to this passage, however, there occurs a stanza, which we shall quote, both as it is fairly written for, as we presume, an unpractised versifier, and as it contains a characteristic specimen of the mild tone of Chinese meditation. The trait we mean to point out, is the use of the expression, “six feet;” which, taken in measurement of length, in our poetry, according to the austere and melancholy temper of our genius, is uniformly understood to denote being dead and buried.* In Chinese moralizing, it means simply going to bed.

* So Shakespeare uses the same measure, expressed in different words.

PRINCE HENRY. (*Standing over HOTSPUR, dead.*)

When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough!—

The verses are as follow :

"Lord of ten thousand acres, flowering fair,
A few small morsels quell thy appetite ;
A thousand spreading roofs demand thy care,
And, lo ! six feet suffice thee—every night !"

The poetry which is introduced, apparently to congratulate the genius on wisdom of moderation acquired in his adversity, comes in, as we should think, unfortunately, just before telling us that he continued to apply his understanding and his money precisely in the same way in which he had raised himself. But we are led to an infinite distance from our original design, which was to impart to our readers the story of the novel which stands second among the three.

This is neither like the last, a matter of money ; nor like the first, and after the immemorial prescription of romance, precisely an affair of love, but, to speak with the most exact propriety, a matter of wedlock ; so modified, notwithstanding, by climate and country, as to discriminate it by more traits than one, from all affairs of love or wedlock, with which we, and probably most of our readers, are acquainted. It is entitled, *The Twin Sisters*.

Early in the reign of an Emperor of the Ming dynasty, there dwelt, as our author acquaints us, in a city of the province of Hoo-kwang, a merchant, bearing the name of Siaoou-kiang, who had the misfortune to live on very indifferent terms with his wife. After many years of unfruitful marriage, they were blessed with twin daughters. The parents were very far from being either particularly comely in their persons, or engaging in their manners. But the daughters were as beautiful and amiable as can be imagined, so that they seemed to be the offspring of another house. They were in truth of such surpassing beauty and merit, that although they were of very inferior rank, their hands were sought by young men of family and fortune.

The hostility of father and mother proceeded so far, as at last to break out at the very same time, in both of them, into a vehement desire of effecting the marriage of their daughters, without the privacy of each other. They pursued their separate measures. The wife has no difficulty in meeting with suitors to her mind ; who, in due order, according to the custom of China,

commission friends to negotiate the marriage. She of course agrees to proposals of her own devising ; and assigns the destined bridegroom a day for sending in the marriage-gifts.

The husband does not succeed in conducting his affairs with the same regularity. The lady is a virago of such repute, such a mistress both of her tongue and her hands, that although respectable persons appear, who, out of pure regard to the propriety of the father's taking upon himself the arrangement of his family concerns, are willing to be the husband's, the fear of the wife effectually deters all third persons from becoming negotiators in the matter, and the suitors are under the necessity, against all rule and order, of going to propound their tender inclinations, and treat for their marriages in person. The father is not disturbed by the deviation from propriety, and the marriage is agreed upon.

Now, it fell out, that the secrecy designed on both sides was perfectly maintained. It also fell out, which was almost as extraordinary, that *the lucky day*, selected by father and mother for the marriage, was the same. Accordingly, when it came, the presunts of the whole quadruple brotherhood of suitors arrived at the door together. They were all received, laid out, and suitably admired.

For a little while this excellent couple are both deceived, each explaining to themselves the *four* tickets which accompany the gifts, by the supposition that their own two suitors, in excess of ceremony, have sent separate tickets to each parent. But when it appears, on nearer examination, that all the four cards bear different names, the truth of the matter becomes manifest, and a serious altercation ensues. The nuptials are broken up on all hands for the present ;—and, after some smaller proceedings, of which the most remarkable is a plot of the father's for the forcible carrying off of the daughters by *his* suitors, defeated by the wife, with a bar in her hand at the house-door ; the matter, as from the first it had been foreseen that it must do, comes before the Judge. It may be here worth remarking, that as there would have been something exceedingly indecorous and offensive in law-proceedings pursued by the husband and wife against each other, the form chosen of bringing the affair into court is, that the *father's two suitors*

present a complaint against him, on account of the repulse they have sustained at his door. This leads naturally to the investigation of the whole business; the husband, in answer to their complaint, sending in a statement of the facts as they really happened.

The Judge, who is the Chy-foo, or Chief Magistrate of the district, an office at that time exercised by a *deputy*, had not been long in the situation; but was a person of distinguished integrity, and ability also, for he had "possessed high literary rank at an early age." He fixes an early day for the marriage; and, in the meanwhile, proceeds smoothly in his private examinations. When the trial comes on, however, he encounters some perplexity; for, on hearing the wife's reply to her husband's statements, he begins to think that she is a very reasonable woman; but then again, on questioning the husband, he rather inclines to believe that he is very much in the right. Unable, upon the evidence before him, to extricate himself from this dilemma, he bethinks himself of sending for the two daughters, and inquiring of them which of the two (the father or mother) had, in the conduct of the family affairs, usually acted with most discretion. The girls behave themselves as shy and bashful maidens, and the Chy-foo can get no answer from them at all. He is not, however, a Judge to be easily discouraged in his investigations; and as he can obtain no reply from their lips, "he began to draw his evidence from their looks." Nor were these as obstinately silent. For these seemed to say, "that both their parents were a little in the wrong, but it did not become *them*, as their daughters, to mention it."

The Judge, proceeding to argue from this gentle disclosure, foresees a probability that he shall end in not choosing to ratify any one of all the four marriages. For it is to be understood that he is so much impressed by the singular merits of the young twins, as to be gradually moved more and more to desert, in this instance, the caution he had at first announced with respect to a Magistrate's interference in family-affairs, and to make himself responsible for the entire settlement of the matter. In this disposition he resolves to call the aforesaid bride-

grooms into Court, for two purposes—that he may have an opportunity of forming his own judgment of their deserts,—and, that the young ladies, if they please, may choose among them, he holding himself in readiness to confirm their election. He is, accordingly, preparing to issue, as usual, a written order for their appearance, when the four fathers-in-law knelt down before him, and said,—“It is not necessary for your worship to send out the order. Our sons are all of them waiting outside, each hoping that his wife may be awarded to him. May we proceed to call them in?”

The Judge said, “If that is the case, make haste and tell them to come in.” They all four went out, and presently returned, each leading in his son, saying, “This is my boy, I hope your worship will award to him his wife.” The latter, however, shook his head, and observed the four youths narrowly. They looked as if they had all come from the same stock, being very strange and uncouth in their appearance. Far from being good-looking, there was not one without some defect in his limbs or features. The Judge said to himself,—“To choose them husbands from among these four, would be like searching for a hero among dwarfs. How can I possibly select one? I did not think that so much beauty and such ill fortune could be combined.”

He then sighed, and, calling on the father's favourites to kneel down on the left side, and on the mother's to do the same on the right, he told the two girls to kneel down in the midst, and spoke to them as follows:—“All those who were engaged by your father and mother to marry you are now present. I have already asked you for your real sentiments. Since you would not speak, I suppose that, in the first place, shame prevented you; and, in the second, the difficulty of mentioning your parents' faults. I do not now call on you to speak a word, but merely to turn your heads a little on one side, and thereby evince your real wishes. If you wish to marry your father's favourites, turn yourselves to the left; if your mother's, to the right. But remember, that in this slight movement is involved the welfare of your whole life, and your choice should, therefore, be a good one.”

When he had said this, the whole assembly anxiously fixed their eyes upon the two damsels, to see them turn their heads. They, however, on the first entrance of the four suitors, had looked at them, and, observing their uncouth appearance, they hung down their heads, and closed their eyes, and let fall their tears in silence. When the Judge had spoken to them, they turned neither to the right nor to the left, but remaining fixed, with their faces towards him, began to weep aloud. The more he pressed them to speak, the more violently did they cry, until all those who were present began to weep in sympathy with them, and every one felt the extent of their hardship.

The Judge's resolution is now wound up to the height. He rebukes father and mother, with much indignation, for treating the marriage of their children as mere child's play; for not consulting together on what was of such consequence to their happiness; for not better suiting their choice to the subjects; of which, as he very pertinently observes, the present scene shews them what would have been the fruits. He declares, that he dissolves all the engagements, and takes the determination of the affair entirely into his own hands; an issue on which he greatly felicitates all the parties interested.

He then gives his written adjudication, in which, on the ground that the mother's contracts were imperfect, as wanting the father's consent,—and the father's, as *there was no intervention of negotiations*, and they, therefore, “at once violate ancient law and modern opinion,” he formally annuls them all: farther declaring his above mentioned intention of departing from the usual course, though without infringing the laws, and merely for the good of all parties,—That this judgment is final.—And he breaks up the Court.

The Chy-foo now applies himself in earnest to his benevolent undertaking; commissioning agents in various quarters to look him out husbands. They are diligent, and send him in what they can collect. But the youths, who make their appearance, though reported suitable by the agents, fall exceedingly short of the Judge's intentions. He remands them all, and explores his genius for some better expedient. He finally resolves, as the only way of making sure of husbands of ade-

quate desert, to propose the two beautiful damsels as prizes, in open competition to all concourers. He does not proclaim a tournament: but—

Pp. 136-7.—“It happened that some country people had lately caught a couple of fine deer, which they had presented to him, and which suited very well with his present scheme. He issued a notice, fixing a particular day for a literary examination: and required of the competitors, that instead of writing on the outside of their *Essays*, (as was customary,) the particulars of their age, they should state merely whether they were married or single. He said, that as the periodical examination for literary degrees was not far distant, he wished to be previously acquainted, in some measure, with the abilities of the candidates, and that he had provided, as the subject of contention for the unmarried, two beautiful damsels; and for those who were already married, a brace of curious deer. Those who won the prizes would be the first literary candidates of the year.”

In the interval the prizes are bestowed in a vacant building near the place of examination; the two daughters under the care of their mother alone, and the deer below.

Th Chy-foo's notice produced a great sensation in the country, through the surrounding districts, among the married as well as the unmarried; the first contemplating their honours merely, of which care is taken to say that they regarded the deer only as tokens; and the younger ones greatly pleased with the prospect of a handsome wife, as an accompaniment to a literary degree.

The day of examination arrives: young and old gentlemen's exercises are given in; and, after three days, a list is published, naming about ten from each district for re-examination. Those who were thus chosen, suspected that this second examination was not so much to determine their literary merit, as to ascertain their personal appearance; and such of them as were good-looking, began to entertain great hopes. When the appointed day arrived, they dressed and adorned themselves with scrupulous nicety,—and, as the Author assures us, put on their very best looks, in the hopes of captivating the grace of their ladies through the eyes of the Judge.

He was happily as great a critic in personal appearance as in literary composition; and, as the names were call-

ed over, made his observations very carefully upon the candidates, judging whether their appearance denoted persons of respectability and wealth, or otherwise. When he has satisfied himself upon these points, he gives his orders for the arrangements of the following morning, and departs, carrying his Essays home with him.

The next day, before he comes forth to his audience-hall, his officer, as directed, collects the musicians, and proceeding to the place where the four prizes are stationed, conducts them into Court. The deer are placed on one side of the hall; and the two ladies, seated in ornamented sedans, on the other. The flowered lanterns and the music are all in readiness to proceed to the marriage. By daylight a list is published of the four successful candidates.

The unsuccessful were to have, inferior marks of honour, according to their merit. The winners of the deer are not of sufficient importance to be named: but the two successful unmarried writers of Essays were Sze-tsin, a graduate, and Chy-yuen, a junior candidate.

All those whose names had been noticed at the examination, entered the Hall of Audience to witness the event of these admirable proceedings. When they observed on which side the two ladies were, they all crowded thither to see the damsels whose beauty was so famous; and that part of the hall was filled with spectators. On the other side where the deer were stationed, a single person only, in the dress of a graduate, stood apparently in sorrow, and without a desire to go and behold the two beauties. Some of the knowing ignoramuses of the company argued that this was one of the married candidates, who, judiciously reflecting that his concern was not with the ladies, but the deer, was engaged in examining their comparative merits, that when the time for choosing came he might take the best. Our readers are greater diviners, and are aware that the solitary, musing, sorrow-touched graduate, is the hero in person.

It was, in truth, no other than Sze-tsin himself.—To the surprise of the aforesaid understanding characters, some of the candidates from the other side of the hall went over to him, and, paying their respects, said, "We congratulate you, sir; one of

these fair ladies is yours." That graduate, however, waved his hand in token of denial, and said, "I have nothing to do with them." This produces an exclamation of wonder: they desire to know how, being an unmarried man, and a successful candidate, that is possible. He tells them that when the judge comes into the hall, they will understand the whole matter.

The drum is now struck, the Judge enters the audience-hall, and all whose names have been noticed, pay their respects. He demands to see the four successful candidates. On their names being read, three only appear. The one missing is an *unmarried* candidate.

The Judge inquires the occasion of his absence. "He is a friend of mine," replies Sze-tsin, "and lives in the same district. Not being aware of the business of to-day, he has not come."

The Judge and Sze-tsin then enter into conversation. The Chy-foo expresses his admiration of Sze-tsin's distinguished abilities, and observes, that it is a just dispensation of Heaven, that two ladies so beautiful should have obtained two such husbands as himself and his friend. But our hero politely acknowledging the Chy-foo's compliment, begins to expound to him the difficulties of the case, arising out of his own infelicitous destiny. *He is fated not to marry.* Six times has he been in love: six times has he paid his addresses: and every time has the unfortunate object of his inauspicious flame sickened and died. The entire mortality took effect before he was twenty. The fortune-tellers who have been consulted, have been unanimous in their explanation of this calamity: *he was acting against his destiny, which was, never to be paired with a wife.* They had all, therefore, advised him, thus doomed to celibacy, to become a priest of the religion, either of Fo or Taou; and high as he then stood in literary distinction, it was his intention to forsake letters and become a priest.

The Judge, who has no intention of being defeated in the very moment of his success, attempts, herein failing, as we think, and as indeed it afterwards appears, from his habitual discretion, to invalidate the credit of the diviners; but, after a little, turns the discourse to make inquiry concerning Chy-yuen. In the first place, he is

disappointed not to see him there, when he had chosen an auspicious day on purpose for his marriage; and in the second place, as the hand-writing of his last essay differed from that of the first, he wished to put a few questions to him on that head.

This last observation touches upon a secret which Sze-tsin no longer feels himself at liberty to keep back. His friend was poor, and Sze-tsin had formed a design to assist him by marrying him to a wife. Both those essays were written by Sze-tsin: but the first had been given in in the hand-writing of his friend; the other, from the exigency of the case, in his own. In attempting to render his friend a service, he has unfortunately done him an injury. He had intended, if he had obtained the first place, to yield it up to his friend; but had no expectation, that, by extraordinary fortune, they should both have been preferred. The discovery thus made leaves no resource but to request that the Judge will forgive Chy-yuen, and transfer to him the kindness he had meditated for himself.

The Judge has now conducted his difficult enterprize to a happy close. He immediately perceives the whole *dénouement*. The destiny of Sze-tsin is now unriddled. He is never to be paired with a wife, for he is to marry two at once. The perfect beauty and merit of both meets alike with the highest desert. His essays have won them both.

Sze-tsin still hesitates; but the whole audience are in raptures of admiration, declaring that the Judge has created a new destiny for him. His opposition is unavailing.—P. 150.

He was obliged to yield. Standing up before the Judge, in company with the two ladies, they all bowed down four times before their benefactor. Sze-tsin then called for his horse, and accompanied the two ornamented sedans home.

The name of the Judge became celebrated in consequence of his decision, until it reached the court, when the emperor called him to Peking, and gave him a situation in the military tribunal. Sze-tsin was advanced to a place in the literary college, and continued to live with his friend, the Judge, on the terms of father and son.

It is worth noting, as a characteristic of the narration of these stories, that there is, in numerous instances, such a want of adjustment in the mi-

nor details of the incidents, that they could not hang together in the way they are represented: those assigned as causes could not have the effects they are employed to produce,—the statement at one time does not agree with the reference to it at another. So, in the story of the Examination, it is impossible, upon the circumstances, to make out any consistent account of the second essay of Chy-yuen being given in in a different hand-writing from the first. One cannot help feeling all along, that the narrator does not speak under fear of any critical investigation, by auditor or reader, of the links of connection of the several parts of his relation; but relies on their willing oversight of slight improbabilities, in furtherance of their common object, the production of the story; or perhaps, to speak more truly, on their recollection of principal facts, as they bear forward on the result, and their oblivion of the lesser detail of circumstances in which they were grounded. In a word, he trusts absolutely to their drawing no conclusions but those which he himself has occasion to insist upon. This marks, of course, a very infant state of the art of narrative; and therefore, as far as such stories go in evidence, a low state of literary cultivation.

Of his own part in the style of his little work, Mr D. has led us into some doubts, by the information he has given us, that he has generally softened away the idiomatic peculiarities of the language he translates from. Nothing is more like an insight into the mind of a people, to readers who are debarred from their language, than the characteristic, idiomatic translation of their writings. At the same time, it is probable that such translation could not be tolerated of more than very brief specimens. If maintained through long narrative, it seems likely that it would so much arrest the mind, as to destroy wholly the flow, and therefore the interest, of the composition. The language of the present translator, as the above extracts shew, is simple and good: and at the same time, such as to set off, perhaps by its very simplicity, the estrangement of both the style and matter of these stories, from our own manner of thinking, inventing, and writing. Much more was not to be asked for.

THE AGE OF BRONZE.*

This versifier has a slight and superficial knowledge of various matters of importance, gleaned from the Opposition newspapers, and the talk of inferior Whigs. He could write a leading article in the Morning Chronicle on the "State of Europe," or "The Church;" and, no doubt, is reckoned eloquent by the gentlemen of the press over a board of oysters, or a trencher of tripe. But there is one thing which he does not know, although it is known to all his readers, *vide* *supra*, that he is an Ass. He vainly imagines that he neighs—a gross mistake;—it is a bray, we swear by all that is deep-drawn and long-winded. He supposes that his ears are pointed—not they indeed—they go flap-flapping over his forehead, a-la-doukey. He believes he trots—but it is all a shuffle. To be horse-whipped, is evidently above the height of his ambition; but no—no—Peter Bell still lives, and with "a sapling white as cream" he will "hang thy bones."—So, come along, Jack-ass, and be cudgelled.

"The Age of Bronze" is not, by any means, a bad name for a Satirical poem, very far from it—and is evidently above the reach of the writer of the verses. It was probably a bright blunder of some one of his chums, to whom he had been braying a recital. Dandy's heavy wet had inspired Pylades thus happily to designate the face of his Orestes. We can easily imagine that this felicitous discovery of a "title," must have led the two Arcadians into the most ruinous extravagance. A pot of porter would seem nothing in their exalted imaginations.—"Another Welch rabbit—Tommy—dunn the expence;" and, on leaving the lush-crib, we can figure them giving pippence to the drawer. All down Chancery Lane clucked the Cockneys, "The Age of Bronze! The Age of Bronze!" while even their beloved washerwoman, now "a maid that loves the moon," wriggled before them unheeded under Temple-Bar.

This is not wholly a conjecture of ours—for something not unlike it was told us by a person of some veracity. He assured us that he was sitting close by the Cockneys and their cheese—

with only a half-drawn curtain between; and that although he frequently coughed, and hemmed, and knocked the candlestick on his table, they were deaf to all entreaties, and let out

"Such tales as, told to any blade,
By two such youths in the green shade,
Were perilous to hear."

Among other enormities, one of them, with a sort of Tims' face, proposed accusing Lord Byron of being the author. That seemed at first a staggerer to the cove whose bunch of fives had actually committed the offence; but, after a few gulps of froth, he became courageous, and swore that "it should be fathered upon Byron." These, we are assured by a gentleman whose authority is far superior to that of Mr Nicholas Bull of Reading, were, without any exaggeration, the precise words. And accordingly, the "Age of Bronze," begotten by a Cockney, on the body of a muse, name unknown, is laid upon the steps before his Lordship's door. The noble Childe, careless about such matters, tells his valet to give the bantling to any woman in the house who chances to be nursing; and thus the rickety wretch passes for the work of one whose real progeny always shew blood and bone, and glory in the sin of their sire.

In short, the author of the "Age of Bronze"—the publisher thereof—and the paid puffers in the Radical newspapers, all know, that when they attribute the doggerel* to Lord Byron—they are a pack of liars. The Cockneys have told the public, through their mouth-piece Hazlitt, that they have been damned by us, and that not a single Christian will look at any of their productions, lest suspicion might fall upon him of being acquainted with the author. The knaves, therefore, call themselves "Byron!" We remember once overtaking a person on foot near Lowood, on the banks of Windermere, who maintained that he was Mr Wordsworth. We had never seen the Great Laker at that time, yet well knew this was an impostor.—"I trow, sir," quoth he, "you never saw a more wonderful mountain than that there Langdale Peaks." We gave him

* London. John Hunt, &c.

a slight kick, at which, we remember, he could scarcely conceal his irritation, and added, "that the evening being calm, we should pursue our journey." So we parted.

Now, the vagabond we kicked that evening, while the waters of Lowood Bay were murmuring near our foot, was not nearly so impertinent an impostor as the poor devil we have now put into the stocks. For, in the first place, he was sorely muddled with good Mr Ladyman's home-brewed; and, in the second place, he actually had written in a spunging-house (as we afterwards learned) some Sonnets for Baldwin's Magazine, in imitation of Wordsworth's Sonnets dedicated to Liberty. He therefore really had some sort of reason to believe himself a Lake poet, and we forgive him from the bottom of our souls, as we hope he forgives us from the bottom of his body. But the rogue in hand, although no doubt muddled also when he wrote his verses, may have been occasionally sober when they were going through the press, and we are afraid cannot be thought, even by the most charitable, to have been drunk every day on which his poem was sent to the newspapers for advertisement with Lord Byron's name. Paley, we think, considers drunkenness a palliation of guilt, and so does North; but the authority of these two great moral writers cannot exculpate this Cockney, unless he can prove to our satisfaction, that his knowledge-box was filled with the fumes of Daffy's elixir, from the first moment of conception, until the delivery of the fetus. He is plainly a scoundrel, who collects coin under false pretences; and his next heroic measures should be laid in the tread-mill.

But methinks we hear some gentle reader cry, "This is not criticism—this is mere abuse." We know it; it is not meant for criticism. If you catch a hand in your pocket, filching your purse, are you expected to criticise the shape of the fingers, or rather to wrench the wrist till the small bones crack? If a fellow, drest in his master's clothes, ring the bell at your front door, and leave his waster's card, do you criticise or kick him? Let us therefore hear no more about our being abusive. This Cockney is a fool and a liar, in league with fools and liars; and neither he nor his fools and liars can take offence at being told so, ex-

cept in as far as detection may prevent their future depredations on the public.

Let us see how this swindler personates Byron. Imagine that it is Byron who writes the following character of Pitt:—

"All is exploded—be it good or bad.
Reader! remember when thou wert a lad,
Then Pitt was all; or if not all, so much.
His very rival almost deem'd him such!!!"

What grandeur of thought and expression! Is not that at least equal to the Cockney's—whom we kicked—imitation of Wordsworth? Now for his character of Napoleon.

"Oh heaven! of which he was in power a
feature;
Oh earth! of which he was a noble crea-
ture;
Thou isle! to be remember'd long; and
well,
That saw'st the unfledged eaglet clasp his
shell!
Ye Alps, which viewed him in his dawn-
ing flights
Hover, the victor of an hundred fights!
Thou, Rome, who saw'st thy Cæsar's deed
outdone!
Alas! why pass'd he too the Rubicon?
The Rubicon of man's awaken'd rights,
To herd with vulgar kings and parasites!"

But hear—hear the swindler on Waterloo! Some one has told him that Byron hates Wellington, or pretend to do so; and the swindler makes a hit.

"Oh, bloody and most bootless Waterloo.
Which proves how fools may have their
fortune too
Won, half by blunder, half by treachery."

Various modes of punishing such a dishonest idiot as this must suggest themselves to the benevolent reader. Suppose him stripped naked to the very want of shirt, and tarred and feathered. Up Hampstead Hill he goes, with his downy posteriors, like one of Mr Moore's Angels, to recover himself, to a crowing fit on his own dunghill. Flap flies the feathered fool past Mother Red-cap's on a Sunday evening, and haply takes refuge in an arbour of a tea-garden. Or suppose him ducked in a shallow, green-mantled, slumy, froggy pool, with a sludge bottom, and then rubbed down with a towel of nettles. Or suppose him condemned to a year's solitary confinement in the jakes.

without the use of either pen, ink, or paper.

But let us hear his opinion of Congress :

-- A pious unity ! in purpose one—
To melt three fools to a Napoleon.

Why, Egypt's gods were rational to these ;
Their dogs and oxen knew their own de-
grees,

And, quiet in their kennel or their shed,
Cared little, so that they were duly fed ;
But these, more hungry, must have some-
thing more,

The power to bark and bite, to toss and
grope.

Ah, how much happier were good Tesop's
frogs

Than we ! for ours are animated logs
With ponderous mahoe swaying to and fro,
And crushing nations with a stupid blow,
All dully anxious to leave little work
Unto the revolutionary stork."

And a little farther on he claims ac-
quaintance with the Czar.

Resplendent sight ! behold the cockcomb
Czar,

The autocrat of waltzes and of war ;

As eager for a plaudit as a realm ;

And just as fit for flirting as the helm ;

A Calmuck beauty, with a Cossack wit,
And generous spirit, when 'tis not frost-
bit ;

Now half dissolving to a liberal thaw,
But harden'd back when'er the morning's
raw ;

With no objection to true liberty,
Except that it would make the nations
free."

Now here let us make, not a political,
but a personal observation. We have
seen the Czar—and he is a strapping
fellow, upwards of six feet high—good
looking—healthy—broad-shouldered
—an excellent dancer—a tolerable mu-
sician—fences well—and altogether is
a man likely to make his way through
a crowd. Now, who the devil, Mis-
ter Bronze, are you, to talk so of a man
who could swallow you any morning
before breakfast ? We sink the Empe-
ror at present altogether—and we com-
pare merely Calmuck or Cossack with
Cockney. We shall suppose Alexan-
der a beggar like yourself—with not
one shilling to rub against another.
Were you both to endeavour to gain
your bread by honest industry as
paviors—you know that Alexander
would plant ten pebbles for your one.
Were you both to rob on the high-
way, you know that he would knock
down a man and his wife with ease,

while Master Tommy would take you
prisoner. Were you both to woo a
rich widow—conscience must whisper
that she would prefer " the Calmuck
beauty with the Cossack wit," to the
little impotent Cockney. Were you
both to appear in the Row, or offer
yourselves contributors to Colbourn,
is there a publisher or editor in Lon-
don city, who would not smile upon
the Russ ? In short, is there an occu-
pation extant, except tailoring and po-
lishing of silver tea-spoons, in which
the Calmuck would not beat the Cock-
ney to utter starvation ?

Much light, we think, may be thrown
on subjects of this kind, by such a sim-
ple treatment. Scribblers, who bite
their nails in Great Britain, take it
into their heads, that because they
have been born in this island, (no
matter whether spuriously or not)
they are entitled to despise, be he who
he may, the Emperor of all the Russias.
But there, are base Britons—and a
base Briton is the basest of beings.
No Russ can be so wretched as he—
and the Cockney who writes as above,
of the battle of Waterloo, is a more
degraded culprit than any slit-nosed,
knouted Muscovite, that ever journey-
ed across the steppes to Siberia.

" Shall noble Albion pass without a phrase
From a bold Briton in her wonted praise ?
Art—arms—and George—and glory and
the isles—

And happy Britain—wealth and freedom's
smiles—

White cliffs, that held invasion far aloof—
Contented subjects, all alike tax-proof—
Proud Wellington, with eagle beak so curl-
ed,

That nose, the hook where he suspends the
world !

And Waterloo—and trade—and—(hush !
not yet

A syllable of imposts or of debt)——

And ne'er (enough) lamented Castlereagh,
Whose pen-knife slit a goose-quill t'other
day."

Silence—slave ! If you yourself—
your abject most miserable self—were
to go into a jeweller's shop, and pur-
loin a number of gold brooches—were
to be detected in the act, and brought
back shrieking in the grasp of the
shop-keeper's daughter—were to be
committed to Newgate—and there to
contrive, in fear of the gallows, to ef-
fect strangulation with your dirty
worsted garters, or fetid leather braces
—is there a single person in all Lon-

don who would not turn away, almost with disgust, from the hole in the cross-ways, into which were flung the petty remains of the pilfering *félo de se*? Do you know that?—and yet—but silence—slave! Who would spit upon a toad crawling in its unwieldy and freckled putrefaction? It

is enough to see the reptile drag itself in slime away into some common sewer—to be washed down by the mingled mud of kennels, along with every stinking thing, into a subterranean receptacle of filth, there to rot among the hidden abominations—

“The Age of Bronze” by Lord Byron!!!

A HINT TO THE GENTLEMEN OF THE DAILY AND HERDOMADAL PRESS.

THIS Magazine is abused, we believe, daily and weekly, by about a hundred whig and radical newspapers. So we are told; and so we observe when occasionally we look over the files of newspapers in various reading-rooms. Poor vipers, let them gnaw till their tongues are sore.—Editor of the *Inverness Journal*! thou art a prodigious ninny. You are pleased to say, that we once published a libel against you, along with “all the other great and good men in the country.” This libel, Dunderpate, was a *jeu-d’esprit* of your friend, the editor of the *Inverness Courier*, and never graced our pages at all. Look into your glass, and answer caudally if you ever saw such another fool?

The Leeds *Mercury* abuses us, we perceive. The editor of this paper, one Baines, an excessive blockhead, published as his own a large portion of a tolerable history of the War with France, by Mr Stephens. This plagiarism having been exposed by Mr Alaric Watts, editor of the Leeds *Intelligencer*, Baines pretends to have been only a compiler! And then, having been convicted of putting his name to a book which he did not write, he accuses Mr Watts of not having put *his* name to a book which he did write. This is quite like a whig. There is, at least, no dishonesty in publishing a book without one’s name. But the truth is, that Mr Baines knows nothing about the matter, (and we do), of the *Memoirs* of the Kit-Cat Club. We know more about that volume than even Mr Alaric Watts himself, who certainly was not the editor. We have seen the despicable attempt of Baines to impeach Mr Watts’ veracity, which is unimpeachable. Besides, Baines basely pins his faith respecting the alleged demerits of the “*Memoirs of the Kit-Cat Club*” on the *Quarterly Review*, and bullies away about a vo-

lume which he has never seen, and about which he knows less than nothing. But we have a few words to say by and by with some of our provincial libellers.

Of Mr Alaric Watts we entertain a very high opinion as a man of integrity and honour, of very elegant accomplishments, and most excellent abilities. Baines will say, perhaps, that he writes for this Magazine;—no more than Baines himself wrote Stephens’ *History*. Mr Watts has lately printed (we believe not published) a small volume of poems, full of enlightened and amiable sentiments, pleasing imagery, and refined feelings. He possesses very considerable poetic genius; and the following little Poem, which we recollect reading with much admiration in periodical publications some years ago, has much of the power and pathos of Byron:—

TO OCTAVIA.

I.

Full many a gloomy month hath past,

On flagging wing, regardless by,—
Unmark’d by aught, save grief—since last

I gazed upon thy bright blue eye,
And bade my Lyre pour forth for thee
Its strains of wildest minstrelsy!

For all my joys are wither’d now,—

The hopes I most relied on, thwarted,—
And sorrow hath o’erspread my brow

With many a shade since last we parted:
Yet, mid that murkiness of lot,
Young Peri, thou art unforget!

II.

There are who love to trace the smile

That dimples upon childhood’s cheek,
And hear from lips devoid of guile,

The dictates of the bosom break:—

Ah! who of such could look on thee
Without a wish to rival me?

None;—his must be a stubborn heart,

And strange to every softer feeling,
Who from thy glance could bear to part

Cold and unmoved,—without revealing
Some portion of the fond regret

Which diann’d my eye when last we met!

III.

Sweet bud of Beauty!—Mid the thrill—
 The anguish'd thrill of hope delay'd,—
 Peril—and pain—and every ill
 That can the breast of man invade,—
 No tender thought of *thine* and thee
 Hath faded from my memory ;
 But I have dwelt on each dear form
 Till woe, awhile, gave place to gladness,
 And that remembrance seem'd to charm,
 Almost to peace, my bosom's sadness ;—
 And now again I breathe a lay
 To hail thee on thy natal day !

IV.

O ! might the fondest prayers prevail
 For blessings on thy future years !
 Or innocence, like thine, avail
 To save thee from affliction's tears !
 Each moment of thy life should bring
 Some new delight upon its wing ;
 And the wild sparkle of thine eye—
 Thy guilelessness of soul revealing—
 Proun ever thus, as beautifully,
 Undimmi'd—save by those gems of feel-
 ing—
 Those soft, luxurious drops which flow,
 In pity, for another's woe.

V.

But vain the thought !—It may not be !—
 Could prayers, avert misfortune's blight,
 Or hearts, from sinful passion free,
 Here hope for unalloyed delight,
 Then, those who guard thine opening bloom
 Had never known one hour of gloom.
 No—! if the chastening stroke of Fate
 On guilty heads alone descended,
 Sure *they* would ne'er have felt its weight,
 In whose pure bosoms, sweetly blended,

Life's dearest social virtues move,
 In one bright endless chain of love !

VI.

Then since upon this earth, joy's beams
 Are fading—frail, and few in number,
 And melt—like the light-woven dreams
 That steal upon the mourner's slum-
 ber,—
 Sweet one ! I'll wish thee strength to bear
 The ills that Heaven may bid thee share ;
 And when thine infancy hath fled,
 And Time with woman's zone hath bound
 thee,
 If, in the path thou'rt doom'd to tread,
 The thorns of sorrow lurk, and wound
 thee,
 Be thine that exquisite relief
 Which blossoms 'mid the springs of grief !

VII.

And like the many-tinted Bow,
 Which smiles the showery clouds away,
 May Hope—Grief's Iris here below—
 Attend, and sooth thee on thy way,
 Till, full of years—thy cares at rest—
 Thou seek'st the mansions of the blest !
 Young Sister of a mortal NINE,
 Farewell !—Perchance a long farewell !
 Though woe's unnumber'd yet be mine,
 Woes, Hope may vainly strive to quell,
 I'll half unteach my soul to pine,
 So there be bliss for thee and THINE !

There is not the Whig editor in
 England capable of writing such beau-
 tiful verses.

PYTHAGORAS AND HIS BEANS.

In this practical and bustling coun-
 try we could not, it should seem, af-
 ter the high excitement, the pressure
 of deep and immediate interest, to
 which we had for nearly thirty years
 been accustomed, feel any great con-
 cern in the follies of past ages. It
 might have been imagined that a state
 of exhaustion from superabundant
 stimulus, would have been still more
 apparent upon the Continent, where
 the horrors of that long, fearful sea-
 son, instead of merely producing the
 sort of pleasing, thrilling agitation ex-
 periened during the representation of
 a deep tragedy, have come home to
 men's business and bosoms with all
 the intense force of imminent person-
 al danger ; where, if the last guinea,
 and the last drop of blood, have not
 been actually expended, the drain
 upon both purses and veins has never-
 theless been most serious. This might

have been conjectured, but the suppo-
 sition would have proved erroneous.

Whilst the British public was yawn-
 ing over the emptiness of the news-
 papers, and the insipidity of the Spa-
 nish revolution, or grumbling at the
 impossibility of knowing whether to
 believe that the Greeks had beaten the
 Turks, or the Turks the Greeks, the
 Swiss, whose sufferings, whose resist-
 ance to revolutionary France, may al-
 most rival, in the annals of modern
 history, the mighty deeds recorded in
 elder times of the ancestors of those
 very Greeks now struggling so gal-
 lantly for independence, for existence,
 —the Swiss, we say, were already able
 to interest and occupy themselves in
 considering matters of no more urgent
 importance than the old story of Py-
 thagoras's prohibition of eating beans.
 To account for such varieties in hu-
 man feelings and dispositions from the

influence of climate, manners, laws, freedom, or slavery, would require a philosophical disquisition, probably as much beyond the reader's patience as our abilities. The fact, however, is indisputable.

Whilst the entire British nation remained in the above-described melancholy state of inanition, the Central Society of Natural Science at Lausanne was engaged in listening to a long and profoundly learned dissertation from Monsieur L. Reynier, upon the objection entertained by Pythagoras to the use of the bean in philosophical diet, or, to speak more correctly, upon the antipathy of the ancient priesthood of Egypt to that article of food; for our dissertator, we lament to say, is of opinion, that Pythagoras indulged his disciples with permission to revel, *unrestricted*, in vegetable luxuries. The subject embraces a general view of Egyptian superstitions, which appears sufficiently ingenious to induce the laying an account of it before the reader, although, he will, of course, not be required to endure the length of discussion and argument inflicted upon the philosophers of Lausanne.

That all mythology, and more especially the mythology of Egypt, was originally founded upon astronomy, is not a discovery of M. L. Reynier's, but a position now so universally admitted, that a bare allusion to it would be more than sufficient, were it not desirable to have some of the chief points fresh in the recollection, when seeking to trace out the system in its remoter ramifications. The lecturer, indeed, seems to have conceived that his auditors needed much information upon this topic; but, as no such ignorance can be imputed to our readers, we shall merely remind them, that Osiris himself is supposed to have been a typification of the sun; his reign, or triumph, to have represented the summer solstice; and his discomfiture by Typhon, the prevalence of winter; and that the individual protecting deities, selected for especial worship by different districts, much as good Catholics select their tutelary saints, are considered to have been particular *constellations*, or even single stars:—and proceed immediately to the connexion of these opinions and the adoration of such extraordinary divinities as

the Onion, or the apparently whimsical antipathy to the Bean.

When the objects chosen for this species of idolatry, if the worship of living things may be so denominated, were of the kind from which the name of the Constellation or Star had been taken, as is the case with the god Apis, in whom Taurus is easily recognized, it is all plain sailing:—the difficulty lies in the Onion, and the other marvellous deities of that class. In such instances, M. Reynier conceives, that their worshippers were determined by the relation of some circumstance in the natural life of the selected object, to the rising or setting of the favourite heavenly body; and he takes the bean, which, though nowhere deified, was, it seems, variously and remarkably connected with the superstitious rites, as an example. The investigation of such circumstances of relation requires considerable knowledge of the natural history and local peculiarities of Egypt, and our author seems to be well qualified for its prosecution, inasmuch as he was one of the *Corps de Savans*, who accompanied the French army to that country.

Now as to the application of all this learning to beans.

Beans, in Egypt, it appears, being sown immediately after the inundation of the Nile, shoot, flower, and ripen, *previous to the vernal equinox*. They are thus the very creatures of Typhon, a sufficient reason surely for their being abhorred by the Priests of Heliopolis, a city peculiarly devoted, as its name imports, to the Sun, and in consequence profusely adorned with lions' heads; Leo being the sign of the zodiac, at that time corresponding with the summer solstice. Now, it is to be observed, that Herodotus, the original authority for the Egyptian detestation of beans, derived his information principally from the Heliopolitan hierarchy; and that Plutarch, in his Treatise upon the Worship of Isis, whilst he states that the priests of that goddess abstained from eating beans—a proper compliment to her husband's tastes—expressly asserts, that the first-fruits of the bean were an established offering upon the altars of Harpocrates. Our *Savant* says, that Harpocrates was an allegorical typification of the season in which the sun first begins to revive, after the winter solstice. If so,

it was reasonable enough to ascribe to him a predilection for a plant that flourishes during his reign, or rather, we should perhaps say, during his existence.

This explanation of the horror and veneration in which the bean was respectively and simultaneously held in different districts of Egypt, is so ingenious, and sounds so probable, that it becomes a matter of some curiosity to ascertain, whether all the other seemingly inexplicable absurdities of the mythology of that country, are susceptible of elucidation by the same theory. We could wish that some one of the many travellers upon the banks of the Nile, might be induced to direct his researches in the same channel with M. Reynier, or that the last mentioned gentleman may pursue his subject farther.

But to return to the present lecture. We next follow the bean to Rome, where we find it a viand interdicted to the *Flamen Dialis*. It might have been thought sufficient to say, that Greece and Rome borrowed their religion from Egypt, and that Rome at least probably left the allegory behind. But this does not satisfy M. Reynier. He informs his hearers, that the term *POSTULUS* is directly derived from three Egyptian words, *PRONT EM RURE*, signifying Priest of the Sun. An etymology which, if admitted, must inevitably debar the poor self-supposed priest of Jupiter from all intercourse with a vegetable naturally execrated by his prototype at Heliopolis. Possibly, indeed, if the college of priests had investigated the matter as philosophically as our author, they might have found cause to emancipate their appetites from the restriction, and insure to the bean toleration from the most bigotted worshippers of the Sun in Italy. In England, at least, it is certainly innocent of all connexion with Typhon, beyond being sown du-

ring his reign. But, alas, poor bean! an ill name is not to be shaken off by change of climate, or even, it appears, of manners.

The alleged prohibition of the bean by Pythagoras, it has been already said, M. Keynter disbelieves, and urges such an abundance of reasons for his incredulity, as may fully justify us in placing the name of the Grecian philosopher at the head of our account of his Lecture. For our own part, we confess we read these arguments with too much dissatisfaction, to feel in any degree disposed to disseminate them further. The next Lausanne lecturer may perhaps disbelieve and disprove the seven years' silence; and in the end, every precept of the sage will be involved in such uncertainty, that no one will know how to set about turning Pythagorean. However, our sceptical Frenchman does allow, that, if Pythagoras visited Heliopolis, as he most likely did, he *might* there imbibed so strong a prejudice against the bean, as should, in consequence, tempt him to restrict his disciples from partaking of that favourite food of the Great Frederick of Prussia; though he persists in asserting, that such an interdict is improbable, simply from its extreme unreasonableness.

Gladly do we seize upon our old peace-making friend the *if*, to confirm our original Pythagorean creed, since it is infinitely disagreeable to have one's faith upon material points thus lightly unsettled. But to the reader we pretend not to dictate upon such questions. Enough has, we trust, been stated to explain the real ground of the objection to the bean, and thus to rescue that harmless plant from all the various imputations, such as bearing the impression of magical or infernal characters, &c. &c. under which it has so long laboured.

S. A.

A VISIT TO THE SHAKERS.

IN a journey from New York to Upper Canada, I visited the establishment of Shakers near Lebanon.

I arrived at Hudson, a city upon the North River, on the evening of the 5th September, 1820; and hearing that strangers were received by the Shakers without any introduction, determined to make my way to them,

across the country, by any conveyance which might offer. I found, in the morning, a farmer going within seven miles of the place, and took a seat in his "*waggon*." For ten or twelve miles, the country through which we passed was rich, and the general appearance of the farms flourishing; but further on, the road went through a

wilderness, where the immense pines and hemlock trees marked our entrance upon that dreary forest, which blackens so large a portion of North America. I was left, at sun-set, at a small inn, about eighteen miles from Hudson, and, there being no other way of proceeding, walked on alone, till I was overtaken by a man who was returning home from the wood. He spoke of the people I was going to visit, as excellent neighbours, extremely just in all their dealings, and quite guiltless of many bad actions, of which they had been accused. The road soon left the forest, and we went about three miles through an open country, to my companion's farm, where, with great kindness, he asked me to stay for the night, but I preferred going on to the village; and about nine o'clock, came to a large house, in which I heard a number of people singing; and on asking a young man I met on the road, if this were the residence of the Shakers? was answered, "Yea," and directed to a neighbouring building for lodging. Here I knocked, and brought out a tall, grave-looking man, who questioned me very closely about the occasion of my visit; this I told him was merely a traveller's curiosity; he then shewed me into a small chamber, and said, that as soon as their evening worship, which I had disturbed, was over, he would return. In about half an hour, accordingly, he came, bringing with him a few plain dishes for my supper, and observed, that this was their usual fare, but that something else might be procured, if I chose; on my declining this, he left me for the night, which, after the evening's work, was soon slept away.

In the morning, I was visited by the same man, who told me that all strangers wishing for information relative to the opinions and regulations of the society, were referred to appointed persons, and that, after breakfast, he would conduct me to one of their preachers. We then went into another building, and passed through several rooms, which were all, I observed, neatly painted on the roof and floor, as well as the sides, and very plainly furnished, with a bed in each room, as is common in American houses. Here two of the Sisters laid a table for me, and remained in the room, but did not sit down; they were dressed with as much neatness and pre-

cision as the female Friends, and conversed in the same mild subdued tone. The breakfast consisted of the usual variety of dishes which appear at this meal among the country people, but all were particularly clean and well cooked.

I was now desired to walk to the house where the preacher lived, and, on going out, had the first view of the whole establishment. I stood upon high ground, which sloped gradually down to a valley of considerable extent, bounded by wooded hills; large masses of building, in the style of the farm-houses of the Upper Rhine, or of Switzerland, and standing at some distance from each other, were surrounded by cultivated fields; there was nothing that could be called a village, (the name usually given to the Shakers' settlement,) but each large dwelling-house, in which a family of fifty persons is accommodated, had its barns, workshops, and other conveniences attached. The clear, rich valley was finely contrasted with the wildness of the surrounding heights, while the extraordinary neatness of the roads and inclosures made the *detail* of the landscape more pleasing than is common on this side of the Atlantic. Several of the men were going to work; their dress was generally drab-coloured, and of an antiquated cut, with large flaps to the waistcoat, and broad-brimmed hats; they seemed healthy, and had a quiet, demure look. On coming to the preacher's house, I repeated my wish of gaining some information about the sect, and was desired to wait in a small room, where he soon joined me. He was a man about thirty, with sufficiently pleasing manners, and with a thoughtful, mild countenance. We conversed for three or four hours, in which time I heard a very detailed account of the progress of the Society, from the forlorn circumstances in which they first struggled, to their present prosperous state. I need not dwell upon the history of signs and wonders, which, they say, preceded the new pouring out of the spirit, an event which took place about the middle of the last century. It will be sufficient to mention, that they consider most of those wild sects, which sprung up in the reign of the first Stuarts, and particularly the "French Prophets," who signalized themselves more lately, to have been fore-runners of their se-

cond Messiah, Anne Lee; a woman who moved in very humble life, but laid claim to the power of working miracles, and the gift of prophecy; and who, after preaching in the manufacturing districts of the north of England, to which she belonged, and enduring much persecution, left her native country for New York, in 1774, accompanied by a few disciples, and with little to trust to but an ardent enthusiasm. Here they did not long remain, but were driven, by new difficulties, to the woods of New-Jersey, (now called Watervliet,) about twelve miles from Albany. Their situation, at this time, was described to me as wretched in the extreme; the country was marshy and unhealthy: the church was composed of a few outcasts, who were regarded with a suspicious, un pitying eye, by the neighbours. Their grotesque dancing and other ceremonies, which were thought to outrage decency, and their opinions, which set at naught the social duties, attracted the idle and curious.

The manners of the Shakers, towards strangers, were then marked by an austerity and reserve bordering upon arocity; while in the bosom of their society were found union and goodwill, a fortitude superior to all trials, and an intoxication of hope and joy, which roused the affections, and soon became contagious. While they proclaimed a new revelation, many, who had come to laugh, remained charmed by an emotion which raised the fancy above the trivial concerns of life; men and women forsook their worldly connections, to join this new brotherhood; young people left their parents, according to the flesh, and clung to the 'Mother Elect;' all felt interested, (said my informant), in the call of preachers, who promised, not only future bliss, but the present enjoyment of the millennium; who professed to be the first reapers in that great harvest of souls, which is to end the works of Time. They were seized with trembling and great amazement, became proselytes, and were drilled into the mysterious dance of these *Faquirs of the West*. The principal conditions insisted upon with disciples were, celibacy, or, in the case of married people, the renunciation of all carnal connections; the most unreserved confession; and the surrender of private interests. All care about the means of

subsistence was removed from individuals to the whole, who, by their combined exertions, were soon raised above the most pressing wants: Nor was this all; the possessions of the church were daily increased, by the contributions of land and money, belonging to new members. After a while, they began to divide labours, and to employ the brethren and sisters according to their gifts; and soon acquired an excellence in some of the rude manufactures of the country, and in the management of their fields and stock. Being soon more than supplied with what goods they considered necessary for the simple life which they prescribed to themselves, they established new societies in different places, and the Shaking Quakers became gradually a respectable people.

During the life-time of the founder, it appears that the Shakers were directed principally by her will, to which a great regard was paid. She was assisted by two men, who, after her death, were successively chosen to govern, but with very limited authority. At present their affairs are managed by elders, and I could not learn that any one person was considered the chief of the sect. They have steadfastly refused to bear arms, or to take part in political disputes; inveighing continually against the present constitution of society, and proclaiming the commencement of the reign of peace. Mankind, say they, in their present imperfect state, are to become extinct by the universal spread of Shakerism; and of this they speak with the greatest confidence: All other sects are regarded as more or less blinded, and they seem not a little proud of their own superior light; bestowing commendation upon the different classes of the religious world, in proportion as these last approximate to their own favourite practices; thus the Harmonists and Moravians rank high in their esteem. However, with the Universalists, they consider their own people as merely the first-born, who are to enjoy, in advance, an inheritance, which will be shared by all others, after a little purgatorial preparation. The Bible is much read among them, and their language is quite scriptural; but, as is not unusual, they seek those passages which incline to their own opinions, and give a mystical explanation of more stubborn texts; re-

fering to the late oracles of Anne Lee for authority in new and doubtful cases. I was told that many works of general information were admitted, and certainly the conversation of the person with whom I talked, and who had been brought up in the church, gave evidence of this; however, for the education of the children, (who are received from any one that chooses to send them, or are brought into the community by their parents), a very plain course of study is adopted. The Society has published, with its sanction, a book, entitled "Christ's Second Coming;" and another volume, the title of which I have forgotten. In these may be seen an account of its opinions and proceedings, and also of several *miraculous cures* performed by the founder; but they all protest against some statements contained in a history written by a *renegade*, which is commonly met with in the libraries of New York, but will never be much read, from its excessive dulness.

The preacher was more disposed to talk of the Society as a church, than to inform me of their domestic economy or political situation; so that, remaining unconvinced by a long catalogue of dreams, prophecies, and miracles, testifying the authority of the new mission, I left him, to visit other parts of the Establishment. I saw a large garden, well kept, and stocked with many fruit-trees quite unknown among the farmers; here they raise large quantities of seed, which are in much repute about the country. A man being sent to call me to dinner, conducted me through a room in which one of the families, consisting of twenty men and as many women, were standing round two tables; on a word or some sign being given, they all dropt on their knees, clasped their hands, and remained a short time in silent prayer, when they rose and sat down. My new companion, who was an Englishman, dined with me in a small adjoining room; two of the females waited. I remarked a spirituous liquor distilled from cider, and good beer of their own making.

In the afternoon, I called next upon the 'physician,' and found him a well-informed young man. He shewed me the garden for medicinal plants, with the manner of making extracts and putting up herbs, some of which are pressed into cakes, and sold to many public institutions. He told me that

the members of the community were in general very healthy; the females and sedentary people were occasionally indisposed, but they had none of the consequences of intemperance, and were subject to few accidents. In the course of the evening I saw a manufactory for cut nails, some of the buildings for stock, and the public store, where their goods are exposed to sale at fixed prices. The waggons were such as are in common use, but in good order; the horses well kept, and the cattle remarkably fine. I went into one of the buildings inhabited by the ladies, and was shewn the sleeping-rooms for the men; throughout was apparent the greatest attention to neatness and convenience, without any ornament. A large disposable body of labourers, under skilful direction, and cultivation upon a large scale, give them many advantages in a thinly peopled country. At Lebanon there are about 500 persons, of which number 60 are children. They have establishments in many different parts of the United States, and amount in all to between two and three thousand. Besides the produce of their fields and gardens, they send to market brooms and many articles in wicker-work, made very neatly by the women; common nails, combs, and other coarse manufactures; and buy very little except the raw materials for their work-shops, with some haberdashery and groceries.

Great importance is attached to cleanliness; this luxury they appear to enjoy in a truly enviable degree. I could not help being also struck with the suavity and benevolence of their manner, and with the cheerfulness and frankness of their conversation, after their first address. I spoke to as many as came in my way, and was assured that they experienced the highest satisfaction in the repose and regularity of their monastic life; but it is confessed that occasionally a young couple leave them, unable to struggle with the flesh.

To strangers they are hospitable and kind, never receiving money for any entertainment, and, while they do not court acquaintance, are charitable in all cases of public or private distress. An instance of this occurred at the late fire of Troy, when they sent provisions in considerable quantities, and relief in the most liberal manner, to the sufferers.

After tea, I took leave of my kind

hosts, and walked over to Lebanon Springs, a fashionable watering-place, most frequented in summer by families from the Southern States. I put up at a very large tavern, where the company were *sprawling* upon the chairs and window-seats, smoking and drinking. All travellers seem agreed in describing the orgies of the evening crowd at an American inn as disgusting; to me, the noise of the place, and the coarse style of conversation in which the men indulged, were so strongly contrasted with the serenity and decency of the scene I had just left, that I felt as if awaking from a dream, and could scarcely persuade myself that I was but half an hour's walk from the "Society of Union." I retreated to the card-room, and for an hour or two amused myself by comparing the wives and daughters of the Virginia chieftains with the vestal sisters of New Lebanon. *

Next day I went to Albany, and on the following morning (Sunday) rode out to Watervliet, the original settlement of the Shakers, in order to be a spectator of their far-famed ceremonies. About twelve miles from the town, I came to some plain buildings, a little off the road, forming three sides of a square, where several horses, and some carriages, belonging to visitors, were waiting. I made my way to the Meeting-house, in which were assembled about eighty of the brethren, and a good number of strangers, listening to a discourse from a young preacher. The men were in their waistcoats, having their coats and hats hung up: The females were dressed in close caps covering great part of their face, and long-waisted gowns, and appeared, I thought, rather ungraceful, though several of them were young and pretty. There was one negress among them. The preacher stood out in the middle of the room, held his arms close to his sides, and spoke in a disagreeable tone. I had arrived too late to profit by the whole of his discourse, but soon found that it turned upon the necessity of separating the sexes, in order to *mend matters*. In tracing to their origin the evils of society, he went as far up as the Garden of Eden, where our improvident parents (because they would not become Shakers, or, at least, go through a prolonged courtship, which he thought was intended as a state of trial and probation) involved them-

selves and their posterity in difficulties, to be now removed only by the annihilation of the whole race. Many passages in the New Testament were referred to as authority for his doctrine. After the sermon the people rose, the men and women forming bodies three deep, on the opposite sides of the room; a person then stepped in front of each company, and they joined in singing a hymn to a lively tune, swinging from side to side, and beating their feet alternately, with perfect regularity. This was all I saw of the ceremony, but have been informed, that, upon some occasions, the dance is more active, and so much at variance with your accustomed notions—so ill suited to the composed look of the performer—that your own gravity is put to the test. What I witnessed was certainly odd enough, but so was the whole scene; at the same time, the extreme neatness of the people, and the earnestness of their demeanour, occupied my attention as much as their ridiculous behaviour. While the visitors were retiring, and the brethren were resuming their coats, I mentioned to one of the old men that I had been at Lebanon, and desired to make some further inquiries about the Society, and was told to follow a detachment of the people which was proceeding to a dwelling-house at some distance from the meeting. I overtook about a dozen men, who were walking, by couples, before about as many women, and was asked to follow them without talking. On getting to their house, they invited me to take dinner, and placed with me an Englishman, who had come to visit his uncle, an inmate of the place. Two young women, who seemed acquainted with this visitor, remained in the room, and conversed freely with us, but would not sit at our table. After dinner, I had a long talk with the elder, and some of the brethren. I recollect particularly that one young man, who had been with them only a few months, complained much of the struggles he had to make with his former habits, and told me that nothing but the hope set before him, and a confident faith in the doctrines of their church, could support him under his difficulties. I notice this, because all the others, with whom I had spoken, declared that they had never known peace until their entrance into

the Society, and that their temporal advantages alone were sufficient to compensate for a renunciation of the world. Finding the conversation nearly unintelligible to me when they talked of the mystical and miraculous parts of their faith, I endeavoured to turn it upon the worldly fortunes and prospects of the association, but was checked by the young man before alluded to, who said to me,—“ You talk of us as political bodies, and quite forget the peculiar grace by which we are supported as churches of God.” After this, I did not continue my questions; I had, however, learnt that Watervliet was the original residence of the Society, and their numbers at present were 200; the situation rather unhealthy, but much improved by cultivation. Their occupations are in some respects different from those at Lebanon, being suited to the soil; but their general management and customs are similar.

Being asked if I wished to be present at the evening singing-meeting, I accompanied them into a room where twenty or thirty people were assembled. The men and women were seated on different sides of the room in rows; they sang very lively tunes, (one of them was a corruption of a popular English song) and kept time with the feet and head. After two or three hymns, they joined in singing, or rather humming, *without words*, a quick march, as it appeared to me, when the meeting broke up. I now begged to take my leave, having to get back to town, and after a cordial farewell, was shewn on my way, for a couple of miles, by a very cheerful old man, who told me that he had felt great difficulties at first, particularly at his confession; but that, since he had disburthened himself of all secrets and individual cares, he was as happy as possible, and felt no desire to return to the strife and contention of his former life.

It would be a curious speculation to trace what share design has had in giving birth to the rites, and forming the singular character of the Shakers. Beginning with two principles, the separation of the sexes, and the community of goods, some regulations must have sprung up naturally from this state; and as the society increased in numbers, and received additions of experienced and sagacious men, certain principles would be selected as most pro-

per to preserve their constitution and discipline. But how shall we account for the pains taken to perpetuate some of their follies, and to foster and encourage extravagancies, which have originated in the first burst of enthusiasm, except by supposing, that these, however trifling in appearance, have excited notice as useful means to a proposed end, and are not merely the work of chance? Let us consider, with this view, their separation from the world, making the Society a true church, or *ecclesia*; their division into small bodies, for the purposes of discipline; their being mustered at meals and prayers several times in the course of the day, and the constant check to which this must subject them; the confession at entrance, and the encouragement given to frankness and sincerity, for which qualities they are remarkable; their peculiarities of dress, speech, and behaviour, which at once make them a distinct people, and require a contempt of ridicule, and a sacrifice of what is considered decorous in society; and the repeated exercises in singing and dancing, (or, if you will, shaking,) which are well known to excite the sympathy, calm the passions, and exhaust the spirits of all people, but must have a tenfold effect when made a part of religious duty, and aided by a refined and speculative attachment, which, it is probable, exists between the sexes, when so strangely intermixed without being united. What means they employ more privately to restrain rebellious emotions, and encourage that state of Platonism so much in repute among them, it would be unfair to imagine. Common report has attributed to them many of the malpractices charged upon the heretics of the middle ages; but, perhaps, a better acquaintance with mankind, and a more charitable view of these societies, would lead us to conclude, since there is no evidence to the contrary, that a constant system of *espionage*, strict discipline, example, sobriety, industry, and regularity, added to a free scope in the unbounded regions of faith and hope, are sufficient to mortify the flesh, and mould men into true Shakers.

We might be induced to inquire, likewise, whether the advantages which the ‘Societies of Union’ unquestionably enjoy, are only to be had at the price of fanaticism and folly, (or what will commonly be esteemed such:)

and this question becomes interesting in an age quite wanting in enthusiasm, but abounding in discontent. Would it be absurd to imagine the restraints partially employed, and a self-denial of shorter duration? May we not suppose, without making too light of the religious feelings of these worthy people, that some of their associates see sufficient in the quiet content of these villages to induce them to become members? and that, to one who has quarrelled with the world, a fraternity, where a man's sins are forgiven him, his labour properly directed, his anxiety about a maintenance removed, and his

sociable dispositions encouraged, upon one condition, may present an agreeable refuge from the cares and bitter mortifications inseparable from common life? In the moral world, as in medicine, the bold experiments of empirics often give us the most valuable lessons; to borrow the words of our great historian, "they suggest hints, at least, and start difficulties, which they want, perhaps, skill to pursue, but which may produce finer discoveries, when handled by men who have a more just way of thinking."

S.

June 11, 1822.

MY EVENING.

FAREWELL, bright Sun! mine eyes have watch'd

Thine hour of waning light:
And tender twilight! fare thee well,
And welcome, star-crown'd night!

Pale! serious! silent! with deep spell
Lulling the heart to rest—
As hails the mother's low sweet song
The infant on her breast.

Mine own beloved hour! mine own!
Sacred to quiet thought,
To pensive musings, to calm joys,
With no false lustre fraught!

Mine own beloved hour! for now,
At minks, with garish day
I shut the world out, and with these
Long lost, or far away,

The dead, the absent, once again.
My soul holds converse free—
To such illusions, life! how dull
thy best reality!

The vernal nights are chilly yet,
And cheerily and bright
The hearth still blazes, flashing round
Its ruddy flick'ring light.

Bring in the lamp—so—set it there,
Just where its veiled ray
(Leaving all else in shadowy tone)
Falls on my book—and—stay,

“Leave my work by me”—Well I love
The needle's useful art;
’Tis unambitious, womanly—
And mine's a woman's heart.

Not that I ply, with sempstress rage,
As if for life or bread—
No—sooth to say—unconsciously
Slack'ning the half drawn thread

From fingers poised, as if spell-bound,
That point the needle wrong,
Mine eyes towards the open book
Stray oft, and tarry long—

“Stop! stop! leave open the glass door
Into that winter bower,”
For soon therein th' uprisen moon
Will pour her silv'ry shower;

Will sparkle on those dark-green leaves,
On that white pavement slime,
And dally with her eastern love,
That wreathing jessamine.

“Thanks, Lizzy!—no—there's nothing
more
Thy loving zeal can do—
Only—(Oh yes!—that gipsy* flower,
Set *that* beside me too.”

(That Ethiop, in its China vase)
“Ay—set it here—that's right—
Shut the door after you.”—’Tis done,
I'm settled for the night—

Settled and snug—and first, as if
The fact to ascertain,
I glance around, and stir the fire,
And trim the lamp again.

Thou dusky flower! I stoop t' inhale
Thy fragrance—Thou art one
That wooeth not the vulgar eye,
Nor the broad-staring Sun—

Therefore I love thee! (Selfish love
Such preference may be)
That thou reservest all thy sweets,
O'ry thing! for night and me.

What noise was that! Ah, madam puss!
I know that tender mew—
That meek white face—those sea-green
eyes—
Those whiskers wet with dew,

To the cold glass (the green-house glass)
Press'd closely from without—
Well! thou art heard—I'll let thee in,
Though skulking home no doubt

From lawless prowl.—Ah, ruthless cat!
What murder hast thou done?
What deeds of rapine, the broad eye
Of open day that shun?

What! not a feather pluck'd to-night!
Is *that* what thou would'st tell,
With that soft purr, those winking eyes,
And waving tail? Well! well!

I know, *thou, friend!* but get thee in,
With Ranger stretch and doze—
Nay, never growl, old man! her tail
Just whisk'd across thy nose;

But 'twas no act premeditate,
Thy greatness to molest;
There, with that long luxurious sigh,
Sink down again to rest;

But not before one loving look
T'wards me, with that long sigh,
Says, "Mistress mine! all's right! all's
well!
Thou'rt there, and here am 'I."

That point agreed, we're still again—
I on my work intent,
At least, with poring eyes thereon,
In *seeming* earnest bent;

And fingers, nimble at their task,
Mechanically true;
But heav'n knows where, what scenes the
while,
My thoughts are trav'ling to.

Now far from earth—now over earth,
Traversing lands and seas—
Now stringing in a sing-song mood,
Such idles rhymes as these—

Now dwelling on departed days;
Ah! *that's* no lightsome mood—
On those to come—no longer now
Through hope's bright focus view'd—

On that which is—ay—*there* I pause
No more in young delight;
But patient, grateful—well assured
"Whatever is, is right."

And all to be is in *His* hands—
Oh! who would take it thence?
Give me not up to mine own will,
Merciful Providence!

Such thought—when other thoughts may—
be
Are dark'ning into gloom—
Comes to me, like the angel shape,
That, standing by the tomb,

Cheer'd those who came to sorrow there—
And then I see, and bless
His love in all that He withholds,
And all I still possess.

So varied—now with book or work,
Or pensive reverie;
Or waking dreams, or fancy flights,
Or scribbling vein maybe;

And eke the pencil's cunning craft.
Or lowly murmur'd lay,
To the *ac*cording Viola,
Calm evening slips away.

The felt-shod hours move swiftly on,
Until the stroke of ten
(Th' *acc*ustom'd signal) summons round
My little household—then,

The door unclosing, enters first
That aged, faithful friend,
Whose prayer is with her master's child,
Her blanceless days to end.

The younger pair comes close behind,
But *her* dear hand alone,
(Her dear old hand! now tremulous
With palsyng weakness grown,)

Must rev'rently before me place
The sacred Book—'tis there;
And all our voices, all our hearts,
Unite in solemn prayer—

In praise and thanksgiving for all
The blessings of the light—
In prayer, that He would keep us through
The watches of the night.

A simple rite! and soon perform'd—
Iaving in every breast
A heart more fittingly prepared
For sweet untroubled rest.

And so we part; but not before,
Dear nurse! a kiss from thee
Imprints my brow—thy fond "Good
night!"
To God commending me.

Amen! and may His angels keep
Their watch around thy bed,
And guard from ev'ry hurtful thing,
That venerable head.

LOUIS THE EIGHTEENTH'S ACCOUNT OF HIS ESCAPE.*

THIS work, written by a living monarch, Louis the Eighteenth, we shall not criticise, but translate a great part of it at length into our pages. Its briefness allows this; while it delights us to be able to display to our readers the simplicity, the nobleness, the warm heart and elegant taste of a sovereign, against whom his enemies, in endeavouring to vilify him, have been ever unable to bring any thing, save a vulgar abuse of his person and his misfortunes. The title-page offers no proof of the work having proceeded from a royal hand, but the dedication simply and nobly confesses the rank of the author. It is as follows:—

“ To Antoine-Louis-Francis D’Avaray,
His Liberator,
Louis-Stanislas-Xavier of France,
Full of Gratitude, greeting, (*salut*.)

“ I know, my dear friend, that you are occupied in tracing the details of all that preceded and accompanied the moment in which you restored me my liberty; nobody can be better calculated than you to relate your own acts. Nevertheless, I undertake it also; your modesty might prevent you from rendering yourself entire justice, and it is for me a duty, sacred as it is sweet, to obviate the impediment. It would be ungrateful in me to suffer any one whatsoever, even yourself, to deprive my liberator of the glory which is his due. It is thence much more with this view, than for the sake of recalling events which shall be ever present to my memory, that I write this relation. Receive it as a mark of my tender friendship, as a monument of my gratitude. May it serve to acquit part of the debt which has been to me so sweet to contract, and of which it is sweeter still to think that I shall be eternally charged!”

The work commences with the first ideas of escape, and the state of things that hastened the necessity. The King, then Monsieur, first applied to a friend, whom his forbearance leaves unknown, and who refused to bear any part in the plan, and its consequent danger.—

“ Madame de Balbi having met with a refusal from the man in question, found herself in the most cruel embarrassment, until Providence (for I defy the most obstinate unbeliever to attribute it to chance) brought D’Avaray to her. Not but that he had for a long time the desire to effect that which he has effected for me,—indeed he had, though distantly and modestly, hinted this desire more than once to Madame de Balbi—or that he was not in the habit of visiting her. But this was not the hour which he ordinarily came at, and I can attribute it but to Providence, that he was conducted thither that very day, at the very moment in which his presence was most wanting. She did not hesitate to make him the proposition; and although it was painful for him to be thus the agent of a plan which he had not concerted, and which left him scarce time to take the least measures for his own safety or for mine, he hesitated not a moment to accept it.”

Several times was the day of departure deferred and the mode changed. It was at last fixed for the Monday after Whitsun-Week. After arranging the best means of escaping unnoticed from the Luxembourg and from Paris, the royal narrator continues.—

“ In the last place, we thought of how we should escape from the kingdom. A passport was an unavoidable requisite, but the difficulty was to procure one without compromising ourselves. My first idea was to send for Beauchêne, physician of the stables, who was connected with M. Montmorin and M. de la Fayette, and to tell him that two priests of my acquaintance, who had refused to take the oath, and were terrified at the recent events at the Theatins, wished to make their escape from the kingdom, under the name of two Englishmen, and to request him to procure me for them a passport from the office of M. Montmorin. D’Avaray did not like this idea; he represented to me that Beauchêne, who was cunning, might

suspect something, so I abandoned it. He, at the same time, gave me hopes of obtaining one through Lord Robert Fitzgerald, with whom he was intimate. As to the route to be taken, my first intention was to pass by Douai and Orchies; but, after more reflection, I resolved to give up this road to Madame, as the most sure, and that, in the meanwhile, we would settle on another.

"On quitting D'Avaray, I went to the Thuilleries, where the Queen communicated to me the project of the declaration which the King had prepared, and which he had just given her. We perused it together; I found some incorrectness in the style—this was nothing; but, besides that the piece was a little too long, there was one essential point wanting, which was—a protestation against all the acts which had emanated from the King during his captivity. After supper, I made him some observations on the declaration; he bid me take it, and bring it to him the next day. Saturday, I set myself down to the most unpleasant task in the world, that of correcting the work of another, and of making the phrases that I introduced square with the style and thought of the original; the pen dropped from my hands at each instant; nevertheless I completed it, well or ill. In the meantime, D'Avaray had written to Lord Robert, and he had been with his saddler to see if his voiture was in a fit state; and, to deceive him, he said that he was about to join his regiment, and wished to deceive his parents as to his departure, on that account enjoining silence and secrecy. He had made with Peronnet all the arrangements necessary for my change of dress, and returned to me about six o'clock.

"He was sad enough; Milord Robert had replied, that it was no longer in his power to procure passports, and that Lord Gower would certainly give them to none who were not really English; all the other means that D'Avaray had tried were equally without success. Happily Madame de Balbi had left in parting an old passport, which she had procured from the English embassy, under the name Mr and Miss Foster; but this passport, current only for fifteen days, was dated the 23d of April, and it was for a man

and woman, instead of for two males. I did not think it possible to make any use of it; but D'Avaray, who was no more troubled with all these difficulties, than if a young friend had begged to be brought to the ball of the opera, unknown to his parents, D'Avaray soon made me see that I was wrong. He scratched out the writing, and although the place of erasure was a fold, and the paper thin, in less than a quarter of an hour the passport was for Messieurs and Mademoiselle Foster, (this was done merely by the addition of an M.—M. instead of M.) and dated the 13th of June instead of the 23d of April. This obstacle vanquished, we were not yet without embarrassment, not knowing if the passport should be signed by the Minister for Foreign Affairs; and we by no means liked sending one there, which, notwithstanding all the ink spilt dexterously on the back of it, and all D'Avaray's address, was still but too easy to be discovered. So we resolved to content ourselves without the signature, hoping we might pass as two English, who thought the signature of their ambassador sufficient, and that the municipal officers who would examine them, might not observe their defects."

Monsieur and his friend then fix upon the road of Mons, by Soissons, Laon, and Maubeuge, having given up that of Orchies to Madame.

"In the evening, I carried the declaration, with my corrections, to the Thuilleries: I asked the Queen, if she thought that a passport from the English ambassador would be sufficient. She assured me, that the King himself had no other than a passport of the Russian Ambassador, which tranquilized me a good deal. The work, in the meantime, which the King had ordered me to revise, contained as yet but the first part, the vices of the constitution. It wanted an enumeration of the personal outrages which his Majesty had suffered since the opening of the States General. He ordered me to prepare this, and I brought it to him the next evening. It must be then believed, from what I here say, and have said above, that I was the author of the declaration of the 20th of June. I owe it to truth to declare, that I was but the reviser; that many of my corrections were not adopted;

that its concluding part was added afterwards; and that I had known it, such as it appeared, but at Bruxelles.

"With this employment, and one or two circumstances that I shall afterwards mention, Sunday was null with me,—it was not so with D'Avaray. He was busied in the preparatives all day, and shewed himself but for a moment at the Luxembourg in public, as we had agreed. He had already communicated half of his project to Sayer, his English servant, telling him, that he intended leaving Paris to-morrow for his regiment, and warning him not to say any thing to his parents or at home on the subject. D'Avaray added, that he had a companion *un bon garçon*; but that as there was generally more consideration shown at the posts to strangers than to French, they had agreed to travel under the name of Messieurs Michel and David Foster, Englishmen. He then introduced him to Peyronnet, as Perron, valet de chambre to his companion. We did not take the names of Michel and David without reason; as my linen was marked M, and his D A; and, in case of search, the marks ought to be found to correspond."

The writer here proceeds to relate all the reports, and frights, and tricks, which shewed that the opposite party had some suspicion, however vague, of the attempts of the royal family to escape. The following scene between Monsieur and his sister, Madame Elizabeth, who afterwards suffered on the scaffold, is characteristic of that amiable and pious Princess.

"I felt great impatience to arrive at the Thuilleries, knowing that my sister would, in the afternoon, be instructed of the secret, which it had cost me so much to keep from her. I found her tranquil, resigned to the will of God, contented, without any explosion of joy; as calm, in a word, as if she had known and been familiar with the plan for a year. We embraced tenderly. She then said, 'My brother, you have religion, permit me to give you this image, it cannot but bring you happiness.' I accepted the gift, as may well be believed, with as much pleasure as gratitude. We talked some time of the great enterprize; it was impossible for any one to converse with more collectedness and *sans froid*; I could not help admiring her. I descended to the Queen's

apartments, and waited for her some time, because she was shut up with the three *gardes du corps*, who had given to her, as well as to the King, the last and melancholy proof of their zeal. At last she appeared; I ran to embrace her. 'Do not move me,' said she; 'I do not wish any one to see that I have wept.' We supped, and remained, the whole five, together till nearly eleven o'clock. When the moment of separation came, the King, who, till then, had not declared the place whither he intended to repair, said he should go to Mont-Medj, and ordered me positively to proceed to Longwy, passing by the Austrian Low Countries. At last we embraced one another, and separated, all persuaded that in four days' time we should meet again in a place of safety.

"It was not quite eleven when we quitted the Thuilleries, and I was glad of it, hoping that the Duc de Levis, who reconducted me in the evenings, might not be yet arrived; and this for two reasons; first, that I might avoid his questions, which, though idly put, might embarrass me; and, secondly, that having the custom of talking for some time before going to bed, I might awaken some suspicions by going to bed instantly. He had arrived, however, and was even more assiduous than usual. On my arrival at home, I began to undress; he was surprised. I told him, that I had slept but ill on the preceding night, and wished to make it up this one. He was contented. I finished my toilette and went to bed. It is first necessary to observe, that my first valet always slept in my chamber, which seemed an obstacle to my escaping from it, at least without communicating to him my secret. But I had observed, that I had time to rise, light my lamp, and pass into my cabinet, before he was undressed and had returned to my chamber. Scarce had he gone out, than I rose, closed after me the curtains of my bed, and taking with me the few things that I required to carry off, I entered the cabinet, and shut the door; and, from that moment, whether from presentiment, or a just confidence in D'Avaray, I already considered myself as out of the kingdom. I put into my pocket the three hundred louis that I carried with me, and entered the little apartment where D'Avaray was waiting, not, however, without an alarm; for,

in entering, the key refused to turn in the lock. A thousand ideas, one worse than another, ran through my brain, heedlessly, for turning the other way, the key performed its duty. He dressed me in my disguise; and I remembering to have forgotten my cane and a second snuff-box, wished to return and seek them. "No temerity," said he.—The dress fitted me well, although the wig was a little too tight. But as I was to wear a large round hat always on my head, with a huge tricoloured cockade, the ill fit of the wig was little matter. Crossing the little apartment, D'Avary told me, that there was a remise, similar to ours, in the court of the Great Luxembourg, which alarmed him. I tranquillized him, however, in informing him that it belonged to Madame. Nevertheless, as we descended the stairs, he bade me wait, till he should go and see if it yet remained; finding it gone, he returned, calling in English, "*Come along with me.*" "*I am ready,*" replied I, and we proceeded to the carriage, which happened to be a *vis-a-vis*. It chanced that I took the front seat.—"What! compliments?" said he.—"Faith," said I, "I'm seated." He didn't insist; and having ordered the coachman to drive us to the Pont Neuf, we got clear out of the Luxembourg. The joy I felt at escaping from my goliards, and in which D'Avary partook sincerely, turned all our ideas on the side of gaiety; so that the first thing we did after passing the gate, was to sing a couplet of the parody of Penelope:

*"Cu va bien, ça prend bien,
Ils ne se doutent de rien."*

We met a crowd of people in the streets, and a patrol of the National Guard, but they never thought of looking into the carriage. When near the Pont Neuf, D'Avary directed the coachman to drive to the *Quatre Nations*. We met our carriage, which waited for us between the Mint and the *Quatre Nations*, in the little street that separates both buildings. We made the coachman set us down opposite the college. He asked if we were contented with him. "Quite contented," said D'Avary; "perhaps I may have you after to-morrow." We proceeded on foot back to the *voiture*; D'Avary not to mince (*démâcher*) in walking. At last we found it. I mounted first, then

Sayer, then D'Avary. Peronnet went on horseback; we cried to the postilion, in an English accent, to go on to Bourget, and set off."

The fugitives find themselves preceded on the road by two post-carriages, which they endeavour to pass, and which disquieted D'Avary much, till Monsieur informs him that they must be those of Madame.

"Day broke upon us near Nauteuil: then Sayer mounted on horseback, while Peronnet took his place in the carriage; he drew from his pocket the diamonds he had carried for me, and we concealed them in the back and lining of the carriage. I also took the burnt cork I had kept for the purpose, and blackened my eye-brows, without caricature, but sufficiently completed to disguise me. Moreover, I determined to feign sleep at all the posts, at least till we were at a distance from Paris. I took upon me (nor was I once deceived) to predict, in parting from each post, from the appearance of the postilions, whether we should be driven well or ill. We travelled at a noble rate to Verte Feuille: from thence to Soissons, I promised we should go at a wretched pace, and I was right. During this post, D'Avary spoke of his project of resigning his regiment; I was not of his opinion," &c. "In the meanwhile, the postilion answered but too well my evil augury of him; we could not have been conducted worse. So we came to the conclusion, that he was certainly president of the club of Jacobins at Soissons. But for all our mirth, I felt a serious inquietude; for some leagues past I had perceived that I had forgotten at Paris the image which my sister had given me, and without being more devout than other people, this loss tormented me much, and gave me more pain than the loss of my cane and snuff-box."

On arriving at Soissons, they find a band of one of the left wheels broken, and, after some debate, determine to get on as they could to the next post, whither Peronnet should ride on before, to have the smith and his work ready. They also had a narrow escape from the Jacobins, the servant of M. Tourzelle having denounced his master, who was passing out of France, and was resting a day or two in the neighbourhood. But the youth and insignificance of M. Tourzelle saved

him, and occasioned counter orders to be issued by the Jacobin clubs, against stopping all travellers.

"The post of Vaurains, which is between Soissons and Laon, is a single isolated house, where there is absolutely no one but those occupied and connected with the post. This seemed to me so good an opportunity for stretching my legs, that I instantly began to descend; but D'Avaray opposed me so firmly, that I was obliged to yield. Then I proposed to breakfast; we had a *pâté* and some Bourdeaux, but had forgotten to procure bread.—So that in eating the crust, we thought on the Empress Maria Theresa, who, when some complained to her that the poor had no bread, replied, 'My God, why don't they eat *pye-crust* then?' Sayer pleased us much, by the information, that all the world took us for real English. D'Avaray seeing him inclined to talk, led the conversation on the affairs of the day, upon which the Englishman talked quite freely, and made many observations that have often struck me since—one was, that they began to treat the King as if he were a fool—(*Tou commençait à traiter le Roi de fou*); and that it is to be observed, that Sayer spoke bad French, and the English word *fool*, which he had certainly in view, signifies a meaning quite different from *fou*. He made another reflection, the justice of which struck me, which was, that no one could say that there were either aristocrats or democrats, since the man who possessed but *sixpences*, which was his expression, treated as an aristocrat him who had got a *schelling*," &c.

They arrive at La Capelle.

"I soon heard a dispute arise between the mistress of the post and Peyronnet, who always descended to pay: the cause of it was this. We

travelled with three horses, and paid thirty sous a-horse. She pretended, and with reason, that as we were three, we ought to pay for four horses. Peyronnet sustained the contrary, while she threatened to give us four horses and two postilions. This appeared comical to us, to play our lives against ten sous, for there was but so much difference between three horses at thirty, and four at twenty-five sous. D'Avaray told her, that it was because we were strangers that she imposed on us so. 'No,' said she, 'and I have a right to give you six horses, if I have a mind.' 'Very well,' said I, certain by the laughing of all the postilions at my accent, that I should pass for a genuine Englishman, 'put six horses, I pay but five.' So she began to laugh. Then addressing myself to Peyronnet, 'Mr Perron,' said I, 'pay what madam demands, it shan't be said that Michel Foster had a dispute with a lady for interest. The tone which I took, the seriousness, the gestures, the accent, made this the most comical scene in the world; but we took care not to laugh. We inquired what regiment was in garrison at Avesnes. They told us, it was that of Vintemille. This displeased D'Avaray, who had given a dinner two years since to the officers of this very regiment. It was agreed, that he should sit still and backward in the carriage as much as possible, and we set off. The sun, which had not made its appearance all day, now shone so as to oblige me to draw the *jalousie* to screen myself.—This circumstance appears but of little importance; but we shall soon see the consequences."

• (*To be concluded in our next.*)

LETTER TO THE EDITOR FROM THE REV. H. PHILLPOTTS, D. D. INCLOSING
REMARKS ON MR JEFFREY'S NOTE IN NO. LXXV. OF THE EDINBURGH RE-
VIEW.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

As you testified your favourable opinion of my letter to Mr Jeffrey, by giving it a place in your seventy-second Number, thus ensuring to it the wide circulation of your very able Journal, I have no scruple in requesting you to insert the following brief remarks on the "Note on Dr Phillpotts," which has appeared in the last Number of the Edinburgh Review. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HENRY PHILLPOTTS.

Stanhope, 16th April, 1823.

IN commenting on the Reviewer's share in this Note, it is not my intention to give either him or myself much trouble. That he is willing, as he sets out with assuring us, "confidently and deliberately to aver, that every one of the charges I have brought against him," with one solitary exception, "is utterly unfounded," I am quite ready to believe. "The tried accuracy and known intelligence of this old contributor" to Mr J.'s Review have been sufficiently manifested to prepare his readers for any avowment which he may think proper to make:—and, if they were not, the following specimen would satisfy the most incredulous.

"Dr P. charges his reviewers with two falsehoods in one passage; where it is said, that the Durham clergy *ordered* the bells not to toll for the Queen, and that their tolling was a constant mark of respect to the Royal Family. He chiefly relies for his proof on the circumstance, that the libel under prosecution only says, '*We know not whether orders were given.*' Now, to this we answer, first, that this is obviously a mere form of speaking, and *implies*—that *there was such an order!*"*

After this, the Reviewer may safely defy any pen, but his own, to do justice to the correctness either of his statements or of his arguments. Here, therefore, I should leave him, had he not chosen to make some attacks on my honesty; attacks which, notwithstanding the quarter whence they proceed, shall not pass altogether unnoticed.

The supposed foundation for them, seems to be, that I "quote a part of an affidavit made by me, but *not filed*;" and which, when I wrote my pamphlet, *I perhaps never expected would see the light, and therefore I suppress a far more material part of my swearing.*"

Now, this very affidavit had been published in newspapers, both in town and country, *before* I wrote my pamphlet; and further, *it had been so published, with my express permission.* The passage quoted from it by the Reviewer, and charged by him to have been "suppressed," was, as well as other passages, omitted in the letter to Mr Jeffrey, simply and merely because I there gave, and professed to give, only an *extract* from it relative to the alleged practice, on which the libel was grounded.

In the same page, I am afterwards charged with a strong disposition to commit perjury;—a charge, which is conceived in the following very delicate

* The Reviewer adds, "upon the assumption of which, accordingly, the whole libel proceeds."

and classical terms. "Let the reader say, if the manner of swearing itself be not a perfect specimen of *going near the wind*." The ground taken for this charge is, (if I understand my accuser,) that the defendant having sworn that he believed me to have been one of the principal instigators of the prosecution, I did not, in my affidavit, swear in express terms, whether I had instigated it or not, but endeavoured to give falsely an impression that I had not instigated it.

I fear I may be attributing to these details respecting myself, more importance than the public can be expected to give to them. But I venture to claim the indulgence of my readers, while I make the following statement, in answer to so grave a charge.

One of the defendant's newspapers was sent to me, containing the alleged libel, together with an extract from a London paper, "*The Guardian*," which expressed strong indignation against the libel, and at the same time called for the interference of the law to vindicate the clergy from such an outrage. In consequence, I took the step related in my affidavit; and I now think it right to add, that I not only abstained from urging legal proceedings, but even suggested what, if such proceedings were not necessary, would tend rather to prevent than instigate them. For I advised, that no step should be taken, not even a legal opinion asked, until the Bishop's Attorney-General had been first communicated with as a friend, by his Lordship. * This course was followed; and it was not until after such communication with Mr Scarlett, that a case was formally submitted to him by the Bishop's Solicitor. Such having been the conduct pursued by me, I might have sworn that I had not instigated the prosecution; but, with what will perhaps appear a needless "severity of fairness," I determined rather to state my own part in the transaction, and leave it to characterize itself.

And here I have done with my Reviewer. Of the Editor something still remains to be said.

He seeks, it seems, to extenuate the injuries of which I have complained. "The charges against Dr P. in the Review are little more, than that he is a violent political agitator, and had written intemperate pamphlets and addresses." Has then this Editor fallen so low? Can he stoop to the paltry artifice of dissembling, that in the very page from which these charges are selected by him, I am called by implication "a tool of party," "a hireling of government," "a slanderer," "a libeller,"—nay, that in the same paragraph, not by implication, but in broad and express terms, I am denounced to all the world as a "Calumniator"?—And is this, in his estimation, but a little charge? He has, unhappily, too much reason to wish it to be deemed so. But let me remind him of the definition of calumny, given on a memorable occasion in his own Review, * when some of his associates were suffering under the chastisement of a far more powerful hand, than is now raised against himself. "Calumny," we were then truly told, when the honour of a Reviewer required that the imputation of it should be repelled as unwarrantable,—"*Calumny is an attack on the moral character, and is grounded in falsehood. It may be defined, if we mistake not, a fictitious recital, made for the purpose of hurting the moral character of an individual, or a body of individuals.*" Is it a trifle, then,

* See *Edinburgh Review*, Vol. XVI. p. 158, under article entitled "Calumnies against Oxford."

that the name of a Christian minister should be branded with such an epithet, through all the wide career of the Edinburgh Review?

The Editor will not say that it is. He is become exquisitely sensitive on this subject:

“ Begins to kick, and fling, and wince,

“ on seeing his name blazoned in capital letters in all the newspapers and shop windows, in connexion with the charges of falsehood and malignity,” brought against his Review, and of one other charge directed against himself. I am glad that even-handed Justice has done her work so faithfully. The Editor's own feelings on this occasion, may perhaps give him some lasting touches of remorse, for more than twenty long and guilty years of wanton or wilful disregard of the feelings of others. Let him, in his present mood, look on the catalogue of honourable and distinguished names, which he and his confederates have laboured to make the sport or the victims of their spleen, their arrogance, or their party-fury. Let him reflect on the meanness, as well as the injustice, of abusing the power which the extensive circulation of his Journal gave him, to “ blazon those names” in every quarter to which English literature could reach, “ in connection with epithets,” scarcely less painful (except that they were, for the most part, uncredited) than those under which he now writhes, with the bitter consciousness that they are deserved. Let him remember, that during so long a period, he has by himself, or his minions, pandered to all the envious and malignant feelings of his readers—used every engine of literary torture that could wound and lacerate ingenuous minds—left unessayed no single gradation of cruelty, from ruffian violence, down to the subtler and safer expedients of mock-candour and contemptuous commendation—to establish a despotism of the pen, which, like other despotisms, has ended in destroying itself. Let him read in the indignation, or the pity, of every impartial mind, his own large share in the common ignominy, which has long been thickening around his Band:—And then, let him, if he will, affect to hide his shame under the babyish plea, that he did not load the piece, he only primed it and drew the trigger;—in language of his own, that he “ *merely superintended or sanctioned the publication*” ! and therefore, “ *though he might have been legally responsible, he is really at a loss to understand how he could be deemed morally or individually blamable* ;”—that he has, in short, only hired himself out to a bookseller, for some stated hundreds of miserable pelf, to be the midwife and the nurse to every unfathered brood of culummies, which the malice of his faction shall engender.—If he will, let him talk thus, and persist to defend what he knows is indefensible. But, rather, let him seek, in this his day of deep humiliation, the real benefit, which he ought to draw from it. Let him meditate on the painful contrast of what he is, with what he might have been—and what he yet may be:—And then let him cast off at once the vile slough with which he is encumbered—again stand forth in some ingenuous form, and vindicate anew his title to that high respect, of which no man, but himself, could rob him.—Let him do this, and he will yet have reason to rejoice, that in one, whom he had doomed for his victim, he has found a monitor and a friend.

H. P.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Sir Everard Home, Bart. has a third volume of Lectures on Comparative Anatomy in a state of considerable forwardness.

Mr William Daniel has nearly ready for the press, the seventh volume of his Picturesque Voyage round Great Britain.

Dr Pring of Bath has announced a work, entitled, an Exposition of the Principles of Pathology, and of the Treatment of Diseases.

A Full and Correct Report of all the Proceedings in the Court of King's Bench, on an application for a Mandamus to admit the Rev. T. Jephson to the office of Professor of Mineralogy in the University of Cambridge, with a Narrative of the Previous Proceedings in the University, Copies of the Correspondence, &c. By Henry Gunning, Esq. M. A. will soon appear.

An Historical Sketch of the International Policy of Modern Europe, as connected with the Principle of the Law of Nature and Nations; with some short Remarks on the Policy which the Continental Nations have pursued since the Holy Alliance. By one Hon. Frederick Eden.

The Oxford University Calendar, for 1823, corrected to December 31, 1822, will appear in a few days.

Dr Prout is about to publish Observations on the Functions of the Digestive Organs, especially those of the Stomach and Liver; with Practical Remarks on the Treatment of some of the Diseases to which these Organs are liable.

Shortly will be published, Memoirs and Select Remains of Mrs. Shenstone. By her Brother and Sister.

The Faith once Delivered to the Saints Defended; being the Substance of Three Sermons on the Consistency, Truth, and Importance of the generally received Opinion concerning the Opinion of Christ. By William France.

A poem, entitled the Judgment of Hubert, has been announced.

The Comedies of Plautus, in continuation of the Regent's Pocket Classics. By Dr Carey. Will soon appear.

The Speech of the Right Honourable Frederick Robinson, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the House of Commons, on Friday the 21st of February, is in the press.

Mr Britton's Illustrations, Graphic and Literary, of Fonthill Abbey, will appear in the course of next month.

The Spirit of Laws. By M. de Secondat, Baron de Montesquieu. Translated from the French, by Thomas Nugent, LL.D. To which will be prefixed, a Life

of the Author, and an Analysis of the Work, by M. D'Alembert.

The City of London Tithe Cases, comprising a Collection of all the Acts of Parliament, and Reports of Cases Argued and Determined in the Courts of Law and Equity, and in the High Court of Parliament, from the 27th Henry VIII. to the present time. By Thomas George Westcott, Esq.

Fables for the Holy Alliance, with other Poems, &c. By Thomas Brown, the Younger.

Wine and Walnuts; or, After Dinner Chit-Chat. by a Cockney Greybeard. is about to be published, in two volumes.

A Plan for Erecting Additional Apartments to Colleges; a Representation of the existing State of Health in the University of Cambridge, and a Suggestion of the most Effectual Means of Preventing Riots in Corporation Towns, Universities, and Colleges, particularly in the East India College. By Edward Christian, Esq.

The third volume of the Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay, is now in the press.

The Author of the Cavalier has a novel in the press, entitled the King of the Peak.

A Practical Treatise on the Symptoms, Causes, Discrimination, and Treatment of some of the most Important Complaints that affect the Secretion and Excretion of the Urine. The whole exhibiting a comprehensive View of the various Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Prostrate Gland, and Urethra. By John Howship, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London.

In the press, a Treatise on the Nature and Cure of Gout and Gravel; with general Observations on Morbid States of the Digestive Organs, and on Regimen. By Charles Scudamore, M. D.

Also preparing for publication by the same Author, a Philosophical and Practical Essay on the Blood. The subject of Rheumatism; and Neuralgia or painful Affection of Nerves.

Foundling of Glenthorn; or, the Smuggler's Cave. By the Author of the Farmer's Three Daughters.

Legends of Scotland, Second Series, containing Daft Marget. By Ronald M'Chromie, Esq.

Minstrel Love. By the Author of Undine.

Dr O'Halloran's Remarks on the Yellow Fever of the South and East Coast of Spain; comprehending observations made

on the spot, by actual survey of localities, and rigorous examination of fact, at original sources of information; illustrated by Cases and Dissections, will appear in the course of the month.

Observations on the Effect produced by the Expenditure of Government, when combined with a Currency not convertible into Specie. By William Blake, Esq. F.R.S.

A Sketch of her own Circle. By Miss Russell.

De Mowbray; or, The Stranger Knight; a romance. By Nella Stephens.

In the press, a Reprint of Mary Magdalene's Funeral Teares for the Death of our Saviour. By Robert Southwell, in royal 16mo. forming Vol. Fifth of the *Antiquarian Classics*.

Points of Humour, illustrated in a Series of Drawings. By George Cruikshank.

Mr James Boaden is preparing for publication, a Life of the late John Philip Kemble, including a History of the Stage from the death of Garrick to the present time. It will contain a faithful record of his personal history, and of his professional career, illustrated with characteristic anecdotes, extracts from a carefully preserved correspondence, and a variety of information derived from genuine sources; accompanied with Biographical and Critical Notices of the principal Writers and Performers of his time.

Mr Bowditch has nearly ready for publication, a Sketch of the Portuguese Establishments in Congo, Angola, and Benquela; with some Account of the Modern Discoveries in the Interior of Angola and Mosambique.

In the press, Memoirs of William Hayley, Esq. the Friend and Biographer of Cowper. Written by Himself; and containing a variety of Letters and Anecdotes of the most eminent men of his time, extracts from his Private Correspondence, &c.

The sixth and concluding Volume of the late Dr Clarke's Travels, will soon appear.

Mr John Mitchell has nearly ready for the press, a Grammatical Parallel of the Classic and Modern Greek Languages, evincing their affinity.

Mr Oliver has in the press, Popular Observations upon Muscular Contraction, with his mode of Treatment of Diseases of the Limbs.

Richard Payne Knight, Esq. has a poem in the press, entitled Alfred.

Mrs Opie has a new Novel in the press.

Miss Carey is about to publish a Journal of a Tour in France in the years 1816 and 1817.

A Translation of Longinus on the Sublime, with Notes, Critical and Illustrative, by the Rev. W. T. Spurdens, will soon appear.

Episcopi Salisburienses; or, Lives and Memoirs of the Bishops of Salisbury, from the year 705 to the present time. By the Rev. Stephen Hyde Cassan, A.M.

Mr Henry Phillips, author of "The History of Fruits known in Great Britain," is now engaged upon *Sylva Florifera*, (the Shrubby), containing an Historical and Botanical Account of the Flowering Shrubs and Trees, which now ornament the Park, Shrubby, &c.

Mr Ensor is preparing a Work on the Poor and their Relief.

Three Volumes are in the press, by Simon Shaw, LL.D., under the title of *Nature Displayed*; containing One Hundred Lectures on the most striking Objects in the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdoms, and on Celestial and Terrestrial Phenomena in general.

The Rev. John Hayter Cox will shortly publish the Harmony of the Scriptures Vindicated; or, apparently Contradictory Passages Reconciled; in a series of Nineteen Lectures.

Mr Charles Lloyd, jun. has a volume of Miscellaneous Poetry in the press.

Sabbaths at Home; or, Devotional Exercises, by the Rev. Henry March, have been announced.

Dr Lingard has in the press the fifth volume of his History of England, comprising the reigns of Queens Mary and Elizabeth.

W. Marsden, Esq. F.R.S. has completed the first part of his *Numinata Orichalia Illustrata*; it will appear in a few days.

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A Work has been announced under the title of the *Life of a Soldier*, with plates by Heath.

The Cambridge Tart, intended as a companion to the "Oxford Sausage," is in the press, consisting of epigrammatic and satiric Poetical effusions, and dainty morsels, served up by Cantabs on various occasions; dedicated to the University of Cambridge, by Socius.

Mr Meyer has nearly ready for publication, an Engraving in the Line and Chalk manner, from Kidd's admired painting of the "Stolen Kiss."

A Novel, entitled Willoughby, or, the Influence of Religious Principles, has been announced by the author of "Decision."

Mr F. Riddle is preparing for the press a Treatise on Navigation and Nautical Astronomy, adopted to practice, and to the purposes of elementary instruction.

The Rev. T. Pruen has in the press, a Scriptural, Analogical, and Popular View of the Church of the Living God, under

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Mr Henry Ellis has nearly ready for publication, *Original Letters*, chiefly illustrative of English History, published from autographs in the British Museum, and other collections.

The *Life of J. G. Piranesi* is about to appear from the pen of his son.

Dr Baron of Gloucester has nearly ready for the press, a *Life of the late Dr Jenner*, with selections from his manuscripts.

Miss Atkin is preparing for publication, *Memoirs of her Father*, with *Original Essays and Miscellaneous Pieces*, by the late Dr Aikin.

Dr Meyrick's *Treatise on Ancient Armour*, a book calculated greatly to facilitate a right understanding of the early historians, and to throw much light on the manners of our ancestors, is expected to appear in the course of next month. The chronological arrangement of the whole, the illuminated capitals illustrative of the subject, and the more picturesque representations of the Armour of different periods, render this publication unlike any that has preceded it, which is on a plan so comprehensive, as to make it an important acquisition to every extensive library.

Mrs Holderness has a volume in the press, entitled *New Russia*, being some account of the colonization of that country, and of the manners and customs of the colonists. To which is added, a brief detail of a Journey overland from Riga to the Crimea by way of Kieo, accompanied with Notes on the *Crim Tartars*.

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Mr Bicheno, of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law, has in the press, a second edition of an *Inquiry into the Poor Laws*, chiefly with a view to examine them as a system of National Benevolence, and to shew the evils of indiscriminate relief; with some Remarks upon the schemes which have recently been submitted to Parliament.

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	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.
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Eng. Old	6	0	0	8	0	Sweet, U.S.	0	0	0
New	7	0	0	8	0	Do. imbond	28	0	0
Foreign	7	0	0	0	0	Our do.	52	0	0
Waterford	6	4	0	6	0	Oatmeal, per 210 lb.	8	0	0
Limerick	6	0	0	0	0	English	21	0	0
Drogheda	6	9	0	7	0	Scotch	22	0	0
Dublin	6	5	0	6	0	Irish	22	0	0
Scotch	6	5	0	8	0	Brass, p. 21 lb.	1	0	0
Irish Old	5	6	0	6	0	<i>Butter, Beef, &c.</i>			
Barley, per 60 lbs.	4	0	0	5	0	Butter, p. cwt.	88	0	0
Eng.	4	0	0	5	0	Belfast, new	80	0	0
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Eng. new	4	6	0	5	0	Cork, p. cwt.	71	0	0
Irish do.	3	0	0	5	1	Do. dry	61	0	0
Scotch do.	3	0	0	5	2	Beet, p. tierce	88	0	0
Rye, per qr.	27	0	0	29	0	Do. Mess	58	0	0
Malt per b.	8	0	0	8	6	Do. p. bl.	50	0	0
—Middling	7	6	0	8	0	Do. p. cwt.	50	0	0
Do. p. q.	27	0	0	29	0	Do. p. bl.	50	0	0
English	50	0	0	55	0	Do. p. cwt.	50	0	0
Irish	28	0	0	32	0	Bacon, p. cwt.	50	0	0
Rapeseed, p. l.	£25	0	0	28	0	Do. shot mtds.	56	0	0
Pease, grey	25	0	0	28	0	Do. sides	54	0	0
—White	32	0	0	35	0	Do. Hams, dry	50	0	0
Flour, English,	p. 210 lb.	35	0	36	0	Do. green	52	0	0
Irish, 2d.	p. 210 lb.	35	0	36	0	Do. Lond. rd. p.	48	0	0
Do. 1st.	2d.	32	0	35	0	Do. Tongue, p. d. r.	0	0	0

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PRICES CURRENT, April 5.—LONDON, L.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Musc.								
B. P. Dry Brown, cwt.	59	to 62	58	61	51	61	60	66
Mid. good, and fine mid.	61	68	62	70	51	72	67	79
Fine and very fine, . . .	78	82	—	—	75	77	80	82
Refined Barb. Loaves, . . .	112	125	—	—	—	—	—	—
Powder ditto, . . .	100	110	—	—	—	—	—	—
Single ditto, . . .	92	101	90	105	—	—	—	—
Small Lumps, . . .	88	98	81	90	—	—	86	93
Large ditto, . . .	84	90	76	81	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lump, . . .	55	52	78	82	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	32	33	29	6	31	—	—	50
COFFEE, Jamaica, cwt.								
Ord. good, and fine ord.	100	110	90	110	85	112	90	115
Mid. good, and fine mid.	120	150	115	152	114	151	119	150
Dutch Tinage and very ord.	—	—	65	90	55	95	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	—	—	102	115	97	115	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—	—	120	152	120	151	—	—
St Domingo, . . .	122	126	—	—	100	106	—	—
Pimento (in Bond), . . .	—	—	—	—	94	10	—	—
SPIRITS.								
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s. 5d	2s. 4d	2s. 6d	2s. 3d	1s. 11d	2s. 5d	2s. 0d	2s. 1d
Brandy, . . .	5	6	5	9	—	—	1	7
Geneva, . . .	2	4	2	6	—	—	1	6
Grain Whisky, . . .	6	7	6	10	—	—	—	—
WINES.								
Claret, 1st Growths, bhd.	40	55	—	—	—	—	£20	£50
Portugal Red, pipe.	52	41	—	—	—	—	29	51
Spanish White, bott.	51	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe.	27	29	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madaira, . . .	40	60	—	—	—	—	—	—
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	£10	11 0	—	—	£10	0 10 10	£11	0 11 11
Honduras, . . .	—	—	—	—	11	0 11 10	10	0 9 0
Campeachy, . . .	8	—	—	—	12	0 0 0	15	0 15 15
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . . .	7	8	—	—	10	0 10 10	10	10
Cuba, . . .	9	11	—	—	15	0 15 10	12	10 11 0
INDIGO, Camaguey, lb.	11s. 0d	12s. 0	—	—	10	0 11 0	10	6 11 0
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2	5 2 6	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak, . . .	2	9 5 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid.)	2	2 2 7	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany, . . .	1	0 1 6	0 10	0 11	0 11	1 0	91	1 5
St Domingo, ditto, . . .	1	6 2 8	12	8	1	7 1 11	1	6 1 9
TARR, American, bri.	19	20	—	—	14	0 0 0	—	—
Archangel, . . .	10	11	—	—	—	—	21	0
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10	11	—	—	—	—	11	0
TALLOW, Rus. Vel. Cand.	57	58	40	42	59	0	—	—
Rosse melted, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	45	47	—	—	—	—	£45	—
Petersburgh, Clean, . . .	0	12	—	—	46	—	—	—
FLAX,								
Riga Thues. & Druf. Rak.	0	60	—	—	—	—	£60	—
Dutch, . . .	50	90	—	—	—	—	55	65
Irish, . . .	45	51	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, . . .	85	90	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES,								
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	—	16	—	—	—	—	17	0
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . . .	51	58	—	—	—	—	60	61
Montreal, ditto, . . .	60	62	56	58	55	0 56 0	—	—
Pot, . . .	70	72	65	68	66	0 67 0	70	72
OIL, Whale, tun.	24	25	25	—	—	—	—	—
Col., . . .	7	7	8	8	0	6 0 72	0	7
TOBACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.	51	53	5	54	0	43 0 51	0	43
Midling, . . .	53	55	3	4	0	23 0 23	0	3
Inferior, . . .	—	—	—	—	0	63 0 83	7	9
COTTONS, Bowd Georg.	—	—	0 63	0 84	1	6 1 11	0	11
Sea Island, fine, . . .	—	—	1 53	1 6	—	—	—	—
Good, . . .	—	—	1 13	1 3	113	1 1	—	—
Midling, . . .	—	—	0 12	0 13	0 113	1 1	—	—
Dominica and Barbadoe, . . .	—	—	0 9	0 11	0 9	0 11	0	9
West India, . . .	—	—	0 8	0 84	0 63	0 84	0	8
P. rambuco, . . .	—	—	0 113	12	0 104	0 114	11	1
Marahumu, . . .	—	—	0 104	0 114	0 10	0 11	24	10

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, *afternoon*.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

February.

	Ther.	Barom.	Atmos. Ther.	Wind		Ther.	Barom.	Atmos. Ther.	Wind	
Feb. 1	M. 26 A. 31	28.601 .826	M. 35 A. 55	E.	Day hail, snow night.	Feb. 15	M. 28 A. 31	29.120 .957	N.	Keen frost.
2	M. 27 A. 31	.708 .738	M. 52 A. 51	E.	Showers, snow.	16	M. 27 A. 35	30.110 .910	N.E.	Frost morn. dull day.
3	M. 25 A. 29	.801 .905	M. 51 A. 51	N. E.	Heavy snow and drift.	17	M. 29 A. 33	29.892 .955	S.W.	Frost morn. night snow.
4	M. 25 A. 28	29.250 .910	M. 50 A. 51	N.E.	Ditto.	18	M. 29 A. 36	28.500 .951	S.	Dull forenoon. h. rain.
5	M. 17 A. 27	.551 .402	M. 51 A. 28	N.E.	Keen frost.	19	M. 31 A. 34	.651 .971	N.W.	Frost morn. sunsh. day.
6	M. 15 A. 24	.596 .596	M. 28 A. 29	S.E.	Fair forenoon. h. drizzle.	20	M. 29 A. 31	29.514 .954	W.	Keen frost, with sunsh.
7	M. 25 A. 50	28.972 .911	M. 51 A. 50	S.E.	Heavy snow.	21	M. 30 A. 11	28.695 .769	Cble.	Keen frost of day.
8	M. 24 A. 28	.902 .908	M. 50 A. 51	Cble.	Day fair.	22	M. 29 A. 35	.862 .862	W.	Forenoon. fair, aftern. dull.
9	M. 29 A. 32	.995 .950	M. 52 A. 50	S.W.	Day thaw, night frost.	23	M. 30 A. 35	.990 .769	Cble.	Dull, with h. showers.
10	M. 25 A. 35	.725 .790	M. 55 A. 51	N. E.	Ditto.	24	M. 32 A. 46	29.800 .951	N.W.	Fair, with sunsh.
11	M. 24 A. 35	.551 .401	M. 55 A. 55	Cble.	Thaw, with h. showers.	25	M. 30 A. 36	28.998 .920	Cble.	Frost morn. dull day.
12	M. 32 A. 39	.421 .401	M. 11 A. 55	N.W.	Ditto.	26	M. 30 A. 36	.612 .925	Cble.	Day snow and sleet.
13	M. 25 A. 39	.415 .415	M. 55 A. 55	Cble.	Frost, with sunsh.	27	M. 28 A. 36	.992 .990	N.E.	Morn. frost, fair day.
14	M. 50 A. 31	28.923 .750	M. 57 A. 53	Cble.	Frost, sleet, and snow.	28	M. 28 A. 35	29.216 .950	N.	Ditto.

Average of Rain, 5.589 Inches.

March.

	Ther.	Barom.	Atmos. Ther.	Wind		Ther.	Barom.	Atmos. Ther.	Wind	
Mar. 1	M. 29 A. 56	29.597 .926	M. 57 A. 59	NW.	Frost morn. dull day.	Mar. 17	M. 52 A. 41	29.476 .958	W.	Dull, and very cold.
2	M. 51 A. 15	.550 .416	M. 15 A. 58	W.	Dull, with showers.	18	M. 52 A. 38	.412 .572	NW.	Frost morn. day sh. hail.
3	M. 51 A. 45	28.961 .565	M. 11 A. 15	W.	Fair foren. h. rain aftern.	19	M. 25 A. 50	.467 .372	N.	Keen frost, with sunsh.
4	M. 50 A. 40	.412 .415	M. 42 A. 10	NW.	Dull, and very cold.	20	M. 50 A. 55	.402 .892	Cble.	Morn. snow, day dull.
5	M. 50 A. 38	.999 .292	M. 58 A. 38	NW.	Frost morn. dull day.	21	M. 55 A. 42	.660 .558	Cble.	Foren. rain, aftern. fair.
6	M. 21 A. 57	.505 .588	M. 55 A. 57	Cble.	Frost morn. sunsh. day.	22	M. 37 A. 42	.480 .990	SW.	Cold, with sh. rain.
7	M. 25 A. 52	28.959 .766	M. 55 A. 55	Cble.	Frost morn. dull day.	23	M. 27 A. 35	29.514 .921	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.
8	M. 25 A. 32	.651 .656	M. 55 A. 55	SW.	Frost morn. day sh. snow.	24	M. 28 A. 40	.758 .840	SW.	Ditto.
9	M. 21 A. 30	.959 .256	M. 51 A. 55	SW.	Heavy shis. snow.	25	M. 31 A. 15	.906 .875	SW.	Ditto.
10	M. 26 A. 35	.155 .959	M. 51 A. 51	Cble.	Frost foren. snow aftern.	26	M. 55 A. 11	.846 .846	S.	Frost morn. sunsh. day.
11	M. 31 A. 37	.998 .550	M. 57 A. 37	NW.	Fair, with sunshine.	27	M. 53 A. 11	.751 .751	S.	Morn. dull, foren. sunsh.
12	M. 31 A. 39	.650 .855	M. 59 A. 39	SW.	Frost morn. fair day.	28	M. 36 A. 42	.776 .780	E.	Dull morn. sunsh. day.
13	M. 39 A. 16	.675 .675	M. 16 A. 11	SW.	Fair foren. shis. aftern.	29	M. 36 A. 45	.786 .698	S.E.	Ditto.
14	M. 31 A. 11	.976 .501	M. 45 A. 44	NW.	Frost morn. day dull.	30	M. 37 A. 46	.555 .508	Cble.	Dull, with showers.
15	M. 50 A. 41	.242 .262	M. 46 A. 47	Cble.	Frost morn. sunsh. day.	31	M. 36 A. 46	.629 .585	W.	Foren. fair, even. rain.
16	M. 35 A. 43	29.951 .716	M. 42 A. 42	W.	Fair, but dull.					
Average of Barom. .598 inches.										

Average of Rain, .598 inches.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d April 1823.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d
Bank stock,	237 $\frac{6}{8}$	—	—	—
3 per cent. reduced,	73 $\frac{3}{4}$	—	—	—
3 per cent. consols,	72 $\frac{5}{8}$	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	74 $\frac{1}{2}$
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. consols,	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—
4 per cent. consols,	92 $\frac{1}{2}$	93 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—
New 4 per cent. consols,	92 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	93 $\frac{1}{2}$	93 $\frac{1}{2}$
Imper. 3 per cent.	—	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—
India stock,	232	—	—	—
— bonds,	21 —	22 —	—	21 —
Long Annuities,	19 5-16	—	—	—
Exchequer bills,	3 11 p.	11 9 10 p.	12 11 p.	11 — p.
Exchequer bills, sm.	—	—	—	—
Consols for acc.	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	74 $\frac{1}{2}$
French 5 per cents.	80f. 80c.	85 $\frac{1}{2}$ f.	76f. 45c.	75f. 45c.
Amer. 5 per cent.	—	—	—	—

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, as announced between the 20th of Jan. 1822, and the 20th of March, 1823, extracted from the London Gazette.

- Adams, J. Stamford, liquor-merchant.
 Adams, J. and J. A. Southampton, toy-sellers.
 Agnew, A. Great Yarmouth, draper.
 Aldersey, J. Liverpool, grocer.
 Armstrong, W. Ainsdel-street, Strand, tailor.
 Arnold, C. Axminster, Devonshire, surgeon.
 Atkins, J. Great Portland-street, chemist and druggist.
 Athorne, W. C. Wood-street, Manchester, ware-houseman.
 Bamberbridge, J. Queen-street, Cheapside, woollen-draper.
 Bantime, J. late of Cumberland-street, carpenter.
 Barlow, J. Merton, Surrey, millwright.
 Barrett, W. Carlisle, Glamorganshire, inn-holder.
 Barrow, R. and T. Liverpool, corn-merchant.
 Barlow, J. and W. Sheffield, razor-makers.
 Barton, J. Freckenham, Suffolk, milk-keeper.
 Bakehouse, J. Frome, Selwood, Somerset, cooper.
 Beaumont, J. Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, coach-makers.
 Bell, H. Bourn, Lincolnshire, corn-merchant.
 Bennett, A. Loutham court, Monro, packing-case maker.
 Birch, J. Birmingham, jeweller.
 Bickers, W. Great Titchfield-street, Oxford-street, linen-draper.
 Blair, G. and W. Plapton, Lower Thames-street, seedsman.
 Blatford, R. J. Lombard-street, sword-cutler.
 Blount, G. Liverpool, non-merchant.
 Blunden, W. sen. East Malling, Kent, farmer.
 Bowman, J. Suffolk, dyer.
 Boyden, S. Chapel-street, Pentonville, beast-salesman.
 Boyl, E. Leice-ter-square, printer.
 Boulton, J. Rowth, Derby, publican.
 Bradshaw, L. Addington, Lancashire, dealer.
 Brecknell, S. Whiston, Worcestershire, hop-merchant.
 Brown, W. Barton-upon-Humber, nurseryman.
 Browning, I. and R. A. Belvidere-wharf, Waterloo-bridge, timber merchants.
 Budd, W. H. Gerard's-Cross, Bucks, coach-master.
 Butler, E. Alcester, felt-maker.
 Byrne, T. King-street, Bryanstone-square, tailor.
 Byers, J. Blackbourne, Lancaster, chapman.
 Caper, G. Barton-upon-Humber, Lincolnshire, grocer.
 Cave, S. Gloucester, jeweller.
 Chalk, J. Blackfriars-road, coach-maker.
 Chambers, J. Wolverhampton, agricultural machine maker.
 Chapman, E. Bridge-water-square, leather-seller.
 Charlesworth, T. Clare-street, grocer.
 Child, J. Bristol, grocer.
 Chishorn, W. Rugeley-highway, cheese-monger.
 Cook, W. and G. Antwerp, wine-merchants.
 Collins, R. Regent-street, Oxford-street, carpet-dealer.
 Culverhouse, J. Walecot, Somersetshire, flour-baker.
 Cunningham, A. J. High-street, Southwark, cheese-monger.
 Cuzner, J. Lullington, Somerset, fuller.
 Davis, E. Chancery-lane, cut-throat.
 Davis, H. Hughes, Shotisham, Suffolk, apothecary.
 Davies, W. King-street, Covent garden, woollen-draper.
 Dewsbury, W. C. St Bride's-court, Bridge-street, painter.
 Doulton, M. J. L. Cleveland-court, St James's place, tailor.
 Draper, R. T. Fleet-market, earthen-wareman.
 Dudd, T. T. Brighton, carpet-dealer.
 Eddard, R. Stourbridge, hatter.
 Earl, J. jun. and T. Lea, jun. Birmingham, merchants.
 Ficke, G. Cornhill, dealer and chapman.
 Flann, T. W. Bradford, clothier.
 Evans, R. P. Bernard-street, Finsbury-square, mercer.
 Fentman, W. Peterborough, linen-draper.
 Fitzgerald, T. Lawrence, Pountney-hill, merchant.
 Fletcher, J. Plumland, Cumberland, lime burner.
 Forke, F. W. Whitechapel-road, baker.
 Ford, C. Regent-street, linen draper.
 Franklin, W. Ladydown, Wilts, tinner.
 French, J. jun. Keyford, Somerset, clothier.
 Gadderer, C. E. Lime-street square, meatman broker.
 Garle, W. S. Warner, and T. Garle, Dowgate docks, merchants.
 Glaser, W. R. Park-street, Westminster, money scrivener.
 Godfrey, J. Leicester, plumber and glazier.
 Goodrich, R. Pam-wick, Gloucestershire, baker.
 Greatrex, C. B. Abberley, Worcestershire, apothecary.
 Green, J. Great Yarmouth, and J. Green, Somerset-layton, Norfolk, brick-makers.
 Greig, W. City-road, upholsterer.
 Griffith, T. Liverpool, merchant.
 Haile, M. Cheltenham, victualler.
 Hamilton, R. Liverpool, merchant.
 Hamilton, W. J. and E. G. and J. Ridsdale, Leeds, merchants.
 Harrison, H. Southwark-bridge-stone-wharf, stone mason.
 Havch, H. Buelbury, Berkshire, baker.
 Haviland, W. Plymouth, painter.
 Hallen, S. Bradley, Stafford, iron-merchant.
 Hebbons, S. Cleveland, Yorkshire, butcher.
 Hesketh, J. Frome, Selwood, Somersetshire, clothier.
 Hitchen, C. and T. Wostenholme, Sheffield, hair-seating manufacturer.
 Hobbs, P. London-street, Fenchurch-street, wine and brandy merchant.

Kedslie, Andrew, corn-chandler, Caenmills, near Edinburgh.
 King, William, grain-dealer, Midtown of Dalziel, Lanarkshire.
 King, James, farmer in Raith, grocer and spirit-dealer, Hamilton.
 Leveck, John, nonmonger in Wark.
 McGowhen, James and Alexander, merchants in Greenock.
 McPhederan, Dugald, and son, merchants and fish-curers in Greenock.
 Mayah, Samuel, merchant, and linen and wool-len draper in Castle Douglas.
 Moffat, James, and Co. merchants in Glasgow; and Moffat and Purcell, merchants in Kingston, Jamaica.
 Montgomery, Duncan, distiller, and grain-dealer at Pontzield, county of Carmarthen.
 Morrison, David, merchant, Merkinch, Inverness.
 Muir, Archibald, merchant and general-agent in Edinburgh.
 Neilson, George, wright and builder, Edinburgh.
 Reid, John, grocer and spirit-dealer in Kilmarnock.
 Robertson, Malcolm, merchant in Glasgow.
 Stevenson and Duff, merchants, Dundee.
 Steel, Archibald, hardware-merchant in Ayr.
 Weir, Charles, miller and grain-dealer New Mill, Hamilton.
 Wright, Hume, and Co. merchants in Glasgow.
 Wright, James, junior, cloth-merchant in Glasgow.

DIVIDENDS.

Archer, Charles, and Son, merchants in Perth; a dividend of 1s. 9d. per pound after 1st April.
 Balmori, James, late merchant, Kilmakilly; a 2d and final dividend on 1st May.
 Brocks and Blackie, merchants in Grangemouth, and William Blackie and Co. merchants in Glasgow; another dividend 15th March.

Drysdale, John, grocer in Glasgow; a first dividend after 25th March.
 Harthill, James, merchant in Aberdeen; a dividend after 16th March.
 Hill and Pattison, spirit-dealers in Glasgow; a dividend 25th March.
 Herbertson, Thomas and James, wrights and builders in Laurieston of Glasgow; a final dividend on 14th April.
 Landless and Calder, fish-curers and merchants in Helmsdale; a second dividend after 6th April.
 Macarthur, George, grocer, Glasgow; a final dividend 20th March.
 Macleod, John, mason and builder, Glasgow; a dividend 20th March.
 Moffit, John, merchant in Lerwick; no dividend till 11th June.
 Ness, Alexander, late merchant in Edinburgh; a final dividend after 21th March.
 Perth Foundry Company; a 1th dividend of 1s. per pound after 15th March.
 Petrie, John, merchant, Ayr; a final dividend after 1st May.
 Provand, James, merchant, Glasgow; a dividend on 19th March.
 Sorley, John, jun., nonmonger in Glasgow; a dividend after 17th March.
 Stewart, John, late driver and cattle dealer at Dalnaspide, Perthshire; a dividend after 7th April.
 Symon, John, merchant in Aberdeen; the final dividend on 12th March.
 Thomson, Alexander, Greg, late merchant in Glasgow; a 7d dividend 18th March.
 Webster, James, late ship-master in Ferry-Port-on-Craigs, Fife-shire; a final dividend on 7d March.
 Wilson, Richard, provision dealer and grain-merchant in Glasgow; a first and final dividend of 5s. per pound after 4th March.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

February.

Brevet Col. G. Graham, 1 R. Vet. Bn. Maj. in the Army. 12 Aug. 1819
 — F. T. Comp. Serv. Adj. to Cadets at Mil. Seminary at Addiscombe, local rank of Capt. while so employed, vice Chaplain, res. Adj. only. 25 Jan. 1825
 15 Dr. Cor. Ellis, Lt. by purch. vice Cockburne, 17 Dr. 26 Dec. 1822
 17 R. Sugden, Col. by purch. do.
 Lt. Graham, Capt. by purch. vice Aikens, ret. 50 Jan. 1825
 Coldst. G. Ens. Rowdon, from 79 F. Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Smith, R. H. G. do.
 Hon. T. McQuinnham, Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Bowen, 55 F. do.
 2 F. Ens. Harvey, Lt. vice McCarthy, dead 6 Feb. do.
 — Raitt, Ens. do.
 13 N. Lucking, Ens. 16 Jan. do.
 85 G. F. Horsford, Ens. vice Lears, dead 50 do.
 41 Lt. Sargent, from 89 F. Lt. vice Waters, R. p. 85 F. 16 do.
 45 Capt. Le Blanc, Maj. by purch. vice Dalyell, prom. 31 Dec. 1822
 Lt. Hill, Capt. by purch. do.
 Ens. Ward, Lt. by purch. do.
 A. Denham, Ens. by purch. vice Ferguson, 17 F. 2 Jan. 1823
 S. Tryon, do. by purch. vice Ward 25 do.
 Gen. R. Earl of Cavan, K. C. from 58 F. Col. vice Gen. Lister, dead 10 Feb.
 Quar. Mast. Serj. Barles, Quar. Mast. vice King, dead 8 Aug. 1822
 Lt. Mandillon, Capt. by purch. vice Blakeman, ret. 50 Jan. 1825
 Ens. Gascoyne, Lt. by purch. do.
 H. R. Clarke, Ens. by purch. do.
 Lt. Bowen, from Coldst. Gds. Capt. by purch. vice Welsh, ret. do.
 58 Gen. T. Lord Lyndoch, G. C. B. from 99 F. Col. vice Earl of Cavan, 45 F. 10 Feb.

Lt. Richardson, Capt. by purch. vice Myers, ret. 2 Jan. do.
 Ens. French, Lt. by purch. do.
 T. F. Hart, Ens. by purch. do.
 66 Lt. L'Estrange, Capt. vice Blakeney, dead 16 do.
 Ens. Dodgin, Lt. do.
 W. H. Dodgin, Ens. do.
 76 Lt. Stevenson, Capt. by purch. vice Torrens, ret. 6 Feb. do.
 Ens. Kennedy, Lt. by purch. do.
 W. F. Webster, Ens. by purch. do.
 79 M. Fitz-Gerald, Ens. by purch. vice Rawdon, Coldst. Gds. 50 Jan. do.
 86 Lt. Vanspall, Capt. by purch. vice Br. Lt. Col. Lanphier, ret. do.
 Ens. Grant, Lt. by purch. do.
 W. Osborne, Ens. by purch. do.
 89 Lt. Molony, from h. p. 85 F. Lt. vice Sargent, 11 F. 16 do.
 — McKie, from h. p. 14 F. do. vice Worley, dead 9 do.
 90 Lt. Gen. Hon. R. Meade, Col. vice Lord Lyndoch, 58 F. 10 Feb.
 95 Lt. Lt. Col. Hon. Sir C. Gordon, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Milling ret. 26 Dec. 1822
 Capt. Johnson, from 85 F. Maj. by purch. do.
 Lt. Cradoock, from 27 F. Capt. by purch. vice Mackinnon, ret. 50 Jan. 1825
 2 Ceyl. R. E. B. Fraser, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Sloper, ret. do.
 1 R. V. Bn. Maj. Braham, from h. p. 50 F. Maj. vice Ebrington, ret. 1st. 50 do.
 2 — Crofton, from h. p. York Lt. Inf. Vol. Maj. vice Reynolds, ret. 1st do.

Unattached.

Maj. Dalyell, from 43 F. Lt. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice M. Gen. Stirling, ret. 31 Dec. 1822

Hospital Staff.

As. Surg. Law, from h. p. 82 F. As.
Surg. vice Hosp. As. du Heaume,
cancelled 25 Jan. 1823
Acting Hosp. As. Mackey, Hosp. As.
vice Allan, dead 6 Feb.

Exchanges.

Dt. Lt. Col. Debbieg, from 44 F. with Capt. John-
stone, h. p. 5 Har. Bn.
Maj. Wood, from 2 F. with Capt. Ford, h. p.
71 F.
MacGregor, from 58 F. with Capt.
Chabon, 33 F.
Capt. Marcon, from 11 F. rec. diff. with Capt.
Maentosh, h. p. 79 F.
Lieut. Amyatt, from 11 Dr. with Lieut. Tuckett,
11 F.
Earl of Errol, from 12 Dr. with Lieut.
Moore, 58 F.
Urquhart, from 1 F. with Lieut. Bernard,
h. p. 81 F.
Earl of Errol, from 58 F. with Lieut. Urni-
ston, h. p. 45 F.
Philipps, from 51 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Maudeslev, h. p. 8 F.
Brohier, from 58 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Bell, h. p. York Chass.
Cornet Dalyell, from 5 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Cor-
net Cunningham, h. p. 1 Dr. G.
Williamson, from 6 Dr. rec. diff. with Cor-
net Hougham, h. p. 6 Dr.
Ensign Eliot, from 32 F. with Ensign Wardell,
h. p. 66 F.
Hosp. Assist. Vosey, from h. p. with Hosp. Assist.
Dixon.

Resignations and Retirements.

Major-General Stirling from 42 F.
Lieut.-Col. Lamphier, 86 F.
Mühling, 93 F.
Captain Atkins, 17 Dr.
Blakeman, 54 F.
Welch, 55 F.
Myers, 65 F.
Torrens, 76 F.
Lieut. Gabb, h. p. 5 F. G.
2d Lieut. Soper, 2 Ceylon Regs.
Hosp. Assist. Dempster.
Gow.

Appointment Cancelled.

Lieut. Bainbridge, 57 F.

Removed from the Service.

Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. Smith.

Deaths.

General Dister, Col. of 45 F. and Gov. Landguard
Fort, Coln House, Fairford, Gloucestershire,
2 Feb. 1823.
Lieut.-Col. Milling, late of 93 F. Dublin,
30 Dec. 1822.
Capt. McLachlan, 91 F. Jamaica, 15 Dec.
Dick, h. p. 62 F. Arklow, Wicklow,
17 Nov.
Olferrmann, h. p. 97 F. Blankenburg,
Brunswick, 19 Oct.
Gair, h. p. Cape Reg. Highgate, 24 Dec.
Agnew, h. p. Queen's Rangers, New Brun-
swick, 10 Oct.
Rantzau, h. p. Brig. Maj. Germ. Leg.
Hildesheim, 27 Dec.
Bettesworth, h. p. R. Art. 1 Feb. 1823.
Lieut. McCarthy, 2 F. Dublin, 11 Jan.
Keane, 22 F. W. Indies, 15 Feb.
Peppard, 69 F. Old Brompton, 18 Dec. 1822.
Plackett, 1 W. I. R. (Adjut.) Barbadoes,
do, do
Maclean, 2 W. I. R. Fort Charlotte, Baha-
mas, do
N. Hood, late 6 Vet. Bn. Deptford, 2 Feb.
1823.
Swayne, h. p. 61 F. Middleton, Cork, 1 Dec. 1822.
Burke, h. p. York Rang. Galway, Ireland, 26 do.
Ensign Lizars, 35 F. Nevis, 25 Nov.
McLaughlan, h. p. 4 W. I. Reg. Tortola, 22 do.
Kemmeter, late 2 Vet. Bn. Chelsea, 21 Jan. 1823.
Martini, h. p. 7 Line Ger. Leg. Heidelberg, 2 Dec. 1822.
Chaplain Pohse, h. p. Ger. Leg. Hanover, 1 Jan. 1823.
Paymaster Fisher, h. p. 60 F. Guernsey, 25 Dec. 1822.
Adjut. Duxbury, h. p. Cambridge Feu. Cav. Hal-
den, Kent, 1 Nov.
Quarter Master King, 47 F. Bombay, 4 Aug.
Gow, 82 F. Port Louis, Mauritius, 12 do.
Freer, h. p. 48 F. London, 20 Jan. 1823.
Rehinson, h. p. Foreign Vet. Bn. 11 Dec. 1822.
Hanover, Surgeon Dr O'Donel, 4 Dr. Kaira, Bombay, 7 Aug.
James Dunn, h. p. Forces, Dublin, 5 Dec.
Ass. Surg. Browne, 69 F. Madras, 17 Sept. 1822.
Clarke, h. p. 21 F. June.
Meyer, h. p. 5 Line Ger. Leg. Wolfen-
bützel, 23 Dec.

March.

Brevet. Capt. Mercer, R. Art. Maj. in the
Army 12 Aug. 1819
Cibborne, do. do. 19 July 1821.
7 Dr. Gds. Lt. Bennet, Capt. by purch. vice
Davis, ret. 20 Feb. 1823
Cor. Pennefather, Lt. by purch. do.
C. Cochran, Cor. by purch. do.
4 Dr. Surg. Tod, from 85 F. Surg. vice
O'Donel, dead 27 do.
Cor. and Sub-Lt. Hall, from 14th
Gds. Lt. by purch. vice Grant, 27 do.
17 Coldst. G. Lt. and Capt. Walton, Capt. and
Lt. Col. by purch. vice Gore, ret. 20 do.
Ens. and Lt. Hon. W. Forbes, Lt.
Capt. by purch. do.
Ens. Hon. H. St. C. Erskine, from
85 F. Ens. and Lt. by purch. do.
Lt. Fraser, from h. p. 26 F. Lt. vice
Bloomfield, 11 F. 27 do.
7 F. — Bloomfield, from 7 F. Lt. vice
Amyatt, h. p. 26 F. do.
11 Lt. Gen. W. C. Lord Beresford,
G.C.B. & G.C.H. from 69 F. Col.
vice Lt. Gen. H. M. Gordon, dead
15 Mar.
27 Ens. Rundle, Lt. by purch. vice
Craddock, 95 F. 13 Feb.

M. C. Johnstone, Ens. by purch. 27 Feb.
Supern. As. Surg. J. Campbell, As.
Surg. vice Piper, 85 F. do.
Ens. Bynne, Lt. vice Fraser, Adj. 21 May, 1822
Lt. Cornwall, from Cape Corps, Lt.
vice Stopford, 2 W. I. R. 27 Feb.
63 Lt. Gen. Sir J. Hamilton, Bt. of
Lt. 2d Ceylon Regt. Col. vice
Lord Beresford, 16 F. 15 Mar.
Ens. Moore, Lt. vice Peppard, dead
27 Feb.
82 Serj. Kyle, Quar. Mast. vice Gow,
dead 13 Aug. 1822
83 Lt. Gen. Hodgson, of late 3 Gar.
Bn. Col. vice Gen. J. Balfour,
dead 20 Mar. 1823
As. Surg. Piper, from 30 F. Surg.
vice Tod, 4 Dr. 20 Feb.
83 Lt. Forster, Capt. by purch. vice
Johnston, 93 F. 13 do.
Ens. Cole, Lt. by purch. do.
Hon. C. F. Berkeley, Ens. by purch.
do.
P. Maitland, Ens. by purch. vice
Erskine, Coldst. Gds. 20 do.
Lt. Mountgarrret, Capt. vice Cave-
nagh, dead 19 May, 1822

- 21 Fms. Cates, Lt. 19 May 1872
Lt. Marshall, Capt. vice M'Lachlan, dead 20 Feb. 1823
Ens. Duke, Lt. do.
— Campbell, from h. p. 91 F. do.
Ens. do.
1 W. I. R. — Montgomery, Lt. 19 Dec. 1822
A. Macintyre, Ens. 27 Feb. 1823
Lt. Delonnel, Adj. vice Plackett, dead 19 Dec. 1822
— Stopford, from 60 F. Lt. vice Adams, Cape Corps 27 Feb. 1823
Cape C. — Adams, from 2 W. I. R. Lt. vice Cornwall, 60 F. do.
1 Vet. Bn. Capt. Campbell, from h. p. New Bruns. Pen. Capt. vice Carter, ret. list 15 do.
— Macleod, from h. p. R. Art. Capt. vice Ross ret. list 20 do
Lt. Sargent, from h. p. 60 F. Lt. vice Munro, ret. list 20 do.
Ens. Bunbury, from h. p. 57 F. Ens. vice Macphail, ret. list 15 Feb.
— Crombie, Quar. Ma-L. vice Galtie, ret. list do.
— Dwyer, from h. p. 96 F. Ens. vice Crombie 20 do.

Garrison.

Cop. Sir R. Prevost, Bt. G.C.B. Governor of Landguard Fort, vice Gen. Easty, dead 21 Feb. 1823

Coastguard Department.

- 6 Art. 2d Capt. J. Grant, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Marlow, h. p. 21 Feb. 1823
— Gordon, from h. p. do. vice Walsh, h. p. do.
1st As. Surg. Cooke, Surg. 27 Dec. 1822
3d As. Surg. Venables, 1st As. Surg. do.
Surg. Simpson, from h. p. Surg. 15 March 1823
1st As. Surg. Ingles, from h. p. 1st As. Surg. do.
2d As. Surg. Whitlaw, from h. p. 2d As. Surg. do.
P. Lo. 2d Lt. Radcliff, from h. p. 2d Lt. vice Bruges, h. p. 22 Feb. 1823

Staff.

Bt. Maj. Harris, h. p. 1 Dr. Gds. Bt. Field Officer, Mil. Nova Scotia, with rank of Lt. Col. in the Army, vice Russell, res. 13 Feb. 1823

Hospital Staff.

Hosp. As. Fer. 1824, from h. p. Hosp. ass. to the Forces 15 Feb. 1823
As. Surg. Lawder, from h. p. 2 Vet. Bn. As. Surg. to the Forces, vice Hosp. As. Gow, res. 20 do.

Regimental.

- Major Carmichael, from 1 W. I. R. with Bt. Lt. Col. Allan, h. p. 24 F.
Capt. Jarvis, Bn. 2 Life G. rec. diff. between fell pay Capt. Luf G. and Capt. Dr. with Capt. Ld. J. Bentzack, h. p. 7 Dr.
— Prosser, from 3 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Capt. Swinburne, h. p. Gen. Gds.
— Hon. W. R. Rous, from Coldst. Gds. with Capt. Bowen, 55 F.

- Capt. Bunney, from 56 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Hogg, h. p. 27 F.
Lieut. Sutherland, from 50 F. with Lieut. Thompson, 65 F.
— Higgins, from 46 F. with Lieut. Grey, h. p. York Chass.
— Yonge, from 52 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Ferguson, h. p. 17 F.
— Hadwicke, from 2 Life Gds. rec. diff. between Cornet and Sub-Lt. Life Gds. and Cornet Dr. with Cornet Ld. Muncaster, 10 Dr.
— Hadwicke, from 10 Dr. rec. diff. with Cornet Battier, h. p. 18 Dr.
Cornet and Sub-Lt. Lord F. L. Gower, from 3 Life Gds. rec. diff. with Ens. Ryner, h. p. 17 F.
Ensign Suckling, from 15 F. with Ensign Blacke, 52 F.
— Moorsom, from 60 F. with Ensign Johnstone, 79 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Col. Gore, Coldstream Gds.
Major Davis, 7 Dr. Gds.
Hosp. As. Dixon.

Reinstated.

Dep. Assist. Comm. Gen. H. A. Bayly.

Superseded.

Paym. Genl. Tappin, Mil.
Hosp. Assist. Dr. Barry.

Dismissed.

Assist. Surg. Canon, 92 F.

Deaths.

- General James Balfour, Colonel of 83 F. Footers 18 Mar. 1823
— — — — — Sir Geo. Beekwith, G.C.B. Colonel of 89 F. London 20 do.
Lieut. General H. M. Gordon, Colonel of 46 F. London 16 Feb. 1823
Colonel Hon. Sir R. Le Poer Trench, 74 F. Chet. 14 Mar. 1823
Lieut. Col. Jenkinson, h. p. R. Art. London 21 Mar. 1823
— — — — — Davis, h. p. 99 F. Jamaica 11 Jan. 1822
Caj Kan Jaany, 4 Dr. Kara, Bombay 26 Sept. 1822

- — — — — John Grant, R. Eng. Sierra Leone 19 Dec. 1822
Willott, h. p. 25 F. St James's Abbey, near Exeter 17 Feb. 1823
— — — — — Edgell, h. p. 60 F. 28 do.
Lieutenant Knox, Gen. Gds. 15 Mar. 1823
— — — — — Gordon, 82 F. Calcutta 28 Aug. 1822
— — — — — Battie, Quarter Macc. Benwick, Mil. Coldstream 7 Feb.
— — — — — Ky-Jib, Invalids, Tower of London 31 Jan. 1823
— — — — — Moss, late 1 Vet. Bn. Penzance 25 Feb.
— — — — — Facklerly, late 1 Vet. Bn. Fort Clarence, Chatham 4 Mar.
— — — — — Rich (dean), h. p. 71 F. Bath 5 Feb.
— — — — — Perrett, h. p. Meuton's Regt. France 30 Dec. 1822
Cornet Wright, h. p. 1 Dr. G. Quarndon, Leicestershire 18 Nov. 1822
Ensign Birch, Invalids, Westminster 15 Feb. 1823
— — — — — Hunt, h. p. 66 F. Westbury, near Bristol, 4 Mar.
— — — — — Downham, h. p. 36 F. Ensworth, Hants 7 Feb.
Surg. Gasford, R. Art. Malta 26 Dec. 1822
Ass. Surg. Dr. Fawcett, 24 F. Sligo 6 Feb. 1823
— — — — — Spry, h. p. 1 W. I. R. Chelsea 2 Mar.

Naval Promotions.

Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Neale, Bart. K.C.B. is appointed to the command of his Majesty's Squadron in the Mediterranean, in the room of Vice-Admiral Sir Graham Moore, K.C.B.
Rear-Admiral Sir George Pyre, K.C.B. to the command on the South American Station, vice Commodore Sir Thomas M. Har IV, Bart. K.C.B.
Commodore Charles Grant, C.B., to the East India Station, vice Rear-Admiral the Hon. Sir H. Blackwood, Bart. K.C.B.
The Hon. Sir Charles Paget, Knight; Robert Williams, Esq.; and Richard Worsley, Esq., to be Rear-Admirals of the Fleet.

Names.	Ships.	Names.	Ships.
Thomas Strover	Tamar	Peter M'Dougal (act.)	Blossom
L. C. F. Walker (act.)	ditto	John Scott (assist.)	Brazen
Samuel Rideout	Thetis	Hor. Rymer (do)	ditto
Andrew Drew	ditto	Ham. Baillie (do)	Britannia
W. Cotsworth	ditto	W. J. Hunter (do)	Carnation
John Jervis Tucker	Trinculo	John Wilson (do)	Clinker
James Richard Booth	ditto	Thomas Robertson (do)	Clio
Charles Frederick	Vigilant cutter	Matt. Burnside	Crook
Nicholas Colthurst	Windsor Castle	John Houston (assist.)	Curlew
George Woolcombe	ditto	Charles Stodart	Dwarf
Edward Pitts		H. G. Brock	Eclair
<i>Chaplain.</i>		J. Rae (assist.)	ditto
Rev. J. Frowd	Britannia	B. M'Avoy (do)	Egeria
<i>Masters.</i>		R. Maxwell (do)	Esk
Charles Burney	Basilk cutter	M. Murdoch (do)	Fly
John Perriam (act.)	Beaver	B. Browning (do)	Gannet
George T. Appleton	Brazen	A. Colhe	Griper
James Dillon	Brisk	W. Rowland (assist.)	Isis
William Price	Britannia	E. Scott	ditto
John Bernard	Carnation	G. Finlay	ditto
Richard Bonner	Clinker	P. Leonard	Kangaroo
David Gouten	Clio	D. Elder (assist.)	Owen Glenclowes
J. H. Liston (act.)	Driver	P. Clarke	ditto
C. Morris	Fly	A. Sinclair (wry.)	Parthian
John Trivick	Grasshopper	E. Lazaretto	Queen Charlotte
L. Giles (act.)	Harlequin	H. H. Hoggan	ditto
James Napier	Isis	G. Acton (sup.)	Ranulph
Sampson Gales	Pandora	T. Watt	Redwing
W. H. Hall	Parthian	J. Greenish	Ringlove
William Walker	Revenge	T. Mitchell	Salsbury
John Woolcock	Tartar	R. Marshall	Serapis
Kem. Knapp	Trinculo	A. Courtney (assist.)	Shamock
<i>Surgeons.</i>		J. Acheson (act.)	Superb
J. H. Chamiller (assist.)	Albion	T. Bell (assist.)	Sunnam
William Folds (do)	Arhol	M. O'Neill	Sybilie
John Brown (do)	Basilk	J. Ellis (assist.)	Thetis
George Birue	Beaver	G. P. M. Young	Trinculo
		R. Johnson	Windsor Castle
		A. Calchiet (assist.)	

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Jan. 3. At Sympheropole, Sultana Katlegghery Krim Ghery, of a son.
 7. At Pilmuir, Mrs Fortune, of a son, being her tenth child.
 25. At Ballinaby, the Lady of D. Campbell, Esq. of a daughter.
Feb. 3. At Cassels' Place, Leith Walk, Mrs William Wyld, of a daughter.
 — Mrs Chancellor of Shieldhill, of a daughter.
 — The Hon. Mrs Thomas Erskine, of a daughter.
 4. At London, the Lady of John Loch, Esq. of a son.
 — At Ayr, the Lady of Captain H. Maxwell, of a daughter.
 — At the Priory, Surry, the Viscountess Eastnor, of a daughter.
 — At Mungall Cottage, Mrs Stainton of Biggar-shield, of a son.
 — At Viscountess Duncan's, the Hon. Mrs Dundas, of a son.
 9. At No. 86, Great King Street, Mrs Young, of a son.
 10. At Portobello, Mrs Davidson, of a daughter.
 11. In Stratton Street, London, Lady Jane Peel, of a son.
 — At Edinburgh, Mrs Matheson, wife of D. Matheson, Esq. advocate, of a son.
 12. At No. 15, Dundas Street, Mrs A. Clephane, of a daughter.
 — At Greenlaw manse, Mrs Home, of a son.
 13. At Kilbaggie, Mrs Stein, of a son.
 14. At Brighton Place, Portobello, Mrs Struthers, of a daughter.
 16. At No. 32, Great King Street, Mrs R. P. Collins, of a son.
 17. At Kirkaldy, Mrs Ralph Strachan, of a daughter.
 — At Dumgore, Mrs Campbell, of a daughter.
 — In Elder Street, the Lady of Jas. Cove Jones, Esq. M.D. of a son.
 — At Schivas, the Lady of Alexander Forbes Irvine, of a son.
 18. In Edinburgh Street, Mrs Aytoun, of a son.
 — At Rosemary House, the Lady of Robert Inglis, Esq. of Kirkmay, of a daughter.

18. At Rockville, East Lothian, the Lady of Captain H. Bruce, Royal Navy, of a daughter.
 19. At No. 3, Circus Place, West, Mrs Finlay, of a daughter.
 — At Erskine House, the Right Hon. Lady Bantyre, of a son.
 20. At Miliken, the Lady of Sir William Miliken Napier, Bart. of a daughter.
 22. At Warriston Crescent, the Lady of Captain M'Konoehie, of a daughter.
March. At Knowle House, Bovey-Tracey, Devon, the Lady of Francis Danfell, Esq. of a daughter, being her twenty-first child, nineteen of whom are living.
 March 2. At Stranraer, the Lady of Major-General Maenair, of a son.
 3. At Maulit, Strathglass, the lady of Dr Chisholm, late of the Royal regiment of Artillery, of a daughter.
 — At O'gang, the Lady of Captain Stirling, of a daughter.
 4. At 23, Albany Street, Mrs Napier, of a son.
 — At Leith, Mrs Dr. Macaulay, of a son.
 — At Leith Links, Mrs Jamieson, of a daughter.
 6. At Edinburgh, the Lady of Captain W. Gowan, of a daughter.
 7. At St. Andrews, the Lady of Captain W. Playfair, H.E.I.C. Bengal establishment, of a daughter.
 — At 28, Queen Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of John Borthwick, Esq. of a daughter.
 — At No. 5, Drummond Place, Edinburgh, the Lady of George Sligo, Esq. of Auldhaune, of a daughter.
 10. At Edinburgh, the Lady of Major Macdougall of Soroba, of a daughter.
 12. In St Andrew's Square, the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Wauchope, of a daughter.
 — In Ann Street, the Lady of Captain Deans, Royal Navy, of a daughter.
 — At No. 9, Abercromby Place, Edinburgh, the Lady of James Greig, Esq. of Eccles, of a son and heir.
 13. At 61, York Place, Mrs Andrew Tawse, of a daughter.
 15. At Edinburgh, Mrs John Tawse, of a son.

16. At Edinburgh, Mrs Moir of Leckie, of a still-born daughter.

18. At Dunfermline, Mrs George Spence, of a son.
— At 10, Albany Street, Mrs Kenney, of a daughter.

19. At Berwick-upon-Tweed, the Lady of Captain R. F. Romer, Royal regiment of Artillery, of a son.

20. In Queen Street, Mrs Burnett, of a daughter.

— At Cheltenham, Mrs Colonel Forbes, of a daughter.

21. At No. 32, Gayfield Square, Mrs Charles Tawse, of a son.
— At Arlunhot House, the Viscountess of Arlunhot, of a son.

23. At Edinburgh, Mrs Dundas of Arncliffe, of a son and heir.

Lately, At Edinburgh, the wife of Mr M'Corkindale, printer, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

July 12, 1822. At Government House, Calcutta, Charles M'Sween, Esq. Chief Judge of Agra, to Margaret, daughter of Olaus M'Leod, Esq. Skye. The parties are first cousins of the Marchioness of Hastings.

August 15, At Bombay, Captain Roderick James M'Lean, 67th regiment light infantry, to Robina Jane, eldest daughter of Major Robert Hunter Hough, deputy military auditor-general, Island of Coolbah.

Sept. 25, At Batavia, David Alexander Fraser, Esq., to Anna, daughter of R. Peake, Esq.

29. At Cauva, in the Island of Trinidad, Robert Armour, Esq. surgeon there, formerly of Irvine, to Ann Palmer, daughter of the late — Palmer, Esq. merchant and planter in Trinidad.

Oct. 7, At Mirzapore, Hugh Hoyle, Esq. of the East India Company's civil service.

Oct. 26, At Uitenhage, Cape of Good Hope, Mr Robert Turnbull, district surgeon, to Rachel, eldest daughter of the late Mr Harper, Dalgety, Fife-shire.

Jan. 27, 1825. At Glasgow, J. O. Denny, Esq., to Bethia, eldest daughter of Francis Adam, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

Feb. 1, At Durin, Charles Andrews, Esq. 15th light dragoons, to Elizabeth Anne, eldest daughter of William Cooke, Esq. M.D.

4. Lieut. Robert Sangster, royal navy, to Ronald Crawford, daughter of the late Mr Daniel M'Intosh, Edinburgh.

5. At Laxhall, John Martin, Esq. Newhouse, to Jean, daughter of the late David Low, Esq. Linlithgow.

11. At No. 17, Forth Street, Charles Peebles, Esq. writer in Glasgow, to Miss Paterson of Smithfield.

15. At Edinburgh, Mr William Richie, Newmains, Kirkliston, to Mrs Thomson of Parkhouse, Stirlingshire.

15. At Netherclun, James Cameron, of Balmoral, to Jane, eldest daughter of John Watt, Esq.

17. At Caron Vale House, the Rev. Mr Kelly of Southend, to Miss Louisa Ann Robertson.

— At Kirkcubright, Andrew Murray, Esq., to Miss Lamont.

24. At Babay Castle, Lieut. Col. Meyrick, of 3d guards, to Lady Louisa Vane, daughter of the Earl of Darlington.

25. At Yonderton, the Rev. William Scott Hay, Burntlands, to Janet, eldest daughter of John Bar, Esq.

Feb. 27, At Goodlyburn, near Perth, Mr James Miller, surgeon, Perth, to Agnes, only daughter of the late Mr William Mitchell of Bogie, Fifeshire.

March 5, At Newton, Mid-Lothian, Thomas Somerville, Esq. to Martha, youngest daughter of William Hope, Esq.

— At Glasgow, John Bannatyne, Esq. Royal Navy, to Margaret, only daughter of the late Robert Burns, Esq. of Rock-Bank.

— At Glasgow, Robert Hardie, Esq. of South Shields, to Marion, daughter of the deceased John M'Donald, Esq. of Upper Burnish, South Uist.

4. At Edinburgh, John Stigant, Esq. of Portsea, county of Hants, Purser, Royal Navy, to

Isabella Watt, daughter of the late John Watt, Esq.

8. At the Manse of Orliek, Lieutenant Alexander Waters, half pay 92d regiment, to Isabella Ann, second daughter of the Rev. George Mackenzie, minister of Orliek, Gaidness.

— At Edinburgh, Adam Gib Ellis, Esq. W. S. to Catherine, third daughter of the deceased Major David Robertson, Assistant Barrackmaster-General, N. B.

12. At Teviot Grove, Alexander Pott, Esq. Burnfoot, to Apalma, youngest daughter of the late Robert Hogarth, Esq. Carfrae.

17. At Musselburgh, Mr M. Taylor, of Northampton, to Miss Jane Cowan.

— At Claywhat, Perthshire, Matthew Weir, Esq. W. S. to Janet, eldest daughter of the late William Spotsiswoode, Esq.

18. At Ellistown House, Francis Hunter, Esq. of the 1st regiment Madras Native Cavalry, to Elizabeth Christian, third daughter of the late Thomas Tulloch, Esq. of Ellistown.

— At Rankelour House, George Govan, Esq. M. D. in the service of the Hon. East India Company, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Charles Maitland, Esq. younger of Rankelour.

— At Edinburgh, Adam Hay, Esq. banker in Edinburgh, to Harriet Callender, eldest daughter of the late William Grant, Esq. of Congalton.

19. At Dunbar House, John Warrender, Esq. youngest son of the late Sir Patrick Warrender, Bart. of Lochend, to the Right Hon. Lady Julian Jane Maitland, youngest daughter of the Earl of Lauderdale.

20. At the house of the British Ambassador, in Paris, Captain C. H. Ballugall, of the Royal Marines, to Charles, second daughter of the late Thomas M'Clelland, Esq. agent of the Bank of Scotland at Ayr.

22. Henry Robert Ferguson, captain in the 9th Jancers, to Miss Davie, daughter of the late Sir J. Davie, Bart.

24. At Leith, George Mill, Esq. of Blair, to Matilda, daughter of Archibald Millar, Esq. merchant, Leith.

Lately, At Edinburgh, Andrew Vetch, Esq., Dalry Mills, to Helen, youngest daughter of the late Mr John Hill, Long Hemmiston.

— At her Ladyship's house, London, by special licence, Barry E. O'Meara, Esq. to Lady Leigh.

— The Duke of Norfolk, to Lady Mary Ann Gage, widow of Sir Thomas Gage.

— The Duke of St. Alban's, to Mrs Cuthbert.

— At Edinburgh, James Keith, Esq. M. D. to Christy Graham, daughter of the late Colonel Charles Maitland of Marlandfield.

DEATHS.

April 18, 1822. At sea, on board the homeward-bound ship Lord Castlereagh, from India, Lieut. Col. Robert Barclay, of the 1st regiment of light cavalry.

July, At Beneoolen, Duncan Maccaim, Esq. assistant-surgeon, Hon. East India Company's service, Bengal establishment.

26. On board the Balaorres Indianman, Emma, wife of Edward Maxwell, Esq. of the Bengal civil service, daughter of the late Alexander Walker, Esq. of Queen Street, Edinburgh.

Aug. 4, At Jubbulpore, East Indies, John Lowther Irving, Esq. assistant surgeon, 26th native infantry.

5. At Patna, Mr Charles Dempster, surgeon, East India Company's service, eldest son of Cathcart Dempster, Esq. St Andrews.

23. At Benares, Captain James Macharg, of the 6th regiment native infantry, Bengal army.

Sept. 10, At the new cantonment of the Nagpore subsidiary force, of a fever, Lieutenant R. H. Cumming of the Bengal horse artillery.

Oct. 6, At Baroach, aged 28, Andrew Burnett, of the Hon. East India Company's civil service, second son of the late John Burnett, Esq. of Elrick.

11. At Allahabad, East Indies, Jessie Bremner, daughter of the late Mr Hugh Bremner, accountant in Edinburgh, and spouse of Lieutenant Thomas Sanders, of the 8th regiment of Bengal cavalry.

12. At Calcutta, James Hay, Esq. of Colli-

36. At Calcutta, Patrick Murray, Esq. late of Perthshire.

Nov. At Jamaica, Mr Robert Christie, engineer, late of Glasgow.

17. At Aux Cayes, Hayti, Thomas Scott Free-land, Esq. merchant.

23. In the island of Nevis, West Indies Mr Robert Lázare, ensign, 34th regiment.

Dec. 21. At Jamaica, Mrs. Ross, Esq. M. D. an inhabitant of that island for upwards of forty years.

Dec. 36. At Spring Vale, Jamaica, Mrs Farquharson, Esq. of Percy.

Jan. 2, 1825. At New Orleans, General F. Humbert formerly of the army of the French republic. In 1798, he landed in the west of Ireland, at the head of 1100 men, who were taken prisoners by Margut, Cornw. Ill.

14. At Berberie, John Smith, Esq. surgeon there.

15. At Dennum, George Wilson Bowman, Esq. of Leice.

16. At Acadia's mine, the Rev. John Shaw, minister of that parish.

18. At Edinburgh, Mr James Hindmarsh, teacher of music.

19. At Crane Wharf, Black River, Jamaica, Mr Alexander Ledwitham, merchant, late of Leith.

19. In Homsted Park, Bokslyn, the seat of the Earl of Craven, John Bampton, Esq. aged 81.

21. In Piccadilly, Margaret Russell, and on the 22d. Elizabeth, daughters of Major James Hatvey of Castlebury.

25. At London, Mrs. Todd, relict of Charles Todd, Esq. of Bengal, and youngest daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Brown of Ayr hills.

— William Colow, Esq. merchant at Havre, in France.

25. At Edinburgh, Mrs Burn, widow of George Burn, Esq.

— At Wilsden House, Middlesex, Sir Rupert George, Bart. aged 71.

24. At Havre, county of Kent, Alexander MacKenzie Fraser, eldest son of Colonel Charles Fraser of Inverclyde and Castle Fraser.

— At Inverness, Mrs Watson, relict of the Rev. George Watson, one of the ministers of Inverness.

27. At Monkland, Thomas Scott, Esq.

28. At No. 2, Heriot Row, Miss Margaret Long.

29. John David, eldest son of Mr James Donaldson, Esq.

— At Musselburgh, W. C. Stuart, Esq.

— At Jersey, Brevet Major C. G. Alins, royal artillery.

— At Bridgehouse, parish of Torphichen, John Young, Esq. of Bridgehouse, aged 67.

— At South Frederick Street, Mr John Pringle.

29. At Duncannan, Mrs McLaurin, relict of Euan McLaurin, Esq. of Charlestown, America, and sister to the late Bain Whyt, Esq. W. S. Edinburgh.

30. At Canonmills, Mrs Anne Corbet, wife of James Eyre, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Robert Scott, Esq. writer, No. 21, Duke Street.

— At Kneapple, Fifeshire, Mr David Balfour, farmer, there.

— At Powderhall, Duncan, third son of William Macdonald, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Craufurd, widow of William Craufurd, Esq. Dundas Street.

31. In Brown's Square, Mr Thomas Law, writer, Edinburgh, and on the 10th Feb. Mrs Ann Chahners, his wife.

— At Pithur, Mrs Fortune.

— At the Vicarage House, Brantingham, York-shire, Robert White, M.D. of Hull.

— At Prestonpans, Miss Elizabeth Bowie, aged 79, daughter of the late Mr Peter Bowie, of the Bank of Scotland.

Feb. 1. In Maitland Street, Mrs Cochrane, relict of Dr Thomas Cochrane.

— At Sherborne Castle, Oxfordshire, Mary Frances, Countess of Macclesfield.

2. At Glasgow, Hercules Taylor, son of the late John Taylor, Esq. of Kirtland.

— At Glasgow, Mrs Elizabeth Telfer, relict of Dr Macaulay, of that city.

— At Coln, St Aldwin's, Gloucestershire, General List, late Colonel of the 45th regiment, and governor of Langard Fort.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Ferguson of Dalkeith, Perthshire.

2. At her house, in Piccadilly, London, Magdalene, Countess Dowager of Dysart, widow of Lionel, fourth Earl of Dysart.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Frances Ogilvie, wife of Mr Charles Buchan, Meadow Place.

— At Chisle, Perth, Captain Allan W. Campbell, of the Macdonnell fusible regiment.

— At No. 11, North Hanover Street, Catharine, daughter of the late Captain Thomas Matland of Maitlandfield.

Feb. 2. At Perth, James Stewart, Esq. late of Jamaica.

3. At Glasgow, Mrs Isabella Wyld, wife of Mr Robert Brown, jun. late merchant there.

— At Edinburgh, George Inlach, Esq. W.S.

— At London, Mrs Graham, wife of James Graham, Esq. of Underwood.

— At Norton Place, Mr John Brown, student of the University, son-in-law of the Rev. Dr. William Brown, Esq. of London.

— At Bury Street, London, Lady Rumbold, widow of Sir Thomas Rumbold, Bart. and daughter of the late Dr Edmund Law, Bishop of Carlisle.

5. At Leith Links, Mrs Janet Stewart, spouse of Mr Adolphus Secker, son, there.

— At Dalzell House, Leith, infant daughter of J. A. Dundas, Esq.

— At Bowmore, island of Islay, Malcolm Campbell, Esq. aged 162.

6. In Tavistock Place, Russell Square, London, John Forbes, Esq. late collector of His Majesty's customs for the colony of Port-au-Prince.

7. In Bury Street, London, Nov. 1. Mr Ann Rumbold, who had been under medical treatment a month with a violent cold, which terminated in inflammation, and led from this life the much admired author of the *Memories of Voltaire*, and other works of imagination and genius almost equally popular.

— At Leggo, Dr Samuel McGavin, aged 26.

— At Doncaster, Mrs Ratch.

— At Douglas, in her 78th year, Mrs Dick, widow of David Dick, writer there.

— At Bunnheadland, James Farne, Esq. ship builder, there.

8. At Arbroath, Mrs Stirling, wife of Francis Stirling, Esq. banker there.

— At Edinburgh, Robert, eldest son of Robert Speid, Esq. writer to the signet.

— Wm. Welsh, Esq. of Mossman, aged 82.

9. At Glasgow, Mrs Jane Muirhead, daughter of the late Alex. Muirhead, Esq. of Lumbous.

— At Ovechorton, Oxfordshire, Lady Edward Somerset.

— At Craigie, near Perth, Mr Arnot, relict of Mr Samuel Arnot, of Patcacher.

— At Plymouth, Dock, Matilda, the youngest daughter of Sir Thomas John Cochrane, of his Majesty's ship the *Porpoise*.

— At his house, Frederick Street, William Cunningham, Esq.

10. At the manse of Drymen, Mrs Anne Allan, aged 90, widow of the Rev. Duncan Macfarlane, late minister of Drymen, Stirling-shire.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Angus McDiarmid, inn keeper, Pleasance.

— At Dalningburn, Greenock, Alex. Campbell, Esq. late controller of the customs at Port-Glasgow.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Hunter, daughter of the late Robert Hunter, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Helen Murray, daughter of the deceased Gideon Murray, Esq. of Sundhope.

— At Greenock, Mr James Carnochan, ship-master there.

— At Southampton, Mrs Young, widow of John Young, Esq. late Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow.

11. William Playfair, aged 64, brother of the late Professor Playfair of Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Margaret Agnes Patricia, only daughter of Adam Ferguson, Esq. of Woodhill.

— At Bristol, Margaret, wife of Andrew Drummond, Esq.

12. At Dumfryden, Mrs Stewart, wife of John Stewart, Esq. formerly of Postnacraoch.

— At Murraythwaite, aged 96, John Murray, Esq. of Murraythwaite, late Vice-Lieutenant of the county of Dumfriesshire.

12. At Dumfries, Mrs McIntosh, of Dalnagavie.
 13. At his house, No. 35, Drummond Place, William Gordon, Esq. of Halmley.
 14. At Caroline Park, Miss Margaret Cockburn, sister of the late Archibald Cockburn, Esq. one of the Barons of Exchequer for Scotland.
 15. At Quebec, Thomas Scott, Esq. paymaster to the 70th regiment, and second surviving son of the late Mr Walter Scott, W. S.
 — At Friarshall, near Melrose, Roxburghshire, the Right Hon. Lord Ashburton.
 — At Kulkady, Mr James Pottie, merchant.
 — Margaret, and on the 18th, Mary, daughters of the Rev. James Thomson, minister of Bahnamclellan.
 17. At Cassels' Place, Mrs Margaret Grierson, spouse of Mr Archibald Richardson, rector, Leith.
 18. At Edinburgh, Mr Michie Glegg, student of law, youngest son of the Rev. Geo. Glegg, of Arbroath.
 — At Glasgow, Thomas Millar, Esq. late of Charleston.
 19. At Rosyth, North Queensferry, John MacArthur, Esq. aged 78.
 — At Weymouth, Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, Bart.
 20. At Inverness, Miss Fraser, sen. of Newton.
 21. At Linlithgow, Thomas Spens, Esq. collector of excise.
 22. At Edinburgh, Mrs May Wilson, relict of Mr John Bogle, miniature painter.
 — At Prestounpans, Mrs Jane Bowie, widow of the late Eben Gardner, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.
 23. At Swinton House, while on a visit to her sister, Mrs Margaret Thomson, eldest daughter of the late Robert Hepburne, Esq. of Clackington.
 — At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Sanderson, merchant.
 24. At Hook, near Kingston, Surrey, Robert Blair, Esq.
 — At No. 17, Shakespeare Square, Mrs Marion Purves, wife of Mr John Scott; and on the 25d, Marion Thomason, their daughter.
 — At Edinburgh, Mr William Howat, writer in Edinburgh, son of Mr Robert Howat, Dumfries.
 25. At South Shields, on the 20th ult, Mr Henry Taylor, aged 81.
 26. At Burrowsdown, Mr Henry Watson, late merchant, Edinburgh.
 — At Howkese, James Crawford, Esq. of Howkese.
 — At Gilsken, Mrs Mary Shaw, wife of Mr Alex. Scott, farmer, there.
 — At No. 50, Albany Street, Euphemia Mayne, aged 15, eldest daughter of Edward Alexander, Esq. of Powis.
 — At Edinburgh, Archibald Millar, Esq. of Glenavon, writer to the signet.
 — At Eskine House, the infant son of Lord Bunsby.
 28. At Burslem, near Coldingham, Captain Alexander Home, Royal Navy, aged 82, the male representative of the ancient lordly family of Home and Wedderburn, and presumptive heir to the Faldoun of Blackmount. He sailed with Captain Cook on his third voyage of discovery round the world.
 29. At Balaclava, after a short illness, the Hon. Mr Lindsay.
 — At Bath, Mrs Dalhousie, of Prichard.
 30. In Whitehall Place, London, Lord James Stuart's infant and only son.
 — At Edinburgh, Mrs Warrinouth, Maydunish.
 — At Edinburgh, Archibald Hamilton, Esq. late surgeon, 93d regiment of foot.
 31. In Charlotte Square, Mary, fourth daughter of Alexander Allan, Esq. of Hillside.
 — At Rankellor Street, Robert Simpson, Esq. late one of the Magistrate, of Portsburgh.
 32. At sea, on board the Hon. Company's ship Berwickshire, Dr George Grant, fourth son of Mr Nathaniel Grant, M.S.C.
 33. At Cupar, Betsy, eldest daughter of Andrew Jamieson, Esq. sheriff-substitute of Fife.
 — At Maybole, Alexander M'Adam, Esq. of Ginnel.
 — Near Lausanne, John Philip Kemble, Esq. in his 66th year. On the 24th, he rose apparently well, and went to in adjoining room to speak to Miss Kemble; and then returning to his own room,

was observed to totter in his gait. Mrs Kemble observed this, and assisted him to his chair; but getting worse, his friend and physician Dr Schole was sent for, who arrived instantly, and found him in the position described, but already altered and exhibiting very unfavourable symptoms—his left side had suffered a decided attack, and he could with difficulty articulate. He seemed extremely anxious to spare the feelings of Mrs Kemble. Dr Schole, with the assistance of his old attached servant George, helped him to his bed, and in the act of conducting him there, a second attack took place, so suddenly, that his clothes were obliged to be cut asunder, in order that he might the more speedily be let blood. But nature was fast exhausting; nor could he ever make use of his speech after a few words he uttered on Dr Schole's arrival. He, however, assented or dissembled by signs of the head, until within two hours of his complete extinction. His last intelligible words were "George, George." A third attack on the 26th inst. proved fatal; and though to a stranger he might appear to suffer, it is the opinion of the doctor that he was long unable to acute feelings of pain.—Mr Kemble was a gentleman and a scholar, as well as a performer of the noblest order. He adapted and wrote many pieces for the stage, and also came once forth as a poet. In social life he was highly esteemed, and has borne with him to the grave a character far surpassing any which he ever personated.

27. At London, Archibald Crawford, Esq. of Belial College, Oxford, youngest son of the late Hugh Crawford, Esq. merchant, of Glasgow.
 28. At South Coast, Charles Stewart, Esq. printer to the University.

29. At Edinburgh, at an advanced age, Miss Janet Clapperton, daughter of the deceased William Clapperton, Esq. merchant in Edinburgh.
 — At Edinburgh, Alexander Drebbler, Esq. of Learney.

30. At Dumfries, Thomas Goldie, Esq. of Craigmuir.

31. At Boulogne-sur-Mer, Sir Arthur Forbes, of Craigevar, Bart.

32. At the See House, Ardaraan, Cavan, Dr Thos. O'Hern, Lord Bishop of Meath, in his 85d year.

33. At Dardilly, aged 83, John Shank, Esq. Admiral of the Blue.

34. Mary and Elizabeth, daughters of Mr T. Tomlinson of Blackburn. The eldest daughter being unwell, her mother intended to administer magesia, but it proved to be arsenic; and the younger daughter tasting it out of curiosity, both died in a few hours.

March 1. At his seat at Belan, county of Kildare, the Right Hon. John Sturt, Earl of Aldborough.

— At the Manor of St Quivox, the Rev. Dr McQuibban, minister of that parish.

— At Reading, Mary, wife of Stephen Maberley, Esq. aged 78.

— At Arbroath, Mr John Mudie, stampmaster there.

2. At Rome, Robert C. Mowbray, eldest son of Mr W. Mowbray, deceased in Leith.

— At Edinburgh, Pargle Home Douglas, eldest daughter of Mr Alexander Douglas, W. S.

3. In Stratford Street, London, Mrs Crutwick, widow of Major General Crutwick, of Cardif.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Hogg, jun. of the Excise.

4. At Edinburgh, Robert Selkirk, Esq. late of Demerara.

— At Hill Top, Margaret, eldest daughter of the late William Stewart, of Duffield, Esq.

— At Manor of St Magnus, the Rev. William Anderson, minister of that parish.

6. At Glasgow, Charles Marshall, Esq. of Logan, W. S.; and on the 14th, William M. Herries, Esq. of Spottis, Advocate.

— At Hermitage Place, Stockbridge, Miss Susannah Elwell, the Phillips Jones, eldest daughter of the late Richard Jones, Esq. of the Customs.

— At 7th, George Street, Edinburgh, John McAlpine, Esq. son of the Rev. Walter McAlpine, Curate.

— At Wormstone, Patrick Lindsey, Esq. of Wormstone.

7. At Edinburgh, Lieutenant-Colonel Benjamin Williamson, of Mailfield.

7. At Tulliallan House, the Rev. Dr Skene Keith, in the 70th year of his age, and 45th of his ministry.

8. At his house, in Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, London, Sir William Duff Gordon, Bart.
— At St Patrick Square, Edinburgh, Mrs Martha Scott, relict of William Brown, Esq. Royal Navy.

— At her house in George Street, Miss Edmonstone, daughter of the late Governor Edmonstone.
— At Burrowloch, Mrs Margaret Young, relict of Mr Edward Young, solicitor at law.

9. At Portsmouth, Thomas Garland, youngest son of David Macdowall Grant, Esq. of Arndilly, and midshipman of his Majesty's ship Briton.

— At her house in Somerset Street, Portman Square, London, the Right Hon. Mary, Countess Dowager of Rosebery, aged 71.

10. At Chatham, Miss Fairlie Cunningham, daughter of the late Sir William Cunningham Fairlie, of Tobarland and Fairlie, Bart.

— At Edinburgh, aged 74, Mr George Williamson, who, for upwards of 10 years, held the situation of King's Messenger for Scotland.

— At Cassel's Place, Leith Walk, Elizabeth Reid, infant daughter of Mr William Wyld.

— At Tulliallan House, the Right Hon. George Viscount Keith, G.C.B. Admiral of the Red, &c. &c.

11. At Leith, Mr James Turnbull, shipmaster there, in the 85th year of his age.

12. At Dunee, Agnes, youngest daughter of the late John Turnbull, Esq. of Abbey St Bathans.

— At Boreland, after a few hours illness, Captain Campbell, Boreland.

— At Arnisston Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Buchanan, relict of Alexander Buchanan, Esq. sometime of the island of Tobago.

13. At Edinburgh, Mary Honeyman, youngest daughter of the late John Murray, Esq. accountant to the Bank of Scotland.

— At his house, in Prince's Street, in the 25d year of his age, Robert Craig, Esq. of Riccarton, the last male heir of Sir Thomas Craig of Riccarton, the great feudal lawyer of Scotland. Mr Craig was admitted advocate in 1751, and was one of the commissaries of Edinburgh, the duties of which

situation he executed to the entire satisfaction of every one connected with it. He resigned the office many years ago, and has long been the senior member of the Faculty of Advocates. It is a remarkable circumstance, that his father's elder brother succeeded to the estate of Riccarton, in January 1681, so that there has been only one descent in the family for one hundred and forty-two years.

— At Paris, Andrew M'Kenzie Grieve, Esq. of Glenure, M. D. late Inspector-General of Hospitals in Scotland.

14. At Twicken Park, near Henley-upon-Thames, aged 86, the celebrated General Donomieu.

— At his seat, near Bruntwood, Essex, Earl St Vincent, G.C.B. in his 89th year. His lordship was made a Post Captain, April 10, 1786; Rear-Admiral of the Blue, December 3, 1790; Vice-Admiral, April 12, 1791; Admiral, February 14, 1799; and Admiral of the Fleet, July 19, 1821. His lordship was also appointed General of the Royal Marines, May 7, 1814.

— At Bath, Captain Thomas Fraser of Bannockirk, late of the Hon. East India Company's engineers.

15. At Abererromby Place, the Hon. Miss Hamilton, eldest daughter of the late Lord Belhaven and Stenton.

— At Chatham, Mrs D'Arcy, wife of Major-General D'Arcy, of the Royal Engineers.

16. At Hawick, the Rev. James Dick.

— At Edinburgh, James, youngest son of James Watson, Esq. of Saughton, aged two years.

17. In Charles Street, St James's Square, London, George Dalrymple, infant son of James Wardrop, Esq.

— At No. 1, Elm Row, Edinburgh, Mr James Dadds, builder.

18. At Bolton Row, May Fair, London, General James Dalrymple, of Whitehill, colonel of the 85d Regiment of Foot.

— At her father's house, York Place, Ann, second daughter of John Patison, Esq. W. S.

— At Edinburgh, Anne Smeit, wife of Major M'Dougall of Soroba.

28. At Glasgow, the Rev. Dr Taylor, one of the ministers of the High Church of Glasgow, and Principal of the University.

SIR ILLAY CAMPBELL, BART.

Died, at Garscube House, Sir Ilay Campbell of Succoth, Bart.—This venerable person, who ended his long and active life on the 28th of March, in the eighty-ninth year of his age, was born on the 25d of August, 1754. He was the eldest son of Archibald Campbell of Succoth, and his mother was the daughter and representative of Wallace of Ellerslie, a branch of the family of Sir William Wallace. He came to the bar in 1787, was made Solicitor-General in 1785, Lord Advocate in 1784, and was soon after chosen Member for the Glasgow District of Boroughs, which he continued to represent in Parliament, taking an active share in all the important transactions of the time, until he was raised to the Chair of President of the Court of Session in 1789. In 1794 he was placed at the head of the Commission of Oyer and Terminer, issued at that disturbed period for the trial of those accused of High Treason in Scotland, and the manner in which he acquitted himself on that occasion was highly recommended by the English lawyers of the time, and continued to hold the situation of President of the Court of Session for upwards of 19 years, and resigned his high office in autumn 1808, after having discharged its arduous duties with the utmost ability, integrity, and zeal. But the faculties of his mind remaining entire, he was afterwards chosen to preside over the two different Commissions for inquiring into the state of the Courts of Law in Scotland; which business he conducted with his accustomed industry and talent.

For many years before his elevation to the Bench he had the most extensive practice of his time, and indeed there was scarcely any cause or business of importance in which he was not engaged or consulted. He was particularly remarkable for the excellence of his written pleadings. Many of them are perfect models of perspicuity, force, and elegance. The best criterion of his judicial eminence during the long period when he presided on the Bench, is the high estimation in which his recorded opinions are held by all Scotch lawyers. In politics he was a warm admirer of the principles of Mr Pitt; and he enjoyed the friendship and

confidence of many eminent public men, particularly of Lord Chancellor Thurlow and the late Lord Melville, with both of whom he was in habits of frequent correspondence.

The anxiety he felt to discharge the duties entrusted to him fully and faithfully, made him desirous to quit public life before age had in any degree impaired the powers of his mind; and therefore he resigned the President's chair while yet in the full possession of that profound and active understanding which had been exerted in the unintermitting discharge of his professional and public duties for nearly half a century.

After his retirement from the Bench, he resided principally on his paternal estate of Garscube, where the vigour of his mind remained unabated, and, being freed from the fatigues of public life, the noble traits of his character became more and more displayed, and increased the admiration of those who had been spectators of his former career. Until within a few weeks of his death he was constantly occupied with pursuits of various kinds. He took a principal share in the business of the county of Dumbarton, and was much consulted by the Magistracy of the neighbourhood, particularly in the late perilous times. He spent much of his time in reading and in the study of general literature; amused himself with agriculture, and received the visits of those numerous persons in England and Scotland with whom he had been connected in public and private life.

In these occupations, and in the exercise of that benevolence which was a remarkable trait of his character; possessing, until his last short illness, perfect good health, and a mind as acute as it had been in the vigour of his manhood; loved and respected by every one, and surrounded by his numerous descendants, whom he delighted to assemble under his patriarchal roof, he enjoyed a period of retirement from public life, which, in point of happiness and length of duration, seldom falls to the lot of public characters, and which was the deserved reward of those laborious services that will be recollected as long as the law of Scotland exists.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LXXVI.

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EDINBURGH :

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, NO. 17, PRINCE'S STREET, EDINBURGH ;
AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON ;

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

JAMES BALLANTYNE & CO. PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

ON THE 10TH OF JUNE
WILL BE PUBLISHED, IN THREE VOLS. FOST 8VO

PRICE £1, 11s. 6d.

REGINALD DALTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
VALERIUS, AND ADAM BLAIR.

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FRENCH POETS OF THE PRESENT DAY.*

THERE has been no more beautiful theory broached concerning final ends, than that which represents poetry as the link between philosophy and life, as the medium through which abstract and moral principle is conveyed to the multitude. And it is a strong corroborating proof of the theory, that wherever poetry has ceased to be this medium, or has been prevented from fulfilling this end, the consequence has always been its extinction, or at least its decline. The first and plainest case is, that when the two extremes themselves meet, the medium is no longer necessary; or, in other words, when an age or people betakes itself generally to first principles, to moral or metaphysical disquisitions, poetry, whose end was to unite them, is superseded. The age of Grecian philosophy closed that of their tragic poets; the scholastic learning of the middle ages put an end to the Troubadours; and in our island, from the time of James the First, until some thirty years since, abstract philosophy of one species or another had, at least, shared public attention with the Muses.—That the French Revolution alienated

us somewhat from the close pursuit of abstract reasoning, is no wonder; and to it, perhaps, we are thus indebted for the number and excellence of our living poets.* The second case, in which poetry, if not altogether superseded, is at least restrained and checked in its free course, is when all reason, and even the active powers of the mind itself, are paralyzed by overstrained religious sentiments. And although despotic religions are in general imaginative, and therefore, one should think, most fit foundations for a poetical superstructure; yet the simple dogmas of such a faith, are in themselves more sublime and more exciting to the mind, than any illustrations of them possibly can be. A poetical illustration of moral principle elevates and ennobles it; but religious principle does not admit of this;—an essay may rise above its motto, but a sermon, even a poetical one, is ever less sublime than its text. The third case, by which poetry is superseded, is the destruction of that on which it depends—moral principle itself; and the substitution in its place (for the world must have at least the semblance of a

* *Meditations Poétiques*, par M. Alphonse De la Martine—Paris, 1822.

Messeniennes, par Casimir De la Vigne,—Paris, 1822.—*Nouvelles Messeniennes*—Paris, 1823.

Chansons, par M. J. P. De Beranger—Paris, 1821. (This work is now proscribed; and although Didot printed ten thousand copies, not one is to be had for any price. Nor is there any hope of a secret edition, the government having complete hold of the press, by the right they have established, of depriving the printer of his *brevet*, without bringing any process, or assigning any cause.)

creed) of that barren *persiflage* and mockery, self-styled philosophy, whose principles are negations, and whose arguments are sneers.

Now we think, that the interiority, or perhaps nonnullity, of the French in poetry, is pretty well accounted for in the assertion, that from the extinction of the Troubadours, France has without intermission, to the present day, suffered under one or more of the above disqualifications for poetical exertion.

Until the period of the Reformation, England and France, it need not be repeated, slept under the ten-fold night of ignorance and superstition. Chaucer and Montaigne may have doubted in both countries, but there was nothing like a moral basis attempted on which a poetry might be raised. In Italy, to be sure, a poetry did spring up, in the very focus, it may be urged, of superstition. But it is needless to answer, or quote Robertson's well-known volume to prove, that the countries nearest the papal seat, were those freest from the intellectual yoke, with which it weighed upon more distant nations. Besides, the enravell'd politics of Italy, the personal rights of Pope and Emperor, and the international ones of so many petty princes and republics, gave a necessity to the existence of some sort of moral and political principle. Never, in any age or country, was the call for a philosopher so imperative as at that time in Italy; every thing was prepared, every want demanded him;—and there cannot be a stronger proof of the debasement of the Northern stock in those Southern climes, than that not one genius arose to answer the demand. When we learn, that afterwards, the war between Spain and the United Provinces, certainly unintricate in the mutual rights of the two people, gave birth to the moral philosophy of modern times; and when we observe how much more favourable for such a creation was the state of Italy for many successive centuries previous, and which nevertheless produced nothing in that line save *Machiavel*, we must at once attribute this intellectual torpor to the influence either of climate or religion,—to that so vaunted sun, beneath whose ray the human mind seems incapacitated from thinking *nil in labore cogitandi*—or to that religion, which, like the night-mare, cannot exercise its rule but under the protection of darkness.

The political state of Italy, how-

ever, if it did not produce a great moralist, excited at least much thought and discussion on the subject amongst the people. Human crimes as well as human virtues, were multiplied amongst the Italians from their numerous subdivisions; political actors were crowded on the stage, and their merits and demerits formed a perplexing theme to the moral bigots, who had for all crimes but

“ the sinner's ready hall ”

It was this moral effervescence, that gave birth, mediately, to the *Commedia* of Dante. It sub-sided, and the next age, that of Petrarch, seduced by the early revival of ancient learning, shrunk from the bolder paths of original thought to the abstract and visionary philosophy of Plato. In both cases the poetry sprang from the philosophy.

England and France, in the meantime, less happily situated than Italy for calling forth their mental powers, slept both in hopeless gloom, till the Reformation burst forth, and opened for them a vista to intellectual enjoyment and perfection. England grasped the proffered boon, and with mind and soul entered upon the path that was open to her. Her sages reasoned, her divines taught, her people heard, and vowed to perish or support the truth. What was the consequence to literature?—The age of Elizabeth!

The conduct or the fate of France was different;—her people, to be sure, in numbers adopted the creed of the Reformers, but they wanted either the union, or the zeal, or the courage, with which we islanders conquered our religious rights. Among the nobles of France, also, religion seems to have been but a mere party pretext, and the mock conversion of her greatest monarch and hero, Henry the Fourth, is but another proof, that even in her very *ideal* of heroic character, sound and steadfast principle is wanting.

“ Il faut bien se garder de croire,” says Lacrosette, “ que les ouvrages de controverse fussent alors lus et recherchés en France, comme ils l'étaient en Allemagne et en Angleterre. Pas un noble, à l'exception de Coligni et de Castelnau, n'avait ni le loisir, ni le goût de s'en occuper. Ailleurs le protestantisme était le plus exalté des sentimens; en France, c'était un mode. S'il y prit des forces dangereuses, il les dut à l'esprit chevaleresque de plu-

sieurs guerriers qui voulaient venger des opprimés."—*Histoire des Guerres de Religion*.—T. I. p. 326. Thus, the Reformation in England produced Shakespeare's Drama and Milton's Paradise Lost,—in France, it gave birth to the Psalms of Marot.

The reign of Louis the Thirteenth produced Corneille, the noblest poetical genius that ever was neutralized by an unpoetical nation and age. That of Louis the Fourteenth produced Racine, who, like Pope, is an example how much feeling, and even a degree of passion, may be united with a mind of little poetical power or imagination. In Corneille's time, no attempt had been made to elevate a moral philosophy; the crowd obeyed the priesthood, the court Machiavel, and the poet was obliged to seek a basis for his poetry in a faded spirit of chivalry, as much out of date as the Spanish romances from which he borrowed it. Racine had been a student of the Port Royal, and it cannot be denied that Pascal was a philosopher; but the Jansenists, with more learning and logic, were not more liberal than their antagonists, and indeed were nothing better than a rival conclave. Racine, however he honoured them, could make but little use of their philosophy in his verses; he was therefore compelled to follow Corneille, making his ladies distressed princesses, and his heroes *preux chevaliers*. He, no doubt, drew the heroism of religion in the Athalie, but it was that of the Old Testament (akin, by the by, to Jansenism), supported by Fatalism, and the *Pagan* machinery of ancient times.

It is difficult to determine whether bigotry or incredulity is most unfavourable to poetic spirit; they have both, whenever they have appeared, proved equally destructive of it. And they are two extremes, one of which, at least in an unthinking nation, can scarcely be contracted but by the other, and which, in consequence, must infallibly produce one another. Hence, establish one firmly, and the alternate rule of both may be long foreseen. The Reformation never made any impression in France. There were some who fought, but none who reasoned for it, and the bigoted prelates easily put down the sects that founded their dissent in rational belief. Moderation and half measures were found ineffectual to shake off the yoke of the Ca-

tholic creed, and absolute scepticism was, in consequence, brought to bear but too successfully against it. The man who made the first regular attack of this kind was Bayle; and his blows were followed up by Voltaire and his friends, to the destruction not only of all religious, but of all moral principle. Thus, within a short space, was poetry extinguished in the nation by two opposite extremes. Yet, as the Revolution, from one extreme to another, could not be instantaneously produced, there was an interval, when religion, though shaken, had still its defenders; who, from the fierceness of the opposition, were compelled to descend to reason for assistance; and when the enemies of religion had not yet proceeded to overturn morals along with it. In this brief interval, this breathing time between blind bigotry and blinder unbelief, sprung up some noble bursts of Rousseau's prose and Voltaire's tragedy, like the scant herbage that springs up in the crevices of pavement, of pleasing and perishable verdure. But ridicule, the power they brought against religion, was one which could not be arrested there. When a jest is once thought the test of truth, nothing grave or noble can longer exist. And the physical argument of a sneer, once directed successfully against any principle, ceases not its influence while there remains in force a single generous feeling:—enthusiasm, virtue, poetry, fall down alike before it, and the selfish fool, who can but curl his lip, is an overmatch for the hero and the philosopher.

We might add, that the close attention to metaphysical discussion, during the reign of Louis the Sixteenth, was another enemy to poetry; but where one cause is sufficient, it is needless to assign two. The philosophy, if it can be so called, that preceded the Revolution, blasted all hopes of poetry, and withered the very roots of poetic feeling. But the scenes of the Revolution itself would have been quite sufficient to frighten away the Muses of an Augustan age. In one of the gay farces of that time, for which the French never lose their taste or genius, Momus is made to pay a visit to Paris—he arrives at the time of the famous federation;—"Cela est beau," says Momus, "mais cela n'amuse guère." The Muses might have made a similar observation. The few that ever

lingered in France, then forsook her blood-tainted air, and the name of French poetry was confined to the paraphrases of Ducis, the feeble imitations of Delille, the Jacobin plays of Chenier, and the ravings of Le Brun.

But France is now regenerated—not her growth of manhood, for they, philosophers, statesmen, and critics, have still the old sour leaven, either of the Revolution or the old regime—but her youth: and since the rise of modern Europe, there never have been human phenomena so worthy the attention of the philosopher, as those offered by the rising race of Frenchmen. Reared without ever having heard of religion but as an object of ridicule, or of morals but as synonymous with interest—taught nothing but, perhaps, a little Latin—undirected by professors, unchecked by school or university—seeing their bar enslaved, the church destroyed or contemned—all those, whose propensities led them to think and read, were quite abandoned to their own choice of study. They chose, of course, the latest and most tempting writers in their language—Rousseau, Voltaire, De Staël, &c.; and these, united to what they might glean from the Latin, from their Ciceros and Tacituses, but ill reconciled them to a military despotism. Napoleon was overthrown, France was humiliated but still respected, and from her national sovereigns she received a free constitution. Parties were immediately formed on both, on all sides of political questions. The voice of her orators was heard from the tribune, of her writers from the press. And in this general political agitation, the minds of the French youth became all interested and absorbed. In England, there are a thousand circumstances, situations, and pursuits, which distract our youth from politics, and leave a great portion of it quite indifferent to public affairs, till they have reached full manhood. But of these causes—education, ancient learning, research, poetry, fashion, dissipation, &c. &c.—of these avocations none exist in France; and the moment the country possessed a free government, men, women, and children, instantly became politicians. Political theory was all the vogue—for the basis of this, the young philosopher was driven to morals; but there, however he might satisfy himself, he soon perceived that there was

no moral principle or code strong enough, or noble enough, to hold, to inform, and put a spirit into the people—above all, they studied our Revolution, and compared it with their own, and came to the necessary conclusion, that the re-establishment of religious principle was the first and only step to the national pre-eminence, which, they think, with geographical justice, to be due to France. And from the conviction of the expediency of religion, a warm belief in religion cannot be far distant. But they would not fix upon the Catholic religion for their creed, nor the Jesuits for preachers. The writer of this knows somewhat of the French youth of the present day, and would venture to prophesy the time as not far distant, when France will abjure, openly, the creed of Rome, and abjure a religion whose principles and institutions have the inevitable effect of disuniting, at least in a *civilized* country, the uninformed and the instructed, and of occasioning that mutual opposition and reaction between them, by which the disgusting bigotry of the one produces and almost excuses the Deism of the other.

Nor is this foreign to poetic criticism; especially to a review of the poets distinguished in France since the Restoration. A poet never altogether led the sentiments of his nation, we think, in opposition to some critics. That the age produces the poet, we think a proposition truer than its opposite; or, in the language of political economy, the age produces a demand, which is answered by a spirit of genius corresponding. Raised by the great excitements of riches, glory, greatness, and super-eminent and far-spread intellect—in short, by the excitement of a very advanced civilization, above the possibility of enjoying illustrations of dull morality, the age has produced a Byron. He is antimoral—that he is anti-religious we deny; the thing's impossible. His legic may be against religion, but his poetry is for it; and passionate infidelity, like that of Childe Harold, and the *Vicaire Savoyard*, has more of the spirit of religion in it than prosaic orthodoxy. But let this pass; we would merely assert, that no poet is in opposition to his age. He is its son, its index, and “*shows the body of the time, its form and pressure.*”

In this respect the French have, at present, no great national poet. Three poets they have, the sentiments of each of whom are no doubt echoed in the congenial minds of their followers, but the sentiments of any are either not extended, or not deep enough, to procure the poet the name of national. La Martine is Byronic and religious, and depends more on imitation of us than on national feeling. De la Vigne is a political squib-writer, though of the serious kind; and Beranger, besides being also a squib-writer, or, in other words, founding his poetry on passing and ephemeral feelings, preaches merely the philosophy of Chansons, Epicureanism, and Anacreonism, like Tom Moore inculcating such precepts as *Time flies, Trowl the Bowl, and Ladies, make the most of your time*, &c., that have long since lost the grace of novelty—words that never have any serious influence (in spite of Moore's censors) after the air that accompanied them has died away.

Alphonse La Martine, like his English prototype, was a gay young gentleman, a complete *roué* (*on dit*.) But reformed rakes now-a-days, it seems, make the best poets as well as the best husbands. Like another *Childe*, he visited Italy, and was resident, we believe, in some diplomatic situation at Naples, when his Byronic muse procured for him the hand of one of our fair countrywomen, with a large fortune. He has published one volume of Poetical Meditations, which has run through we know not how many editions, and which has given their author the name of the first poet in France;—another volume of his Meditations is said to be in the press.

La Martine is the Ultra poet; in other words, he is loyal and religious, and treats with some contempt, the majesty of the people;

“Secouant ses antiques rênes;
Mais par d'autres tyrans flatté,
Tout meurtri du poids de ses chaînes,
L'entends-tu crier—*Liberté* ?
Dans ses sacrilèges caprices,
Le vois-tu donnant à ses vices
Les noms de toutes les vertus ;
Traîner Socrate aux gémonies,
Pour faire, en des temples impies,
L'apothéose d'Anitus ?”

The Author of the *Meditations Poétiques* marks completely, the difference in moral and intellectual civilization

between this country and France. He is a poet that would have been popular amongst us some hundred years since perhaps, whom now we could not tolerate or read, but who exactly suits the taste and wants of the French people. He writes pretty morality, not so deep perhaps, or so systematic, as that of the Essay on Man; but with more feeling. He adds the melancholy of Byron, to the morality of Young; and he is what Byron might have been, had not the shrewd noble perceived, that to be moral he must be dull, for there was little but immorality left in exhausted. Without enlarging more, the mere titles of these Meditations will give the reader a sufficient idea of the poet's tone and style. There is *Solitude*—*Man*, to Lord Byron—*Immortality*—*The Evening*—*Providence*—*Enthusiasm*—*The Lake*—*Prayer*—*Faith*—*Genius*, &c. &c.—And we assure our British readers, that the Meditations are by no means so dull as their title would seem to promise. As a sample of La Martine's poetry, we should perhaps give part of his poetical Epistle to Lord Byron, whom he addresses,

“Courage ! enfant déchu d'une race divine ;”

We do not know how his Lordship will relish this familiar slap on the back, with the accompanying, “*Courage, my jullen angel !*” But all the periodicals, high and low, will soon have extracted the best part of this epistle: “*Le Lac*,” and “*Le Desespoir*,” are the Meditations most favourites with French readers—the latter somewhat faulty and uneven.

I. E. DESEPOIR.

“Lorsque du Créateur la parole féconde,
Dans une heure fatale, eut enfanté le monde

Des germes du chaos,
De son œuvre imparfaite il détourna sa face,
Et d'un pied dédaigneux le lançant dans l'espace,
Rentra dans son repos.

“Va, dit-il, je te livre à ta propre misère ;
Trop indigne à mes yeux d'amour ou de colère,

Tu n'es rien devant moi,
Roule au gré du hasard dans les déserts du vide ;
Qu'à jamais loin de moi le destin soit ton guide,
Et le malheur ton roi.

"Il dit : Comme un vautour qui plonge
sur sa proie,
Le malheur, à ces mots, pousse en signe de
joie,

Un long gémissent ;
Et pressant l'univers dans sa serre cruelle,
Embrasse pour jamais de sa rage éternelle
L'éternel aliment," &c.

But we must not fill our pages with French lingo ; at any rate we shall wait for Mr La Martine's new volume, to treat of him more at length, and as he merits. He is a poet of much promise—he has a philosophic basis which his rivals want, and which will enable him to raise a freer and nobler superstructure in a future exertion.

Casimir De La Vigne is another young poet, the hopes of the opposite or liberal party. He has written some half dozen comedies, and some half dozen tragedies, all of which have more or less failed. His comedies we have never read ; the French think nothing of them, although indeed there is a new one of his in actual rehearsal at the *Theatre Français*. The first of his tragedies was called the *Après Soudennes*, and is quite unworthy of notice. The second, the *Parria*, is founded on the beautiful episode in St Pierre's "Chambrée Indienne."* It contains some lyric beauty, but no dramatic, as the *chasse* partizans say. But his most popular work consists of the "*Messeniennes*," or elegies. In the first volume or number of these, he laments his country in elegiac stanzas, on the battle of Waterloo, the stripping of the Louvre, the occupation of Paris, &c. The name of Messenia, (taken from Barthelmy,) thus applied to France, gave some offence, as it of course gave the more honourable place of Lacedæmon to the rival country. To remedy this, he wrote the "Secondes Messeniennes," in which he laments Greece and the cause of liberty in general. His first elegy, that on the battle of Waterloo, is perhaps his best. It contains some necessary falsehoods, and much soreness, as may be expected ; but, considering it was written in July 1815, we may smile at being made to regard the so-oft-beaten French—

"Sans peur pour la première fois ;"

and at the awkward record of Cambronne's flight and survival, after the mock-heroic boast of "La Garde meurt, et ne se rend pas." The close of this *Messenienne* is fine and spirited :

"Des soldats de la Germanie
J'ai vu les coursiers vagabonds
Dans nos jardins pompeux errer sur les gazons,
Parmi ces demi-dieux qu'enfantait le génie.
J'ai vu des bataillons, des tentes, et des chars,
Et l'appareil d'un camp, dans le temple des arts.
Faut-il, muets témoins, dévorer tant d'outrages ?
Faut-il que les Français, l'olivier dans la main,
Reste insensible et froid comme ces dieux d'airain
Dont ils insultent l'image ?
Nous devons tous nos maux à ces divisions
Que nourrit notre intolérance.
Il est temps d'immoler au bonheur de la France
Cet orgueil ombrageux de nos opinions.
Éteignons le flambeau des guerres intestines.
Soldats, le ciel prononce, il relève les lisi:
Adoptez les couleurs du héros de Buciens,
En donnant une larme aux drapeaux d'Austerlitz.

"France, réveille-toi ! qu'un courroux
unanime
Enfante des guerriers autour du souverain !
Devisés, désarmés, le vainquer nous
opprime ;
Présentons-lui la paix, les armes à la main.

"Et vous, peuples si fiers du trépas de nos
braves,
Vous, les témoins de notre deuil,
Ne croyez pas, dans votre orgueil,
Que, pour être vaincus, les Français soient
esclaves.
Gardez-vous d'irriter nos vengeurs à venir ;
Peut-être que le ciel, lassé de nous punir,
Seconderait notre courage ;
Et qu'un autre Germanicus
Trait demander compte aux Germains d'un
autre âge
De la défaite de Varus."

The second Elegy is the Stripping of the Louvre—another sore subject. For one or two succeeding *Messeniennes*, De La Vigne takes his revenge of those who gave him too many subjects for elegy, by singing the conquests

* If the Edinburgh Reviewer of Mr Jouy's "Sylla" had looked a little further into Montesquieu's works than the *Esprit des Loix*, he would have found in the *Dialogues*, that Mr Jouy has taken from the one between *Sylla* and *Eucrate*, not only the idea, but even the entire poetry of his play.

and execution of Joan of Arc. We need not say that these, however ill written, have been most popular in France; but what opinion or hope shall we have of the genius of a poet, who fails in tragedy, in comedy, in all legitimate attempts at verse, and only succeeds when his own pen, as well as the ears of his readers, are kept alive by the petty and exciting passions of national envy and momentary spite. We have always a great distrust of the muse that cannot raise its wing but on the breath of political and party feeling. It shews a need of factitious inspiration—a want of that pure well of feeling, from which alone a continued stream of poetry can flow.

The poet makes a kind of *amende* afterwards to England, in a curious poem on the Vaccine, in which he compliments Dr Jenner and his nation; but we cannot think of quoting a poetical description of the small-pox, however sanctioned by the refined and classic taste of French versifiers:

“La tumeur en croissant de pourpre se revêt,
S'arrondit à la base, et se creuse au sommet,” &c.

The seventh *Messenienn*e is ingeniously conceived. It is called “*Parthenope et l'Etrangère*,” and is a keen satire on the mock defenders of liberty. Liberty demands of Parthenope an asylum at Naples. She is received, feted, and applauded, by the Neapolitans, who swear, under the laurel of Virgil, to vanquish the German invaders.

“Ils s'écrièrent tous d'une commune voix :
‘Assis sous ton laurier que nous courons défendre,
Virgile, prend ta lyre et chante nos exploits;
Jamais un oppresseur ne foulera ta cendre.’
Ils partirent alors ces peuples belliqueux,
Et trente jours plus tard, oppresseur et tranquille,
Le Germain triomphant s'enivrait avec eux
Au pied du laurier de Virgile.”

We arrive at De Beranger—Mr J. P. de Beranger, who, in spite of the *de*, is, as he boasts, but a vulgar-born mortal.

“Eh quoi, j'apprend que l'on critique
Le *de* qui précède mon nom,
Êtes vous de noblesse antique ?
Moi, noble ? Oh, vraiment, Messieurs,
non.
Non, d'aucune chevalerie
Je n'ai le brevet sur velin.
Je ne sais qu'aimer ma patrie,
Je suis vilain et tres-vilain.
Je suis vilain, vilain.”

“Laissez moi donc sous ma bannière,
Vous, Messieurs qui le nez au vent,
Noble par votre boutonnière,
Incensez tout soleil levant.
J'honore une race commune,
Car sensible, quoique malin,
Je n'ai flatté que l'infortune,*
Je suis vilain et tres-vilain.
Je suis vilain, vilain.”

Berangersings a *chanson*, yet unpublished, (having been written only last August for his birth-day fête,) which gives a very frank account of his various fortunes and professions. His grandfather, it seems, was a tailor, whom a fairy visits on the birth of his grandchild, the future poet.

“Le bon vieillard lui dit, l'âme inquiète :
‘A cet enfant quel destin est promis ?’
Elle répond, ‘Vous le sous ma baguette,
Garçon d'auberge, imprimeur, et commis.’”

He lost his situation as clerk in some public office, owing to his principles, upon which La Fitte, the banker, offered him a very lucrative one in his bank. The poet, however, refused the offer, and stated his reasons for refusal in a *chanson* much admired. Casimir De la Vigne, we see from this very day's *Moniteur*, has lost his situation as Librarian to the Chancery Library, for his supposed principles. The Ultras, now they have got into power, shew their enemies no quarter—all the Liberal professors and lecturers are silenced and dismissed; among the rest, Cousins, who is literally adored by the young Parisian students, and whose translation of Plato is all the rage at Paris. The *Constitutionnel* recommends it to young ladies as light reading. The only lecturer of any talent allowed still to hold forth, is Vallemain, a man of talent, *mais un lâche*,

* It is much to the honour of Beranger, that his muse never stooped to adulate Buonaparte, and did not begin to celebrate him till after his fall.

as every mouth will answer upon inquiry. Carlo Botta too, the historian, whose history of Italy from 1789 to 1815, the world of literature expects with anxiety, has lost his professorship.

For Beranger's fame in his own country we may account, by observing, that he is eminently French in all his qualities, both merits and defects. He is lively, spirited, unsurpassed in the gaiety of convivial songs, or the point of political ones; but he has no depth for serious poetry—he has little feeling, no imagination. He is a French Anacreon, of unredeemed sensuality, not an Irish one, like Tom Moore, who, with all his praise of wine and women, mingles an intellectual enjoyment with his ideas of the physical, that is far too refined not only for a French Anacreon, but even for the jolly old Grecian himself. Moore too, whatever he writes, is a gentleman, a perfect gentleman, and a man of taste—Beranger is a brute—What shall we say to such disgusting and abominable nonsense as the following?—

“N'attendez plus, partez mon ame,
Doux rayon de l'astre éternel !
Mais passez des bras d'une femme
Au sein d'un Dieu tout paternel.”

At home, we should show a poet like this no quarter, but we have no fear of Englishmen taking their cue or creed from a Frenchman. And really poetry is a gem so rare among these folks, that we must not be over scrupulous in taking and admiring what we can get.

Very few of Beranger's songs are published. But two volumes were printed, and these soon caused their own suppression, and the imprisonment of their author. Thousands of his unpublished and lately written pieces are handed round the liberal saloons, of which he may be called the bard, though certainly not “the poet of the people.” He has been compared to Moore, which is doing much injustice to the national poet of Ireland. His proper counterpart with us is old Captain Morris: the spirit, wit, and indecency of both writers are pretty much upon a par, and might have been tolerable at cider-cellar hours, when that famed potation-shop was in its days of glory. But indeed such effusions are spoiled by being printed

—they are more fit for a rake's memory, than for a decent white page. We single out for quotation and conclusion, that song, considered among his best, which is the most obnoxious of the printed edition, and the chief one on which Marchangy, the French Attorney-General, founded and carried his action :

LE VIEUX DRAPEAU.

“De mes vieux compagnons de gloire,
Je viens de me voir entouré.
Nos souvenirs m'ont enivré ;
Le vin m'a rendu le mémoire.
Fier de mes exploits et des leurs,
J'ai mon drapeau dans ma chaumière.
Quand secourrai-je la poussière
Qui ternit ses nobles couleurs ?

“Il est caché sous l'humble paille
Où je dors pauvre et mutilé ;
Lui qui, sûr de vaincre, a volé
Vingt ans de bataille en bataille !
Chargé de lauriers et de fleurs,
Il brilla sur l'Europe entière.
Quand secourrai-je la poussière
Qui ternit ses nobles couleurs ?

“Ce drapeau payait à la France
Tout le sang qu'il nous a coûté.
Sur le sein de la liberté,
Nos fils jouaient avec sa lance.
Qu'il prouve encore aux oppresseurs
Combien la gloire est roturière.
Quand secourrai-je la poussière
Qui ternit ses nobles couleurs ?

“Son aigle est resté dans la poudre,
Fatigué de lointains exploits :
Rendons lui le coq des Gaulois,
Il sut aussi lancer la foudre.
La France, oubliant ses douleurs,
Le rebâtiendra libre et fière.
Quand secourrai-je la poussière
Qui ternit ses nobles couleurs ?

“Las d'errer avec la victoire,
Des loix il deviendra l'appui.
Chaque soldat fut, grâce à lui,
Citoyen au bord de la Loire.
Seul il peut voiler nos malheurs,
Déployons le sur la frontière !
Quand secourrai-je la poussière
Qui ternit ses nobles couleurs ?

“Mais il est là près de mes armes ;
Un instant, osons l'entrevoir.
Viens, mon drapeau ! viens, mon espoir !
C'est à toi d'essuyer mes larmes.
D'un guerrier qui verse des pleurs,
Le ciel entendra la prière.
Oui, secourrai la poussière
Qui ternit tes nobles couleurs.”

BANDANA ON THE ABANDONMENT OF THE PITT SYSTEM.

LETTER III.

To Christopher North, Esq.

SIR,—There is a very industrious endeavouring at present, among a certain party, to persuade the public that ministers are receding from some of the most decided principles upon which the British Government has acted, ever since the first accession of Mr Pitt to office. Give me leave to examine this allegation.

It supposes two things; viz. That the Pitt system, as it is called, was something new and different from the previous habit of the Government; and that it has been recently discovered by the ministerial party to have been erroneous. The Whigs take credit to themselves for having always seen its errors; and are mighty vaunt at the alleged change. I shall therefore divide what I mean to say on the subject into two parts; and in the end I may administer a little birch to the Whigs, for their impudence in making—but that is their custom—an unfounded allegation.

In the first place, then, I do contend that there was nothing new introduced by Mr Pitt into the system according to which the country had been long governed; but at the close of the American war, new circumstances came into operation, and the effect of them did induce a change, which must have taken place, had the minister of the day been the Great Mogul. It is flattering to statesmen to be thought the movers of the world; they are, however, but the cogs of the wheels; the machinery works and winds itself among the people; and ministers are more or less enlightened, just in proportion as they discern the tendencies of public opinion, and square themselves accordingly.

That Mr Pitt, in his measures, was supported by a large majority of the nation, will not be denied. In so far, therefore, he is entitled to be considered as having formed a pretty correct estimate of public opinion; but although this will be readily granted, it may nevertheless be said, and it is so said, that his measures were not wisely conceived with relation to the development of circumstance. It is

chiefly with respect to them that I propose to conduct my inquiry.

Prior to the American war, the administration of public affairs was considered as the natural inheritance, property, and office of the higher classes. The people looked up to the nobility and the great families as the appointed guardians of the state. But the causes of that war, and the questions which it elicited, had made them doubtful in many cases of the disinterestedness of their officers; and it must be admitted, that many enormous abuses had from time to time been committed by different administrations; in so much, that at the period of which I am speaking, the necessity of a REFORM somewhere was very generally felt and required. Then, as now, a change in the constitution of the House of Commons was deemed the most effective remedy, and Mr Pitt, like many others in his green years, thought so too; but, on acquiring office, he saw that Parliament, as it stood, was adequate to the accomplishment of all that the state of things demanded, and he strenuously endeavoured to manifest this, by introducing a series of measures which had for their object to increase and simplify the checks on official disbursements, and to improve the collection of the revenue. In so far, therefore, if there be any thing new in following public opinion, and in applying an efficient remedy to public evils, undoubtedly it may be said, that the principles with which Mr Pitt conducted his administration, in its earlier stages, were peculiar to himself. The true question, however, is, whether the abuses in the public expenditure, and in the collection of the revenue, were the evils that required reformation; and, if they were, whether Mr Pitt acted well or wisely in trying to accomplish this reformation through the means of the ancient and existing frame of things, rather than by following out his juvenile scheme of changing the constitution of the House of Commons. I think he did act wisely—he may not perhaps have carried his system of checks far enough, but he did sufficient to show

that the House of Commons, as it is constituted, is so far under the influence of, and in obedience to, the voice of the country, that it is capable of instituting all reformatations which may be requisite in what relates to the Exchequer, and to the departments connected with it. Moreover, I also think that abuses in these departments were the main grievances then complained of.

Now, sir, I should like to know if there has of late been anything admitted by any of his Majesty's ministers, of the slightest tendency to show that they do not think the House of Commons, as at present constituted, adequate to apply a remedy to all existing abuses. If there have been no such admission—and there has been none—how can it be said that they are receding from the principles of the Pitt system? It is true, that just after Mr Pitt had brought his system into action, a great revolution arose in the theoretic dogmas of politics, and that out of the events which occurred in France, circumstances were evolved which obliged Mr Pitt to set himself against any change whatever in the frame of government, and, above all, in the constitution of Parliament. He considered the evils with which the dissolution of society in France at that time menaced the world, to be so overwhelming, that he was afraid to remove any, even the oldest abuses, lest he should open some vent that would give entrance to anarchy. But when the chaos subsided, will it be said, that had Mr Pitt survived the storm, he would not have resorted to the improvements in those departments with which he commenced his official career? The storm has subsided, and his successors are just doing what he would have done—reducing the establishments, and improving the methods of managing the revenue. In what relates to the reduction, I think as I have told you in a former letter, they have proceeded too fast—but that is mere matter of opinion. How then can it be said, that in adapting their measures to the changes which have taken place in the circumstances of the country and of the world, they recede from any principle of the Pitt system?—a system that may be fairly described as one which professes to govern the country according to the wants and tendencies of the time.

But, say those who are now so busily representing the practical wisdom of that system as departed from, there is a greater disposition in the cabinet at present to attend to public opinion, than there was during Mr Pitt's administration. This is not the case. The grand characteristic of the Pitt system is deference to public opinion; but it happened during the greater part of Mr Pitt's time, and till the latter years of the war, that the nation was very much divided in opinion upon several great doctrinal questions, and that the Pitt party, siding with the majority, was necessarily at variance with the minority. Now the country is more unanimous, and the Pitt system is accordingly more in unison with the general voice—and ministers, in consequence, are necessarily more popular, not by any change in themselves, but by the change which has taken place in the circumstances of the world.

I am, however, aware, that many of those who are now so loquacious about the abandonment of the Pitt system, dwell chiefly on two things, very different from those to which I have adverted. They mean the change upon the sinking fund; and that change in policy by which the Government addresses itself more to the popular sentiment than it did during the confusion of the war of the French Revolution. I shall be brief in my remarks on the former; but I may not be the less conclusive.

Do those who talk of the change in the sinking fund intend us to believe that ministers have abandoned the principle of reducing the national debt? If they do not, what is it they mean? Is it not the fact, that there has been a raging clamour for a reduction of taxation, and of the national establishments; and that in deference to public opinion on these points, ministers have adopted the principle of a definite sinking fund, instead of a general appropriation of surplus? that is to say, they have now considered the sinking fund as a portion, if I may use the expression, of the national expenditure; and seem to have agreed that it shall be regulated accordingly; viz. that means shall be found in the revenue to supply it to the extent of five millions annually. What principle of difference does this modification imply, to justify either

the allegation of change, or the assertion, that in making the modification, a doubt is conveyed of the wisdom of the Pitt system?—a system which commenced its career with the simplification of the public accounts; and when in fact all the alteration which has been made is but the introduction of a greater degree of simplicity—for the benefit of my friends the country gentlemen.

“Well, then,” it may be said to me, “not to insist upon the matter of the sinking fund—What do you say for that change in policy?” “Why, very little; just nothing more than *where is it?* In what does it consist?”

That moral earthquake, the French Revolution, had thrown down and shaken many of the bulwarks and most venerable structures of society. During the falling and alarm of that time, while the channels of the waters were changed—while kingdoms were in panic, and the whole air filled with obscurity, and as it were with a whirlwind—preservation was with the Pitt system the order of the day. It was no time then to think of calling in carpenters to cobble locks and hinges within, when a storm was raging without, that rendered it very doubtful if the edifice would be able to weather the concussion—and because, in a period of calamity, the Pitt party, disregarding the new-fledged doctrines of the hour, reverted to the tried principles by which society had, from the beginning, been held together, and had gradually risen from Barbarity to Science; shall it be said that it did not consult the interests of the people, when in the plainest verity it has left but the choice of two things, either to yield up ALL a prey to individuals, who had no authority save only the delegation of a temporary frenzy, or to endeavour to maintain those institutions and classes, to which in their sober senses mankind have in all ages ever shewed themselves sufficiently disposed to do homage?—But, “oh,” say the changelings, “now you are contradicting yourself, and telling us, that — the most momentous period the Pitt party suspended its deference for public opinion,—which deference you have just told us was one of the grand features of the system.”—I am doing no such thing.—I have told you that the public were divided in opinion du-

ring the war of the French Revolution, and that the Pitt system naturally sided with the majority. But it was some time before the sense of the majority could be obtained; and government in the meanwhile was obliged to act from itself. In doing so, it chose to adhere to the ancient doctrines and sentiments of the world; and in so doing it acted wisely, for all those who were the building-worshippers of that Babel—“that stupendous monument of human wisdom,” as Mr Fox called the French Revolution, have recanted their political heresies. Those who were, as Mr Burke said, “beyond Aurora and the Ganges,” have returned home;—the Pitt system was always in Britain.

“Then what will you make of this new respect for the internal rights of nations? How will your opinion of the Pitt system harmonize with this reverence for the Spanish Constitutionals, and those remonstrances both to France and the Holy Alliance, which have won such universal applause—nothing of the kind ever took place under the Pitt system.—With it, monarchies were all in all.”

My answer is shortly, that it is nothing new; that it is an old British principle, and never was departed from. It is the parent of our own liberties, and we have remonstrated with France and the Holy Alliance, because they are now setting up a doctrine as dangerous to the peace of the world and the freedom of nations, as any of the monstrosities of opinion broached by the jacobins of Paris. In a word, it is perfectly evident that mankind will not be chained down from improving their political condition, and that any attempt to do so will provoke wars—revolutionary wars. The doctrine of divine right cost Charles the First his head, and his family the throne of these kingdoms; and this newfangled fantasy of legitimacy among the Holy Allies, if persevered in, will do as much for them. But could the British cabinet, seeing the inevitable tendency of the chartering theories of Louis the Eighteenth, and the meddling propensities of the Russian policy, with its Prussian and Austrian subalterns, do less than remonstrate? To have done more, would have involved other considerations, which I shall not touch on at present. But the Pitt system of pre-

servation required that they should do no less; for the pretensions of France and of the Holy Allies are as new and as unsound as any of the revolutionary dogmas of the National Convention.

"But," add the changelings, "suppose we allow you so much, what have you to say in defence of the Pitt system for so resisting public opinion with respect to Parliamentary Reform? How does that coincide with that deference of which you have said so much?"

Ah you Whigs! have I caught you at last? Then all this stuff of yours about the abandonment is mere cajolery, in the hope that you may seduce ministers to yield themselves to some of your tricks—by which the demagogues among you may get into power and office.—Your soft speaking, and your sweet words, and your liberality—does it then come all but to that? However, not to birch your bottoms too sharply, I would say, in the first place, that the defence of the Pitt system, and the abandonment of the principles of that system, are two very different things; and with the former I have nothing to do—all I contend for is, that in no one thing has there yet been the slightest intimation on the part of ministers to make the people doubt the wisdom of that system, by which the country gained so much glory, and rose to such pre-eminent wealth and prosperity. Nor, until it is confessed by them, that they do not think Parliament, as

it is constituted, adequate to supply a remedy to all existing abuses, can it for an instant be said, that they have permitted even the slightest occultation of the principles of *their* system. The truth is, that an improvement in the constitution of Parliament is now much less necessary than it was when Mr Pitt came first into office. For, although there has been since, a prodigious acquisition of wealth—and although there does exist a mass of unrepresented property in the kingdom, as great, if not greater, than the represented, it yet happens that the vents of public opinion have been in an equal degree multiplied. The uses of a representation consist in enabling the executive to know what the people want; and a single newspaper is worth, in this point of view, all the members for the Aberdeen and Fife districts of boroughs—with those of Westminster, Southwark and Winchester to boot—insomuch, that there never was a period in the history of any nation, when the means of knowing public opinion were so extensive and efficient as they are in this country at this time. And the practical effect of these means is, that they partially tend to lessen the value of oral representations in Parliament. But, Mr North, there is no end to this subject, and its very importance becomes a reason why I should not proceed further with it at present.

HANDANA.

Glasgow, May², 1823.

THE TERTULLA.

(A SPANISH CONVERSAZIONE.)

"Religion, Love, the ceaseless themes bestow;
What can we argue, but from what we know?"

SCENE—*A Drawing-room in Donna Marilla's House. Windows opening on a terrace—Servants attending with refreshments—An inner apartment with a hazard-table—Gentlemen and Ladies come in; chairs are placed in front of the windows.*

PERSONS.

DON FELIX.	DONNA MARILLA.
DON SANCHO.	DONNA ELVIRA.
DON JULIAN.	
THE COLONEL.	
LUIS PEREZ.	
FRA. DOMINGO.	

DONNA MARILLA.

Is it true, Senor Don Felix, that there has been no mark of Christianity found on the French whom you took at Salamanca?

DON FELIX.

Perfectly true—not the slightest, Senora.

DONNA MARILLA.

Heavens! is it possible to live in such impiety? Not even a rosary?

DON FELIX.

Not even a rosary!

* DONNA ELVIRA.

Ah, miserable wretches!

DON FELIX.

Pardon me, Senora,—not at all miserable. They were the merriest fellows I ever saw in my life.

DONNA MARILLA.

Yes, that is national. Yet, I cannot imagine any being of common understanding living without, at least, a rosary. He must be in fear of breaking his neck every moment.

DON SANCHO.

The *Padre Zeloso*, however, who had his pockets stuffed with agnuses, and his breast covered with crosses, was killed this morning by a fall from his window.

FRA. DOMINGO.

Sancti Sanctorum. Fiant pedes luctuosi. By a fall from his window!

DON SANCHO.

Yes, he was at his country house. You know there are but few balconies in these villages; but the poor *padre* forgot this fact, and so, stepping to the window to see some procession, his foot slipped, and he was killed upon the spot.

DONNA MARILLA.

Well, poor fellow, he went straight to heaven.

FRA. DOMINGO.

What a terrible thing!

DON FELIX.

How! to go straight to heaven, father!

FRA. DOMINGO.

No, but to die without confession.

DONNA ELVIRA.

The poor man!—Let us say a “*De profundis*” for him.—Fra. Domingo, you must begin.

FRA. DOMINGO.

“*De profundis clamavi,*” &c.—(*He chaunts.*)

ALL.

*Fiant aures tuæ, &c.*DON FELIX, (*Aside to Donna Marilla.*) •

Those eyes which make the torment of my life, will they never make its happiness?

FRA. DOMINGO.

Si iniquitates observaveris,” &c.

DONNA MARILLA.

(*Aside to Don Felix.*) Hush, hush—you are quite silly.

FRA. DOMINGO.

Sustinuit anima mea, &c.

DON FELIX.

(*Aside to Donna Marilla.*) I am no longer master of my reason. If you do not give me hope, I shall commit some extravagance.

DONNA MARILLA.

(*Aside to Don Felix.*) You are abominably persevering. I must hear no more of this. Place yourself beside me at coffee. •

LUIZ PEREZ.

Well, Heaven keep his soul! for his convent don't wish it back. It was the most uncharitable in the body of any monk in Spain.

DON FELIX.

And his daughter—what is become of her? •

DONNA ELVIRA.

Was he a father, then, before he was a monk?

DON FELIX.

No, no, after. You know the monks sometimes acknowledge their children.

DONNA MARILLA.

Really one hears of nothing but death. Donna Clara's little girl died this morning.

DONNA ELVIRA.

Poor little thing! what a pretty corpse it will make, dressed as a *Hermana de la Concepcion*, in a coffin lined with pink, and festooned with ribbons, silver fringe, and lace.

LUIZ PEREZ.

I have ordered a new suit for the funeral, as I intend to pay my respects to the family after it is over.

DON SANCHO.

* Then I presume, Senor, there is to be a handsome entertainment.

DONNA MARILLA.

Of course, Senor Perez has ascertained that already.—(*An English Officer comes in.*)—Ah, Colonel, we thought that you were lost.

COLONEL.

So have I thought myself, since I had the pleasure of seeing you.

FRA. DOMINGO.

Apropos. Is it true, Senor Colonel, that the French have taken another town from us?

COLONEL.

I very much fear that intelligence is true.

DONNA MARILLA.

It is quite provoking to see these people, who have no religion at all, always getting the better of us, who have so much.

FRA. DOMINGO.

It is a scourge by which we are punished, as the Egyptians were by frogs, famine, and locusts.

DON SANCHO.

Yes, but these plagues were peculiar to Egypt,—now, all nations suffer. War inundates the world as water did formerly.

COLONEL.

True, Senor, war is every where, even when we might least expect to find it. For my part, I feel that the most cruel warfare in Spain, is that waged by the eyes of the Spanish ladies.

DON FELIX.

Brilliantly thought, Colonel. I envy you for the sentiment. It is worthy of a sonnet, Senor Perez.

DONNA MARILLA.

It is charming—Go, Luiz Perez, take a turn on the Terrace, and bring me back a sonnet in your best style.

LUIZ PEREZ.

It shall be done—I am only too happy to have your commands—I shall return in a moment. (*He goes.*)

DONNA ELVIRA.

Well, I must confess this Luiz is gallant—he never refuses his improvisation to his admiring friends.

COLONEL.

He is a poet then—

DONNA MARILLA.

So he fancies. Yes, he repeats extempore in a minute, what it has cost him a day to compose.

DON FELIX.

How malicious, Senora! You are too severe upon poor Perez. However, every one has his faults, and his is only that his best friends are always those from whom he gets the best dinner.

DONNA ELVIRA.

Fie, Sen Felix! I really expected to hear you defend the absent. I will

certainly admit, that Luiz's attachments are less to persons than to tables. Such indeed is his spirit of impartiality, that he would satirize any one for any other, who entertained him handsomely.

DON SANCHO.

Worse and worse, Senora—I cannot bring myself to credit such things. For my part, I make it a rule never to believe what I hear, and always to doubt what I see.

COLONEL.

But why is so contemptible a character admitted into such charming society?

DONNA MARILLA.

I absolutely do not know; for no one likes him.

DONNA ELVIRA.

Every one hates him. But custom, custom—He is——Heavens here he is!
(LUIZ PEREZ enters.)

DON FELIX.

Ah, Perez! I was right when I said you would not be long about it. I was just defending your rapidity.

DON SANCHO.

It was well, Senor, that you did not come before; your panegyric would have been incomplete.

DONNA MARILLA.

Yourself be my poet laureat. I long to hear the sonnet.

DONNA ELVIRA.

If you could have but heard all the charming things that have been said of you!

LUIZ PEREZ.

Ladies, shall I have the honour of an audience? • (He recites.)

“The warfare of the cruellest kind,
Is that of lovely woman's eyes;
Had Heaven but made our beauties blind,
The world were saved a world of sighs.”

ALL.

Bravo—charming—viva Senor Perez!

DONNA ELVIRA.

Well, What more?

LUIZ PEREZ.

That is all. Is it not enough?

DON FELIX.

Quite enough—(Aside.)—Luiz, you are the very Prince of Improvisatori—absolutely a poetic miracle.

DONNA MARILLA.

Apropos of miracles. Pray, is it true that there was one yesterday at the shrine of St Agnes?

LUIZ PEREZ.

Most undoubted. In singing the words, “*Refugium peccatorum*,” in the Litany, the Saint bowed her head. The Cardinal has written to the Nuncio about it.

DONNA MARILLA.

I wish I had been there to see it.

DON FELIX.

But then you could not have been at St Isadore to see me.—(Aside.)—Colonel, what say you to our miracle?

COLONEL.

The subject is new to me. I am disposed on such an occasion to listen to superior authority. Ask Fra. Domingo about it.

FRA. DOMINGO.

You do not believe in modern miracles, then, Colonel?

COLONEL.

I do not perfectly comprehend them, father. It is not my trade. I think, however, it ought to be directed to some object palpably above the power of man.

DON SANCHO.

For instance, a general female reformation.

LUIZ PEREZ.

Yes, certainly ! that miracle last month in the hospital—raising the dead.

DONNA MARILLA.

(Screams.)—Raising !—Ah ! don't talk of it.

DONNA ELVIRA.

(Aside to the Colonel.) She's thinking of her husband.

COLONEL.

Come, ladies, I know you think us English infidels in these matters; yet, if you command it, I will believe that the Saint has bowed her head, or any thing else you please.

FRA. DOMINGO.

And also that the reverend father for whom we have received letters of canonization for next week is a saint.

DON SANCHO.

Is that the Dominican of Toledo, who lived twenty years alone in his cell ?

DONNA MARILLA.

In solitude—absolute solitude ? Impossible !—

DONNA ELVIRA.

Without speaking a word ?—Impossible !

COLONEL.

Pity that ears and tongue were thrown away upon him.

LUIZ PEREZ.

I shall never be a saint in that style.

DON FELIX.

(Aside to Donna Elvira.)—Yet he might, and he would be infinitely the better for it.

DONNA MARILLA.

He could not be at all the worse—(Aside.)—My dear Luiz Perez, you must take the Colonel to the friar's funeral to-morrow.—You have not seen a grand one yet, Colonel. A hundred coaches, five or six hundred friars, two thousand flambeaux. It will be altogether remarkably gay.

COLONEL.

Donna Laura does not come to-night, I see.

DONNA MARILLA.

Ha, Senor Colonel, is it so ? Well, that is just what Don Francisco surmised : she stays at home to keep him company.

DON FELIX.

I wish I could fall in love, then, to spite that jealous old fellow.

DONNA MARILLA.

And why not ?

DON FELIX.

Guess—(Aside to Donna Marilla.).

(Enter DON JULIAN.)

DONNA ELVIRA.

Ah ! Senor, I hope you rested well last night.

DON JULIAN.

Never worse, Senora.

DONNA MARILLA. (Aside.)

One does not sleep the better for losing a thousand crowns.

DONNA ELVIRA.

Well, next Thursday we must contrive to have play over before midnight, I lost my supper by the party. The truth was, that we had no fasting fare prepared.

THE COLONEL.

You would not eat meat on a Friday morning, then ?

DONNA ELVIRA.

Santa Marina Joseph, eat meat on a Friday ! The saints preserve us !—I should think it a less sin to be unfaithful to my husband.

DONNA MARILLA.

There can be no comparison.

FRA. DOMINGO.

- It is an impiety. A crime against the Calendar.

COLONEL.

Pray, Senora, convert me by explaining your fascinating system.

DONNA ELVIRA.

How can any living being doubt it? For instance, if I were to forget my duty to my husband, from which the Saints preserve me! do you not comprehend that it must be against my will? Yes, my actual will; smile as you please; and of course, I should be pardonable. But when I eat meat on a fast-day, I sin deliberately. I know it. I see it. I taste it. I brave the saints and the thunders of the Church. Are you not convinced at last, Colonel?

COLONEL.

Most perfectly. The reasoning is irresistible, (and I hope to profit by my conviction. Senora,) *Aside*.

DONNA ELVIRA.

Hush!—You must make no such speeches to me, (*Aside*.)—But are not your fair countrywomen of the same opinion in those matters, Colonel?

COLONEL.

Not quite, I fear; they want your brilliancy of imagination. Their cloudy skies, their——

FRA. DOMINGO.

The English are undoubtedly a fine people; but were they not Heretics, they would be a still finer.

DON FELIX.

Nay, by all accounts, reverend father, that would be impossible, at least so far as the ladies are concerned.

DONNA MARILLA.

What, is Don Felix become an admirer of fair hair and blue eyes?

DON JULIAN.

(*Aside to Donna Elvira*.) At least I am.

DON FELIX.

Yes, Senora, I do admire fair hair and blue eyes, (But still more highly dark hair and black eyes,) (*Aside to Donna Marilla*.)

DONNA ELVIRA.

Ah, Colonel, I wish that I had been born in your happy land, your land of freedom.

COLONEL.

It would be much honoured. But really I see no want of freedom here.

DON SANCHO.

Well said, Colonel. Yet, if poor Donna Laura's opinion were asked now.

DONNA ELVIRA.

No, Senor, as to Donna Laura, she has had no right to complain of fetters, I am sure.

DON FELIX.

I thought, that some one said, Don Francisco is at last——

DONNA ELVIRA.

Yes! that Don Francisco is at last able to see what every one else saw long ago.

DONNA MARILLA.

Nay, nay, no scandal——

DONNA ELVIRA.

The scandal is in your implication, Senora!

DON FELIX.

(*Aside to the Colonel*.) Jealous, by Mars! Happy man!

DONNA MARILLA.

What wicked whisper is that, Senor Colonel?

COLONEL.

Don Felix has been good enough to remind me of an engagement, which I had forgotten in the pleasure of your society.

DON SANCHO.

Donna Laura would not be flattered if she heard that from you, Colonel.

COLONEL.

Nay, by the general account, she is not likely to hear any thing from me soon.

DONNA MARILLA.

I should not be too sure of that. Tyranny tempts to stratagem.

DON FELIX.

And there never was a woman who could not outwit her husband.—Is not that true, Donna Elvira?

DONNA ELVIRA.

Or her lover either, Don Felix.—So you will go, Colonel? Well, it would be cruel to prevent you, it is a charming night for a serenade.

DONNA MARILLA.

Too much moonlight. Give us the serenade here.

COLONEL.

I infinitely regret, Senora—

DONNA ELVIRA.

Yes, yes, I know it all. You English will not condescend to make yourselves agreeable.

DON SANCHO.

Quite matrimonial.

DONNA MARILLA.

Come, come, enough of symphony. Indulge us, Don Felix, with the seguidilla you sang last night.

DONNA ELVIRA.

Where, Senora?

DONNA MARILLA.

Poh, no matter where; any where; not here, I assure you. But, my dear Fra. Domingo.—Heavens, what has become of my Confessor?

DON SANCHO.

Withdrawn—he is remarkably domestic—gone to his family in silence. He knows secrecy enhances virtue.

DON FELIX.

Fair ladies—a sudden hoarseness—want of practice—the night air—

DONNA MARILLA.

Yes, yes, we know all that ought to be said on the subject, but begin.

(DON FELIX sings to the guitar.)

O, lady! wilt thou think of me,

All in the lone and lovely hour,

When evening's sun is on the sea,

When evening's breath is in thy bower?

Sweet lady, will that diamond eye

Be darken'd with a tender tear,

For one, who loving, lost as I,

Will be in spirit hovering here?

Yet 'tis a dream; this beating heart

Must love, though all its love be vain.

Come winds and waves. At once I part

From all I prize, from thee and Spain.

DONNA MARILLA.

Charming, charming, (You must give me that song.)—*Aside.*

DONNA ELVIRA.

How well Don Felix expresses fictitious woe!

DON FELIX.

From sympathy, Senora.

DON SANCHO.

No, no, Don Felix has no cause for despair, so far as I see.

COLONEL.

You know Don Sancho always doubts what he sees.

DONNA MARILLA.

Don Sancho, as an atonement, you must sing the new patriotic song.

DON SANCHO.

Yes, if you are determined on inflicting so severe a penalty on the whole company, for the mere purpose of punishing an individual. Besides, Senora, patriotism is nearly too old for a graceful topic,—it has almost grown beyond fashion. We have been patriots at least six months.

(He sings to the guitar.)

Spain, awake! thy hour is come,
Shall it lead thee to the tomb?
Rushing from the Pyrenees,
Thousand banners taunt the breeze.
Yet a bolder, bloodier band
Left their corpses in the sand.
Monarch, hear upon thy throne,
Hear before thou art undone,
Spain is fearless, though alone,
Heaven shall nerve her heart and hand!

She shall triumph; by the gore
Of the Roman and the Moor!
By the Roncesvalles plain;
(France, remember Charlemagne!)
By her blood on field and wave,
By her dead, her living brave!
Crime may prosper, virtue weep—
But Revenge is swift and deep;
When the Spaniard starts from sleep.
Spain shall never live a slave.

Here was smote Napoleon,—
Like a shade his strength was gone;
Clouds of shame, and fear, and flight,
Plunged his Sun in sudden night.
Till was purged Earth's sullen stain;
Till the den, the distant main,
Heard the groans of Mankind's foe.
Now the Man of blood is low.
Spain, but strike one glorious blow;
Thou shalt never wear the chain!

ALL.

Bravo—Bravissimo—*(The Colonel stealing away.)*

DONNA MARILLA.

(Aside to the Colonel.) Go, go—I see you are dying to be gone.

DON ELVIRA.

Now, Señor Colonel, you shall stay to hear another song.—Give me the guitar. How, gone—absolutely gone! I hope Don Francisco is at home, that's all.

DONNA MARILLA.

(Aside to Don Felix.) Charming!—more jealousy; she really makes herself quite remarkable.

DON FELIX.

(Aside to Donna Marilla.) Ah, you have no pity for the weaknesses of passion. You feel none of them.

DONNA MARILLA.

(Aside to Don Felix.) Go, I am sure you don't think so.—Go—hypocrite.

DON FELIX takes the guitar and sings.

You bid me not see you again,—
How cruel a mandate is this.
Oh, why loves that heart to give pain,
Which Nature has formed to give bliss!

Yet send me not, Lady, away ;
 For the sentence I could not survive,—
 You smile, and that smile bids me stay,—
 You blush, and that blush bids me live.

DONNA MARILLA.

No, the smile only allows you to return at some other time, for you must go now ; I see the game is over in the next room. Here is Don Julian looking infinitely lost.—How has fortune treated you to-night, Senor ? How has the play ended ?

DON JULIAN, *entering*.

As no jest for some of us, Senora. I, at least, never find Fortune capricious. Is Luiz Perez gone ?

DONNA MARILLA.

Oh, long ago. He knows that there was to be no supper.

DON SANCHE.

His feelings are an unfailing guide on those occasions. However, I fear it grows late : we should for once do well to follow his example.

DON FELIX.

(*Aside to Donna Marilla.*) My feelings would prompt a different course.

DONNA MARILLA.

(*Aside to Don Felix.*) Yet, nevertheless, you must pursue the same.—Do you not all go to the consecration to-morrow ?

DON JULIAN.

Certainly, if you will be there.

DONNA MARILLA.

Oh, doubtless. I expected that from your gallantry ; but all Madrid will be there. They say that the new archbishop is the handsomest man in all Spain.

DON FELIX.

For a priest, if you please.

DONNA MARILLA.

No, if you please.

DONNA ELVIRA.

Farewell, Senora.—Senor, my servants are in waiting, I shall not trouble you for an escort.—I hope from my soul, Don Francisco may. (*Aside.*) *She goes out.*

ALL. (*laughing.*)

Poor Donna Elvira ! Ha, ha, ha !

DONNA MARILLA.

I have a great mind to know whether she has not gone to inform the old gentleman. She is certainly abominably jealous.

DON FELIX.

For the best of reasons ; she is abominably in love. Now I could be jealous too—but—hush.

DONNA MARILLA.

Well, Senors, I see that we must take our leave. Come on the terrace.—If we must part, let us part in serenade. Like the swans, let us die in song. Begin, Don Julian.

DON JULIAN—*Sings.*

Sweet lady, farewell—till morning beams,
 In peace be thy slumbers, of love be thy dreams.

DON SANCHE.

Sweet lady, farewell—by those glances of light,
 This hour is my sunshine—the morning my night.

DON FELIX.

Sweet lady, farewell—but thus at thy feet
 I lay a true heart. (Love, to-morrow we meet.)—*Aside.*

DONNA MARILLA.

To all, fond farewell.—See the stars grow pale,
 (To-morrow we meet at the church without fail !)—*Aside.*

ALL.

The East has grown purple, the edge of the moon
Is touching the waves ;—we are gone, we are gone.

[Don Felix kneels, and kisses Donna Marilla's hand, then retires ; Donna Marilla waves her hand, and leans from the balustrades gazing after him.]

END OF THE TERTULLA.

A PROFESSIONAL VISIT TO ALI PACHA IN THE AUTUMN OF 1809 ; SHEWING,
AMONG OTHER PLEASANT MATTERS, HOW DOCTORS MAY DIFFER.

(Concluded.)

THIS was the Greek on whom my colleague had been quartered by the Pacha's order. The ghost of the valiant Hector, the stoutest of all the Trojan Knights, armed *cap à pî*, would not have terrified him more, than did the apparition of his quondam inmate in a harmless guise. To feel this, the economy of a Greek house is to be consulted. There, the lordly master, in his tranquil indolence, remote from the clatter of female tongues, and the annoyance of the squalling brats, his offspring, whiffs and wiles away his vacant hours ; or, if perchance he has an evening companion, a party of Mandoli, * or of draughts, or perhaps a simple game of cards, quietly prosecuted, and untempered by the roseate juice, is the highest object of his recreation. What, then, must have been the sensations of Signor Alexis, when he again beheld the *medico Inglese*, whose orgies had molested him by day, and broken his rest by night ? If the Pacha had visited him with another peremptory mandate in my colleague's behalf, it is much to be doubted whether he would not, like Monsieur Tonsen, have been scared from his home.

We alighted, and were shewn to an apartment, where having taken some refreshments, we were conducted by his Secretary to the Colonel's dwelling on the other side of the quadrangular court. I was not a little hurt at our reception, which appeared to me to be every thing but cordial. During our brief stay, the Colonel, absorbed in thought, hung his head, and confined himself, in a languid tone of address, to a few common-place inquiries respecting Malta, without the customary welcome to strangers, who were come to place themselves under his protection in a foreign land. What can this

mean ?—The mystery was cleared up next morning, when I was invited to breakfast, and learned, for the first time, the extent of my companion's aberrations during his former stay at Jannina. " I shall not," said the Colonel meekly, " write against him ; but I am surprised at his impudence in returning." It was no wonder that it had gone near to deprive him of the power of speech. The riddance, however, of this dead weight on the Colonel's feelings was near at hand, as his Secretary was to set off in a day or two for Prevesa, and might tack my eccentric companion as a rider to his suite.

In waiting the Pacha's commands, I accompanied the Secretary and my colleague to an elevated spot in an outskirts of the town, where, from the cemetery of one of the principal mosques, we were gratified by a panoramic view of the surrounding scenery, more sublimely picturesque than any I had ever witnessed. On our way thither we were assailed by a sooty and circumcised African, a slave in bigotry as in condition, who, having placed himself expressly in our rear, pelted us with stones, and made us sensible of his dexterity by several smart and clever hits, for which he was amply repaid by a Greek, who collared him, and gave him a sound drubbing.

On the following morning, August 24th, the Colonel invited me to accompany him to the Pacha's summer palace. We entered a spacious octagonal apartment, richly ornamented, having in its centre a basin, round which small cannon were planted. In an alcove looking into the garden, was seated the Pacha, without one solitary attendant, and without any symbol by which his exalted rank could be distinguished. After the requisite intro-

* A game of chance, in which almonds are dropped into a series of cups. This pastime has some affinity, in its result, to the curious problem of fifteen Christians, and fifteen Turks, with which the reader must be familiar.

duction, his Highness entered on the conversation, as it regarded me, by observing, that the principal complaint under which he laboured was old age. On his representing himself to be not more than fifty-three,* I requested the Colonel to say from me, that such a period of life was not considered by us as bringing with it the infirmities of age. He inquired into my time of life, and being told that it bordered on his own, said that he did not entertain any doubt of my being useful to him. He made me feel his pulse, and seemed pleased when I declared it to be good, and indicative of a vigorous temperament. My hand, he said, was warmer than his own, which I accounted for by the fatigues of my journey, and by the ride I had just taken. More passed; and throughout he displayed much acuteness, blended with pleasantry.—He told the story of a physician whom he had consulted some years before, and who said that in medicine there were only three things worth knowing, namely—that bark would cure fevers; mercury a certain disease; and that when the patient is in extreme danger, every thing should be left to nature. Coffee and pipes were presented to us, and we took our leave.

During this interview, the Colonel was covered, which was spirited and right. As the Turk, he observed, does not remove his turban, so ought not the Frank, in his intercourse with him, to remove his hat. He left this, however, to my discretion; and I chose, not so much with the view of shewing off, in contrast with his Highness's hoary chin, my newly-blackened head, as because it is my rule to be polite in all places, to take off mine.

From my observation, I reckon the stature of Ali Pacha to have been about five feet six, or six and a half, beneath what painters call the middle size. He was muscular and plump, with limbs straight and well-formed, but not elegantly defined. His hands and fingers were so; and he was not deficient of the bull-neck, so common among the Turks, which in a manner displays it-

self in folds. His piercing eye, kindled for the occasion, darted at intervals its vivid flashes; but for this, his ordinary features might as well have belonged to a sleek, good-humoured fellow of commensurate capacity. His nose had an inkling of the Ethiopian cast, which might have led a more critical observer than myself, to suspect that there was a mixture of blood in his family a few generations back.

In the evening the Colonel was visited by Doctors Frank and Zacularius, who were somewhat curious about the new arrivals. In returning these visits, I accompanied him the following evening; but I must first speak of what occurred in the afternoon. About three o'clock, his Highness the Pacha, as this was to be the visit of ceremony, did me the particular honour to send me his own ambling nag, superbly caparisoned, to convey me to the Palace of Litharicha. The figure I made, those may have read who were running the same course, while my princely steed, with a silver-stick messenger (*chaoux*) on each side, cantered up the ascent. All I know is, that I reached the great entrance court of the Palace without accident.

I had to pass through a long line of courtly attendants, richly attired in the Albanian costume, and, having entered the audience-chamber, was seated next the Pacha, while his Prime Minister† was on his knees at some distance. His audience being ended, he retired; and on the interpreter making his appearance, all those in waiting were dismissed. To be more secret, his Highness led us to the further extremity of the room. Here let me pause. . . .

That which would be ill beseeeming under any confidence, would still less become my professional character, were I to particularize what passed during this and my subsequent visits, to harrow my best feelings, and to kindle in my breast the mingled emotions of horror, indignation, and surprise!—Of surprise, that one, bearing on his proud front the stamp and image of his Maker, and intellectually gifted in no ordinary

His Memoirs, lately published, state that he was born in 1750, in which case he must have over-rated his age by about six years.

† A bold man, of a high, independent spirit. In allusion to the Pacha's indiscretion with his wives and concubines, this minister often pointed out to him, and endeavoured to convince him, not merely by precept, but by his own example, that true domestic happiness is founded on the society of a single female of good habits. He himself had but one wife, and by her he had a fine boy. In their intercourse he placed his sole delight.

degree, should have degraded himself beneath the level of the vilest of the reptiles whose gross instinctive propensities have engaged physiological inquiry, and have afforded an example of the passions which reason ought to have controlled, unblushingly directed to objects repugnant in their nature! I speak not of the garden scene—of the modern Antinous, environed by his ever-watchful guardians. Neither is it my wish, lovely Zelika! to dwell on thy cruel lot, doomed, like Tantalus, to the most mortifying endurances. Though still of tender age, thou wert for six tedious years the degraded, but not the subdued victim of this satyr in human shape! But if, as well as the more prominent and energetic traits, those of the privacy of exalted characters, belong to posterity, whether as a lesson or as a guide, then ought it to be recorded that

In the gratification of his depraved appetites, Ali Pacha, of all known modern sensualists the most sensual, exceeded whatever the most impure imagination can conceive, whether it may have drawn its sullied stores from scenes of high-varnished debauchery, or from the obscurely tinted perspective of the low haunts of infamy and vice!

And this would I fain have inscribed, in characters of bronze, as the concluding sentence of his epitaph, on the tomb of that renowned Chieftain, THE LATE PRINCE OF EPIRUS.

It has been said above, that Dr Frank was with Buonaparte in Egypt. He was also in Syria with his army, during the memorable siege of St Jean d'Acre, when many of the French officers and *savans* became attached to the young Syrian girls in that vicinity. The Doctor's lady was numbered among these; and, unlike the aping of an Englishman I met with in Paris, whose extra-superlative *politesse* greatly amused the *boulauds*. (Parisian Cockneys,) she acted the vivacious Frenchwoman to the life. What a contrast between her and the lady of Doctor Zacularius! We had not been long seated in his apartment, on the cushions from which it was the etiquette not to rise on the presentation of the females of the household, when the sig-

nal was given for refreshments. First entered the doctor's mother, in the Thessalian costume, her zone displaying on its front two richly embossed ornaments of gold. She was followed by the wife, bearing in her left hand a salver with coffee and sweetmeats. I am not good at such descriptions, but I will do my best under the influence of the soul-inspiring theme. Gracefully approaching, like another Hebe, to present these with timid look she laid her right hand on her bosom. Could Raphael have seen her at that moment—he who outvalued his competitors in depicting the mild and heaven-fraught beauties of the Virgin—he would not have selected the gardener's wife as the model of his matchless *Madonna*;* or, if the canvas on which she is so exquisitely portrayed had been before him, he might have been tempted to paint out her lovely features, to introduce those of the wife of Doctor Zacularius, whose fine hair, in bewitching disarray, flowed loosely on a garment of vestal simplicity.—The ceremony being ended, the ladies withdrew.

On the day following, as had been concerted, my colleague set out for Prevesa. I made one of the escort as far as the outskirts of the town, where I shook him cordially by the hand at parting—mindful, nevertheless, of an old adage, which any one who happens not to be better engaged may chance to recollect. Adieu, dear Doctor—*dottore di mio cuore*, a long adieu.

About this time the Colonel was visited by Selim Aga, a very singular character, whose original name was Bailey, the son of a provincial banker, I think, residing in Berkshire. He had offended his father by engaging in a disadvantageous match; and to break off this connexion, had been sent on his travels. At Constantinople he was hospitably entertained by Sir Robert Ainslie, the British Ambassador. One morning he presented himself to the party assembled at his Excellency's house to dinner, to say that he had turned Turk, and had just undergone the operation of circumcision. It was of course intimated to him, that his presence there would be no longer countenanced. He relented a few

* Styled *la Jardiniere*—a charming picture, which, with so many others, found its way to Paris by a stolen march.

months after, but his solicitations at the embassy were fruitless; and he had to push his fortunes as a civil engineer. On the present occasion he was returning, with a handsome retinue, to the Turkish capital, from the Pacha's native village, where he had been to construct a bridge. I learned afterwards with concern, that the privations to which he was subjected on his route, during the Ramazan, [Turkish lent,] cost him his life. His figure was tall and elegant; his countenance expressive; and he spoke well. He had a Mahomedan wife at Constantinople, and had paid one visit to his English wife, who had borne him a fine boy, in his Turkish garb.

As whatever concerned the Pacha's case, appeared to me to be of moment at the time, I kept a sort of register of what passed during the professional visits I was summoned to pay him. The most delicate pencilling I could bestow on any of the particulars would be as disgusting to the reader as his Highness's disclosures and suggestions were revolting to me; but what passed among his principal officers and secretaries, when I had to wait his commands, was not devoid of interest. For instance, they would in succession, with the most rigid scrutiny, examine my uniform buttons, the gilt lion on the hilt of my dirk, &c. making signs to me how rich I must be, as they were of the purest gold; together with divers other such fooleries.* But I must leave them, to speak of the genuine hospitality of the Colonel, and of the unremitting attentions he bestowed on me, who was become his guest. In our evening rides over the plain of Jannina, skirted by the lake, I was gratified by several agreeable and highly picturesque views. This plain, in length about five leagues, occupies a very elevated site, as is manifested by the appearance of the mountains which define its breadth. Their summits, although not greatly elevated in relation to the plain, are oftentimes covered by clouds, which sweep along them. From the sight to these clouds, the angle or line is but small.—The plain abounded with vineyards, and with neat villages, having

stone-cottages; while the houses of Jannina, as well in the upper as in the lower town, were chiefly built of mud-bricks, with foundations of stones. In these evening excursions we were harassed by the shepherds' dogs, a ferocious race of animals, who no sooner perceive a horseman, or a party of horsemen, than they leave the flocks to assail both the horse and the rider. It was pleasant to see Captain Dimo, the Colonel's confidential Turkish guard, gallop in front, discharging his pistols at intervals: but for this, we should certainly have been dismounted, if not lacerated by their merciless bites.

Having represented to the Pacha my wish to return immediately to Prevesa, to the end that I might take advantage of the expected sailing of the transport which was to convey the Colonel's secretary to Malta, I went to the palace, on the morning of the 12th of September, to take leave. After much conversation with the Colonel, on the subject of politics, his Highness again inquired, whether I had any particular remedy?—*hic hiatus ingens in codice*,—to which I replied, not any; but that, if he would follow the rules and restrictions I had prescribed, I had not any doubt of their beneficial effects. As it was rainy, I again recommended Madeira wine, on which the Colonel, the Interpreter, and myself, proceeded, at the Pacha's request, to taste the rich wines which came to him from time to time in presents. A few sour *heel-taps* we found, but not one drop of wine that was drinkable, either by Christian, Jew, or Turk; so well did his Highness's faithful servants obey a precept, which, if not the strictest, may be accounted one of the strongest in the Koran.

In returning, the Colonel communicated to me the Pacha's wish, that I should remain with him, attached to his person, in lieu of Doctor Frank, whom he would in that case dismiss. The latter, it appeared, a Frenchman in habits, though not by birth, had formed some intrigues against his Highness's interests, during a late visit to Corfu, and had otherwise given him

* It was not a jest, but, on the other hand, a matter of very serious import, to the unfortunate lieutenant of an English frigate, who, in bathing near Durazzo, a port of Albania, on the eastern shore of the Gulph of Venice, was shot by the mountaineers. The sole motive of these miscreants was to possess themselves of the buttons of his uniform coat, imagining them to be of gold.

strong grounds of offence. This I declined, alleging the peremptory orders and instructions I had received at Malta. The Colonel praised my discretion; but I had still other motives for my refusal, which I kept to myself.*

A dreadful thunder-storm, on the following morning, accompanied by incessant rain, prevented my setting out for Prevesa; but on the 14th, in taking the early repast my ever kind and hospitable host had provided for me, while the horses were in waiting, Signor Colovo entered with the Pacha's letters for Malta. Having delivered these, he drew from under his vestment a shawl, which his Highness begged me to accept as a token of his friendship and esteem. I hesitated to receive it, observing to the Colonel, that the compliment was due, not to me, but to Sir Alexander Ball, by whom I had been sent. He desired me, however, to put it carefully into my small trunk, which I did; and on my arrival at Malta, on opening that trunk, a foul, threadbare, and in some places almost tattered shawl, presented itself to my astonished view. His highness knew that I could not have visited him without incurring some expense—and that not a trifling one. He could never have destined this for me, in return for my attendance on him. No—I was reluctantly forced to draw this hardly-to-be-contested inference, that *it had been changed on its way from his palace.*—*Prok ! Grava fides.*

At eleven o'clock, I set off with four horses, for the guide, or Tartar, bearing the Pacha's firman, the driver, myself, and the lug. At two in the afternoon we reached the caravansary at the head of the plain. We were then carried by the rascally guide, who was resolved, in virtue of his firman, to plunder the unfortunate Greeks, out

of the direct route, to a village on the left, which we did not reach till sunset. The way had been rugged; but I was compensated in some measure by the fine views of the plains on either side; and in one of these the village stood. The Greek Papa (priest) was summoned; and a violent contest ensued between him and the guide, as to what the villagers should furnish us licensed travellers. The repast, which consisted of a sheep roasted whole, with a large provision of wine, bread, &c., was not ready till past ten o'clock, when I had become so sulky as to refuse the partaking of it. I had already wrapped myself in my cloak, my bedding not being at hand, and, covered with a few hurdles, the only expedient I could find to shelter myself against the piercing cold, had deposited my weary limbs in a corner of the out-house, or barn, in which we were lodged. In the meantime, the guide and his riotous companions feasted till past midnight. We proceeded in the morning, soon after day-break, and at nine o'clock reached the "Five Wells," having thus lost by our devious course at least five hours, without reckoning what particularly concerned me, the purchased comforts I might have found at the caravansary. But it was the policy, as will be seen, of the subtle Tartar, to keep my hand out of my pocket, while he made the Greeks the paymasters-general of the expedition.

Having crossed the mountains, instead of proceeding directly to Arta, which made a difference of about six miles, he led us round the marshes to the extremity of the bridge leading to the town. Here we halted; and I was given to understand, by the most expressive signs, that, this being a convenient dinner hour, we should visit the Greek monastery at the entrance, and see what good things the monks might in their bounty afford us. I was

* I did not then suspect, however, that I should have such a call as was made on me at Malta, nearly three years after, in the summer of 1812. I fell in with the Albanian Consul, who told me that an old friend of mine was staying at his house, and was very anxious to see me. This was no other than Signor Colovo, the Pacha's prime interpreter, pimp, and confidential secretary. Having first touched, in my interview with him, on his present indisposition, he asked me whether I could procure for him—no doubt for his master's use—a subtle poison of unfailing efficacy, which could be administered without suspicion. As the Signor spoke French with a very bad accent, I pretended not to understand him, and made him repeat his question half a dozen times, when I told him at length, that in some countries, in Italy, for example, what he was in quest of might be found; but that the English doctors, however they might kill sometimes, never did it intentionally, and were therefore not provided with the secret. He had, he said, lately visited most of the ports of Sicily, and had inquired after it without success.

resolved, however, to proceed direct to Sahahora in his despite; and he, to punish me for my refractory behaviour, refused me the bread and wine I solicited at the village we next came to. Since I had left Jannina, save a small slice of the driver's loaf, and a cup of water, I had taken no refreshment. On reaching another village, a new contention arose between him and a Greek peasant, who appeared to me to intimate that he cared as little for the Pacha as for the holder of his firman. The latter was resolved, however, to fill his corn-sacks, and he succeeded to his wish. While this was passing, the driver, in recruiting his saddle-bags, drew from one of them two bottles of excellent wine, which the gallant Colonel had provided for me without my knowledge. Seated on the grass, with the driver's brown loaf in one hand, and his cup in the other, I made a voluptuous feast, which brought me, at sunset, in good condition to Sahahora.

Early in the morning of the 16th, I embarked on the gulf, and reached Prevesa just in time, for the Secretary was then making his last packages to join the Belle Poole frigate, waiting off the port. My first care was to engage my old friend Signor Biencardi, the interpreter, to help me to scold the scoundrel of a Tartar. I stormed, raved, and gesticulated, pretending, although in high humour, to be in a most outrageous passion; while my mouth-piece entered into the neces-

sary explanations, to the no small diversion of the bystanding Greeks. I not only denied the miscreant a certificate of good conduct, but took from him the firman he was to shew on his return, and sent him off in its stead with a flea, which I am persuaded buzzed in his ear all the way to Jannina.

At nine o'clock we embarked in the Pacha's boat, and reached the frigate at sunset. From her we were transferred on the 19th, to his Majesty's brig, the Redwing, bound to Malta. She was commanded by an old messmate of mine, who kept her in the highest order; and this gave rise to a curious incident at Syracuse, where we touched on our way. One of the individuals who make themselves useful in the case of arrivals, came alongside, and finding that we were neither from a suspected port, nor had touched at one, undertook to procure us immediate pratique. He did so by engaging the pratique-master, whom he accompanied on his visit, to step on board, and inspect the best-ordered vessel in his Britannic Majesty's service. The good old man complied readily with the invitation, and could not therefore refuse us pratique, without putting himself in quarantine.

On the 28th, the brig came to anchor in the harbour of Malta, and I joined the flag-ship, the Trident, after an absence of nine weeks and four days, as agreeably, if not as profitably spent, as I could well have wished.

REMARKS ON MR BARRY CORNWALL'S NEW POEMS.*

"—derived
From bearded Magi in the Chaldee lands."

Flood of Thessaly, p. 43.

WE are exceedingly sorry to say that this is a very dull volume, and that we fear its effect will be, to destroy altogether the remains of that very amiable reputation which the author gained by his first production, and which every succeeding effort of his pen has been very sensibly diminishing. The "Dramatic Scenes" were really pretty things—they were close imitations—but they pretended to nothing more, and they were executed with lightness, on the whole, and with grace. There were a vast number of blemishes, to be sure—~~all~~ sillinesses and affectations beyond all

bounds—but these *were* indications of true feeling, and the public were in a good humour, and every one hoped so much improvement, that nobody was willing to say any thing harsh or severe, lest he should wound a spirit that seemed to be a delicate one, and discourage an ambition that seemed to be moderate and gentle.

What has been the result? Mr Procter has published three or four books since—every one more ambitious than the other, and every one feebler than the other. His romance of Marcian Colonna was totally uninteresting, and

* *The Flood of Thessaly, The Girl of Provence, and other Poems.* By Barry Cornwall. 8vo. London, Colburn and Co. 1823.

fell still-born from the press.—*The Mirandola* was puffed by all the tongues and all the pens of all the Cockneys, and in the course of a few weeks took its quiet place on the same shelf with the *Tobins*, the *Hayneses*, and the *Shields*—an utter failure indeed, in spite of all Mr Elliot's chatter about “the appalling apparition.” We believe there was another volume subsequent to this; but, if so, we have forgotten every thing about it, even its name: and we venture to prophesy that the present affair will be as totally *hors de combat* ere another month or two be over.

We give Mr Procter's books a month or two of law, because we are perfectly well aware that he has allied himself with the glorious army of the *Gentlemen Of The Press*, in such a way, that we shall be sure to see him quoted and lauded in daily, weekly, and monthly columns, for about that time. We think, to speak moderately, that there are not many newspapers in existence to which he himself does not occasionally contribute. We have detected him over and over again in works so obscure, that our chief wonder was and is, what inducement he could have to dirty his fingers with them. But 'tis all very well. He is paid so far as butter goes, most gloriously. Every line of his gets him a paragraph, every paragraph a page. He is trumpeted long before he appears in mysterious hints:—“The literary circles begin to be impatient for Barry Cornwall's new,” &c. “It is whispered that Barry Cornwall's forthcoming,” &c. and then out comes it, and the crack bits are kept, ready set up, we almost think, in the same types, and sent about from one printing-office to another, until the public eye is quite sickened with their repetition. But what is the end of it all?—Does anybody read Barry Cornwall?—Does anybody remember any three consecutive lines of his?—Did any mortal ever even dream of quoting him?—No.—

The truth of the whole matter is, that Barry Cornwall is not a vigorous-minded man, and that no man without a strong and vigorous intellect need hope to make any sort of serious and lasting impression upon this age. This is not a time when people are to be put off with sweet and dainty little devices,—prettyisms are past—we want food, strong exciting food, and disdain kickshaws—we want rich generous wines,

and the nicest negus in the world will not appease our craving. This is the age of *Marmion*, and *Waverley*, and *Childe Harold*, and *Don Juan*, and *Ruth*, and *Laodamia*, and the ancient *Mariner*, and *Basil*, and *De Montfort*, and *Sir Eustace Gray*, and *Peter Grimes*—we will be content with nothing but powerful passion—(no matter how gentle, but it must be powerful in its sort)—and masculine intellect. We demand these—and if we have them, we are comparatively indifferent about the forms under which they are embodied—but if we have them not, all the rest goes for nothing—mere moonshine.—The world is grown too old to be amused with mere trifles—and, above all, it is grown far too severe to be amused with mere imitations and centos.—Whereas, if the truth must be told, Barry Cornwall is made up altogether of imitations, and centos, and “most vile affectation.”

We would not, for the world, use a man, who, with all his weakness, seems to be amiable and well-disposed, with any thing approaching to severity.—But—It is no kindness to tell a man who is not a Poet, that he is one—and none to tell a man who is a small Poet, that he is a great one. Our opinion is, that no Poet will thrive in these days but a great Poet. The immense accumulation of books has been rendering, and will continue every day to render, us more and more fastidious. We have positively no room for any thing that is even within cry of mediocrity. We are surrounded by a cycle of splendid gigantic geniuses, who are all in the prime of their days, and likely to produce better works, ere they die, than even the best they have yet given us: Nobody need dream of being noticed for carolling it upon a little pet cob, in the midst of these men of might, mounted on their horses of war, careering with their knightly lances, and making the sky echo with their spirit-stirring shouts.—The English of all which is, that Mr Barry Cornwall had much better give up the trade—or, at least, give up all expectation of making his fortune in it. We speak calmly what we feel sincerely. Mr Barry Cornwall is a man of an elegant mind, and there have been times in which he might have passed for something considerable—but these times are not ours—and his style of poetising has no more chance in a competition with what it now must compete with, than a single

Indian weaver, with his two or three neat little ivory sticks and shuttles, would have in competing with the stir and tumult of a town full of steam-engines.

So much for things in general—As to the octavo now in our eye, what is it made up of? Is there any new, or any powerful, or any pathetic, exhibition of human nature in it?—No.—Is there any interesting or skillful combination of incidents?—No—no.—Is there any story?—No.—Any passion?—No. All is frigid, and all is fantastic—old ideas decked out with mighty pother, and looking as old as the hills in spite of it all—not one single image but what is either as hackneyed as possible, or as coldly absurd as possible—not one single phrase that carries the least stamp of pith upon it—no thought—no intellect—a laborious straining after the classical in the midst of a profound ignorance of the spirit of antiquity—pedantic names of Gods and Goddesses and Stars and Planets—fine piet words—endless descriptions without one touch that thrills and stays—a miserable omission wherever there *was* room for *something*, and *nothings* spun out *ad nauseum*—and everywhere a phraseology so ridiculously affected, that really one pities the poor printers—and not the less so assuredly, because they happen to be the printers of the John Bull!—*heu! quantum!*

It is not pleasant to dwell upon such affairs—but since we have mentioned the book (and we daresay it is the last of the same hand that will ever engage our attention at all) we may perhaps as well enter into a few particulars, just to give our readers their fill of it at once.

The first hundred pages, then, are occupied with “The Flood of Thessaly.”—This is neither more nor less than a most silly amplification of one of the most silly and absurd of all those fables, under which the fancy of heathenism had been pleased to clothe the simple sublimity of the great catastrophe of the world—the deluge. We call the story of Pyrrha and Deucalion a silly one—because the main incident—the re-creation of the race of man by means of flinging stones over the left shoulder—is really a cold affair at the best. What did this signify to Mr Barry Cornwall?—The great craze of the age, at present, is to be Greekish

—and we are excessively sorry to say, that though Mr Cornwall has talents that render him quite unworthy of being so, he in many other particulars besides this, sympathizes too closely with the lieges of Leigh the First. Greekish he will be—he will rave about

“Apollo, and Mercurius, and the rest.”

He *will not* see the moon without thinking of Endymion “the Latmian,” or “the Latmos boy,” for that, we think, is the more favourite phraseology.—He, too, will make up his jumble about Juno “the Great Sky Queen,”—Dido “the Sad Carthage Queen,”—Chaos, and Tempe, and “Saturnus Old;” and Phœnix, and Sphinx, “whose words perplexed the wits of Thebes,” and Behemoth,

“Vast birth! (almost a Fable.)”

(Oh! for a stone bow to shoot you between a pair of your own brackets, Master Barry,)—and “Lacedemonian Helen,” and “Ilian Priam,” and “Thessalian Pyrrha.”

Mr Barry Cornwall must really excuse our freedom,—we do think that this new sort of classical poetry is without exception the most exquisite trash that was ever attempted to be foisted down the throats of reasonable animals. Good God! is it Milton they are thinking of? Are they really dreaming of Paradise Lost, and Comus and Lycidas?—But to argue on such a subject is out of the question.—If a person ignorant, intensely ignorant, of the spirit of antiquity, and antique mythology, and antique poetry, is once fairly in a state of mind that admits of his harbouring, for one single moment, the notion that he can write or single line about Greek gods and goddesses, that shall not be either miserable common-place, or more miserable affectation—he is quite beyond our reach—it is quite in vain to think of convincing him into his senses again—we have done with him; and yet, what do we see when we look around, or rather, what do we hear?—Leigh Hunt, Rimini Hunt himself, translating Theocritus; yea, translating Homer; John Keats celebrating Diana of the Ephesians; and Barry Cornwall tripping up old Ovidius Naso by the heels, with his edition of Deucalion and Pyrrha.—“Truly, these are notable signs of the times.”

Will these gentlemen but give themselves the trouble to reflect a little?

They know not but they may have heard ere now, and if not, we now tell them, that the spirit of the Greek fables is a thing essentially Greek; that even the Latin Poets made but a poor hand of these matters, when they, admirable Greek scholars as they were, dared to meddle with them. Jupiter and Juno, "the Sky Queen," and "Apollo and Mercurius, and the rest," are but cold creatures, even in Virgil and Horace.—It is in the strains of Homer and his lineal descendants alone, that they live, and breathe, and have their BEING. Milton is almost the only man of modern times, who has been able to make even a few passing allusions to that mythology have any thing of the living appearance and strong power of poetry. But in all the rest of the classical rhymers, Italian, French, German, and English, all alike—the thing has failed utterly. It is dead, and will not be re-animated; or, at least, there must be some very different sort of Prometheus from Barry Cornwall or any of his compeers.

One of the "fine bits" that we have already seen quoted and re-quoted from "The Flood of Thessaly," is the description of the wedding night of Pyrrha and Deucalion. Let us look at it.

"At last they wed : No voice of parent spoke
Ungentle words which now too often mar
Life's first fair passion : then no gods of gold
Usurping sway'd with bitter tyranny
That sad domain the heart. Love's rule
was free,
(Ranging through boundless air and happy
heaven,
And earth) when Pyrrha wed the Titan's
son.
—The winds sang at their nuptial gentle
tunes,
And roses open'd, on whose crimson hearts
The colour of love is stamp'd ; and odours
rare
Came steaming from the morn-awakening
flowers,
Which then forgot to close : Thessalian
pipes
Were heard in vallies ; and from thickets
green
The Sylvens peep'd delighted, then drew
back
And shouted through the glades : Wood
nymphs lay then
Beside the banks of running rivers, glad
For once to hear the shepherd's simple song ;
And many a pleasant strife that night was
had

On oaten reed and pastoral instrument,
Beneath the mild eye of the quiet moon.
"Joy to Pandora's child ! Supreme delight
To the great Titan's son !" —all shouted
forth ;
"Joy !" and the words went through the
far vales sounding,
And through the forests tall, and over hills
And dells, where slumberous melancholy
streams
Awoke and gave an echo. In dark woods
The wild horse started from his midnight
sleep,
And shook his mane and shrilly spoke
aloud.
The nightingale lay silent in the leaves,
For joy was grief to her : the timorous
sheep
Were silent ; and the backward-glancing
hare
Lay close ; and scarce the wild deer stirr'd
the fern."

Now, on this passage we have two or three things to remark ; *first*, it is quite ridiculous for Barry to say, that this Thessalian wedding was consummated in the golden age, when "Love's rule was free," and so many other fine things took place,—since, according to himself, in the very next page, the times were so bad, that ere this very couple had been married long enough to have more than one child, the wickedness of this very Thessaly grew to so hideous a height as to make Jupiter inflict a deluge.

"Men grew degenerate ; women sank
abased ;
And childhood lost its smile, and age its
claim
To honour. Jove upon his skiey throne
Heard now no incense rise, no prayer, no
thanks ;
But, in their stead, commotions that shook
towns,
Curses and vain defiance laughing loud :
And black abominations and foul thoughts
Were bred and nourish'd, till the heart
became
Spotted as with a plague.—
Then Falsehood first was known, lean Avarice,
Hate,
Hot Vengeance, and the virgin's ravishment,
Cunning, and Theft ; and Murder stalk'd
abroad,
Till sleep forsook the night, and Fear was
born.—
*Such sin was never done nor stain beheld
Through wide creation since the world began,
Save when Jehovah shot his fiery rain
Down on Gomorrah, and that city raved
And ruin'd, and its tenants all destroy'd.*

Jove saw the sh^l and o'er his forehead
large
(Whereon, as on a map, the world is seen)
There passed a shadow of a storm," &c. &c.

The Reader will remark the fine taste of introducing JEHOVAH and GOMORRAH, as illustrative of the doings of JOVE in regard to THESSALY. This truly is to be a classical poet.—A little further on, we have Mr Barry, with similar propriety of feeling, introducing "Red Pandemonium," and

"The Peers of Satan all
Toss'd on the fiery waters, and bewailing
Their frightful fall."

And in a subsequent passage we have "Nebuchadnezzar!"

Barry Cornwall thought, that because John Milton, in his Christian Epic, introduced allusions to many of the fables of the Heathen Mythology, there would be no harm in reversing the matter, and he, writing in the person of a Greek Bard, has the noble audacity to borrow his similitudes from the Bible. But, alas! Mr Barry Cornwall, this excuse will not pass. Milton had taken care to vindicate his classical allusions, by identifying the heathen gods of Greece with the demons of his hell.—His ANONIS even is THAMMUZ, &c. But you have no link. You are sorely in want of a simile, and you take it from a world, the least mention of which destroys the whole substance of your own groundwork—blows the affair at once into the air. As for the grossly impious effect of your introduction of JEHOVAH as opposed to JOVI—another deity, forsooth, working in another place in the same style with yours—a brether "sky god,"—it is enough to fill one with feelings more painful than any mere Cockneyism could ever create.—But if you were to illustrate the Flood of Thessaly from the Bible, really one should have thought you could have had no occasion to take Gomorrah, a city destroyed by fire, when you had the whole world destroyed by water, in the same identical Book of Genesis.—The whole of this mistake shews how utterly absurd are your pretensions to the assumption of a Greekish face.

But to return to our Thessalian wedding.—The whole of the uproar you describe as going on among the "Sylvans," the "wood nymphs," &c. is borrowed from two lines of Virgil; and the amplifications of the presumptuous

modern have no effect but that of weakening the spirit of the original—

"Speluncam Dido Dux et Trojani camdem
Deveniant. Prima et Tellus et pronuba
Juno
Dant signum: fulsere ignes, et conscius
aether
Connubiis: summoque ulularunt vertice
Nymphæ."

Barry Cornwall was at Harrow school for a while—so he may have remembered the Latin; or he may have read the same thing in Dryden—but that is of no consequence. The only addition of the least merit is the circumstance of the horse shaking his mane, and neighing in honour of the nuptials. Now it so happens, unfortunately for Barry, that there is a picture by Poussin, representing the scene of Dido and Æneas in the cave. A horse, rearing and neighing wildly, stands in the fore-ground of this picture, just opposite to the dark mouth of the cavern, wherein the Dux Trojani is occupied. The prints from this picture are common enough; and perhaps one of them adorns the very parlour where a certain patent lamp and servant in green livery once excited so much admiration in the breast of a certain hater of personalities, who has likened Mr Mudford of the Courier to a bundle of fleecy hosiery—called John Murray "down-looking"—Lord Wellington "hook-nosed"—Mr Croker, "hanging-browed"—Mr Southey "culture-beaked," &c. &c. &c. Mr Barry Cornwall took the horse from this print after Poussin. We rather think he must have done so—though, to be sure, the "nicherin" of Wattie the Idiot at his bride's window, when the foot-washing was going forward in our friend Galt's admirable "Entail," may have suggested it; or, perhaps, both the Poet and the Novelist drew from the same source.

As a whole, Mr Cornwall's Wedding Night is a decided failure. Virgil is representing an affair pregnant not merely with a "parvus Æneas," but with a great and bloody catastrophe. The fate of nations and of ages is concerned in that moment of guilty passion; and as Milton makes the sky drop "some few sad drops," in sympathy with the fall of Adam and Eve, so Virgil fears not to depict the whole of Elemental Nature, as fearfully conscious of the doings of the "Spelunca." But why all this

tumult in Thessaly, because Deucalion and Pyrrha, two respectable young people, whose marriage had not been opposed in the slightest particular by friends or fortune, are fairly united in love and happiness? "Winds," "flowers," "pipes," "sylvas," "nymphs," "oaten reeds," "pastoral instruments," "pleasant strifes," "mild eyes," "supreme delight," "words sounding," "forests tall," "streams," "echo," and "slumbrous melancholy,"—every thing agog! The horse neighs, the sheep are silent—the "backward glancing" hare lies close, and the deer's horns scarcely agitate the bramble-beries. And why, why does the horse neigh, while the politer sheep keep silence? Why is the nightingale still, and why is "joy grief to her"? Why doth the hare lie close, and why doth the stag refrain from bounding?—Why?—simply because Deucalion and "Thessalian Pyrrha" are wedded and bedded,

"And kisses press'd on lips glistening
with dew."

Well, and what is the result? Within the year,

"One fair infant, while
On the young mother's swelling breast it
lay,
Lay like a flower," &c.

[Observe, by the way, the propriety of the epithet "swelling"—that was the effect of the milk. Exact and excellent delineator! Joy to thee, Barry Cornwall!]

And then, as we have seen above, "the times are rank" in Thessaly, and Jove resolves on a deluge; and he calls to Neptune, and "the brother of Jove" hears; and he calls to Boreas and Auster, and so forth; and there is a storm, and it is described through almost all the rest of the poem entitled "The Flood of Thessaly." All the Thessalians are drowned—all except Pyrrha and Deucalion—even their infant is lost—and will it be believed, that this poet, who fills fifty pages with the destruction of houses, and trees, and cattle, discusses the loss of the only child of Deucalion and Pyrrha in this short and simple fashion?—

"Meanwhile, upon the loftiest summit
safe,

Deucalion laboured thro' the dusky day,
Completing as he might his floating raft;"
(not floating just yet, however,)

"And Pyrrha, shelter'd in a cave, be-
wailed
Her child, which perished."

Her child which perished! that's all—a mere allusion to the "sleeping flower upon the swelling breast."—And then immediately afterwards a hundred lines all on end about the Horses of the Atlantic Ocean—the hissing of "*sea-monsters*," (mark the jumble again,) and the choking of the moles, and the stifling of the mammoths!

After this, we have a great deal of very tolerable description of the hideous shapes in which human selfishness shews itself, when a great universal evil overshadows and overwhelms all the better feelings.—But these verses have one sad defect—there is not one new idea in them. The world possessed four terrific pictures of that sort, executed by Thucydides, Lucetius, Boccaccio, and Defoe:—In the works of these men we have long been familiar with all the horrors which Mr Cornwall has thought fit to expatiate upon.—The only difference is, that they lay their scene in the time of the *plague*, and he lays his in the time of the *deluge*. Make allowance for this little change of circumstance, and every thing falls back at once into the possession of its rightful owner.—Of all that direful deadening of hearts, not one *trait* was conceived by Mr William Procter.

Things go on in the old way. Jove "the sky god," is at last satisfied—the rain stops.—Pyrrha and Deucalion are thrown ashore—they go to a temple—Themis is sitting there—She bids them throw stones over their shoulders—they do so, and every stone becomes a child—in short, Cornwall tells the old tale into its minutest particulars;—and then concludes his Poem, with a vision which Deucalion sees the night after the human race has been thus restored.

The vision is of course a mere imitation of all the other visions—Milton's—Tasso's—Ariosto's—Camões's—&c. &c.—In a word, Deucalion sees a phantasmagorical shadow of what, according to the opinion of this great critic and poet, forms the history of the ancient world, and more especially of Greece—And what is this?—Why, it amounts to neither more nor less, than a most perfect proof, that Barry Cornwall is as ignorant of the most common matters of chronology and

topography, as he is of those more important matters in which his lamentable deficiency has already been more than abundantly exposed.—Thebes, Memphis—Babylon—Priam—Homer—Zoroaster, and the Magi—Athens—

“Not Athens alone; but Thebes and Macedon,
Corinth and Sparta, and the rest.”

“Great Poets,”—“Grave-eyed Philosophers,”—Cadmus,

“With those wondrous letters in his hand.”

(Cadmus with his alphabet so long after Homer and his poems! Good!—) Amphion—Linus—Orpheus, “Thracian Shepherd!”—(all there too after Homer and Cadmus)—Alexander the Great, and Bucephalus—Plato—“Socrates,”—“Pythagoras,”—(be assured, gentle reader, we adhere exactly to Barry's own order,) “Praxiteles,”—“Phidias,”—Leonidas—Archimedes—Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides—Demosthenes—Epicurus, and Alcibiades leaning on Epicurus's shoulder, (N.B. Alcibiades was dead near a hundred years ere Epicurus was born; but Barry was dreaming something about Socrates.)—“And then”—to conclude this strange eventful history—

“And Pericles then, and then Aspasia came,
Whose midnight study, by some Eastern lamp,
Had paled her cheek; but filled her eyes
with thought!”—

The vision and the sleep which it adorns being gone, Deucalion opens his eyes and “bathes his flushed forehead in the awakening light,” and sees Pyrrha, “fairest of earth's visions still,” bending over him—and everywhere about him the human face divine—(thanks to the large lithographic impression he had thrown off overnight)—and flowers and fruits, and “azure waters,” and “forest walks.” It is in the “awakening light” of dawn that he sees all these things, and yet next sentence he is surrounded by “the sunset silence,”—and yet two sentences lower down the page

“The amorous sun
Comes darting from his orb!”—

Deucalion and Pyrrha, surrounded by their comely stone brood, stand enjoying all this, while

Eagles and doves”

invoking, it would appear, not Themis, but “the laughter-loving queen,”

“Paired in the ether—and the branching stag

Fled from his shadow on the grass green plain—

O golden hours! O world now stain'd with crime,

Immaculate then,—methinks thy perfect fame

Should live in song! Methinks some bard,
whose heart

Traces its courage to Promethean veins,
Should build in lasting verse, firmer than mine,

Deucalion's story (upon Delphi's steep
Saved from the watery waste) and Pyrrha's woe.”

And so—and with such modesty, concludes “The Flood of Thessaly; a Poem, by Barry Cornwall.”

The next in place and dignity, is an effusion called “the Girl of Provence.” Everybody remembers the newspaper story of a poor young woman falling in love with the statue of Apollo, while it stood in the Louvre, gazing on it, flinging flowers upon its pedestal, covering it with her shawl—in short, being very warm, and very wild, and going mad, and dying. Mr Cornwall has thought fit to make this story, which he met with, it seems, in Collinson on Lunacy, the subject of a poem; and he probably meant that the poem should be the very ideal of enthusiasm and frenzy. As it is, it appears to us that the affair savours more of the drivelling of idiocy than of the rage of madness.

If Mr Cornwall had known anything of the ancients, he would have been aware that they had a story very nearly the same as this—of a young man who fell in love with a statue of Venus, and was found dead one morning in her temple. And at any rate, if he had been possessed of any sort of taste, he would have perceived, that if a poem were to be written upon such a story at all, the scene of it had much better be laid in Greece or Sicily, than in modern France—in the Louvre, during the reign of the Emperor Napoleon. Girls may go mad at any time, and in any place—and it may be so, although Hogg makes no allusion to it in his “Three Perils of Woman,” that some girls, in the course of the world's history, have gone mad for the love not of flesh and blood, but of

marble. But surely, surely, it would have been much more like truth and nature and poetry, to depict such a fever as this creeping over a young and dreaming virgin's mind, in the days when a statue of Apollo was something more than a mere piece of art—when Apollo was a God, and his form in marble was not admired only, but adored, *virginibus puerisque*, sane as well as insane.

Aristotle said long ago, that a story might be true, and yet be so improbable, that it ought not to be made the subject of a poem. Now, that a young French lady should, at a ball and supper, given about the year 1810, have chosen to fall in love, not with any of the young French gentlemen who were dancing and sighing about her, but with "Phœbus Apollo," "King Apollo," "Gr. at Apollo," this certainly is, of all things that ever were imagined, the most *improbable*. If Barry Cornwall had represented some diseased Catholic girl of twelve or thirteen, some inveterate chewer of chalk and Chara tubri oil, as falling in love with some beautiful picture of St John, or King Solomon, one could have pardoned it; but he was resolved to have another touch at

"Apollo, and Mercurius, and the rest."
And here is our "Provence Maid," alias Mademoiselle de Varenne, wild all over about "Elysium!" and "Daphne!" and "Thetis!" and the "Peerless Archer!" and the "skiey secrets and bright signs!"

Nothing can be more cold and Cockneyish than the affectation of such verses as these.—[N. B. We have underlined the epithets *white* and *skiey*, because they occur *ad nauseam* in every page of this production. We have "white creature," and "white despair," and "white side," and "white hands," and God knows how many more white things; and every thing that has the most remote connection with air or sky, is, in our friend's phraseology, "skiey"—"skiey stars," "skiey gods," "skiey winds," "skiey clouds," "skiey dreams," and "skiey stories!"—]

"Io!—fair Io!—thou didst dearly earn,
By after wanderings and transformed hours,
The love of Jove.—Fair Eva! thou didst
burn
Self-martyr'd in thy green Provencal
bowers,
Consumed to dust before Apollo's powers.

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Both fell from too much love.—Sweet woman, still
Is thy love-harvest fill'd with so much ill?

"That night of revelry the victim's mind
Shook in its height; firm reason and clear
thought

Forsook her, and her soul awhile grew
blind,

Scared by the light of love, and wandering
sought

Its way through perilous regions now for-
got,

Through haunts of death and life, and the
throng'd way

Of darkness,—to insufferable day.

"That night she lay within her silken nest,
White creature, dreaming till the golden
dawn;

When Phœbus, shaking off his skiey rest,
Descended. Trembling, like a frightened

fawn,
She lay, bewilder'd pale:—The orient
moon

Wept, and the Hours blush'd scarlet, and
the array

Of Heaven, (stars, moon, and clouds,)
were swept away.

"No presence in the o'er-arching vault was
seen

Save his, Apollo's; who, unlike a God,
Quitted his fiery height, and on the green
Starr'd with *white* haycinths and daisies,
trod;

And wheresoe'er he stepp'd, the flushing
sod

Threw flowers from out its heart, and from
her room

Came odours, like the heliotrope's per-
fume."

The scene in the Louvre is so exquisite a contrast to all this, that we would fain give it entire. It begins, however, thus :

"There is a story:—that some lady came
To Paris; and while she—('tis years ago!)
Was gazing at the marbles, and the fane
Of colour which threw out a sunset glow,
A tall girl entered, with staid steps and
slow,

The immortal hall where Phœbus stood
array'd

In stone,—and started back, tremb-
dismay'd.

"Yet still she look'd, though mute, and her
clear eye

Fed on the image till a rapture grew,
Chasing the cloudy fear that hover'd nigh,
And filling with soft light her glances blue;

And still she trembled, for a pleasure new
Thrill'd her young veins, and stammering
accents ran

Over her tongue, as thus her speech began :
'Apollo! King Apollo!—art thou here?
Art thou *indeed* return'd?'"

Then follows a description of the statue, borrowed half from a prize-poem by (we believe) Mr Milman, and half from Childe Harold; and then Miss de Varennes's lunacy is described—very elegantly, we must allow—as consisting of, among other elements,

“LUST! and THE DREAM OF DEATH!
and WHITE DESPAIR!”

And then comes the conclusion in this strain:

“—Time past: and when that German lady came

Again to Paris, where the image stands,
(It was in August, and the hot sun-beams
Shot through the windows)—amidst the
gazing bands

She sought for her whose white-beseeching hands

Spoke so imploringly before the stone,
(The Provence girl)—she ask'd; but she
was gone.

“Whither none knew;—Some said that
she would come

Always at morning with her blooming
store,

And gaze upon the marble, pale and
dumb,

But that, they thought, the tender worship
wore

The girl to death; for o'er her eyes, and o'er
Her polling cheek, hues like the grave were
spread:

And one at last knew further;—She was
dead.

“She died, mad as the winds,—mad as the
sea

Which rages for the beauty of the moon,
Mad as the poet is whose fancies flee

Up to the stars to claim some boundless
hoon,

Mad as the forest when the tempests tune
Their breath to song and shake its leafy
pride,

Yet trembling like its shadows:—So she
died.

“She died at morning, when the gentle
streams

Of day came peering through the far east
sky,

And that same light which wrought her
maddening dreams,

Brought back her mind. She woke with
gentle cry,

And in the night she loved she wish'd to
die

She perished, when no more she could en-
dure

Half as pure it, like a martyr pure.”

The ‘Letter of Boccaccio,’ which
fills forty pages, we must be

contented with observing, that it is infinitely duller than even *The Flood of Thessaly*, and, if possible, a more affected production than even *Made-moiselle de Varenne*. It is a bad imitation of Byron’s ‘Lament of Tasso,’ which is an indifferent imitation of Goethe’s ‘*Torquato Tasso*.’ The reader will admire the naïve absurdity of the preface:

“As the following ‘Letter’ involves a few particulars of the early life of the famous Italian novelist, it may be as well to state briefly what are and what are not facts!!”

“OF Giovanni Boccaccio, the great author of the ‘Decameron,’ little seems to be known. (Not much in Cockaigne certainly.)—He was born at Certaldo, (or Florence,) about the year 1313, and when he arrived at manhood, was, according to some accounts, placed under the law professor *Cino de Pistoi*. His father dying soon after, Boccaccio gave himself up to poetry, and studied also the classics and the sciences to the great effect. He himself says, in one of his letters, (to Petrarque, I believe,) that he was the means of introducing the Greek language into Florence!!”

“The circumstance of Boccaccio having led a dissolute life at Florence, and having been reproved by a Carthusian friar, are stated as facts, if I recollect rightly, in Mrs Dobson’s *Life of Petrarque*!!! and that he was intimate with the famous lover of Laura, is known to all. The story which I have admitted, of his having been in love with a lady near Florence, is the fiction of the authoress of ‘*Petrarque et Laure*’; although he was actually attached to a female. [Thank you, Barry! The author of *THE DECAMERON* really, actually, had our love affair in his time! Thank you kindly for that hint, dear!] whom he celebrates under the name of Fiametta. Some persons say that this lady was MARY of ARAGON, (daughter of Robert, King of Naples,) whom Boccaccio first saw in the church of the Cordeliers. Whether this be the absolute fact or not, I leave to others. It is sufficient at least for the origin of this ‘Letter,’ which the reader will suppose to be addressed to her.”

Dwelt ever such ignorance and such contentment together out of Cockaigne?

The poem itself is, as usual, a miserable medley of classical mumblings and modern missings; and, among other delicate traits, Boccaccio is made to chatter to his mistress about Palladio and “Palladian Palaces”—the fact being, as is known to every boarding-school lad, that Palladio did not come into the world, and consequently built none of his palaces, until a good cou-

ple of hundred years after old Boccaccio's time. But why particularize blunders of this petty kind?—Shakespeare, we all know, gives Bohemia a sea-port, and why may not the author of *The Mirandola* take his liberties too? Two or three hundred years hence, no question, some new Dr William Augustus Schlegel will arise to justify them all in a course of lectures. Of course, the whole thought and sentiment of this letter are as unlike the author of the *Decameron*, as the language of Barry Cornwall is unlike his. It is truly trash.

Not much better, in any respect, are "THE FALL OF SATURN, A VISION," and "TARTARUS, A SKETCH." These are, both of them, violent efforts at energy, and displays of helplessness. The former begins in this "fine frenzy"—the result probably of a whole bumper of brisk swipes:

"I dream—I dream—I dream—
 Of shadow and light—of pleasure and
 pain,
 Of Heaven —of Hell. And visions seem
 Streaming for ever athwart my brain.
 The present is here, and the past that fled
 so quick, is return'd with its buried dead,
 And the future hath bared its scrolls of
 fate,
 And I see the 'is' and the 'was' the
 same,
 In spirit alike, but changed in name.
 I see the phantoms of Earth and Air,
 A thousand are foul where one is fair,
 (But that 'one' is divine, and her blue
 eyes calm
 Are shadow'd by leaves of the branching
 palm.)
 And I hear the yells of a million more,
 Whose sins are all written in stripes and
 gore;
 There's one who the gem of his best friend
 stole;
 And a King half-laid in a beggar's soul,
 And a Poet who led for his earthly good,
 And a Woman of glass, and a God of
 wood,
 (Wrapp'd round like the idol-beast that
 treads
 With murderous scorn on the Hindoos'
 heads)—

I see a Palace—enormous—bright,
Studded with stars like an August night ;
The pillars that prop it are based below,
But whence they come, or whither they go,
Who, with an eye like ours, shall know !
The shafts are emboss'd and golden, and
graven
With letters of Earth and Hell and Heaven,
(A terrible mixture,—like the speech

(Of the sea when it bursts on a stormy
beach:)

There are discord—melody—music—hung
Like beads on a rosary oddly strung,
And words of a mighty forgotten tongue :
There are lessons to cuse, and a few to
 bless,
And riddles beyond the Sphinx's guess,"
 &c. &c.

Of the other thing, "Tartarus, a Sketch," the reader will probably not wish to hear much more than that it is thus introduced by Mr B. C. himself—

"The first region of Tartarus is seen. In the distance are the four rivers; and nearer, just visible through the gloom, are the monsters asleep. A SPIRIT of Death is watching."

In case, however, his curiosity should be more than we have imagined, let him now be told, that A SPANIARD of the name of Don Something Guimar, and A SPIRIT, ate represented in this poem as surveying the horrors of Tartarus, and colloquizing concerning them; and that there is a charming jumble of "Furies," and "Avernus," and "Hydra," and "Coeytus," and "Proserpine," and "Styx," and "Ixion," and "Tantalus," and "Agave," and "Julius Caesar," and "Palinurus," and "Adramelech," and "The Sibyl," and Ferdinand the Seventh, and "Gross Prelates," and "Filthy Monks," and—but take the *ipsissima*,

" *Gnomo.* Ha ! look what scarlet shame
steals along there !

"*Spin it.* It is the Cardinal!—

"Guion. Ho! ho!" &c. &c.

And then "Briareus," and "Foul Typhon," and "Lucifer, Prince of the Morning!!!" *Ohe ! jam satis !*

One or two sweet enough little poems at the end of the volume, are more worthy of Mr Cornwall than any of these principal pieces; but, on the whole, this is undoubtedly a book of which, in the course of nine days, the veriest puppies of Cockneydom will see and (tacitly at least) acknowledge the helpless absurdity. We are not hypocritical enough to say, that we are anxious for seeing more of Mr Procter's performances; but, at all events, do let him oblige us so far as to give up his Greek, Latin, and Italian crudities. A Hottentot in top-boots is not more ridiculous than a classical Cockney.

ON THE IMPUTED FAILURE OF THE TRANSLATORS OF HORACE.

LET no man of talent, who happens to be of a testy disposition, turn translator. It is a thankless office. The translators of poetry in particular, have long been in that state, which is familiarly called "hot-water,"—and that too—which is most provoking, from no fault of their own. They have been compelled, *volentes volentes*, by the public, to try to sit upon two stools, and when, as may be expected, they fail, and fall betwixt them, the public set up a horselaugh. This is ill usage; nor has it been deserved.

Few subjects have given rise to more inconsistent, shallow, and pedantical talk, than that of translation. Treatises upon treatises have been written, and to so little purpose, that to this day the literary world is divided and subdivided upon the merits of our most celebrated versions. Facts are sacrificed to theories, and works which every body reads, are denounced as absolutely worthless, because they do not bear out some impossible hypothesis. Upon this point, critics are inconsistent even with themselves. At one time, they will assert, that only a poet can translate a poet, and in the next breath insist on his being "literal," and tell him to look out all the words in a dictionary, and do his best to get them to rhyme at the ends of the lines. The end of this generally is, that they are dissatisfied either way, and so conclude by calling all translations, in the lump, "pieces of tapestry turned the wrong side out." They are like the worshies, who, after praising the expression and feeling of Scotch music, discover that you may make a first-rate Scotch tune, by jingling the black keys of the harpsichord! It is certainly quite as monstrous, to ask an original poet to become a translator, and then to insist upon his work being *verbatim*: To turn him into a collator of parallel nouns and verbs, from lexicons and vocabularies.

What is the duty and office of a translator of poetry? It is to transfer into some other language, as far as in him lies, the whole soul and body of another poet—his meaning, his diction—in short, his *genius*, whether apparent in thought or in language, or in both. That this is an almost desperate undertaking, is not the fault of the translator; and it is a little too hard,

that he should first be ordered out on the "forlorn hope," and then cashiered for miscarrying in the attempt. Poetical translators have generally failed from attempting too much. This is especially the case in versions from the dead languages. In these, the translator has not only to adduce parallel poetical expressions; but to make up for difference which time has made in the very essence of poetry itself. He has not only to contend against a foreign and often totally dissimilar idiom; but in the very mode and manner—in the very habit and fashion of the thoughts, he will find, that there is a mighty gulph to be overleaped, which modern readers ill comprehend. In rendering poetry from one modern language into another, the difficulty is principally in the idioms, nor is it even there by far so great as in translating from an ancient to a modern. The poetry of different nations of the same age has much in common. The subject matter; the turn and reach of thought; the general mode of expressing those thoughts—all have a smack and relish of the time. They have something which proves, that though the tongues be many, they are yet brethren—living in one period—dividing the same estate, consorting together, conversing together—having similar pursuits; not antiquated progenitors, brought unnaturally face to face with pert descendants, time-honoured geniuses frowning on hip-pant worldlings, a heterogeneous combination of what can never be forgotten with what may never be remembered. Between things which have much in common, changes are comparatively easy. If there be some minuter delicacies of expression which are lost in the process, they are few and not much regretted—we easily give up a little, when we have obtained so much.

With an ancient poet the case is widely different. Since the era of the Greek and Roman classics, there has not only been a total revolution in language, but as it were in the very essence, in the very *substratum*, of poetry itself. Who can decide how much of the essence of poetry resides in the expressions and words used by the poet, and how much in the abstract and leading thoughts? This is a line that neither poet, critic, nor meta-

physician, has ever succeeded in drawing. And how should they? It is clear, that much of the strength and spirit of poetry is in its abundant metaphor—in the comparison of abstract ideas with visible things. This principle is endless and all-pervading. Analyze the sentences of Shakespeare, and it will be found, not only that the great leading thoughts are for the most part pictorial symbols of abstract ideas, but that every member of the sentence is in itself a metaphor, and sometimes almost every word of each member. Thus, picture is included in picture; simile in simile; allusion in allusion. It is almost a matter of infinite divisibility. When, as it sometimes happens, the strength of a poet resides much in this poetical happiness of expression, inasmuch as the difficulty of rendering him in any other language, and *vice versa*. Who, for instance, could translate Wordsworth? while Moore would probably read almost as well in Latin or Italian, as in English. After this, a moment's thought must convince any one how impossible it is, in a literal sense, to translate poetry, and especially ancient poetry. We may seize and retain the principal idea, but the lesser ideas, which serve to express the greater, we cannot preserve. We translate an old poet, as a common engraver might copy that portrait of Charles the First, the lines of which are composed of minute letters giving the history of his life. We get the rough features, but leave out the beautiful and minute niceties of which they are composed. From the time when Greek and Latin were living languages, the world has been acquiring new ideas, and losing old ones. The modes of using words, the words themselves, have undergone a transformation from which it is impossible to uncharm them. It is always difficult to parallel idiomatic phrases; but with ancient and modern, it is next to hopeless. The paraphrastical versions of the classics are but bad paraphrases.

There is no mistake more lamentable than that of those who raise an outcry about literal translation. It is a gross deception, and the only wonder is, how a practice, built on such shallow foundations, should have obtained so many respectable advocates. Let them declaim against paraphrastical versions as long as they please, for

the sins of such are manifold; but let them never think to mend the matter by *verbatim* "doings into English." From the classics, literal translations have, generally speaking, not succeeded. They have never been popular, and when they have been praised, it has been by those only who were familiar with the originals. Even in blank verse, the practice has been unsuccessful; nor, what is strangest of all, has it even done in measured prose, although the general diffusion of the common version of the Holy Scriptures has done much to naturalize this style in English ears. How many, for instance, or rather how few, read Macpherson's poetical prose, or Cowper's prosoidal blank-verse Homer, compared with the numbers of those who are delighted with Pope! The reason of this seems to be obvious enough. Such versions, instead of being, as the French would say, "deportations" of the original author into another language, are neither more nor less than attempts to drag back the modest reader into a sort of acquaintance with an idiom totally foreign to him. In the phrase of Mrs Winifred Jenkins, "They are all the same as Greek or Latin, only the words are different." Like the Kremlin at Brighton, or the Parthenon on the Calton Hill, the superstructure is still outlandish, though the bricks and mortar are English. The more John Bull does not know what to make of it, he is set agape, and puzzles his head to know whether he has lost his old lingo, or found a new one. With scholars, and pedantical people who are not scholars, the case is otherwise. They are either really pleased to go over their old favourites once more, under pretence of reading English, or else to have an opportunity of admiring something "classical." To a scholar, a version of this sort is a *translation* upon the same conventional principle, that an old cloak, or a slouched hat, upon the stage, is a "disguise," and no further. *Bottom* is not "translated;" he is the same to all intents and purposes, and those who pretend at first sight not to know it, only do so for stage effect.

To this dilemma, then, are translators of poetry reduced. In trying to preserve the phraseology, they lose the poetry, or in keeping the poetry, they lose all the rest. Verisimilitude is gone,

though poetry remain. "God's senties, 'tis a hard way to hit," when the Experimentalist gets either a muddy residuum as worthless as ditch-water, or an impalpable ether without smack or flavour, to distinguish the source from whence it was drawn. It is a choice of difficulties; but there need be little hesitation in determining which difficulty to choose. It is the poet, in short, whom we must attempt to translate, rather than his work. We must endeavour to make his spirit live again in our own times, and to treat his matter as if that spirit guided the pen. Since we cannot effect a "consubstantial," we must strain after something like a "real" presence—a matter which, if any body does not understand, he must ask Mr Philpotts and the Edinburgh Reviewers. We must try to conceive how such men as Horace and Tibullus, were they living now, would write Odes and Elgics; and so rewrite what they have written,—a task about as easy as to make a coat-and-waistcoat statue of Wellington or old Blucher, in the spirit of the Farnese Hercules, or the Apollo Belvidere.—This is "*literally*" to translate a poet, a different thing from a set of unwilling English words to figure in strange idioms, like a parcel of awkward country boobies blundering through a Parisian quadrille.

That the best of the ancient classic poets, themselves, sometimes translated in this manner, any one may convince himself who is competent to compare Catullus' fragment of a version of the celebrated Ode of Sappho with the original Greek. It is any thing but literal: and if the excellent English translation in the Spectator be brought into comparison, it will be found to be nearer the Greek than that of Catullus, allowance being made for the immense difference of structure of the two languages. This, as far as it goes, is conclusive; unless it be denied that Catullus *could* have made his version more literal, had not his taste forbade him. The abrupt way in which the translation is broken off, may be eccentric. There is no reason to suppose, however, that as far as he went, he did not do his best to preserve the spirit of his beautiful original, and his design, upon the whole, is accounted for satisfactorily enough by his best comment—Yossius.—Enough, however, of

The question to be answered is, why the Odes of Horace, (for it is the Odes that are the difficulty,) should be less tractable in the hands of the translators, than almost any other ancient work? That they have been so, is allowed on all hands. They are the *opprobrium poetarum*. Every body has tried the adventure, and nobody has succeeded. It is a fine paradox to puzzle the critics, who bawl so loudly for literal translations. No Latin poetry is so easy to construe—none is so plain in diction, so unambitious in sentiment, so simple in expression, so familiar in design and subject. They by no means answer our preconceived ideas of this species of writing. They are not Pindaric Odes. By the term *ode* an Englishman is immediately reminded of the cloudy effusions of Collins and of Gray—lusty but obscure, magnificent but cumbrous and inflated—of a sonning and original, but yet a laboured and unwickly sublimity; high, musty, and picturesque. This is the reverse of the style of Horace, which has almost as unmercifully been called lyrical. In our ignorance of ancient music in general, and of the ancient conceptions of melody, it would be arrogant to deny that these pieces may have been sung. Indeed the *Carmen Seculare* no doubt was sung. Still it is difficult to conceive that they could have been so with any good effect. Melody, which can only properly exist in the poetical expression of some passion or intense feeling, requires words conveying similar sentiments. But the Odes of Horace are not, in general, passionate—they are, for the most part, calm, sedate, elegant, and sensible. When passion is betrayed, it is most frequently in touches of irony and sarcasm. His very sorrow is philosophical. The Odes, in fact, are the effusions of a philosopher, whose warmer feelings have been cooled by advancing age and bitter experience. His friendship has outlived his love, and his joviality his courage. He hangs up his wet garments in the temple of Neptune, and fairly jokes about his inconstant Pyrrhas and Lydias, and his "*relictâ non bene parvula*," more inclined to forget his mishaps over a bottle, or satirize in turn the hard-hearted nymphs who had insulted his advances, than to sigh and complain. These compositions, in short, are those of a wise but social man, who is inclined to en-

joy himself, though with elegance and moderation. They abound in friendliness and good fellowship—in practical philosophy and unvarnished sense. They have the air of being written after dinner, or rather after supper—but then it is after a moderate supper. They are exquisitely pleasant little copies of verses, struck off to amuse a friend, to please a patron, to flatter a mistress, or to teaze a rival—easy and natural; with little enthusiasm, little artifice, and no romance.

That translators should have especially failed in that which appears to be especially translatable, is paradoxical enough. To many, the explanation may appear to be little less so. “The interpreter may be the most unintelligible of the two.” It cannot be helped. Horace is hardest to translate, precisely as the smoothest ice is most difficult to stand upon. He is *too easy*. The natural familiarity and clearness, both of his sentiment and diction, are too tractable to verbal renderings into English. The consequence is, that translators have ever had a tendency to translate Horace more literally than

any other classic. What is the result of this? The easy familiarity of phrase, when “done into English,” is, to the general reader, only a repulsive plainness, and the simply elegant, but yet plain sense of the sentiment, becomes trite and lumbering common-place. The redeeming spirit is gone. Had Horace been less easy of construction, he would have been far better translated into English. We should have been put upon soaring a little after his genius, instead of making stepping-stones of his words, wherewith to hobble over our task. As it is, the mere English reader is inevitably disappointed with him, and thinks in his heart, (though he dares not say so,) that the far-boasted odes are a set of common ideas in common metre. Let us, by way of proof, take three or four different translations of one of his pieces, and we shall find that the least literal is the most readable translation. The fifth Ode of the first Book is short, and may answer the purpose. It is, however, more than usually pointed, and is therefore more than an impartial example.

TO PYRRHA.

While liquid odours round him breathe,
What youth thy rosy bower beneath
Now courts thee to be kind?
Pyrrha, for whose unwary heart
Dost thou, thus drest with careless art,
Thy yellow tresses bind?

How often shall th’ unpractised youth,
Of alter’d Gods and injured truth,
With tears, alas! complain!
How soon behold, with wond’ring eyes,
The blackening winds tempestuous rise,
And scowl along the main!

While, by his easy faith betray’d,
He now enjoys thee, golden maid,
Thus amiable and kind;
He fondly hopes that thou shalt prove
Thus ever vacant to his love,
Nor heeds the faithless wind.

Unhappy they, to whom, untried,
Thou shinest, alas! in beauty’s pride;
While I, now safe on shore,
Will consecrate the pictured storm.
And all my grateful vows perform,
To Neptune’s saving power.

FRANCIS.

TO PYRRHA.

What youth, bedew’d with moist perfume,
Courts thee, oh! Pyrrha, graceful maid!
With neat simplicity array’d,
In the sweet bow’r where roses bloom?

For whom dost thou in ringlets form
Thy golden locks? Oft shall he wail
Thy truth, swift changing as the gale,
View the wild waves, and shudder at the
storm,

Who now, all credulous, all gay,
Enjoys thy smile; on whose vain pride
Thy fickle favour shines untried,
And soft, deceitful breezes play.

My fate the pictured wreck displays;
The dripping garments that remain
In mighty Neptune’s sacred fane,
Record my glad escape, my grateful praise.

BOSCAWEN.

TO PYRRHA.

What slender youth, bedew’d with liquid
odours,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave?
Pyrrha, for whom bind’st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair?

Plain in thy neatness. O how oft shall he
On faith and changed Gods complain, and
sigh,
Rough with black winds and storms,
Unwonted shall admire!

Who now enjoys thee, credulous, all gold,
 Who always vacant, always amiable,
 Hopes thee, of flattering gales
 Unmindful. Hapless they,
 To whom thou, untry'd, seem'st fair. Me
 in my vow'd
 Picture the sacred wall declares to have
 hung
 My dank and dripping weeds
 To the stern God of sea.

MILTON.

TO PYRRHA.

To whom now, Pyrrha, art thou kind?
 To what heart-ravish'd lover
 Dost thou thy golden locks unbind,
 Thy hidden sweets discover,
 And, with large bounty, open set
 All the bright stores of thy rich cabinet?

Ah! simple youth, how oft will he
 Of thy chang'd faith complain!
 And his own fortunes find to be
 So airy and so vain,
 Of so caudle-like a hue,
 That all their colour changes with it too.

How oft, alas! will he admire
 The blackness of the skies,
 Trembling to hear the winds sound higher,
 And see the billows rise.
 Poor inexperienced he,
 Who ne'er before, alack, had been at sea!

He enjoys thy calm sunshine now.
 And no breath stirring hears;
 In the clear heaven of thy brow
 No smallest cloud appears.
 He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
 And trusts the faithless April of thy May

Unhappy, thrice unhappy he,
 To whom thou, untried, dost shine;
 But there's no danger now for me,
 Since o'er Loretto's shrine,
 In witness of the shipwreck past,
 My consecrated vessel hangs at last.

COWLEY.

Of the foregoing versions, most readers will agree that is the best, or at least the most readable, which is the least literal. Paraphrastical though it be, it has most of the spirit, though least of the body, of the author. The name and well-known inverted style of Milton, are barely sufficient to make us relish his severe version of this elegant little ode. From this little specimen, however, it is evident that elegant familiarity is the "saving grace" of the lighter effusions of Horace. It is this which makes the imitations of him, or rather the application of his verses to modern events and persons, often preferable to *bona fide* translations, however judiciously executed. His allusions, to be happy, must be rendered familiar, and they can only be familiar by being recent. Of the *Consular Fuscæ*, or *Soracte* covered with snow, or of a *Calvus* of Albanian or Falernian wine, we have but indistinct ideas; but a gold stick, or a red ribbon, comes pat to our imaginations; and every one can relish an allusion to Arthur's Seat or (if the Cockneys will have it so) to Richmond

Hill, or the foretaste of a bottle of Chateau Margoux or Lacryme Christi. It is the happy glancing at something known that is the mainspring of the business, with the air of ease and gentlemanly freedom. Thus we like Warren Hastings's imitation of the "Otium Divos" better than the original, and chuckle over the waggish Parodies of Horace in London, more than becomes good pedants, imbued with a proper veneration for the ancients. These are the real arguments against literal translations. It is quite as well, however, that in its own nature it is impracticable of being continued to any length. The loftier the poetry, too, the more this rule holds. How quickly the sublimities of Ancient Pistol were puzzled by literal translations! The instance is to the point. "Mister Fer, (quoth he,) I'll fer him and firk him, and ferret him: discuss the same unto him in French, boy." To which the boy replieth, "I do not know the French for 'fir' and 'firke' and 'ferret!'" It was so much the better.

T. D.

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEMBLE.

————— Non ego te meis
Chartis inornatum silebo,
Totve tuos patiar labores
Impiure, *** , carpere lvidas
Obliviones.

THE star that o'er departed years
Shed forth its bright and beauteous beam,
Even as its brilliance disappears,
Proclaims that life is all a dream.
Kemble ! before our visions thou
Did'st pass, the paragon of men ;
Thine eyes flash'd lightnings, and thy brow
Awed Darkness to her den !

Thy genius took a thousand forms,
To grace—to dazzle—to dismay—
Now brooding o'er dun-gather'd storms,
Now shedding rosy, radiant day.
Witness the Moor's all-jealous ire ;
Witness the Prince's restless eye ;
Witness the King's contrition dire,
The Roman's dignity !

Thou stood'st, an emblem to our eyes, .
Of all that saddens or sublines—
A form descended from the skies,
To nobly image ancient times—
To say, " Behold in me revived,
Torn from tradition's pictured page,
One, who in guilt or glory lived,
In some far vanish'd age !"

Lo ! even thou the shade art fled—
Upon a far romantic shore,
Fate bade thee mingle with the dead,
And we behold thy form no more !
No more !—yet brightly shalt thou shine,
A thought that never can depart,
Mingled with youth's warm dreams divine,
In many a grateful heart.

Amidst admiring thousands, thou
The awful passions of the soul
Badest rise and work ; and, o'er thy brow,
The sun did shine, the storm did roll :
Love, like the zephyr's vernal sigh—
Anger, like Etna when it burns—
Despair, and guilt, and jealousy,
In all their varied turns.

But thou hast left us—thou art gone
To rest in low and lonely bed,
Torn off from life, an added one
To the great legion of the dead.
Shakespeare ! his wreath is twined with yours ;
With you he blends his deathless lot :
Ne'er, while the Drama's reign endures,
Can Kemble be forgot !

SUNSET THOUGHTS.

How beautiful the setting sun
 Reposes o'er the wave!
 Like Virtue, life's drear warfare done,
 Descending to the grave;
 Yet smiling with a brow of love,
 Benignant, pure, and kind,
 And blessing, ere she soars above,
 The realms she leaves behind.

The cloudlets, edged with crimson light,
 Veil o'er the blue serene,
 While swift the legions of the night,
 Are shadowing o'er the scene.
 The sea-gull, with a wailing moan,
 Up starting, turns to seek
 Its lonely dwelling-place, upon
 The promontory's peak.

The heaving sea—the distant hill—
 The waning sky—the woods—
 With melancholy musing fill
 The swelling heart, that broods
 Upon the light of other days,
 Whose glories now are dull,
 And on the visions Hope could raise,
 Vacant, but beautiful!

Where are the bright illusions vain,
 That fancy boded forth?
 Sunk to their silent caves again,
 Auroræ of the North:
 Oh! who would live those visions o'er,
 All brilliant though they seem,
 Since Earth is but a desert shore,
 And Life a weary dream!

△

THE TRIALS OF MARGARET LYNDSAY.*

WE consider it one of the advantageous changes in the public opinion in letters, that the *Novel* has now attained a rank in literature much above what it was some time ago allowed to assume. It was formerly looked upon as a kind of reading only fit for the idle among the young, who might skim over the pages of a novel in the moments of hair-dressing, (when hair-dressing was the fashion); and, if not positively hurtful and demoralizing, was set down as a waste of time, as a relaxation enfeebling the mind, destructive of those common-sense views of life which its romantic or sentimental fictions wished to discredit, as opposed to practical wisdom or useful

benevolence. The heroic romance had passed away, and given place to tales, generally of high life, almost as little like nature, or the actual world, as the figments of chivalric valour, or romantic love, tournaments of rival knights, or combats with barbarous giants.

Now, however, the Novel has attained a very different station in modern literature. It rises sometimes into the region of History; lifts the embroidered curtain of grandeur and exalted rank; enters imperial palaces; tells what greatness truly is, when stripped of the dazzling accompaniment of its parade, and attends it in those private apartments where diplomacy never made its formal reverence,

* Second Edition, post 8vo. Blackwood, Edinburgh, and Cadell, London. 1823.

nor chamberlains or masters of ceremony plied their rods of office. The change has been carried to a great, sometimes, perhaps, an extravagant length. Poetry and fictitious narrative have condescended to keep very humble company, and have given, sometimes in the very homely language of the humble persons of its drama, not "*the short and simple*," but at least the genuine and unadorned, "*annals of the poor*."

The author (whoever he is, for it is now the fashion to write and publish *incognito*) of the *Trials of Margaret Lyndsay*, had given a very favourable specimen of this last-mentioned species of composition in his *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*; he has now embodied, in one connected and extended story, those ideas of the unassuming virtue of the lower ranks, in situations of sorrow and affliction, calculated to strengthen, by their example, the patience, the resignation, and the piety, of the unfortunate, and to shew what comforts a sense of honesty, of kind and humane feeling towards man, and of a firm dependence on God, can bestow amidst severe and repeated trials.

It requires a very uncommon talent for the construction of a fable, the contrivance of incidents, and diversity of character, to fix the attention and amuse the mind of the reader through a volume of 400 very closely-printed pages. Now, the author of this volume has most undoubtedly kept up the interest of it with extraordinary power, and yet he has not assumed the merit of a skilfully-arranged story, or artificial development of plot, which has often failed even with some highly celebrated and most popular novelists. He has shewn his heroine, *Margaret Lyndsay*, most amiable, virtuous, and pious, through a variety of trials from her childhood upwards, not in adventures at all uncommon or complex, but amidst privations and distresses which reach the poor and the lowly in ordinary life, and call forth those qualities and dispositions, whether good or evil, which such situations exhibit, attended with their customary effects, and attended with their customary joys or sorrows,—joys never buoyant with violent rapture, sorrows not often sunk in deep despair, and neither the one nor the other expressed in the vehemence of impassioned language, and but rarely productive of dramatic in-

cidents, such as strike or overpower the feelings of the reader; rarely, we say, for a few such do occur, and their effect is, no doubt, the more overwhelming, on account of the sparingness with which the author has put forth this particular branch of his powers.

This is certainly a useful species of composition: if it can extend the empire of virtue and religion, and bring their excellencies into contact with the humble ranks of society, traced through scenes with which the higher classes of mankind are often but little, too little, familiar, it may profit both. "Take physic," (says the tempest-beaten Lear,)

"Take physic, Pomp;

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That you may cast the superfluous to them,
And shew the heavens more just."

Such may reasonably be expected to be the effect of such biography as that of *Margaret Lyndsay*, and as such we would earnestly recommend it to the perusal of the gay and the happy, whose youth has been lapped in the indulgences of wealth, or reposed amidst the indolent privileges of high birth or elevated rank. They need be in no apprehension of encountering tedium or ennui in the perusal; for, true to nature, and to humble nature, as the work is, there is also a deep tinge of poetry and passion thrown over it, which, without diminishing the fidelity of the picture of lowly life, exalts the character of the composition, and preserves sure and undoubted the position of its author. His former volume has long ago taken a strong hold of the public mind. It was universally received, and is still valued, as exhibiting a beautiful union of the spirit of poetry with that of the most ordinary human life; and, in spite of occasional exaggerations both of language and sentiment, (which, we think, might have been weeded from a third edition;—but obstinacy is the badge of all the tribe,) making perpetual appeals to the best, and purest, and simplest emotions of the human bosom. In the present volume, the reader will, on the whole, recognize much of the same general character, both as to excellencies and defects. He will find, indeed, the same tendency to exuberance of ornament, but he will find it less indulged. He will find, perhaps, less of fancy, less of ideal beauty, less of pure-int-

gination ; but then he will find, unless we be greatly mistaken, a stronger mastery over the affections, and a deeper insight into the affairs of that humble, but often agitated, world, with which this author's moral contemplations are so familiar, and in which they seem to take so much melancholy pleasure. It appears to us, that there is more of earnestness and fervour in some of the quiet homely descriptions in this tale, than in the more brilliant expositions of mingled fancy and feeling in the former volume. There are single phrases,—images,—circumstances, scattered everywhere, which have all the power of pathos, and yet seem as if they had fallen involuntarily from the pen. There is more of the poet's power, and less of poetical embellishment ; and great as the writer's popularity is, we are sure it would be much increased if he would carry this matter still further, and, without sacrificing any part of his inspiration, which is, and always must be, essentially poetic, labour to subdue his expression still more nearly to the ordinary level of prose composition.

The story of *Margaret Lyndsay* is nearly as follows :—Born of creditable parents, not of the lowest rank, her father was *Walter Lyndsay*, who lost in early life his father, *Adam Lyndsay*, a country surgeon, and was thrown upon his own industry (he had been bred a printer) for the support of himself and a widowed mother ; but notwithstanding this slender means of support, he made what might be called a love-match with *Alice Craig*, the daughter of an intimate friend of his father's, who had lost that last surviving parent but a very few days after the death of his friend *Adam Lyndsay*, at whose funeral he had assisted, and was supposed to have suffered from rashly venturing to attend that solemnity. Of this marriage *Margaret Lyndsay* was the eldest child ; there were three other children ; *Esther*, who lost her sight when an infant in the small-pox ; *Marion*, who met with a calamity still more severe,—the privation of reason and intellect by a violent fever ; and *Lawrence*, a boy of a sprightly and active disposition, who went early into the sea-service, to which that disposition had inclined him from his childhood, and was separated from his family by an expedition on which the ship in which he served was employ-

ed, in the course of which it was not known whither he had sailed, nor was there any communication with, or intelligence about him, at or some time after the commencement of this story.

For sixteen years this family lived in quiet and contented happiness at *Bracehead*, a hamlet situated about two miles from Edinburgh, under the shelter of the highest line of the *Braid-hills*. But at the end of that period, the sunshine of their life was overcast, chiefly by the thoughtless depravity of the father, *Walter Lyndsay*, who is described as a man not of firm and fixed principles, having been long wavering in his religious belief, and who had that belief altogether overset by becoming a member of a political, and, like most of those political, a free-thinking society ; an association which seduced him from moral rectitude, as well as religious principles. Under this baneful influence, he forgot his fear of God, his affection to his wife, his duty to his children, his reverence for his venerable mother, and linked himself to the deserted wife of one of the profligate members of the club, with whom he lived in adultery ; and after being imprisoned on treasonable practices, and liberated from such imprisonment, went off with this abandoned woman, leaving his family to the support of what their incessant labour could procure them, burdened as they were with the maintenance and care of the poor innocent *Marion*, and her palsied grandmother. Of the burthen of this aged woman they were relieved by her death, which took place at the very moment when the infatuated *Walter* left the country in company with his paramour ; and as for the blind and most engaging *Esther*, she formed no part of that burthen, for, notwithstanding the want of sight, she learned with a ready docility the little pieces of work of which the blind are capable, such as making of baskets and other wicker-work, so that she contributed to the little funds of her family by her labour, while with her voice, a voice of uncommon sweetness, and a skill almost intuitive in singing, she gratified and amused them in the pauses of their labour, and gave ecstacy to their songs of praise each Sabbath-day in church. But of those little enjoyments they were soon deprived by the ravages of an infectious fever, which raged in the little lane in

which they had procured a cheap and humble dwelling, which cut off successively Margaret's two sisters, *Esther* and *Marion*; and, in addition to that calamity, her mother, after suffering some months the excruciating pains of a hidden disease, died the death of a Christian, escaping from a world of woe, to struggle with the evils of which her daughter Margaret was now left unfriended and alone;—not unfriended, indeed, for she had attracted the notice, and acquired the friendship, of a most benevolent young lady, a *Miss Wedderburn*, who took her to her mother's house to be her friend and companion, and the instructress of two young sisters, in which office Margaret found her duty more a pleasure than a task. In this house, however, she met with one of those Trials which the author has shewn her to overcome,—the love and the addresses of young Mr Wedderburn, who pressed her to marry him, or at least to engage to marry him after his mother's death. His pressing instances to this engagement she positively refused to comply with, and after vindicating herself in the eyes of Mrs Wedderburn of all design on her son, or even the ingratitude of giving the smallest encouragement to his addresses, she left the house, and went to a granduncle's in Clydesdale, from whom her father had been long estranged by some family difference. This old man, though a miser, and long indifferent about his brother's family, and indeed about all the world, except an old housemaid, his only and faithful domestic, was so won by the beauty and amiable qualities of his grandniece, as to keep her in his house, and leave her his property, all except a certain portion to her brother *Laurence*, now a lieutenant in the navy, after his death. Here, in the peaceful and secluded village where her uncle's farm was situated, she lived a happy and useful life, till its serenity was disturbed by a passion which she conceived for the son of her excellent friend, the clergyman of the parish, a *Mr Oswald*, who returned from the army soon after she was settled in his father's parish. To this young man, who, after a youth confessedly irregular, had now, it was supposed, reformed all his errors and his vices, and whose manners and dispositions are described as extremely attractive,

Margaret Lyndsay was married by his excellent father, who fondly hoped that such a wife would confirm his reformation, and render as happy as virtuous the remaining years of his life. But a dreadful trial was awaiting Margaret Lyndsay, as well as the venerable father and sister of this young man. A woman whom he had first seduced, and afterwards married, but who was reported to be dead, returned to claim him as her husband, and the father of a child whom she brought with her to her father-in-law's. Her husband, *Ludovic Oswald*, came into the room where his father and Margaret (now his wife no more) were seated—saw his child and its mother—confessed his prior marriage—and, rushing from the place in anguish, remorse, and despair, went as a private into the army, in a regiment then serving in the West Indies. His wife, *Hannah Bluntgre*, did not long survive this miserable meeting, but left her boy to the care and kindness of Mr Oswald and Margaret Lyndsay. Margaret bore this dreadful calamity with the heroic resignation of a Christian, and continued to live in the parish, soothing her life, amidst its sufferings, with the exercise of benevolence and piety, and giving to her friends and intimate acquaintances that tribute of complacency, and even cheerfulness, with which a temper so heavenly as hers can smile through the tears of the severest sorrow.

After a considerable interval, *Ludovic Oswald* returned a private soldier, (for ~~as~~ such he had again joined the army,) wounded, and reduced by an attack of the yellow fever to the gates of death. In the extremity of his disease he fell down in the streets of Edinburgh, and had been carried to the Infirmary, whence he scrawled a notification of his state to his old father, who watched, with Margaret, the more comfortable sick-bed which Miss Wedderburn's house afforded, till he slowly recovered so much health as to be again married to Margaret by his father. By her care, and the restored calmness of a disburdened conscience, he recovered, though not robust health, yet sufficiently to live several years,—the happy husband of this most excellent of women, and the father of a charming boy and girl. While they were yet children, he died from that state of weakness to which his former

wounds and subsequent fever had reduced him; and the story concludes with an account of that quiet state of chastened comfort, that unabated exercise of virtue and benevolence, in which the latter days of *Margaret Lyndsay* repose, after so many *Trials* overcome by the steady principles of rectitude and religion, the brightenings of piety, and the foretaste of those joys in a future state reserved for the righteous.

These are some of what may be called the minor and subordinate parts of the story, which, however, produce *Trials* to Margaret Lyndsay, little less affecting than what may be more properly said to be supposed to have been introduced as examples of her delicate sense of rectitude and prudence, and warnings to others of what a want of caution may lead to, even in the best-regulated minds. A young man, Harry Needham, a mess-mate of her brother Laurence, tempts her to go in their jigger-rigg'd boat, belonging to their ship, to see her brother, now on board the ship in Leith Roads, though it was Sunday, and she had left home with the intention of going to church. This intended excursion terminated very tragically. The boat is upset by the sudden rising of Margaret, to prevent one of the sailors shooting a sea-mew, (the author forgot that this was on a *Sunday*;) slowly winnowing its flight over their heads. Margaret is taken out of the water in a lifeless state, but restored, not without an illness of two or three weeks, by the care of her mother;—but poor Harry Needham is drowned. This distressing episode—exquisitely beautiful as the description is—we rather think, might have been spared;—it leads to nothing in the progress of the story, and rather oppresses the reader, weighed down as his imagination is with the numberless calamities that affect the unhappy family of the Lyndsays.

Another occasional trial, though only of that gentle melancholy which rather produces pensiveness than distress, is the slow consuming illness and death of *Michael Graham*, a young man destined for the church, whose story is so extremely like that of *Michael Bruce*, the amiable but short-lived poet of *Kilross-shire*, that the author ^{draws the parallelism him-}self.

the story of *Michael Graham*. That sort of pure and sainted love with which the beauty and excellence of *Margaret Lyndsay* has inspired him, and which he owns at last in an interesting scene,—a meeting with her in the retirement of the Willow Arbour, near her house. That interview has also a parallel in the scene in the *Man of Feeling*, where the dying *Harley* discloses his love to *Miss Walton*; but when the character and features of *Graham's* mind have been once introduced, it cannot be called plagiarism to put into his mouth language which such dispositions in such a situation would naturally prompt.

Another passage closely resembles the very admirable and affecting scene in the *Antiquary*, where the fisherman's mother is introduced at the funeral of her grandson. One incident in this book is perhaps still more dramatic than the exhibition of the old woman in the last-mentioned novel, namely, the grandmother walking with noiseless ghost-like step into the room, on hearing the resolution of Walter to desert his family, and pronouncing a mother's curse on him in the anguish and indignation of her parting soul, if he forsakes them. Somewhat akin to this defect of novelty, is what will probably strike the reader as a repetition which the author gives of himself, in the two characters of *Walter Lyndsay* and *Ludovic Oswald*; and is equally observable in those of the paramour of Walter, and the first wife of *Ludovic*—both bold bad women; wronged indeed, but resenting their wrongs in a violent and outrageous manner. The incidents affecting them, as well as their characters, are nearly a repetition of what in itself is not of a pleasant sort. We always feel uneasy at seeing the female character thus exhibited in features so unamiable, as well as masculine. Even its virtues should be of a quiet and gentle sort;—such are those of the author's principal character, *Margaret Lyndsay*, and they are sketched with the delicacy of no ordinary pencil.

In the delineation of character, there is perhaps some want of individual feature, the amiable as well as the unamiable traits being of a general kind. The principal character, *Margaret Lyndsay*, is every thing that is lovely in person and excellent in mind; but we seldom see, in her sentiments or conduct, those sudden, abrupt, un-

foreseen outbursts of soul, which strike deep on our feelings, or impress themselves strongly on our memory. But perhaps the object of this writer is better answered by this level tone, as it might be called, of character, which suits the rank and condition of the persons of this drama, than it would have been by more vehement ebullitions of passion, which are shewn amidst the storms of more exalted life, amidst scenes of higher and more public interest. The same answer may be made to a defect which some critics, who require strongly impressive qualities in fictitious writing, may object to this work, that there is too little of *relief* in the delineations of character, and in the circumstances of the persons introduced into it. But the author may reply, that Nature, in the simple forms in which this tale is meant to exhibit her, does not deal in extremes, and is best represented in those middle tints which belong to the world as it is. He may rely on it, that his taste has not deceived him; and that there is a charm about the purity, innocence, and loving nature of his heroine, quite sufficient to make anything that befalls her intensely interesting.

The general style of the work is of a piece with this picture of ordinary life. It does not rise into eloquence of an ardent or impassioned sort; but its language has a quiet elegance and refinement, which flows in an even tenor of proper and carefully chosen expression, discriminating sufficiently the personal appearances, as well as the moral attributes, of the persons, and the graphic description of the scenery, in the midst of which they are placed, morally speaking. It presents us with a chart of moral life, and points out the shoals and quicksands which, in the voyage of that life, are so often to be met with. It furnishes the tenants of the village and the hamlet with a manual of those duties which they owe to God, to themselves, and their neighbours, and shews whence they may derive happiness in prosperous, and comfort in adverse fortune. The style sometimes approaches perhaps too near to poetry, in the redundancy of epithets,—epithets occasionally of a compound sort. We have already, more than once, alluded to this as a defect; and yet we allow, that, in the finer and

more minute attributes of mind, it is difficult to express the almost imperceptible gradations to which these are subject without a compound expression, which, after all, speaks, as the Grecian bard says, only to such as can understand it. And surely that person must be of a strange mind, who would run the risk of weakening a writer of great and acknowledged genius, by pressing upon him too closely the consideration of a few mere superficial peculiarities, which in no way whatever affect the general tone of his intellect, but, in removing which, he might perhaps chance to remove something well worth all the triumphs that ever mere criticism could achieve.

There is one person of the author's drama whom he seems rather fond of exhibiting, which a poet may indeed choose, as painters sometimes select melancholy and unpleasant subjects for the sake of the pictures which they give an opportunity of drawing, *Marion*, the sister of Margaret Lyndsay, whose imbecility of mind was occasioned by a violent fever in her infancy. But this dark portrait has been painted with a force perhaps more than sufficient, by different authors; and we are not sure if it were not better now to spare the reader an exhibition which, though not new, must be distressing, especially to persons, more numerous than is commonly imagined, who have children or near relations in such a calamitous situation. But, in justice to the author of this work, we must add, that the descriptions are most true to nature, and, though melancholy, are cheered by the assurances of a certain innocent and simple enjoyment which Providence has graciously allowed to that disordered state of mind. Her short sentences are expressed in most appropriate language, and shew a dim serenity of mind (if the phrase may be allowed us) amidst the mist which clouds her reason.

“ Braehead is the place for birds and butterflies, and the singing honey-bees. Is Robin-red-breast dead and buried? We'll soon see;” and then she ran to her tame dove, and taking it up, began to fondle it, and entirely forgot that any other notion had been in her mind, or that she was to be taken with the rest to Braehead.”

The concluding scene of her innocent life, that of her death-bed, is drawn with a masterly hand.

"While Marion lived, her mother felt towards her a love deeper than even she could herself know; but when her little bosom ceased to move, all was hushed in that mother's heart. The death of so utterly helpless a being was wept over by natural tears; but it could not, on her own account, be lamented. As long as her pulse beat, her mother had watched her as if upon her life her own had hung; and many, indeed, were the recollections of by-past things gathered round that helpless head; but when her Maker took to himself the soul which, in his inscrutable wisdom, he had darkened during its short sojourn on earth, a melancholy mystery seemed at an end—and one all unfit for this life had been mercifully removed. She had been happy in her mild derangement; so tenderly treated that no hardship had reached her; no bodily miseries had ever painfully perplexed and confounded her stricken soul; but her imperfect speech had often been about birds and flowers in their beauty,* and the little she did know was all of kindness and love. Therefore her mother and Margaret both stood looking calmly upon her face—now pleasing and intelligent in death, as if she had enjoyed perfect reason; while her smile, that in life had been so wavering and inconstant, was immovable now, and liable to no change but that of fast approaching decay."

Her blind sister, Esther, is a character of a less mixed sort; her blindness is so alleviated by her capacity, both for occupations and amusements, that children without any such privation might almost envy her lot. Music, delightful to all, but which literally "*laps the blind in Elysium*," she had, in her artless way, so far cultivated with success, as to be able to sing with that exquisitely sweet voice and truly musical feeling, with which the author describes her as endowed, the sacred psalmody of the church, and the simply pathetic songs of her native land, in such a manner as to enchant her family, and often win them from their woes. There appears to us to be rather a useless parenthetical episode introduced of Margaret's suitors, with the characters of the clownish farmer, *Duncan Gray*, and the coxcombical sprig of the church, *Æneas M'Taggart*. These are not worth the interruption which they give to the main story; they are common-place comedy, rather heavily brought forth, and pass over the mind of the reader like a cold murky cloud over the sunshine of a spring or summer sky.

The character of Miss Wedderburn,

of pure unmix'd benevolence, comforting the poor and the suffering amidst poverty, sickness, and death, is given with great effect. Her feelings of gentle piety are advantageously contrasted with the dark fanatical religion of *Miss Ramsay*, a disciple of that gloomy school with whom religion is always clothed with terror, and the image of the merciful and benevolent Deity for ever shaded with the frowns of anger and displeasure. A single expressive stroke exhibits another contrast,—that of a vulgar worldly Glasgow shopkeeper, in the person of the well-fed pursy *Widow Alison*, whose portrait is sketched with a *Tenier's* pencil, "whirling down a yard of twine from the roller to tie a two-pound parcel of brown sugar."

Such passing strokes of the pencil shew an intimacy with the smaller features of rural manners and scenery, which give the writer and his story an interest with the reader. Such is that picture of the bed-room and of the kitchen-parlour in *Daniel Craig's* house, which we have quoted above; such the description of the assembling of the congregation at a country church:

"The congregation began to collect in the church-yard—some standing in little groups, and others sitting down in the sunshine, upon the grave-stones, or the old mossy wall. The bell tinkled clear in the dry atmosphere, and its sound brought together, in quickening motion, people appearing over the braes, and rising up from the hollows. A quiet animation prevailed—the salutations of courtesy partook of the spirit of religion; and the composed faces and voices of all spoke of that common sentiment by which we feel ourselves to be united, as brethren of mankind."

And of similar merit is the description of the ground about the farm-house, with its various little accompaniments, the genuine landscape of unpretending neatness and comfort:

"She (Margaret) made no violent changes about Nether-Place, for she respected the memory of her old kind uncle; and she swept not away any of the antique objects that had been familiar to his eyes, however rude or homely. But still there appeared all around the difference between young and old fancies; a spirit of brighter expression encompassed the avenue, garden, house, and adjacent fields; and, while every thing in itself permanent was not only allowed to remain, but was carefully protected, such as the Willow-Arbour, the root-seats, the high beech hedges, and the little shed, in whose niches the tufted bee-

lives stood secure from every wind that blew—many little additions were made, and many little clearings away, that let in the beauty of Nature more tenderly or more boldly upon Nether-Place, till the neighbours, who knew it best, declared that, though they could not tell why, it was far bonnier than before, and certainly not to be matched any where in all the Upper Ward."

The consolation of religion is never wanting to the afflicted in this tale of *Trials*. Margaret has recourse to her Bible amidst the distressing uncertainty of what might be the result of the journey to throw herself on the kindness of an uncle, whom she had never seen, and whom her father's conduct had estranged from her. The scene has an air of peaceful serenity which suits the temper of this excellent young woman.

"She sat down on the low turf-wall of a little enclosure in the moor, she tried to persuade herself that it was heartless to be happy—and that she ought to be sad and sorrowful in memory of the beloved dead. But conscience whispered away all such idle misgivings, and guarded her pure spiritual happiness. Not even could the remembrance of all the funerals she had seen prepared, one by one, within little more than a single year, distress her innocent soul. Her Bible, too, was in the bundle she carried in her hand. There, in the silence of that sweet solitary spot, she took it out, and read two or three chapters of the New Testament. As she again shut the clasps, and lifted up her eyes, how soothingly beautiful the green knolls, with their little groups of lambs asleep or in play! And, as she looked to heaven, how steeped in mercy seemed the blue depths of the wide smiling sky! She rose with an expanding heart, and walked on along the dreary dusty road as if it had been the soft margin of a murmuring rivulet."

Such also is that excellent passage, descriptive of the Sabbath-day musings of Margaret, communing with her own heart, and assisted in her pious thoughts by that book which was her daily guide and comfort.

"Margaret arose, and knowing that on that day no hand would lift the latch of the garden-gate, she took her Bible into the willow-arbour, and with it composed her heart. This was the Lord's day; and upon it the heart of every sinful and sorrowful creature, if inspired with religious faith, may humbly bring itself into closer communion with the Great Spirit of the Universe. In that quiet place, with the shadows of the flowering branches chequering the holy page, Margaret felt every passion

laid asleep. Unconsciously she turned to those chapters where she knew there were comforts promised to the afflicted, and now every verse seemed to overflow with more merciful meanings, and to breathe a blessing farther and farther into her lately desolate soul. That book had been her support when watching by the bedside of her dying sisters—and nothing else but that book could have sustained her when she was hearing her mother's groans, and wiping away the big drops of agony from her forehead. When it was upon her knees, the power of this mortal life over her was subdued or destroyed; the shadow of the world to come was then brought solemnly over her thoughtful spirit; and an awe was felt, as if she were sitting more immediately in the presence of her Maker."

We cannot give a fairer specimen of the work than the following very natural and pleasing description of an expedition of the family of the Lyndsays to their former habitation at *Bruehead*, from which their former calamitous change of circumstances had banished them:

"It was a pleasant afternoon, and thousands of peaceable parties, mostly family ones, were taking their weekly walk in quiet and contented happiness. Each group was satisfied within itself, and greetings were interchanged, as they passed along, in that kind spirit which had been infused into their minds by the service of the hallowed day. There was no noise, and one character of grateful contentment reigned over all. The large city was hushed within, without, and around. Every irregular and disturbing feeling seemed almost wholly calmed; and the gentle closing of day, without being dull or spiritless, was such as the minds of men would have desired, who were obliged by necessity to forget in their usual occupations more serious and solemn thought, and who therefore enjoyed the stated return of leisure and freedom from a painful thralldom, much more in the sobriety of reflection, than they would have done in eager and unrestrained delight. The young sailor, who had not forgotten his Scottish Sabbaths in foreign countries, but who had kept them with a happy conscience amidst the tumult and recklessness of a ship of war, now walked through places well-known and well-beloved, with a heart alive to every minute remembrance. He had some pleasant or gay thought to connect with every field, and with many of the knotted trunks of the old way-side trees. At first his recollections, as he gladly expressed them, were mournful to his mother's heart; but when she reflected how happy were all her children, and that her husband would probably return to her, that despondency gradually wore off, and

before they came in sight of the Plane trees of Braehead, faintly tinged with the verdure of spring, she felt quite happy, and joined with her children in a joyful exclamation, as soon as they beheld the roof of what had so long been their own house. Its appearance gave no painful shock,—there it stood in its well-known vernal beauty, and Margaret's eye flashed through joyful tears as she turned smiling round to her mother, and said, 'Bonny Braehead looks as sweet as ever,—it is not true that they have cut down our trees.'

"The small party did not go straight up to the house, but, by a footpath, went into the wide broomy field behind it, and sat down together on a green knoll. Little or nothing was changed. They knew the very cows that were pasturing about them, and the tall grey house belonging to John Walker, their old neighbour, was taking his Sabbath rest in the pasture. A few early lambs were running to and fro,—the voice of bees was not unheard,—and the loud, clear, and mellow song of the blackbirds was ringing through the Braidhill Wood. It was just a Sabbath of other years. One person only was wanting. Had he been with them, their happiness had been complete. But although he was not there, his image was ; and there were circumstances known to one and all of them, that gave them reason to hope, that, on their next visit, he might be present at the head of them, and dearer to them for the sake of his misfortunes and his repented sins. So the small party continued sitting in tranquillity,—not, indeed, a party of pleasure, for that is but a shallow word, but one contented with their lot, and humbly anxious to deserve it, with all its sorrows, by resignation to the decrees of Heaven.

"Laurence started up, and taking Margaret by the arm, cheerfully said, 'Let us visit honest John Walker.' His mother, Esther, and Marion followed, and by well-known ways they soon were at the door of their rude, but kind-hearted neighbour. All the family were at home ; and after the first friendly meeting, all eyes were riveted on the young sailor. Young and old devoured the words of him who had sailed over the wide seas, and seen far-off countries. The good-woman of the house soon got tea ready, and the spirits of all rising in the unexpected pleasure of the visit, an hour or two passed away as cheerfully as ever they had done in former times, when the Lyndsays were themselves inhabitants of Braehead. No heart was suffered to flag, or to give itself up to painful recollections. A homely happiness bound them all down within the limits of that room, and while Laurence told tales of foreign parts, and spoke of his ship, her guns, and her crew, his own mother listened with pride and admiration, and had not a single

thought of her own calamities. Margaret sat eyeing her brother with a sparkling countenance ; and blind Esther, whose own steps were so limited, followed in a dream the course of the ship in which Laurence had sailed so many thousand leagues, and formed her own incommunicable ideas of the countries he described, and their strange inhabitants. Poor Marion, forgetting, as it seemed, her present life, in the vivid remembrance of other days, recognized pieces of the furniture formerly familiar to her, went up to the large wicker cage, and spoke to the thrush by his name, and then patted the head of the large good-natured mastiff, which she knew to be an old acquaintance. 'Let us return thanks,' said John Walker,—and every one was silent as he repeated the prayer and thanksgiving."

Somewhat of a more serious and elevated sort, but equally natural and pleasing, is the description of the night-scene, when Margaret sleeps in the house where her benevolent friend, Mrs Wedderburn, had sheltered her after her mother's death.

"It was the same room in which she had slept during the most undisturbed part of her life, when, snatched from poverty and obscure distress, she had been admitted into the very bosom of the most enlightened happiness, and made one of a family distinguished in the possession of all temporal advantages, by every Christian virtue. She felt now enclosed by all peaceful thoughts ; and along with softened remembrances of the past, came brighter hopes of the future. Within the walls of this one house were almost all she dearly loved, and they were all lying in silence and sleep. She looked from her window into the clear night, and those beautiful meadows, where she had so often walked in joy with Frances and Harriet, were all reposing in the moonlight. Over the tops of the groves her heart sailed onwards to sweet Braehead, and saw a confused vision of that her early habitation. The dead were there alive, and voices heard that had for years been silent in the dust. Like the songs of an angel swelling in the starry heaven, were now the remembered tones of blind Esther's voice, hymning beside her mother's knees. And love, which, as well as fear, peoples the night with phantoms, brought the image of that mother close to her side, till she almost started to behold the visible presence of one who could now be embraced but in a dream. These were Margaret's waking thoughts before she lay down on the once accustomed bed ; and they brightened into still more overwhelming bliss in the mysterious, incomprehensible, and incommunicable world of sleep."

The still-life of the rural picture is

equally well represented as its persons. Margaret Lyndsay, after being domesticated with her granduncle, increases the neatness and the comfort of his kitchen-parlour.

“The number of its chairs was increased—the windows were cleared of stains and imprisoned flies, dead or alive—some flower-pots, geraniums, and hydrangias, and even a myrtle or two, under the fostering care of Margaret Lyndsay, diffused a lively feeling of natural beauty from wall to wall—and nothing that could stain the cleanliness of the abode was unremoved, except the clay-nests of the swallows, which were all held sacred—an old colony, whose regularly returning children were venially expected, with their undisturbing twitterings, to the eaves, sheds, and window-angles, where they had made good their inheritance by a tenure of unnumbered summers.”

In description of natural scenery, the powers of the author are of no ordinary sort. We shall, without fear of tiring our readers, give another example from page 233,—the landscape of a summer morning, in which Margaret begins her journey to her grandfather's.

“It was one of the perfect days of July, when Nature is felt to be within the very heart of the year, and when there seems never to have been such a thing as winter or decay. The blue heavens were steadfast with their marbled clouds, and all the fair and gorgeous array of perishable vapours seemed then as if they were everlasting. A general murmur of bliss prevailed, and it accompanied the solitary girl, as she walked along the houseless moor. Every moment there was something that delighted her—the green lizard, as it glided through the rustling tall grass by the way-side,—the lapwing, now less wily than its young were fledged, walking along the lea-fields

with its graceful crest,—the large yellow-circled ground-bees, booming by in their joyful industry,—the dragon-fly, with his shivering wings shooting in eccentric flight, almost like a bird of prey,—the bleating of lambs on the sunny knoves,—or the deep cooing of the cushat-dove, somewhere afar off in his lonesome wood.”

It is, indeed, one of the excellencies of this little work, that it everywhere inculcates the purest morality and the most sincere piety in every situation and circumstance, whether of good or ill fortune, the good which it enhances, the ill which it supports. We wish that a cheap edition put it in the power of those readers of the lower ranks, of which there are now many in Scotland, to profit by the precepts, and still more by the speaking examples of virtue and religion which it contains.

Such histories as this of the *Trials of Margaret Lyndsay*, which “come home to the business and bosoms” of the lower classes, are well calculated to form the manners and character of that great body of the people, on whom depend the peace, the security, and the happiness, of the social state. We have read no work indicative of such talents for stories of this kind as this book, and the “*Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*,” by the same author. We hope the praise of the good and the discerning, as well as the general encouragement of the public, will induce him to continue his labours in whatever form he may think most conducive to extend the influence of morals and of religion, which it is the praise of his present volume to shew a constant desire to cultivate and promote.

THE VICOMPTE DE SOLIGNY.*

Upon my life I am a Lord indeed,
And not a Tinker.—

Induct. to Taming of the Shrew.

THE "young French nobleman" of Mr Colburn's advertisements has had the kindness to confess his true title on his title-page; and after reading his two volumes, we have the happiness to consider ourselves as tolerably well acquainted with Victoire Vicompte de Soligny. He is a most amiable "young French nobleman." Unless we had been expressly informed in the translator's preface, that he was born in Normandy—has spent far the greater part of his life in his paternal chateau in that delightful province—become acquainted with Paris and the Parisians, *only* by means of a few occasional excursions, &c. &c. &c. we are free to confess, that, to judge from these Letters alone, we should have been much inclined to suppose him a person both born and bred on our own side of the water.

On coming over from Dieppe to Brighton, to be sure, we have one or two amiable touches of regret.† But, in spite of these little exceptions, and a few more allusive ones of the same kidney, there are so many things unforeign-looking, and, above all, un-French-looking, about the book, that we should really, but for the distinct and candid statements above referred to, have set down the author for one of the men *au masque du papier*.

As it is, we are sorry to observe, that our Noble and Norman friend has not made his observations upon England under the happiest of all possible auspices. It is a great pity* that a person of his high birth and expectations should not have come among us provided with a few letters of introduction, such as might have given him the opportunity of mingling a little in

* Letters on England. by Victoire, Count de Soligny. 2 vols. Translated from the original MSS. London: Henry Colburn and Co. 1823.

† "They conducted us to a hotel, where we now are: C—— with his unchangeable good-humour; but I, ill, fatigued, spiritless, out of temper, and disposed to dislike every thing and every body about me. How is this? Shall I confess? My mind, and the weak frame to which it is linked, are on the shores of England; but half the energies that keep them healthful, and almost all the thoughts and affections that make them happy, have returned to the flowers, the trees, and the waterfalls of V——. 'He'll be better and happier to-morrow, if the sun shines,' I hear A—— say; and she's always right. She knows him better than he does himself. Good night! I don't know why it is, but when my head is on my pillow, and my eyes are closed, and I hear nothing about me but my own breathings, wherever my body may be, my spirit is sure to be at V——."

* * * * *

"Saturday.—A—— was right. I got up this morn'g, and walked out; and the sun did shine,—and the sea glittered under it,—and the little children were bathing or playing about on the sands, or riding ponies or asses on the shore; gaily dressed people with their brisk morning faces, were passing and repassing here and there; the fishermen were spreading their nets to dry, and their wives sitting mending them, on a beautiful piece of turf in the centre of the town looking to the sea; the houses, I thought, had every where a peculiarly happy look, unlike any thing I had seen before; and I was better and happier. I looked once or twice across the sea for the shores of France, but I cou'dn't see them; and I don't know whether I wasn't trying to be melancholy again; but just then I caught a glance of the sunshine upon the water, and C—— came up to me with his smiling spirit looking out from his eyes, and I was happy half against my will.—'Happy against his will! Now isn't that nonsense?' I hear A—— exclaim. May she never be able to understand the feelings which she is so apt and so welcome to make merry with! May a perpetual light from within continue to give, as it does now, life, beauty, and newness to every thing about her! I know, as well as she does, that *this earth is, properly understood, a place about the surface of which we ought to glide as with wings; that the spirit ought to bear up the body from seeming to touch it: that we ought to pass over it as the bees pass over flowers, only to collect their sweets; I know all this, but I am constantly finding that I only know it;—she feels it. Adieu, my dear Claire, your affectionate brother,* V. S."

the distinguished society to which he is so well entitled. Never was such a mistaken affair in the world as this journey of his. He has absolutely gone out of England, as ignorant of England as he was when he entered England; and what is worse, far, very far, more ignorant of her, than he might have been without stirring from the green retreats of his ancestral paradise "V——," the sound of its waterfalls, "the trees," "the flowers," and the charming society of "Sister Claire."

There cannot be a more disagreeable office, than abusing a man's friends to him—and yet, in some cases, it is a necessary one. The truth is, that the young lord has been in bad hands, while in this country. He has moved in society of the most *quizzical* description. For aught we can see, he has never sat in company other than *infra dig.* He has gone out of England, without having seen a single sight that was worth seeing—always excepting Westminster Abbey and the Coronation—St Paul's—Windsor Castle—and the outsidcs of some of the colleges at Oxford. So far from seeing any of the great public men of England, he scarcely seems even to have heard of any of them. He never was in the House of Commons, nor in the House of Lords. He never mentions Lord Liverpool nor Mr Canning, nor Mr Brougham nor Mr Joseph Hume, any more than if he had visited the country, which they now adorn, in the year 1722. He never speaks of the politics, nor of the legislation, nor of the history of the great foreign empire, which he came over on purpose to study. Neither does he speak of high life in England, nor of any mode of gay life in England. Neither does he discuss our religion—no, he does not even allude to the fact of our having one. Of what then, the reader may well ask, does Victoire Vicomte de Soligny speak?—What was it that he *did* see?—What is it that he *does* describe?—Of what materials are his "LETTERS ON ENGLAND" made up?

We shall endeavour to answer these very natural questions.

The fact seems to be, that the Viscount fell, the moment he reached England, into the hands of the Cocknies. He had only one letter of introduction in his pocket-book—it was

addressed to a "Mr M——." He went to deliver it, good simple soul—and the moment he had passed M——'s threshold, he was lost, gone—he was in the very heart of Cockaigne; and once there, he might, no question of it, have remained on this side of the Channel for years, instead of months, without having the least chance of writing one single "Letter upon ENGLAND."

Mr M——, who is really a good-natured creature, seems to have recently retired from a small retail business in the city, and to inhabit, with his family, a small house, with a small garden before it, at the end of the village of Hampstead. The retiring from the business, Viscount de Soligny does not deny, was a bold step; but he adds, that "*decision* is indeed the most striking part of M.'s character;" and then enters into a long disquisition about "*ambition*," the "*springs of human action*," &c. all which ends in the Viscount's announcing that he is of opinion M—— did well to leave the shop in Cheapside. For example—

"A beggar's dog, if he has food and shelter, is as well off as a king's; and what is there to choose between the baby a span long, who sits on its mother's arm and cries for the moon, and the conqueror who stands bestriding one world and weeping for another? I have lately thought about this more than ever I did before; or rather I had never *thought* much about it before, though I had felt on the subject nearly as M—— does. But since I *have* thought about it, I cannot enough admire the *wisdom* that could *urge* such a choice *as he has made*, and the *resolution* that could, in spite of so many temptations to the contrary, put it in execution. M—— is convinced that we have no chance of being happy without *entire mental freedom*; and that the only way to retain that is to keep full possession of ourselves, by having *no fixed pursuit whatever*, but by living a life of *entire leisure*. This, therefore, has been his choice. And, to prevent the possibility of being diverted from it, he has, at a great comparative loss, realized his actual property; thus reducing his income to less than one-fifth of what it would have been, if he had chosen to carry on the commercial concern which came into his hands at the death of his father."

We cannot agree with all this. We think M—— should have stuck to his counter; but that is no affair of ours. "M——," says the Viscount, "knows more of *the world* than any man of his age I ever met with, and he has used

his knowledge of it to better purposes." Now, what are these purposes, M. le Vicompte? What are the occupations of this man, who knows so much of the world, and of whose character *decision* is the most striking part?

"He never makes any resolutions, or acts on any fixed prospective plan; but yields, in almost every thing, to the impulses which come to him from the external circumstances of the moment, and from within himself. As these urge and direct him, he is engaged in either contemplation, or study, or conversation, or mere amusement, or even mere idleness."

And again—

"There is another *happy art* by which he at all times avails himself of his best powers and resources. This is, never to set himself doggedly and determinately to any thing, but always to adapt the employment of the hour to the mood of mind in which he may happen to be at that hour. This habit of indulging his mind in what may almost be called its whims and fancies, is perhaps not without its disadvantages. It may create the appearance of caprice and instability, or perhaps even the reality. But is not this in itself a source of pleasure? And as for the appearance, we live by our own thoughts and feelings, not by other people's. M—— will sometimes try half a dozen different employments in as many minutes, and abandon them all; but he is sure to find the right at last. He will one minute be walking about in silent meditation; the next singing a favourite air; then he'll take up a book, read a page or two, and lay it aside again, and sit down to the piano; or perhaps walk out into the streets, in the unceasing din of which he finds a more complete abstraction than anywhere else; or mount his horse, and ride into the country, without facing thought of it a moment beforehand. Indeed I have heard him say, that he never feels such perfect freedom and buoyancy of spirit, as when he is galloping about on an open heath, alone, and without thought or object."

This last passage opens the whole mystery. Mr M—— is a Cockney dilettante—a true liege of King Leigh! he is one that walks about in silent meditation, and is the next minute humming one of Vincent Novello's airs—he is one that reads a page or two in a book, and thrums a little on the piano! and then walks out into the streets for the sake of their din, or mounts his horse—for M—— can ill afford to keep a horse—and never feels such freedom or buoyancy of spirit as when he is galloping without thought! Add to this, that he is hand in glove with all the actors

and artists of the second rate—that he puffs the plays and pictures in the papers—that his father was a great friend of Leigh Hunt's sire, and that he himself (M——,) although personally unacquainted with Leigh, has "watched his career all along," &c.—But we must give this in the French nobleman's own words—

"He was telling me the other day, that he began to be a reader much about the time that Hunt began to be a writer; and from the circumstance of their fathers having been known to each other, M—— was led to pay a particular attention to his progress in the early part of his career; which he was able to do with perfect impartiality, as he has never had any acquaintance with Hunt himself, or with any of his friends. He added, that from that time to the present, he has never once lost sight of Hunt, as a political as well as a miscellaneous writer, and has never once been led to suspect the purity and sincerity of his views, even in the former of these characters; which is more than he seems ready to say of ANY OTHER PUBLIC MAN!!! He differs from Hunt in many respects, as to the best means of promoting the ends he has in view, and also on many other points of taste and opinion; but I find that HE HAS MORE RESPECT FOR HIM AS A PUBLIC WRITER, THAN HE HAS FOR ANY OTHER OF THE DAY, WITHOUT EXCEPTION. Hunt was among the first of those on whom he was induced to lean in confidence, when he began to feel and judge for himself; and all the others have, one by one, slipped from under him, and left Hunt alone!! This seems to have created in him an affectionate respect for this writer, which almost takes the character of a personal friendship."

After this, why say any thing more of Mr M——? We dare say our readers will be half inclined to ask, Why say any thing more of Victoire Vicompte de Soligny and his volumes? "Sure they are bastards to the English: the French ne'er got them."—*Shakespeare*.

Nor shall we, gentle reader.—The plain truth of the matter is, that this book is, without exception, one of the most contemptible pieces of manufacture that any "Gentleman of the Press" ever put through his hands, either for Mr Colburn or for any other bookseller extant. The writer of it is just his own Milkop, bating the circumstances that his father is not dead yet, nor the shop entirely abandoned. Like Milkop, he walks up and down his "little back room" in silent meditation—Like Milkop, he hums an air—

Like Milksoy, he touches the piano-forte—and, best of all, like Milksoy he mounts his horse occasionally ! for, be it known to all whom it concerns, M. TIMS DE SOLIGNY is a member of the Surrey Hunt, as well as of the Surrey Institution. This dapper little Count of Cockaigne happened to have his papa's and mamma's permission to spend a few weeks at Paris a few years ago ; and ever since he has been aping the Frenchman in more ways than we need mention here. And a miserable ape he makes. So far from being able to personate, through two volumes, a foreigner,—a native of a different country, bred up under different laws, and nursed in different prejudices from ours—he could not, for the life of him, write two pages in any character without betraying—not that he is an Englishman—not that he is a Londoner—these were nothings—but that he is as arrant a little Cockney chatterer as ever stewed in the pit of Covent-Garden, sickened in a Margate-hoy, or waxed joyous over “a can of flip” in a tea-garden about—in or not in company with Mr William Hazlitt. As for the “*nobleman*” part of the hoax—but it would be too good a joke to get *angry* with Monsieur Tims !

Mr Tims has made a very clumsy job of it, and must really be even more destitute of imagination than we had imagined him. Only think how he represents a young French nobleman, who has never been in England, but who has come to England in consequence of his love for our literature, and admiration of our national institutions.—do but guess how he represents this person as spending his *first morning* in London.—We will willingly give a thousand pounds to every reader that guesses right.—The Viscount goes to see the Elgin Marbles ! Yes, before he has seen any one thing that is English, he is off for the British Museum, on purpose to see some specimens of Athenian art ; and the first letter he writes to *Claire* from the city where Shakspeare, Milton, Newton lived, is all about Zeuxis, and Praxiteles, and the Parthenon, and the Apollo—not forgetting a few quotations from Petrarch and Dante, culled from the Notes to the fourth Canto of Childe Harold ! A short letter upon St Paul's—another upon Carlton-House (the outside of it only of course) and some of the public offices—and

then the writer is completely at home,—he has plunged at once in *medias res*—we are in the heart of the *theatricals*, Kean, and Charles Kemble,—and Miss O'Neill ; and “*Finally,*” quoth he, “*I will notice the vehement, the intense, the far-thoughted, the deep-toned Mulready !*”

It is needless to say that Tims belauds all these excellent persons most incredulously ; but in case anybody asks, he really has not a single word to say about any of them that has not been said over and over again, in all the newspapers and magazines—ay, said till all the world has been sick of it any time these six years. Two or three of the letters indeed, are, and confess themselves to be, copied *literatim et verbatim*, out of some of these immortal works ; and, perhaps, if anybody would take the trouble to hunt such game, he might in this way, ferret out M. de Soligny in good earnest,—for we own, 'ye should think it odd if anybody had copied such things but the original author himself.

The moment he has discussed the players, he buckles to the painters.—He abuses West, as all the Cockneys do and did ; but perhaps, not being quite so familiar with the Bible as with the Examiner, he may not have known what he was criticising in some of his paragraphs.—As for example, the following :—

“The personification of Death going forth to destroy, is finely executed, according to the ideal conception which the painter has formed to himself ; but that conception is, in itself, totally bad. To represent Death (which is the very antithesis to humanity) under a human form, and wielding his dart of destruction with a human arm, is as unphilosophical as it is unpoetical.”

We have no patience to notice the common-place stuff he parades about Haydon and his new face, “more appropriate for Christ,”—and Wilkie—and Turner—and Chantry—and Flaxman, and so forth, down to some of the most obscure of their inferiors. In the few pages set apart to each, there is nothing that can be called information for English readers, since it has all been in the papers before ; and as for Claire de Soligny, and the rest of the reading public of France, who the devil among them would wish to hear any thing about such people as the Hiltons, the Thomsons, the Mulreadys, the Rippengills, &c. &c. &c. ? It is

probable, Tims has some time or other been gratified with permission to shew his nose at their private day.

Then come the "Literary Institutions of England."—The Royal Society being discussed in a page and a half, while seven pages are allotted by this French nobleman—to what?—'The Surrey Institution!

After this, Mademoiselle Claire is entertained with a series of letters upon the English character and manners. Just by way of letting our country readers see what sort of thing a Cockney is, when he sets to writing upon such a subject, and in such a character, we shall quote a passage or two; and first, let us hear, as related by a French Viscount, a well-informed Englishman's opinion concerning rivers in general.

"I once met with an Englishman, who, from observing that there is a daily flux and reflux of *trade* in the river Thames at London, had, for a moment, taken up a notion that tides were natural to all rivers; and he would persist in his opinion, and in quarrelling with me for presuming to differ from it! And this was a person in the *most truly respectable class* that belongs to English society; I mean that consisting of persons engaged in mercantile concerns, members of professions, &c. That even a well-informed man, (*as the person I am speaking of really was,*) might accidentally, and for a moment, take up such a notion as this, from the circumstance I have referred to being constantly in his observation, and from his being consequently forgotten or overlooked the real fact, is quite conceivable. None will doubt this who take the trouble to examine the progress of their own minds, and the manner in which we acquire and retain accidental and desultory knowledge of this kind. I do not state the circumstance as a proof of *ignorance*; for, as I before said, the person of whom I am speaking was a man of extensive general information, and could only for a moment have *forgotten* the fact in question. But to persist in maintaining, or rather in asserting the fact, merely because he had once stated it, was an example of coarse insolent obstinacy purely and exclusively English."

II.

Count Tims's opinion of English society in general.

"In fact, as far as society deserves that title, that is to say, as far as it regards man in the light of an intellectual, and not a merely gregarious animal, the English have, generally speaking, *no such thing*; and they scarcely seem to know what it

means, much less to appreciate its value and effects."

III.

Count Tims's account of routs.

"To these parties all are invited who can by any means be brought within the circle of the inviter's acquaintance; all they ever recollect to have met and spoken to during the present or the last season. And if these are not sufficient to fill the apartments to suffocation, more must by some means or other be procured through the medium of friends; because, for the apartments *not* to be full, would indicate that your house was large enough to accommodate all your acquaintance—which it would be an affront to suppose for a moment. For the accommodation of these visitors, servants are hired for the night to wait, lamps to light the rooms, chairs for the guests to sit on by turns, and glasses for them to drink wine and water and lemonade out of; these, and a few cakes, being all that is usually given at these parties in the way of *entertainment*. As to the amusement that is to be found at them, the persons present must contrive this for themselves; for which purpose they may collect into groups, (those who are known to each other—for no others can, by the laws of etiquette, even speak together,) and criticise the dress, manners, and persons of those about them; or they may take a hand at cards, if room can be found to place a table, or they may blunder through a quadrille, if eight persons can be got together *who know how*, and *one who will hammer them a tune on the piano*, near which there is generally a small space reserved for this purpose—to effect which, however, some of the company are obliged to be content with reaching no farther than the passage, or half way up the stairs. They have all the choice of amusement, which some of them *vary*, by going from one party to another in the course of the same evening; for your experienced *routers* frequently arrive at the honour of having *invites* to two or three different parties in the same evening; and they make a point of going to them all, in order that they may have an opportunity of saying at each that they have been or are going to the others. On these occasions the master and mistress of the house give themselves as little trouble about what is going forward as the guests do about them. If you get a sight of them, and a nod from them, once during the evening, it's all very well; if not, so much the better,—seeing that the gentility of these meetings is to be estimated by the difficulty of breathing and moving about!

"Before taking a most willing leave of these tiresome and ill-contrived parties, I ought not to omit mentioning, that, if at all of them, *from the highest (!) to the lowest*, you meet with persons, of both sexes, worse

dressed, and more vulgar in mind and manner, than are usually to be found among any other similar classes of society in Europe."

IV.

Count Tims's idea of an English dinner party.

"In the invitations to these parties the dinner hour is mentioned! and you are not expected to go till about half an hour after that time!! On arriving, you are shown into a drawing-room *up-stairs*, where the company assemble; and the moment the whole are arrived, dinner is announced, and you are led to a room on the *ground-floor*, where you are directed to a particular chair by the master or mistress of the house; your seat being near to, or distant from the latter, in proportion as you are a stranger, or to the respect that is intended to be shewn you. During dinner there is no time or opportunity for conversation, as the table is covered before you sit down; and though Englishmen eat comparatively little, and Englishwomen almost nothing, yet from the awkward and ill-contrived arrangements of the table, and the miserably deficient manner in which English servants fulfil their office, there is always something to call on your attention, either in assisting those who are near you, or in culture and waiting for what you want! (Pauvre Tims!) Since the intercourse between England and the continent, it has become a pretty general custom to hand round French wines two or three times during dinner; besides which the gentlemen frequently partake of those strong colonial wines which are so little used among us.—(This means Madeira, reader.) It is an invariable rule, however, never to take wine of this kind without asking either a lady or gentleman to take it with you. It is usual for the lady never to refuse when thus asked, though she may have never before seen the person asking her; but she seldom drinks what she takes into her glass, merely bowing silently to the gentleman, and putting the wine to her lips. All this you will think silly and unmeaning enough.

"When the cloth is removed, the dessert is placed on the table, together with foreign wines of various kinds—chiefly those colonial ones which are drunk during dinner, and the Englishman's favourite Port, or Oporto wine. There is generally French wine also, for the few who prefer it. It is at this period of the meeting that these kind of parties might be made very agreeable sources of social intercourse. But the English have really no notion of any thing of the sort.

"As to Literature and Art, they are scarcely ever by any accident mentioned; unless it should so happen that Lord Byron, or the author of the Scotch Novels,

has just produced a new work; or the Exhibition at the Royal Academy should be open. In case the Exhibition happens to be open, you have also numerous opinions on its comparative merits. These opinions, however, are not so various as they are numerous, being generally at once summary and comprehensive, and determining the point in question by the fact of whether the said Exhibition includes a greater or less number of portraits than it did last year; and on this point, too, the opinions are in general pretty equally divided! It is but fair to confess, however, that on these occasions you not unfrequently meet with persons, even among the females, who will go so far as to state their conviction that Mr Wilkie's picture is certainly 'very clever,' and Mr Chantry's sculpture 'very sweet;' and that the blue China jar on the mantle-piece, in the former work, is 'very natural,' and the snow-drop in the hand of the sleeping infant in the latter, is 'very pretty!'"

As the first volume may be said to be occupied with art and manners, so it may be said of the second bundle of the Count's Epistles, that poetry is the chief topic. He begins with a parallel between Wordsworth and Byron, whom he places at the head, and then there is a separate letter for each of the following: viz. Southey, Moore, Campbell, Scott, Coleridge, Wilson, Crabbe, Leigh Hunt, Shelley, and Barry Cornwall. Let us content ourselves, as formerly, with a few *morceaux*; for, as to the bulk of the articles, the reader may be quite sure he had read the same thing at least ten times over, ere our friend's *Lettres de Noblesse* had passed the seals.

I.

Wordsworth and Byron compared to the Sea and the Moon.

"I seem to have formed some arbitrary association between them in my own mind, so that the name and attributes of the one always suggest to me those of the other; just as the moon always reminds me of the sea, and the sea of the moon; and the illustration is perhaps not inappropriate; for while the one of these poets is a placid moon, changing in appearance, but always the same, and moving majestically along in its appointed path through the clear blue sky of intellect, the other is a mighty vessel, without rudder or compass, tossed hither and thither on the dark and stormy sea of passion."

After all, Byron, it seems, is not the sea, but a mighty vessel upon the sea—but let that pass!

II.

Count Tims speaks liberally concerning the Laureate.

"I cannot help anticipating, that, if he should enjoy the natural term of man's life, and go on to the end as he has up to the present period, he will one day arrive at the high distinction of having done more to benefit his fellow-beings—to make them *wiser, better, and happier*, than any of his contemporaries; or, perhaps, than *any other writer, living or dead, except Shakespeare!!!*"

III.

Count Tims on "My Public."

"To speak an ungracious truth, the said public, whether here or with ourselves, is the *worst* possible judge of poetical merit. That which it likes best, may, without further investigation, be pretty safely pronounced to be of the most questionable value."

IV.

Count Tims criticises Sir Walter Scott.

"It (poetry) is, to them, this true philosopher's stone, which converts every thing it touches into gold; the only elixir vite, which endows the spirit of its possessor with perpetual health and youth. These qualities the poetry of Sir Walter Scott does *not* possess."

V.

Count Tims's opinion of Coleridge.

"Perhaps Coleridge is the *first* genius of his day in this country; and yet, to prove that he is so, he has done—*nothing*."

VI.

Count Tims likens Coleridge to the automaton.

"His talking is as extraordinary as the chess-playing of the mechanical figure that was exhibited some years ago in Paris. You sit, and witness it in silent admiration, and wonder how it can be. And, like that, there's no puzzling or putting him out. He seems wound up, and *must* go on to the end. But when that end will arrive, no one can guess; so that the spectators are frequently obliged to get up and go away in the middle of the game—not being able to anticipate any finish to it."

VII.

—And to Madame Catalani.

"But perhaps Coleridge's eloquence might, with more truth, be compared to Catalani's singing."

VIII.

Count Tims on his natural Sovereign.

"Hunt undoubtedly has Genius."

IX.

Count Tims laudeth the late Mr Shelley.

"His imagination,—if it is at times wild and uncontrollable, and its images are vague, misty, and indistinct

even to itself,—is yet capable of reaching and sustaining itself at heights to which no other living poet has soared. And his power over poetical language is still more unrivalled: I have seen nothing like it in modern versification."

X.

Count Tims writeth finely concerning one Mr William Procter.

"Fancy to yourself all the gentlest elements of our nature, spontaneously blending themselves into one gentle and harmonious union, and you may perhaps gain general notion of the peculiar character of Barry Cornwall's genius—not its sole, but its peculiar character. *His spirit is occasionally delighted and able to take a flight into the far-off regions of the stars; or to mingle with the clouds, and mingle its essence with the storm; but its chosen occupation is to wander silently along in the tender moonlight, waiting for those unsought glimpses of heaven which are not unfrequently allowed to descend upon us, to cheer and brighten the common face of our earth. It is not the proud cedar, planted on the mountain top of intellect, and thence lifting its lofty branches into the sky; but the graceful willow, growing contentedly on the green bank of the stream of human life;—which, whilst it only loves the sweet wild flowers that spring even where about it, yet loves best of all to drop its young branches and dip its slender leaves into the ever-murmuring waters, in search of the trembling image of that heaven which it's reflected there, and which is dearer to it than the reality above, because it seems to be nearer!!!*"

XI.

Count Tims approveth, and himself emulateth, Mr Procter's classic vein.

"Whenever Barry Cornwall dies, they may write upon his tomb, 'He too was an Arcadian;' for such he is, though he dwells in London in the nineteenth century! His imagination and fancy have all that pastoral sweetness about them, that tender repose, added to that active and healthful sensibility, which we attach to our idea of the happy dwellers in that enchanted land, where life itself was one long idyllium, set to its own music. And what makes this comparison the less inappropriate, is, that all the above qualities of his mind; his imagination, fancy, and sensibility; are, as it were, imbued and saturated with the beautiful mythological imagery peculiar to that golden age. The tales of old romance and chivalry, with all their passionate beauty, seem to be too rude and boisterous to be allowed a place in his somewhat *feminine* (but by no means *effeminate*) mind. Nothing seems to be permitted to enter, or at least to take up a permanent residence there, but the smooth and polished inven-

tions and imaginations of this particular period of antiquity. But with these it is beautified and filled to overflowing, like a modern gallery of Greek sculpture. All this produces a delightful effect on many parts of his poetry; giving it an imaginative richness and variety of character that can be communicated to it by no other means. Thus, has he to tell us of his heroine's or his mistress's voice, under various circumstances: It is not only like all and every of the sweet sounds that actually come to us from external nature, but it is sweet as we may have imagined the voice of Delphic girls, singing hymns to *Dion*; or low as that of *Syrinx*, when she fled murmuring before her sylvan pursuer, through the forests of *Treby*; or sad and soft as *Onone's*, when she pined away her life in love for the false *Paris*. Are we seated with him in imagination beside a summer stream, listening to his tender love-tales? We not only see it decked in all its own beauties, but, by a word, or a hint, he makes it bring back to our memory those that were haunted of old by nymphs and naiads; or those still more lovely ones that were extinct with the music of passion itself, such as that into which the loving and beloved sea-maid, the "white *Galatea*," changed her Sicilian shepherd boy; or that other, into which the angry *Pluto* transformed the beautiful *Cyane*; or that lost one, which wandered beneath the earth in search of its lost love, *Arethusa*. In a word, all that is poetical in itself, is by this writer made more poetical."

XII.

Count Tims speaketh inconsistently, touching the same Mr Procter.

"Whenever he endeavours at THIS, or indeed, whenever he uses *judicious* towards ANY THING, the result is, GENERALLY SPEAKING, A comparative FAILURE!!!"

XIII.

Count Tims describes the Temple.

"A little farther on, looking like a green oasis in the midst of a dark wilderness of warehouses and wharfs, lay the pleasant gardens of the Temple; a range of buildings formerly belonging to the celebrated Knights Templars, but now inhabited almost exclusively by members (query, limbs) of the law."

XIV.

Count Tims abuseth certain modern works.

"I am told that every one of them is rendered more or less subservient to the personal views of a body of men who have lately become very important members of the republic of letters; I mean THE BOOK-SELLERS."

XV.

Count Tims disinterestedly laudeth his BOOKSELLER Mr Colburn's Magazine.

"Nothing can be more piquant and attractive than the melange formed by this infinite variety of style and matter. It strikes readers where it does not find them; incipient readers it strengthens and confirms; and confirmed ones, or even those whose appetites are sated by over-indulgence, it rouses anew. Besides, you *must* read it, whether you will or no, unless you disclaim reading altogether. Not to have read such or such an article in the last *New Monthly*, said to be written by so and so, is an imputation not to be thought of, you might almost as well admit that you had not read the last *Scotch Novell*, or *WILSON PA-*

XVI.

The Count describeth his literary friends in England, and their success.

"They are generally considered as a class by themselves, and are looked upon as rather out of their place in what is called here *mixed company*. They, for the most part, belong to the middle rank of life, and consist of persons of domestic and retired habits, who do not reside in the metropolis, but come to it probably every morning to transact their commercial concerns, and return to their families in the afternoon, a few miles in the country. *What I speak of as extraordinary*, (and the fact appears to me as singular an anomaly as any thing of the kind I ever met with) is, that this unprecedented diffusion of literature, and that of the most popular and attractive kind, should fail to create any thing like a general fashion for it!!!"—*FINIS!*

The book concludes with two letters—the one describing a visit to Oxford, and the other the Coronation; for which august ceremony, indeed, if we may place implicit faith in John Bull's reiterated assertion, all the gentlemen of the press, except John himself, were presented with tickets.

Our opinion of this book is low—our opinion of the author's sincerity is as moderate as of his talents and acquirements. It is a timid, milk-and-water thing—it does not dare either to praise or to abuse, as if there were manhood in it. The same person *cannot*, we should apprehend, worship *Leigh Hunt* as the first, best, and most upright of all living political characters, and yet enjoy, with loyal zeal, as this body affects to do, the Coronation of the elegant and the generous Prince, whom that vile hircing has spent his days in libelling. The same

man cannot, with sincerity, butter both the Elgin Marbles and Barry Cornwall. As well might a man inhabit, at one and the same moment, a chateau in Normandy, and a shop on Ludgate hill; or be a "young French nobleman," and yet be profoundly ignorant, even of the manner in which French gentlemen sign their names." But, to

be sure, a Cockney is an animal *per se*, therefore, like Bedford and Brougham, we mean nothing personal. "God forbid that we should!" We have the highest respect for "County Paris."

The catchpenny scarcely deserved, after all, the tenth part of the room we have bestowed on it.

POLITICS.

We are not hostile to a Parliamentary Opposition in the abstract. While Ministers are men, their errors cannot be better guarded against than by an honest Opposition. But we fearlessly say, and we will be echoed by the country, that England never before saw such an Opposition as that which now humiliates her Parliamentary name. A thing of shreds and patches, made up of fragments of the Foxites; a solitary Bard of the house of Grenville, a Radical Barrister, and a few dozens of grievance gatherers and other cyphers, the mere lumber of party. To defeat those men; to turn them into contempt and crush them, is the easy work of the Ministry, too easy for honour, though still necessary to the public safety. Yet by a strange and ludicrous delusion, this remnant of party is twice or three times in every session absolutely led to think its life within reach of place. The delusion goes on for a while in secret; whisperings thicken at Brookes's;—Tierney emerges into St James's Street, and puts on those smiles which are so soon to be felt as favours;—Mackintosh flings by the manuscript of his reluctant History, and meditates a poem for the Whig Inauguration;—Brougham comes out "from the winter of his discontent," throws off his slough, and, sleek as a viper in the sun, creeps on his way with new alacrity.

That such a delusion should mislead any men capable of the common functions of the understanding, is next to miraculous. Not five human beings outside the walls of Brookes's, or Bedlam, could be found to contemplate the possibility of their return to power. Where have they the elements of an administration? They have the finance of the *Edinburgh Review*, the

politics of the *Edinburgh Review*, the religion of the *Edinburgh Review*—If the embodying of a decaying and desperate publication in the persons of five or six Parliamentary haranguers, be a title to the confidence of a great nation, then let them have their reward, and let the nation have its reward, in ruinous finance, in profligate politics, in the religion of Hume and Spinoza, in the whole charlatanism of weak understandings and perverted principles, doubly entangled and perverted by the weight and the luxury of sudden plunder.

But if those men possessed ability for office, we remember their practice, and scorn them for their want of public honesty. The year of Whig Government stands up in accusation against them, with an indictment of follies and meannesses, disasters and crimes, that nothing can rail away. As if for a providential proof of their total incapacity for the Government of the British Empire, they were tried in all the forms that could display the wisdom of a manly administration, or the imbecility of a cowardly and contemptible cabal.

They began with a French negotiation: they humbled the neck of England to solicit peace at the footstool of Bonaparte: they were not repelled by his insolence, his atrocity, or his faithlessness. The majesty of the empire was sent to crouch for a dishonourable truce among the little, heartless States of the Continent, and it was trampled on as it deserved. Napoleon turned his back on the Whig Ambassador, made him a public dupe—the Whig Administration a public ridicule—and went out on his old career of blood and slavery through Europe.

They had an expedition. To find

* N. B.—Victoire Vicomte de Soligny puts at the end of each of his letters "V. S."!!!

a place for it, they assaulted the last ally of England—drove that ally into the arms of France, and *failed*. They had the solitary honour of making the gallantry of the British navy fatal only to itself, and worthless to the cause of Europe.

They tried their vigour in finance; and those economists doubled the most odious of all our taxes, the Income Tax—the very impost against which they had declaimed for years; and they doubled it with an insolent sneer at the complaints of the people.

They tampered with the Established Religion; and after having pledged themselves to their Papist policy, they shrunk from it at the threat of losing office. Their cowardice came in aid of their hypocrisy, but the ground broke down under both, and the Whig Administration perched in the midst of Parliamentary contempt and national rejoicing.

What new merits have they acquired since? Is it in the scornful retreat of Lord Grenville? or in the rapid decrepitude of Lord Grey? in the death of Whitbread and Romilly? or in the exhausted sarcasm of Tierney, and the augmented acidity and more naked shallowness of Brougham? Let any man living look at the Opposition, and say, can he find among them the materials, not of an Administration, but even of an English party! Let him ask, what evidences of public spirit have they given—what monuments of legislative wisdom—what tribute of prompt counsel or manly energy to the exigencies of the Empire—and let him find their merits in homage to Napoleon while he lived, and in fulsome eulogies over his grave—in vulgar, safe abuse of the allies of England—in giving the right hand of fellowship to the Radicalism, which wants only power to burst into Revolution—in lifting up their ominous voices to every political bandit and incendiary, that prepares for the disturbance of the world.

It is an absolute fact, that at the commencement of this Session, the Whigs had deluded themselves into the expectation of power. They had even gone the ridiculous length of settling their places. It was presumed, that the pressure of a French war coming upon the "Agricultural distresses," would harass the nation into a change, and they drew the improbable conclusion, that the people would choose no

alternative but the miserable one of themselves. It might argue a criminality too deep even for the baseness of faction, to say, that knowing the war to be impolitic, they yet urged it on for the purposes of an unprincipled thirst of place; but it is notorious, that they urged it, equally against the spirit of their former declarations, against the national interests, and even against that public opinion to which they had hitherto bowed down with such suspicious homage, and without which they were nothing. But the whole intrigue is now at an end. The debate on the negotiations has closed the gates of hope upon them; they may now rail and recriminate with whatever remorse they wilt. They have been broken down in open encounter, and by their own confession they have been cast into a contemptuous exile and utter remoteness from the chance of power.

It may have been remarked, that the earlier part of the Session passed with unusual quietude. Hume and Bennet, and the *mon frêre* of Whiggism, were allowed to dabble in the shallows, but those partizans, by whom the more substantial work of party was to be done, were kept back. Tierney and Mackintosh were afflicted with politic indisposition; Brougham, incapable of holding his tongue, was sent to struggle for precedence on the northern Circuit, and employ his briefless time in writing a review of his own oration against the Clergy; Macdonald, too young to be trusted alone, was relegated to the care of Mackintosh and to the country, to get his speech by heart. The tactic was, that all Opposition wisdom should be withheld from the Minister; that he should be suffered to go on blundering the country into a war, in the innocent presumption that all observance was at an end; that the might of Tierney slept; that Mackintosh was visited with a perpetual silence; that little Newport had wisely yielded to the warnings of nature and reason, and had finally gone to the Waterford of his fathers; that the bitter physiognomy of the Barrister, and the Spafelds gesticulation of the General, had relieved the House of their presence, never to startle it more; and that the Humes and Hobhouses, the Bennets and Folkstones, alone were, like the inferior animals, the monkeys and lizards of an Indian ruin, to fill

the place that had once been made vocal by men.

Yet the Minister contrived, in defiance of all calculation, to go on without a war, and even without the wisdom of Opposition. It was to no purpose that the prophecies at Brookes's grew louder day by day, and that St James's Street was thronged with angry gestures, and visages fierce with ministerial ruin. The Minister still pursued his course without discussion or difference on the part of the House or of the people. But the day of retribution was at hand, he was to pay for his long impunity, and the debate on the negotiations was to cast him, bound hand and foot, at the base of Whiggism. The debate came on, the whole force of the party was on the alert;

"The charge was prepared, and the lawyers were met,"

an exhibition which it had cost the Whigs three months of vigour to muster, and may cost them more years to renew. The debate was prefaced by an experiment in the House of Lords, and Lords Holland and Grey were appointed to the forlorn hope, in the spirit of the old adage, "*Experimentum in vili corpore faciamus*." They were routed at once by the solid reason, integrity, and English spirit of Lord Liverpool's defiance. But the old refuge of a protest was adopted to cover their retreat; and thirteen peers signed a declaration of their censure of ministerial measures.

But the debate in the Commons was to be fatal! Party, proverbially, throws such a cloud over the understanding, that we are scarcely to be astonished by any excess of its presumption. The triumphing of the Whigs was palpable, public, and extravagant beyond all precedent, and beyond all escape from future ridicule. Their assurance of the expulsion of the Ministry was so complete, that they had actually begun to bicker at their cabals on the disposal of office; gold sticks and silk gowns were already the provocatives to strife, and the Household and the Treasury were cut up and distributed in the midst of intestine war. If the Whigs had been successful, we should have seen them ranged in open battle within a week. Bennett would have thrown up his new government of Newgate; Wilson

have withdrawn, in virtuous indignation, from the command of the standing army of Bow Street; and Denman and his legal brother have flung down the triple wig and flowing gown of the Sidney Cove Bench, with a due sense of personal wrong. The debate was at length brought on, and the Minister was to be no more. We speak of the proceedings of the House of Commons with entire respect; because we honour it as the temple of the Constitution. But we speak only in the justified freedom of Englishmen, when we are called on to express our sentiments of the proceedings of party. The arrangement prophetic of success was, that the Minister should be beaten down, if not by the vigour of the attack, by its tediousness; and that the House should be pressed, by speech on speech, until the happy vote which covered the Treasury bench with a new population of official hunger. It was further arranged by Brougham, with a parliamentary courage the more venturesome, as it usurps the place of vulgar nerve in that correspondent of Mr Kerriol, that he should reserve himself for the special demolition of Mr Canning, that, no matter to what hour the debate might be prolonged, and the Minister's personal defence postponed, the lawyer should **speak** after him, and thus make his attack when all defence was expressly at an end. We will give no opinion of this proceeding as it regards a parliamentary debate, for we pay due deference to privilege. Mr Macdonald, the mover, had the established right of a reply to the defence; but here was an additional reply, which was palpably a new attack, and against which, however malignant, false, or absurd it might be found, no man could be prepared but by the spirit of prophecy. But it was obvious, that this singular artifice might have had two objects, each dear to a low-minded partizan, and that the latter and the dearer might be the escape from that indignant retaliation which no man is more capable of inflicting than the Minister, and from which no man more notoriously shrinks than Brougham. The debate proceeded, the man of demolition kept himself in the back ground, the House underwent the intolerable trial of three nights of such speakers as fill up the eloquence of the Opposition. At the close of the third, Mr Canning, aware

of the artifice, and despising the artifice as he deserved, made his speech. The true panegyric of this noble exposure of paltry Opposition intrigue, and elucidation of the conduct of Government, is to be found in the votes of the assembly. But it seems to us to have been the foremost of the many powerful orations that have placed Mr Canning in the first rank of the House of Commons. It retained all the excellence of his style, while it was purified from all the defects. Its figures were few, but these were forcible and direct, and its humour was less gay than contemptuous. Its weight of matter impressed the form of its whole eloquence; and since the days of Pitt and Fox, the House has heard no finer exemplification of the true senatorial style, grave, lofty, and powerful, full of public care, and personal manliness, and English feeling. After this, Brougham, already baffled, attempted to address the House. We leave it to the journals of the day, to tell with what feebleness and bewildering this feat was tried. We have an old contempt for the abilities of this bustling and self-sufficient Barrister. But our contempt had not been sunk to the level of this last experiment. The Opposition were already put to the rout; and they suffered their motion to be negatived without a division. The public journals detail the discomfiture with a galling minuteness. The amendment, flinging defiance in the teeth of the party, was then carried by a majority of ten to one; the Opposition themselves taking shelter under the affirmative, and, to conceal their numbers, swallowing their words.

The late revival of the Spanish question has established a test of Whiggism, and the result is, its boundless exposure. When Napoleon invaded Spain, and that devoted country called to England for aid, every honest and honourable heart responded to the call. Indignation against the basest treachery; compassion for human suffering; the natural admiration of brave men for the hopeless gallantry of the brave; all the manlier sympathies of nation with nation were stirred, and it is to the honour of British wisdom and manliness that they were not stirred in vain. The national feeling was strongly pronounced, and the government had only to guide the vigour of the people. But, besides this noble

impulse of the general heart, the colder considerations of policy were all ranged on the side of Spain. The Peninsula lay before the eyes of a British minister, as the very field which he would have solicited from fortune for the array of his powers. By the defeats of Russia and Austria, the old Continental field had been closed; by the Spanish Insurrection, the gates of a great arena were flung back, in which England might fight her battle without fear of treachery, and where every blow was at once for the defence of Great Britain—for the relief of Spain—and for the freedom of the world.

In the midst of this glorious national outcry for war, one contemptible and querulous voice was intermingled. The Whigs set themselves against the honest enthusiasm of the empire, magnified the power of the enemy with gross exaggeration, discoloured the prospects of the country with treacherous prediction, ridiculed the national feeling, and degraded the national victories. No licence of party could have justified this wretched perversion of truth, honour, and feeling; no honourable ambition of guiding the public councils could have stimulated this base prostration of their understandings at the foot-stool of the most heartless, unprincipled, and sanguinary tyrant that ever sat on a European throne—a villain who ought to have fattened the region kites with his offal—who never avowed but one purpose with sincerity, and that purpose the utter ruin of England. Yet it was before this monster of crime that the Whigs bowed down their patriotic heads—that they cried out to all nations to suspend defence—that they bade Spain be a sacrifice, and England a dupe and an ally—to be thence and for ever a slave. Let them be tried by their declarations then and now. Those declarations are directly opposed. They called for submission, when war was the only hope of England; they call for war now, when peace is essential to the welfare of England. They called for submission, when our cause was clear, when the unanimous voice of Spain implored our alliance, and when the enemy of Spain was the enemy of mankind; they call for war, when our cause is dubious, when we should have to fight the half of Spain and the whole of Europe—when our battle would be, not for a free Consti-

tution, but for a fantastic, crumbling, Jacobin theory, hateful to our own principles, and hateful to the habits, the feelings, and the interests of Spain. How is this extravagant contradiction to be accounted for? The secret lies in the rage of disappointed party, in the destitution of public principle, and in personal, vulgar vexation. No set of men have ever been more decisively abjured, and flung from side to side, by all the great bodies of political name. The open Revolutionists hate, scorn, and trample on the Whigs, refuse all connection with them, soliciting and submissive as they are—and, to their teeth, call them traitors. The Government break them down in debate, and shew them as naked of ability as of principle. The vast national majority, that take no active part in public affairs, but sit as the judges of party, and the distributors of fame and honour, have long since held their judgment upon these men; and, by their exclusion for half a century, have fixed on them a seal of contempt and distrust, which all their virulence cannot rail off the hand. Who can doubt of the desperate follies that may fill the heart of a disappointed partizan, when they hear such words as these: "As an advocate, it is my bounden duty to look at my client as alone in the world. I would go so far as to say, that, to save my client, I would not flinch, if it were to *hurt my country into confusion!*" These words have been imputed to Brougham. In the mouth of his mediocrity, they are only ridiculous, and exhibit the eagerness of a kind pleader to catch clients. Pronounced by a man of solid ability and political weight, nothing could be more formidable.

In the late debates on the Spanish question, Lord Liverpool made some indirect references to the extraordinary diversity of Lord Grey's opinions. This diversity Lord Grey seems to have denied, through an equally extraordinary lapse of memory. Mr Canning subsequently refreshed his Lordship's recollection, by quoting his express words. We shall go a little farther than the quotation of Lord Grey, and establish the fact of the blindness, obstinacy, and anti-British spirit of the whole body of Whiggism, out of its own lips. We find in the parliamentary debates, the following sentiments, at the commencement of the Peninsula-

lar war, attributed, in the first instance, to Lord Grey, the ostensible head of Whiggism:—

"I trust I shall not be thought to talk the language of despondency, when I say, that, in order to maintain the ultimate contest which is to decide for ever the power and independence of the country, the true policy of those who govern it must be, to pay a strict attention to economy; to be actuated by a determination to *concentrate your means*, not to engage them in any *enterprize or speculation*, of which the *event is doubtful*; but to pursue the economical system of *husbanding your resources*, by which *alone* you will enable yourselves to continue the contest; the cessation of which does not depend on you, but on the injustice of your enemy. I remember this policy, so well expressed in this sentiment of a celebrated poet,

'Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secunda;'

was much derided on a former occasion; but notwithstanding the ridicule which was thrown on it, I think the country will one day know how to appreciate the system which was steadily pursued and acted on by the last administration. I have already said, it was not a *sudden ebullition* which should have led us to depart from these *principles of economy* I have so often recommended. His Majesty's ministers should have been satisfied, not only of the *existence of a proper spirit* in the people, but that there was *a good element in the country* which had acquired a *sufficient authority* to give it the necessary energy. If neither of these things existed, *or if the one existed without the other*, it was the *very acme of madness!* In his Majesty's ministers, under such circumstances, to lavish as they have done the resources of the country. If there was a spirit in the people, though acting under the disadvantage of not having a proper spirit in the government, I do not say that assistance should have been wholly withheld, but we certainly should not have sent an army where we had not the necessary means to afford supplies to that army, or effectual assistance to those whom it was intended to protect."—*Debate of April 21, 1809.*

We have here the exposition of but a part of his Lordship's mind. The public voice was too strong to suffer his absolute denunciation of the Spanish cause. Hence his perplexity and contradiction—hence he would *not* assist the nation if there was a spirit in the people without a spirit in their rulers—and hence he *would* assist them without a proper spirit in their rulers. Hence, if one of those things existed without the other, it was the *acme of madness* in ministers to lavish, &c.

But in the next sentence, he would not have *wholly* refused assistance, but have "helped them in *part*;" thus breaking down his principle of economy;—but he would have "refused them an army;" thus refusing the only effectual assistance.

Lord Grey thus pursues:—

"The noble Earl (Harrowby) was pleased to amuse himself with sarcasms upon the former administration; and in answer to the objection that no effectual diversion was made in favour of Austria, it was said, that no such diversion on a former occasion had been resorted to in the case of Russia. He was fully satisfied that the conduct of those with whom he had the honour to act at the period alluded to, was best calculated to promote the interest and welfare of the country. What had it been? It was to husband the resources of the state, that at a time when they should be most wanted, they might be adequately and advantageously employed for the public security."—*Debate of January 23, 1810.*

The favourite phrase of "husbanding the resources of the country" is to be explained by the exploits of the Whig administration;—a defeated attack on Turkey, a defeated attack on Egypt, a defeated attack on Buenos Ayres, and an humble, absurd, and defeated negotiation for peace with Napoleon.

In 1810, Portugal had been recovered by the British army; the Spanish levies protected, and the main force of the French, under Joseph and Jourdan, beaten at Talavera. Lord Grey again lifted up his ominous voice.

"The independence of Europe is lost, the balance of power is destroyed. The military greatness and character of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, are annihilated. Before peace can arrive; before it will be possible for us to make any sober estimate of the terms upon which it may be possible to accept it, I much fear it will become our duty to contemplate the great accession of power and resources which France will derive from the subjugation of the Peninsula of Spain," (a sentiment of the lowest humiliation, and poorest pusillanimity that probably ever proceeded from a British senator.)

"What is the inference from the whole? It is this—that, looking at the situation of France, at the extent of its hostile means; considering the spirit by which it is directed; the power it has obtained, together with the character of its government, its ruler, as I before stated, not at the head of France, but of Europe;—contemplating all those things, to what can we look? To

nothing, my Lords, calculated to insure safety, but the conviction that it is on ourselves, and on ourselves alone, that we are to depend. We must conduct the war in such a manner as not to fear a failure of resources. We must conduct it in a manner which shall leave us no apprehension for the results of that event against which we ought to be prepared—I mean that *invasion*!

"Had his Majesty's ministers, given to the state of Europe that consideration which a sound and salutary policy would have recommended; had they been affected by its almost total subjection, they must have been struck with the folly and the ruin of embarking in military operations against France at a time when there was no power in existence to give them an effectual co-operation."—*Debate of June 13, 1810.*

Thus would his lordship have at once fettered the energies of the country; bowed down to France, and deserted Spain; supplicated a peace which would have loaded England with ignominy, and waited for an invasion which might have been her ruin.

Lord Grey next arraigns Sir Arthur Wellesley's expedition, the first fruits of which had been to clear Portugal of Soult, and the second to defeat the French grand army; thus giving time for the embodying of the Portuguese force, and immediately laying the groundwork of the final deliverance of Spain. It is curious to observe how little this haughty statesman has the power of looking into consequences. What can be more contemptuous than his shortsightedness, or more shortsighted than his contempt?

"After the experience of that unfortunate campaign (Moore's), what but the most positive proofs of the probability of success should have induced them to risk another army in the same country, in the prosecution of similar operations? Yet, without any proof, whatever to justify the most moderate hopes of success; with the history of the recent expedition staring them in the face, and loudly forbidding the pursuit; his Majesty's ministers risked another army, at the expense of enormous treasures, the sacrifice of your best blood, only to purchase *misfortune, calamity, and disgrace*!

"I allege it as a matter of charge against them, that they have indulged feelings which, however honourable, when considered abstractedly, ought never to be gratified at the expense of a nation's most valuable interests; that in yielding to the influence of such feelings, they have rashly

embarked in expeditions the most fatal and disastrous, and from which it was *impossible to anticipate or effect any advantageous results* to the country; that they have done this, too, in contradiction to the *husbanding and preserving system*," &c.

It is at least palpable, that had the Whigs, in the malignity of fortune, been at the head of affairs, we should have fought no battles in Spain, nor any where else, till we fought them on the hills of Kent, if the *husbanding and preserving system*, that idol of his Lordship, would have allowed of resistance even there. The vigour of Whiggism would probably have *reserved* itself for the defence of London, and even there its calculation might have concluded, that the waste of blood and treasure would not justify resistance at all. We may now thank God in sincerity, that Whigs were not our masters then; that we saw through their weakness, pusillanimity, and worship of Napoleon, and that, hating their counsels, and disclaiming themselves, we resisted to the uttermost, and are, by that resistance, free, and the authors of freedom to Europe.

Lord Grey thus palliates the beggarliness of heart that would desert Spain.

"Is the power of Buonaparte lessened since we engaged in that warfare? Is the power of France reduced below what it was when this country embarked in a military co-operation with the Spanish people? I much fear, my Lords, that the contrary will be felt. I apprehend that the power of our enemy, and the dangers which we dreaded, have since materially increased, while we have to meet that extended power, and those augmented difficulties, with impaired resources and diminished strength.

"In the discharge of my public duty, I have this night, my Lords, arraigned his Majesty's ministers for pursuing a line of conduct respecting the operations of the war, and the external difficulties we experience, *wholly the reverse* of that which the situation of this country, and the circumstances of the world, render *absolutely necessary*."—*Debate of June 13th 1810.*

In 1811, Lord Wellington, after beating Massena at Busaco, and baffling him at Torres Vedras, finally drove him out of Portugal. The public feeling which had followed the course of our armies with honourable confidence, was now full of exultation; the Whigs were forced to follow the general impulse, that they might not be altogether thrown out of populari-

ty; but it was with miserable reluctance and bitter prediction. In the debate on the vote of thanks, Lord Grey

"Was ready to acknowledge, that on the invasion of Portugal by the French armies, and in the course of their progress, he did anticipate a very different issue to the campaign from that which had since happily taken place. Whether the grounds on which he had formed this opinion were just as defensible, &c. whether, in the eye of prudence, or upon any principle of policy, they might or might not be susceptible of justification, he did not mean then to inquire."

Then comes the sting—

"If we continued to be left as principals in the war of the Peninsula, *he much doubted still the chances of our being ultimately successful*. There must be diligent exertions made from what we had witnessed on the part of the Spaniards, to enable us to entertain a *rational hope*, that the *independence of the Peninsula would or could be finally established*!"—*April 26, 1811.*

At the commencement of the year 1812, the French had been beaten in every battle in Spain, the spell of their invincibility was completely broken, and it was proved that Spain could not be held by Napoleon. The grand object of British resistance was on the point of being attained, in infusing courage into Europe. A spirit of wrath and resolution had been awakened in Germany, and Russia was girding herself for the battle which was to decide on her independence. In this crisis, which might have stirred the last spark of manliness in a British heart, and silenced party, or made it join in the honest acclamation of the Empire, Lord Grey was heard still uttering that heartless, hollow voice, which, from the beginning, had disparaged the wisdom, and discounted the manliness, of his country.

"With respect to the policy which the circumstances of the present crisis demanded to be maintained in the affairs of the Peninsula, he certainly was not prepared to say, that it was expedient to call our troops *immediately home*. But he certainly did not wish to proceed in that *expensive mode of warfare*, without having some military authority as to the probable results of it, and he wished, above all, to see the opinion of the illustrious Commander of the forces in that country on the subject. No part of national policy was more open to repeated discussion, or more calculated to engender a diversity of opinion, than the most proper mode of carrying on foreign warfare. The first principle in the

policy of all wars, was to inflict the utmost possible injury on the enemy, at the expense of the least possible injury to ourselves. Such a question, therefore, as that which related to the continuance of the present contest in the Peninsula, depended on a variety of considerations arising out of recent events, and the consequent and relative situations of ourselves and of the enemy. In determining on the expediency of any measure of this nature, he was to be guided by calculations founded on an extensive combination and comparison of circumstances. He thought, and thought *most decidedly*, that a *reduction of our expenditure* was called for by reflections of the most urgent and powerful kind; and he would feel it to be his duty, before he could agree to the continuance of *any continental enterprises*, like those in which we were now engaged, to take a wide survey of our own resources, to measure their extent, and the means of their application to the objects for the attainment or promotion of which they were proposed to be exerted. If the result of such an estimate was to establish any thing like *certainly* of success in the schemes that were devised, all his hesitations and difficulties would be removed, and he should consider even the most extensive scale of foreign operations as recommended and supported by the principles of economy itself. He hoped too, that he felt as warmly, and he was willing to acknowledge that feeling, as any noble Lord, the justice of that cause which we were maintaining in the Peninsula. No cause related in the annals of mankind, ever rested more entirely on sentiments of the most honourable feelings, or were more connected, if *circumstances were more favourable*, with principles of national advantage. The spectacle exhibited was the most interesting that could engage the sympathies or the attention of the world; and it was impossible not to wish to afford assistance to the noble struggle of a free people against the most unparalleled treachery, the most atrocious violence, that ever stained or degraded the ambition of despotic power. If he could but calculate on the *probability* of supporting such a cause to a triumphant issue, there could remain no doubt that the separation from France, of such a country as Spain, containing her extent of territory, and amount of population, would be to augment in a great degree our own national security. Must those principles on which the prosecution of that war could be defended, be reduced to a mere speculative theory, unless supported by adequate exertions of the Spanish Government. Without that necessary co-operation, *all our efforts must prove useless*. With a view to those ad-

vantages, we had unsuccessfully before contended in that very country against France, then much less powerful than at present. He did not mean to say, that from these considerations, we were to withdraw our armies from the Peninsula, but he thought, that before we proceeded further on the present *expensive system*, the House should have the dissent opinion of the Commander in Chief, as to the probable result of the operations, and inquire into the means of carrying on the contest, by a more *limited expenditure* of our *remaining* resources. It would be his maxim to guard against endangering our own safety, in the prosecution of remoter interests." — *Debate of March 19, 1812.*

We have given this speech straight forward, so far as it has gone, (and the whole is only a repetition of our extract) because it now suits Lord Grey's policy to deny that he attempted to enfeeble the prosecution of the Peninsular war. He rests his defence upon requiring the opinion of Lord Wellington; as if it were not notorious that Ministers were acting upon Lord Wellington's opinions, as if that officer were not actually calling for additional exertions on the part of England; or, as if Lord Grey could be serious in expecting to see the British General brought back from his army in the field, and delivering a declaration of his projects and prospects at the Bar of the House. The whole was verbiage, silly and suspicious, framed to disguise, under empty praises of the Spanish cause, the aversion of party to the Spanish war; that war of victory, the equal triumph of Ministers and people, and the sure and decisive stamp on the incapacity and selfishness of Whiggism. The language of a cold spirit breaks out in every passage of the speech; the *husbanding* system once in power, would have sealed the Peninsula against us for ever. The noblest contrast to this shrinking and desponding policy, is to be found in the Ministerial speeches of the time. The whole principle of the British triumphs is to be found in Lord Liverpool's speeches, unfolded with a manliness, dignity, and force, worthy of his rank as a Statesman, and his feelings as the Minister of a people on which was laid the defence of the loftiest interests of mankind. — We shall return to the subject.

FABLES FOR THE HOLY ALLIANCE.*

DEAR NORTH,

YOU send me Tom Moore's new duodecimo, and desire me to review it for you. Upon my word, I never was so disappointed since I was born. I expected a complete cut-up job, and really the duodecimo is as harmless a thing as I ever lighted my pipe with.

Tommy is, or rather wishes to be, severe upon the Holy Alliance. I am half inclined to agree with him myself. I do not see how they are to get through. Russia is a savage country, and its slaves are contented, and the Czars may probably be Autocrats for a century to come. Alexander is a clever fellow, far the cleverest despot certainly, that is now in existence, and I am not sure that he would not be doing a very foolish thing to drop his despotism at present. If he introduces good laws, and extends his trade, and gradually improves things here and there, he probably does the wisest and best that is in his power, so far as his own empire is concerned; but Austria and Prussia, particularly the latter, are in a very different situation. The Emperor of Austria is a good-natured well-meaning fellow, and he too has a large proportion of contented slaves under him, and so he may continue to get on for a while. But the King of Prussia is the sovereign of an almost universally enlightened, educated, disappointed, and discontented people. His provinces have few bonds of cohesion among themselves, and he will give them no institutions to remedy the defect. His country is the weakest in Europe—a mere long stripe of territory, defended neither by seas nor mountains—but every town a garrison—a standing army of three hundred thousand men kept up continually at the expense of a very poor and a totally disunited country—states where the press is, comparatively speaking, free, everywhere dove-tailed into his universal thirst for peace and freedom, and nothing but drums and hussars from Dan to Beersheba! Will this answer?—Assuredly not long.

The King is certainly in a most pitiable position. He cannot maintain the present system but in despite of the body of the people, and he cannot

change it without irritating the whole of his poor and proud noblesse, who have no means of existing but what a standing armament of extravagant dimensions affords them. And if he had their consent, would Alexander give his?—Would he suffer a free Constitution to be established in Prussia, when he can at any time march five hundred thousand men in a month's time to the gates of Berlin?—I fear Alexander *would* march them, rather than suffer the contagion to come so near his own slice of Poland; and if he did, who can doubt that Austria would assist him?—

For Germany, however, there can be no reason to fear—I mean in the long run. Twenty years hence the Austrian people and the Prussian people *will* understand each other, and all that lies between them is already on the side of freedom—and there *must* be a great revolution, if it be not prevented by a great change all over Germany.

It is only by being united that Germany can act as a barrier against the immense military despotism of Russia. At present, Germany is united so far as her armies are concerned, but it is impossible that her armies should be able to act together against a foreign enemy twenty years hence, if the discontentment of the people goes on as it has been doing. Germany will cease to be the barrier against Russia, unless Germany be a happy, a free, and therefore, and thereby, an united country. But some of these royal noodles will not see three inches before them.

As for France and Spain, I doubt not you have got some first-rate article on them, so I shall say nothing for the present, except that I have no doubt they will *both* be free countries ten years hence—and *both* of them retain their Bourbon Princes notwithstanding. The Law of Property must undergo some modification in France, and the Law of Representation in Spain. In the former country, every man's property, landed and personal, is divided equally among his children when he dies; therefore, until this be altered, there can be no real barrier

* Fables for the Holy Alliance, Rhymes on the Road, &c. &c. By Thomas Brown, the younger. 12mo. London, Longman and Co. 1823.

between the monarchy and the democracy. In Spain, the nobles have retained their titles and their enormous estates, and yet their privileges have been *entirely* taken from them. This will not do more than the other way. Let us hope that both parties in Spain may hear a little reason, and not eventually sacrifice the glorious opportunities which as yet they have both equally overlooked or neglected.

In the meantime, the Whigs in England have been, as usual, behaving themselves like a pack of numbskulls. If they had any real knowledge of the state of things, and any real sense of public duty, they would see the propriety of standing by the government of this country at the present crisis. But they did not stand by their country, when she was fighting the world's battle against Buonapartes—and they desert her now, when she is acting a part not less important, nor less glorious, than she did act then. If England's neutrality that keeps the whole European world from being in arms—in arms at this moment—that keeps Alexander from being in Paris. Remove that check, and the flame is kindled, ere the fuel is prepared.—Remove that, and the wisdom of the world is thwarted—arrested—in its silent march—all is thrown at once into confusion—and a war commences, wider in range, and more lasting in duration, and more doubtful in issue, than any that has ever devastated the globe.

But this is a strange sort of preface for Tommy Moore and his duodecimo. I fear Tommy is very low in the pocket, else he would not have published a thing so unworthy of his name, under so many circumstances of humbug. The thing has been advertised for half-a-year, as if it were something that would blow up all the palaces in Europe whenever it exploded—and it turns out to be the merest pop-gun. No sense, no intellect, (we might not, perhaps, have been expecting much of these,) and, what is worse in Tommy's case, very little fun—very, very little wit—and very, very, very little poetry. Can any thing be more perfect newspaper than the like of this?

“From ALBION first, whose ancient shrine
Was furnish'd with the fire already,
COLUMBIA caught the spark divine,
And lit a flame, like ALBION'S, steady.

“The splendid gift then GALLIA took,
And, like a wild Bacchant, raising
The brand aloft, its sparkles shook,
As she would set the world a-blasting!

“And when she fired her altar, high
It flush'd into the redd'ning air
So fierce, that ALBION, who stood nigh,
Shrank, almost blinded by the glare!

“Next, SPAIN, so new was light to her,
Leap'd at the torch—but, ere the spark
She flung upon her shrine could stir,
‘Twas quench'd—and all again was dark.

“Yet, no—not quench'd—a treasure, worth
So much to mortals, rarely dies—
Again her living light look'd forth,
And shone, a beacon, in all eyes!

“Who next received the flame? alas,
Unworthy NAPLES—shame of shames,
That ever through such lands should pass
That brightest of all earthly flames!

“Scarce had her fingers touch'd the torch,
When, frighted by the sparks it shed,
Nor waiting even to feel the scorch,
She dropp'd it to the earth—and fled.

“And fall'n it might have long remain'd,
But GRIECER, who saw her moment now,
Caught up the prize, though prostrate,
Staid,
And waved it round her beauteous brow.

“And Fancy bid me mark where, o'er
Her altar, as its flame ascended,
Fair, laurel'd spirits seem'd to soar,
Who thus in song their voices blend-
ed:—

“Shine, shine for ever, glorious Flame,
Divinest gift of Gods to men!
From GREECE thy earliest splendour came,
To GREECE thy ray returns again.

“Take, Freedom, take thy radiant round,
When dunn'd, revive, when lost, return,
Till not a shrine through earth be found,
On which thy glories shall not burn!”

Such, and so dull, is Tom Moore, throughout the greater part of this volume. I am exceedingly sorry to say, that it does not contain a single libel from beginning to end—at least not one that comes near enough to interest any human creature that is to read Tom's verses. What signify a few cuts at old Louis and his toasted cheese, and his gouty feet—and the Emperor Alexander's waltzing, and so forth? We have long since had our fill of that sort of thing. A libel should be a li-

bel. "It should exemplify," as Brougham says, in his late review of Grattan, "how far the most violent personality may be carried—and justly." Tommy was never a very superior hand at this trade—yet there was fifty times more bitterness in fifty single lines of the *Twopenny Post-Bag*, than my utmost squeezing, or yours, I answer for it, can extract from the whole of this affair.

What will Joseph Hume say to the following treatment of his friend Carlisle—that "truly exemplary husband, father, and citizen," that "one of the most respectable moral characters in England?"

"Betwixt old bigotry and new,
'Twixt Blasphemy and Cant—the two
Rank ill with which this age is curst—
We can no more tell *which* is worst,
Than erst could Egypt, when so rich
In various plagues, determine which .
She thought most pestilent and vile,
Her frogs, like Benbow and Carlisle,
Croaking their native mud-notes loud,
Or her fat locusts, like a cloud
Of pluralists, obesely lowering,
At once benighting and devouring!"

I am sure Joseph and his truly respectable friend will feel this far more than the Bishop of Durham and Dr. Hillebrands.

There is, however, one pretty enough little piece among these fables, and you shall quote it—if it be wrong, 'tis at least pleasant; so here it goes, Christopher,—

TABLE.

"The wise men of Egypt were secret as
mummies;

And, even when they most condescend-
ed to teach,

They pack'd up their meanings, as they did
their mummies,

In so many wrappers, 'twas out of one's
reach.

"They were also, good people, much given
to Kings—

Fond of monarchs and crocodiles, mon-
keys and mystery,

Bats, hierophants, blue-bottle flies, and
such things—

As will partly appear in this very short
history.

"A Seythian philosopher (nephew, they
say,

To that other great traveller, young
Anacharsis)

Stept into a temple at Memphis one day,
To have a short peep at their mystical
farcies.

"He saw * a brisk blue-bottle Fly on an
altar,

Made much of, and worshipp'd, as some-
thing divine;

While a large, handsome Bullock, led
there in a halter,

Before it lay stabb'd at the foot of the
shrine.

"Surprised at such doings, he whisper'd
his teacher—

"If 'tisn't impertinent, may I ask why
Should a Bullock, that useful and powerful
creature,

Be thus offer'd up to a blue-bottle Fly?"

"No wonder"—said t'other—"you stare
at the sight—

But see as a Symbol of Monarchy view
it—

That Fly on the shine is Legitimate
Right,

And that Bullock the People, that's sac-
rificed to it."

As for "Louis XIV.'s Wig,"—"the Looking Glasses,"—"the Little Grand Lama," and the rest of the fables, (they are just eight in number,) they are all very unreadable, at least very unlaughable, so I shall skip them, with your gracious permission.

"Rhymes on the Road," are, on the whole, not much better—yet they contain two little pieces, which, I am sure, your readers will like to see—I mean the "Reflections on being about to read Lord Byron's *M.S. Memoirs* of Himself;" and the "Visit to the House, where Rousseau lived with Madame de Warrens." These are both graceful and touching things—worthy of Mr Moore—not of Tommy, the Whig laureate—really gentlemanlike poems—and both of them, I believe from my heart, as just as elegant. •

The first of them is as follows:

"Let me, a moment,—ere with fear and
hope

Of gloomy, glorious things, these leaves I
ope—

As one, in fairy tale, to whom the key
Of some enchantec's secret halls is given,

Doubts, while he enters, slowly, trem-
blingly,

If he shall meet with shapes from hell or
heaven—

* According to Athen, it was in the Island of Leucadia they practised this ceremony.—*SCULLEY GOUV* *Travels* (Paris). De Anach. lib. ii. cap. 8.

Let me, a moment, think what thousands live
O'er the wide earth this instant, who would give,
Gladly, whole sleepless nights to bend the brow
Over these precious leaves, as I do now.
How all who know—and where is he unknown?

To what far region have his songs not flown,
Like PSAPHON'S birds,* speaking their master's name,

In ev'ry language, syllabled by Fame?
How all, who've felt the various spells combin'd

Within the circle of that splendid mind,
Like pow'rs, deriv'd from many a star, and met

Together in some wond'rous amulet,
Would burn to know when first the Light awoke

In his young soul,—and if the gleams that broke

From that Aurora of his genius, raised
More bliss or pain in those on whom they blazed—

Would love to trace th' unfolding of that power,

Which has grown ampler, grander, every hour;

And feel, in watching o'er its first advance,
As did th' Egyptian traveller,† when he stood

By the young Nile, and fathen'd with his face

The first small fountains of that mighty flood.

“They too, who, mid the scornful thoughts that dwell

In his rich fancy, tinging all its streams,
As is the Star of Bitterness, which fell

On earth of old, had touch'd them with its beams,

Can track a spirit, which, though driv'n to hate,

From Nature's hand came kind, affectionate;

And which, e'en now, struck as it is with blight,

Comes out, at times, in love's own native light—

How gladly all, who've watch'd these struggling rays

Of a bright, ruin'd spirit through his lays,
Would here inquire, as from his own frank lips,

What desolating grief, what wrongs had driven

That noble nature into cold eclipse—

Like some fair orb that, once a sun in heaven,

And born not only to surprise, but cheer
With warmth and lustre all within its sphere,
Is now so quench'd, that of its grandeur lasts
Nought, but the wide, cold shadow which it casts!

“Eventful volume! whatsoe'er the change
Of scene and clime—th' adventures, bold and strange—

The griefs—the frailties, but too frankly told—

The loves, the feuds thy pages may unfold,
If Truth with half so prompt a hand unlocks

His virtues as his failings—we shall find
The record there of friendships, held like rocks,

And enmities, like sun-touch snow, resign'd—

Of fealty, cherish'd without change or chill,
In those who served him, young, and serve him still—

Of generous aid, given with that noiseless art

Which wakes not pride, to many a wounded heart—

Of acts—but, no—not from himself must aught

Of the bright features of his life be sought.
While they, who court the world, like

MITON'S cloud,‡

Turn forth their silver lining' on the crowd,

This gifted Being wraps himself in night,
And, keeping all that softens and adorns,

And gilds his social nature hid from sight,
Turns but a darkness on a world he scorns.”

The other runs thus—I shall copy the “argument” too—although I don't see why, unless to fill up room, Moore himself should have paraded such arguments at all—nay, paraded them twice—both in the book, and before its threshold:—

“*A Visit to the House where Rousseau lived with Madame de Warrens.—Their Manners.—Its Grossness.—Claude Anet.—Reverence with which the spot is now visited.—Absurdity of this blind Devotion to Fame.—Feelings excited by the Beauty and Seclusion of the Scene.—Disturbed by its Associations with Rousseau's History.—Impostures of Men of Genius.—Their Power of Mimicking all the best Feelings, Love, Independence, &c.*”

* Psaphon, in order to attract the attention of the world, taught multitudes of birds to speak his name, and then let them fly away in various directions, whence the proverb, “*Psaphonis avis.*”

† Bruce.

‡ “Did the sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?”—*Comus.*

"STRANGE power of Genius, that can throw

O'er all that's vicious, weak, and low,
Such magic lights, such rainbow dyes,
As dazzle ev'n the steadiest eyes!
About a century since, or near,

A middle-aged Madame lived here,
With character, ev'n worse than most
Such middle-aged Madames can boast.
Her footman was—to gloss it over
With the most gentle term—her lover;
Nor yet so jealous of the truth

And charms of this impartial fair,
As to deny a pauper youth,

Who join'd their snug ménage, his share.
And there they lived, this precious three,

With just as little sense or notion
Of what the world calls decency,

As hath the sea-calf in the ocean.
And, doubtless, 'mong the grave, and good,

And gentle of their neighbourhood,
If known at all, they were but known

As strange, low people, low and bad—
Madame, herself, to footmen prone,

And her young pauper, all but mad.
Who could have thought, this very spot

Would, one day, be a sort of shrine,
Where—all its grosser taints forgot,

Or gilt by Fancy, till they shine—
Pilgrims would meet, from many a shore,

To trace each mouldering chamber o'er;
Young bards, to dream of virtuous fame,

Young maids, to hush DE WARRENS' name,

And mellow spinsters—of an age,
Licensed to read JEAN JAQUES's page—

To picture all the blissful hours

He pass'd in these sequester'd bowers,
With his dear Maman and his flowers!

Spinsters, who—if, from glowing heart
Or erring head, some living maid

Had wander'd ev'n the thousandth part

Of what this worthy Maman stray'd—
Would bridle up their virtuous chins

In horror at her sin of sins,
And—could their chaste eyes kill with flashes—

Frown the fair culprit into ashes!

"'Tis too absurd—'tis weakness, shame,

This low prostration before Fame—

This casting down, beneath the car

Of Idols, whatso'er they are,

Life's purest, holiest decencies,

To be career'd o'er, as they please.

No—let triumphant Genius have

All that his loftiest wish can crave.

If he be worshipp'd, let it be

For attributes, his noblest, first—

Not with that base idolatry,

Which sanctifies his last and worst.

"I may be cold—may want that glow
Of high romance, which bards should know:

That holy homage, which is felt

In treading where the great have dwelt—
This reverence, whatso'er it be,

I fear, I feel, I have it not,

For here, at this still hour, to me

The charms of this delightful spot—

Its calm seclusion from the throng,

From all the heart would fain forget—

This narrow valley, and the song

Of its small murmuring rivulet—

The fitting, to and fro, of birds,

Tranquil and tame as they were once

In Eden, ere the startling words

Of Man disturb'd their orisons!—

Those little, shadowy paths, that wind

Up the hill side, with fruit-trees bled,

And lighted only by the breaks

The gay wind in the foliage makes,

Or vistas, here and there, that ope
Through weeping willows, like the snatches

Of far-off scenes of light, which Hope
Ev'n through the shade of sadness catches!—

All this, which—could I once but lose

The memory of those vulgar ties,

Whose grossness all the heaven hath hue'd

Of Genius can no more disguise,

Than the sun's beams can do away

The filth of fens o'er which they play—

This scene, which would have add'd my heart
With thoughts of all that happier is—

Of Love, where self hath only part,

As echoing back another's bliss—

Of solitude, secure and sweet,

Beneath whose shade the Virtues meet;

Which, while it shelters, never chills

Our sympathies with human woe,

But keeps them, like sequester'd vills,

Purer and fresher in their flow—

Of happy days, that share the hours

'Twixt quiet mirth and wise employ—

Of tranquil nights, that give, in dreams,

The moonlight of the morning's joy!—

All this my heart could dwell on here,

But for those hateful memories near,

Those sordid truths, that cross the track

Of each sweet thought, and drive them back

Full into all the mire, and strife,

And vanities of that man's life,

Who, more than all that e'er have glow'd

With Fancy's flame (and it was *his*,

If ever given to mortal) show'd

What an impostor Genius is—

How, with that strong, mimetic art,

Which is its life and soul, it takes

All shapes of thought, all hues of heart,

Nor feels, itself, one thro' it wakes—

How like a gem its light may smile

O'er the dark path, by mortals trod,

Itself as mean a worm, the while,

As crawls along the sullyng sod—

What sensibility may fall

From its false lip, what plans to bless,

While home, friends, kindred, country, all

Lie waste beneath its selfishness—

How, with the pencil hardly dry

From colouring up such scenes of love
And beauty, as make young hearts sigh,
And dream, and think through heaven
they rove,

They, who can thus describe and move,
The very workers of these charms,
Nor seek, nor ask a heaven, above
Some Mauman's or Theresa's arms!

"How all, in short, that makes the boast
Of their false tongues, they want the most;
And, while with Freedom on their lips
Sounding her timbrels, to set free
This bright world, labouring in the eclipse
Of priestcraft and of slavery,
They mean, themselves, be slaves as low
As ever Lord or Patron made,
To blossom in his smile, or grove,
Like startled brushwood, in his shade!
Out on the crab!—I'd rather be
One of those kind, that round me tread,
With just enough of sense to see
The noon-day sun that's o'er my head,

Than thus, with high-built genius curst,
That hath no heart for its foundation,
Be all, at once, that's brightest—worst—
Sublimest—meanest in creation!"

These, certainly, are very pretty things—and, having read *them*, I assure you, you have read almost, if not altogether, the whole of what is good in this volume. Yours,

T. T.

Southside, May 15, 1823.

P. S.—You need not be in any funk now about Tom's attack on you—he has evidently become quite good-natured, and I should not be surprised to see him contributing to you ere Christmas. Do get him if you can, for, after all, he is a nice little fellow, and his songs would be of use now and then in the "*Noctes*."

FOSCOLO ON PETRARCH

NOTWITHSTANDING the multitude of precept which poets and sages have favoured us with, inculcating the necessity of studying the human mind, we have made little or no progress in the most useful path of that pursuit. The general principles of the understanding have been examined and analyzed with some success, whilst the individual ones, a much more tempting subject for either theory or experiment, have been in both ways strangely neglected. Observation, to be sure, has not been idle in collecting materials, but her industry, unguided by any rule save the mere itch of noting down something, affords perplexities in proportion to conclusions. The reasoning class of the learned have, if we except the physiognomists, &c. carefully avoided any system or classification of intellect; and all the lights we have upon the subject, are to be derived either from our own minds, from the kind egotism of a few writers, or from the immense pile of memoirs and *anais* that amuse, but seldom satisfy, the curious.

Copious and minute as the materials may be from the two latter sources, whoever would attempt to fill up this gap in philosophy, must rely principally on his stores of self-knowledge.

And as the necessary requisite to the step must be his being endowed with the highest qualities of our nature, for otherwise all self-knowledge will fall short; there are few, even in this day, of confidence sufficient for the task. Were even this overcome by a man of genius justly confident of his powers, there are other obstacles that might deter him. Not the least would be the impossibility of commanding attention to speculations, however new, couched in those old expressions that have been hackneyed into common-place by a thousand prosing moralists. Who would venture, at the present time of day, commencing an Essay by a disquisition on Fancy and Imagination, and their differences, or who would read the introduction of definitions and divisions, without which it would be impossible to produce any thing on the subject logical or perspicuous? Such things are not to be attempted—there is no use in composing what people will not read; and we must endeavour to instruct in the only way that instruction will be received. Instead of publishing a frowzy volume, we will smuggle our intellectual discoveries into the corner of a popular magazine—we will talk the conventional jargon of criticism, and pray, as a good

* Essay on the Love, Poetry, and Character of Petrarch, by Ugo Foscolo. Murray. 1822.

fortune, that one reader out of ten may divine our meaning.

A great deal has been said, a great deal of which might have been spared, about the calamities of authors, and the unhappiness of the literary temperament. There is little subject for wonder in these things; a mind employed upon itself, is at best engaged in an unnatural occupation. Our intellects were given us to work with, not upon; and if thinking men will meddle with their own sharp tools, they must expect wounds in consequence. But the fretfulness attendant on a sedentary and uncertain profession—uncertain, not so much with respect to emolument as to self-satisfaction—ought not to be confounded with the sorrows peculiar to the noble and eminent spirit. The petulant spleen of a poor essayist, or the querulous egotism of such a fellow as ———, are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the lofty and baffled yearnings and the soul-breathed complaints of a Byron or a Petrarch.

Minds of a superior temper, who either naturally lack imagination, or suffer that faculty to languish in disuse, become universally wretched and diseased. The eye of genius is unfortunately possessed of that microscopic power, that magnifies every object on which it fixes into the revolting. In order to the enjoyment of agreeable sensations, it must be kept aloof from the surface of things, and allowed to rest but upon variety and expanse. To produce this salutary effect is the province of imagination, which, stored with fresh associations and ideas, as soon as one scene falls, is ever ready to interpose another; nor permits that vacuity of vision or thought, whence the mind turns in irksomeness to prey upon itself. And as there is nothing more corrosive to the empty stomach than its own digestive juices, so nothing is more fretting, more corrosive to the mind, than its own thoughts unemployed, and thence turned upon itself. In the body, however, this state, being accompanied with pain, is seldom allowed to occur; whereas in spirit, this self-gnawing, this egotism, is like opium, and when once tasted, becomes as indispensable as it is pernicious. The craving for it is not such as takes its full enjoyment, and is satisfied. It is insatiably adhesive, and will stick to the mind through all its

changing moods and tempers. It becomes wedded to one for better and for worse—will feed on sorrow or on joy—on the bitter or the sweet; and so does it at length subdue the mind, that it becomes mingled with its every sentiment and passion, however contrary, and forms the most prominent feature in all. Let us look at the love, the friendship, the patriotism, that flow from these unhappy mortals, and the same *self* is still seen floating on the surface.

To a mind thus absorbed, nothing can be more insipid than the flights of imagination, which before delighted it. It refuses alike either to seek or be presented with variety; modifications of self are the only changes it desires. It no longer loves to go abroad into all space with Milton or Spenser, but loves to brood with the Confessions of Rousseau, and the poetical monologues of Byron. It has become domesticated and settled down in a circumscribed sphere, so narrow, that every object is in actual contact with itself. Instead of being refined by its frequent contemplations, its own bodily and corrupted nature becomes imparted to the ideal world, with which it is closely connected. Its very visions are tainted with earth, and the celestial atmosphere, that is wont to hallow men's hopes and yearnings, is withdrawn. Reality it has long turned from is insipid; and now that even its *admiral* world has been deprived of every charm there is nothing left to it but repining, and an everlasting fret.

In the progress of mental deterioration which we have described, it may be observed, that those who have, from over-excitement, become incapable of relishing or exercising *Imagination*, take up with *Fancy* as a substitute. Their *scene* is limited to the narrow circle around them—the personages of their visionary drama are confined to themselves, or shadows of themselves; and to stray beyond the feelings of their own individual natures would be impossible. In such a captivity of thought, it would be vain to look for *Imagination*, whose property is to people and create, while *Fancy* but adorns, the materials afforded to it. Minds in the state we speak of, acquire a set of *stock*-materials, their self, their one loved passion; and it is sufficient for them, if *Fancy* adorns these with new crotchets, and twists

them into new shapes. But Imagination is a determined *radical*, that is never contented with paring or amending, but at once subverts the old standings, and builds up its fabrics anew. Fancy is a sweet, domestic companion, that will sit for ever by the fire-side, and busy itself in discovering castles and physiognomies in the embers. But Imagination is a gay, young bachelor, too proud to drudge for the hypochondriacal poet—the quick sprite soon abandons the mental valetudinarian to his younger brother. He

Orders his wings, and flies off to the west."

Petrarch *became* a poet of fancy by this process; and—let us see—the writer of the above line, Thomas Moore, is a poet of fancy, without the aid of any process whatsoever. These two bards have displayed the same order of talent in the exercise of the same faculties; but with this difference, that the Italian was born with higher powers, and originally possessed the capability of cherishing and exerting the creative power of intellect; but his vanity, his distempered egotism, and most likely his licentious habits of thought, upped within him almost every germ of real genius. On the contrary, we know of no poet, of this or of any other nation, who has so made the most of his small powers as Thomas Moore. He was never either sad or distempered, nor was he ever visited by any of those hallucinations that destroy or mislead genius. His industry, good taste, and good health, have done wonders for him, not to forget also the good taste of the age, which pointed out to Mr Moore's fancy the stars, and the flowers, and various other pretty objects in *nature*; whereas the ignorance and pedantry of poor Petrarch's time sent his muse grovelling for puns and hard rhymes, for scholastic and philosophical conceits. Both the poetical wights were learned, both not a little proud of uniting such opposite pursuits as erudition and the muse; and both concocted no small part of their poetry from remote and strange volumes. Both, we believe, began their verses at the wrong end, and licked, like bears, their poetical children into some sort of shape. Both had a common-place theme, out of which they were incapable of either rhyme or reason. Both muses were so short-winded, that even

with the most vigorous spurring, they liked not a course of above twenty lines; yet, to vaunt their *bottom*, as the author of Crib's Memorial would say, both essayed long poems, mightily admired at the time, and laid on the shelf since—most notable pieces of patch-work. The Italian's most dull, for who but a man of Byron's hair-brained taste would think of reading or *translating* the *Africa*? And as to the Englishman, his seam-stitch is the neatest on the poetical sampler. Both too were in love—Petrarch with one name, and Moore with twenty. Both had been at the tables of the great, had given advice where it was not asked, and were hugely quizzed on the occasion—perhaps more. For both affected politics, and wrote poetry on the strength of it, with this difference, that Petrarch's political odes are not only the finest pieces he ever wrote, but perhaps the finest bursts of poetry in the Italian language; whereas, the letters of Mr Phelim O'Whaddyecallum, in the Fudge Family, are about the weakest verses in which political resentment was ever expressed. Both, in fine, were patriotic, and praised their countries upon all occasions; but as to living there, both begged to be excused. We could follow the comparison much farther in enumerating the merits of both, which, in truth, are many: but where's the use of praising Thomas Moore? The world reads and admires him—and we give vent to our spleen (occasioned by those dull Loves of the Angels) in mere *gaucheté de cœur*. So from the poet let us pass to the poet's critic.

Mr Foscolo begins his Essay with a very learned dissertation upon the Celestial and Terrestrial Venus, on which important point we agree with our uncle Toby, "who knew," he said, "that the ancients had two religious, but thought that one love might have served them extremely well." And certainly the hypothesis of the two Venuses is quite Shandean, an epithet in many other cases as well as this, altogether synonymous with the author's favourite term—*platonie*. Whether Petrarch worshipped both these Goddesses in the person of Laura, is one of the points which the author of the Essay learnedly discusses; and he quotes many warm expressions, and might have quoted many more, to prove that the *terrestrial* was not lost

sight of by him. But whatever may have been the poet's sentiments with regard to Laura, he was otherwise by no means so immaculate as his verses would imply. His two natural children we need not mention; but his accurate knowledge of the state of affairs in Rome and Avignon displays quite the connoisseur.—“Cum in magna Roma duo fuerint Ienones, in parva Avignone sunt undecim.” And the miraculous effect which he describes the Jubilee to have had upon him, at a time when he might well have placed the same to the account of his years, is convincing.—“Post Jubilæum sic me, adhuc viridem, pestis ille deseruit, ut incomparabiliter magis odio mihi sit quam fuerit voluptati.”

As to Laura, we think Madame Deshoulière's rhyme a lady's exaggeration; and Mr Foscolo's calling her “a heartless prude,” we think a poet's ditto. Laura, like all ladies, was somewhat of a coquette; and, like most ladies, was proof against any temptations that a shame-faced and weak-nerved sonneteer could offer. But the reader who wishes to know more about these said loves, may consult the three dull quartos of De Sades, Mr Foscolo's amusing volume, (that is, if they don't take in the Quarterly, where the same essay appeared long ago, strangely out of place—Love in the Quarterly!!) or the second *Capitolo* of Petrarch's Triumph of Death, where the whole history is detailed in a poetic dialogue between the lover and his mistress's ghost.

Mr Foscolo has written on the Love, the Poetry, and the Character of Petrarch; why did he not write the Life? It would have been much more acceptable. De Sades is too bulky and too dull; and as to a Life of Petrarch, with the name of Dobson in the title-page, it would betray a most Gothic taste in nomenclature to attempt it. Petrarch and Dobson, what a junction! Now Petrarch and Foscolo would sound well, Ugo Foscolo too; the name would sell the book. We must supply this deficiency to our readers, at least by letting them know the date of the poet's birth and death.

Petracco, a notary, and the father of the poet, was banished from Florence

with Dante, in 1302. He retired to Arezzo; and there, the very night in which his father, with the rest of the Ghibellines, were making their attack upon Florence, was Francesco di Petrarco, afterwards, to please himself, Petrarca, born, it being the 19th or 20th of July, 1304. Since the French Pope, Clement the Fifth, had fixed the Apostolic seat at Avignon, all the discontented Italians betook themselves thither, among the rest Petrarch's father—hence the poet's residence in, and love for, that town. “Prosper and the fables of Æsop,” says P., “were the only Latin books then read at schools; I forsook them for Cicero. From fourteen to eighteen years of age, he studied law at Avignon, and was thence removed to the university of Bologna, *pinguis Bononiarum*, for the same purpose. Here, as the story goes, his father visited him one day, and burned all his classic books, which occupied too much of his time. The parents of the poet died in 1325-6, and soon after both Petrarch and his brother assumed the tonsure and the clerical garb. At Avignon he formed a friendship with the Colonna family, especially with James, Bishop of Conlombes; and here, as is well known, he saw and became attached to Laura.

The friendship between Petrarch and young Colonna, affords a curious picture of the times, and of the favourite studies of the age; Petrarch liked St. Augustin, James Colonna preferred Jerom,* and these were their points of conversational difference, just as we become admirers of Byron in preference to Scott or Wordsworth; or of Scott in preference to Wordsworth or Byron. That the 6th of April, 1327, was the day of his first beholding Laura, he informs us in accurate rhyme. In 1333, he set out upon his travels, driven, it is said, by his hopeless passion; his farthest point was Cologne; but that part of his travels which had most influence upon him, was his visit to Tholouse, where he studied the Provençal poets, and became acquainted with those who were yet living. In 1336 he went to Rome by sea, and found some difficulty in entering the city, from the civil wars that raged between the Colonnas and the Orsini; owing to the same cause, he soon re-

*Precisely the same difference in taste existed between Luther and Erasmus.

turned, and established himself at *Vaucluse*. Except the time which he devoted to poetry, Petrarch's active hours were employed in canvassing for the poetic crown, which he wished to receive at the Capitol. This aim of his pedantic ambition he at length, and with some trouble, obtained, through Robert, King of Naples, by whom the poet was ostentatiously examined, previous to his departure for Rome and coronation there. Of this force, Petrarch observes, "that had he been older, he would not have sought the honour." He has also recorded the trouble he took to obtain it:—"Ad quam adipiscendum quanto cum labore perveneris, tecum ipse recogitans, perhorrescis." The year after his coronation the poet spent at Parma, with the Princes of the House of Correggio, employed upon his *Africa*. This retreat he was obliged to quit, being appointed by the Romans one of their ambassadors to Clement the Sixth, the newly-elected Pope, in order to persuade his holiness to restore the Papal government to its ancient seat. Petrarch regretted much leaving Parma; and in one of his letters he expresses this regret with a most ludicrous affectation of woe, not unusual to him:—"I must cross the trident of the Alps," (the Trent) writes he, "the Lakes of Germany, the Danube, and the Rhine, near their very sources," (to go from Parma to Avignon.) "Alas!" continues he, "we must submit to fate, and support the yoke with Christian patience." Poor fellow! how grievously he was to be pitted. He went to Naples on another mission in 1343, and there was greatly shocked to see the ancient gladiators' combats renewed in the place of the Carbonara—*Indum Carbonarii*, it is called in the Pope's prohibition which followed. The year after, Petrarch spent wandering about between France and Italy, which gave occasion for Doge Dandolo's dry answer to his exhortations of peace. "My friend, explain how it is, that a man, to whom God has given the eloquence and the wisdom to instruct others, is always changing his place of resi-

dence?" In 1348, when at Verona, he heard of Laura's death;* and from that date the whole strain of his writings is completely changed. In 1350 we find him at Padua, and afterwards at the Jubilee. It would be impossible to give an account in our short limits of Petrarch's connections with Rienzi, or with the Emperor Charles the Fourth, which would involve us in a long detail of the political history of Italy during that period. In 1362, he retired to Venice, where his friend Boccaccio joined him. In 1370, prevented by his declining years, from indulging his continual propensities to travel and change, he fixed his abode at Argua, a village of the Euganean hills about four leagues from Padua. He quitted his retreat once, that he might accompany young Carnura to Venice, and was found lifeless in his chamber, leaning over an open volume, on the 18th of July, 1374.

Of the Latin works of Petrarch, Mr Coleridge has threatened us with a notice; if he fail to fulfil his promise, we know not who will compensate Petrarch's ghost, or the world. Mr Foscolo touches lightly on the subject,† and though we have Ginguené at hand, it is better to plead ignorance of the bulky folio. We were tempted by the account of his *Secrets*, or *Dialogues* with St Augustin, but gave up the dull prose in despair. It may be said of these works altogether, perhaps, as De Sades says of one of the poet's letters of consolation:—"Cette lettre est très philosophique, elle dut être fort admiré alors, et elle n'apprendroit rien à présent à quiconque auroit un peu lu." The commendations of the biographer are like those which the good dame in the Monastery pays to Sir Piercy Shafton,—“a very nice man, indeed; I wonder when he'll go.” But if the essayist passes slightly over the Latin productions of Petrarch, he makes this up by an ample account even of the mechanical labour which the poet employed upon his lighter verse:—

“The pleasure of living his youth over again, of meeting Laura in every

* To the numerous documents in De Sades respecting Laura's death, identity, and grave, may be added what Mr Mathews heard upon his travels, and preserved in his *Diary of an Invalid*:—

“A fellow passenger tells me that he saw the body of the mistress of Petrarch exposed to the most brutal indignities in the streets of Avignon. It had been embalmed, and was found in a mummy state, of a dark brown colour.” P. 363.

line, of examining the history of his own heart ; and perhaps the consciousness, which, after all, rarely misleads authors respecting the best of their works, induced the poet in his old age to give to his love-verses a perfection which has never been attained by any other Italian writer, and which, he thinks, " he could not himself have carried farther." If the manuscripts did not still exist, it would be impossible to imagine or believe the unwearied pains he has bestowed on the correction of his verses. They are curious monuments, although they afford little aid in exploring by what secret workings the long and laborious meditation of Petrarch has spread over his poetry all the natural charms of sudden and irresistible inspiration.

The following is a literal translation of a succession of memorandums in Latin, at the head of one of his sonnets :—" I began this by the impulse of the Lord, (*Domino jubente*) 10th September, at the dawn of day, after my morning prayers."

" I must make these two verses over again, singing them, (*cantando*) and I must transpose them ; three o'clock, A. M. 19th October," &c.

" Sometimes he says, ' The commencement is good, but it is not pathetic enough.' In some places he suggests to himself to repeat the same words rather than the same ideas. In others he judges it better not to multiply the ideas, but to amplify them with other expressions. Every verse is turned in several different ways ; above each phrase, and each word, he frequently places equivalent expressions, in order to examine them again ; and it requires a profound knowledge of Italian to perceive, that after such perplexing scruples, he always adopts those words which combine at once most harmony, elegance, and energy." P. 58.

We believe this, and must take it for granted ; for without this merit, hidden as it is from the penetration of a stranger, it would be impossible to account for the extraordinary judgment and eulogies of Muratori and Tassoni. So far are our ideas different from these critics, that we really can see nothing super-excellent in the "*tre sorelle*," or three canzoni so called ; nor does there appear to us any thing wonderful or fine in the following sonnet, said by both critics, and

considered by most Italians, to be the finest sonnet in Petrarch :—

" Levommi il mio pensiero in parte, ov'era Quella, ch'io cerco, e non ritrovo in terra :

Ivi fra lor, che'l terzo cerchio serra,
La rividi più bella, e meno altera.
Per man m' prese, e disse : In questa spera
Sarai ancor meco, se'l desir non erra :
I' son colei, che ti diè tanta guerra,
E compie' mia giornata innanzi sera ;
Mio ben non cape in intelletto umano :
Te solo aspetto ; e quel, che tanto amasti,
E laggiuso è rimaso, il mio bel velo.
Deh perchè tacque, ed allargò la mano ?
Ch'al suon de' detti sì pietosi e casti
Poco mancò ch'io non rimasi in cielo."

There have been volumes written on the 18th, 19th, and 20th Canzoni, the *Tre Sorelle*, or Three Sisters, in which no doubt there is much grace, and many passages of singular beauty, especially the penultimate stanza of the 20th, and its Dantesque conclusion :—

" Nè pensassi d'altrui, nè di me stesso ;
E'l batter gli occhi miei non fosse spesso."

But when we read the judgment passed by Muratori on the fourth stanza of the eighteenth—" *Stanza bellissima, stanza incomparabile*," &c. after having run it over, and found nothing in it remarkable, it is vexatious. We have had petty and verbal criticisms in our literature, but none of them so impertinent and nonsensical as those of Italian commentators. But, as foreigners to the language, we should be diffident of our taste, and shall simply mark our favourites ; first, in the Love poetry—Sonnet 89, to Sennuccio, imitated happily by Chaucer, in his *Troilus and Cressida*. The celebrated canzone 27, "*Chiare, fresche*," &c. often translated, but never so elegantly as by the kindred muse of Lady Dacre :

" If so I must my destiny fulfil,
And Love to close these weeping eyes be doom'd
By Heaven's mysterious will,
Oh ! grant that in this loved retreat, entomb'd,
My poor remains may lie,
And my freed soul regain its native sky !
Less rude shall Death appear,
If yet a hope so dear,
Smooth the dread passage to eternity !
No shade so calm—serene,
My weary spirit finds below ;
No grave so still, so green,
In which mine o'er-told frame may rest
From mortal woe !

"Yet one day, haply, she—so heavenly fair!
So kind in cruelty!
With careless steps may to these haunts repair,
And where her beaming eye
Met mine in days so blest,
A wistful glance may yet unconscious rest,
And seeking me around,
May mark among the stones a lowly mound,
That speaks of pity to the shuddering sense!
Then may she breathe a sigh,
Of power to win me mercy from above!
Doing Heaven violence,
All-beautiful, in tears of late relenting love!"

To continue our enumeration. Sonnet 135, "*Amor mi manda*," Sonnet 166, that reminds one of Romeo's compliment, "Oh! that I were a glove," &c.

"Candido, leggiadretto, e caro quanto
Che copria notte avorio, e fresche rose."

Sonnet 173, "*Rapido fiume*," whence Moore has taken one of the most beautiful of his songs in the National Melodies, "Flow on, thou shining river." No. 178 is singularly beautiful, commencing "*Grazie*."

"Leggiadri e singolare e pellegrina;
E'l cantar, che nell' anima si sente;
L' andar celeste; l' agio spinto ardente,
Ch' ogni dur roupe, ed ogni altezza m'elina."

Sonnets 184, 7, 8. And sonnet 198, "*O Cameretta*," an address to his chamber and his bed, than which we know not any thing so simple or so touching. Some passages of *canzon* 41, "*Amor, se vuoi*," The sonnets commencing "*Zefiro torna*," and "*Quel rosignuol*" of course. And sonnet 274, with the beautiful picture of declining years,

"Presso era'l tempo, dov' Amor si scontra
Con castitate; ed agli amanti e dato
Sedersi insieme, e dir che lor incontra."

Sonnet 314, "*Dolce Durezza*," and that a little after, "*Vaga angioletto!*" These enumerated, with some passages in the Triumphs of Love, of Death, and of Fame, complete our favourite passages in the *Love* poetry of Petrarch.

But much finer than any of his love verses, are his indignant sonnets, against the Church of Rome, and his Canzoni to Italy, and to Rienzi. Like

Dante, he never rose to such a height even above himself, as when warmed by political resentment; but there is this great difference between the two poets, that while the invectives of Dante merely arise from personal and wanton spleen, Petrarch's proceed from the purest spirit of patriotism. Italians must have smiled, and must still do so, at the unaccountable fury with which Dante flung around his abuse, but there could not have existed a breast in Italy, whose spirit did not beat in unison with the fervid vows of "*Italia mia*," and the address to Rienzi. On this point, Mr Foscolo is at first angry with Sismondi for representing Petrarch as an adulator of power, (which any one who knew what the poet had written against the Papal government, in the very precincts of its court, could instantly contradict); yet, towards the conclusion of his Essay, Mr Foscolo turns upon himself, and seems to attribute a spirit of superior independence to Dante. This we think precisely the very reverse of the truth. Dante was more passionate than his rival, for his passion came from a petty and a private source, and such always find vent in a greater and more imposing torrent of invective than the deep and graver feelings which true patriotism inspires. Petrarch was *eclectic*, but Dante was *selfish*; and there is a vast difference between the terms, although the French, and consequently the Italians, who, in philosophy, follow them, have but one term for both—*egotisme*. And the writings of Madame de Staël, in particular, are replete with blunders, occasioned by the double signification of the term, and the frequent use she makes of it. The principle of egotism is vanity, which always disappears, when a subject of profound interest takes possession of the mind, and which, in consequence, neither impedes nor corrupts strong emotions. But selfishness is of a deeper tinct than egotism—its principle is more than vanity, and pride would bestow upon it too honourable a name. Like egotism, it is not a quality, that soothes our dreaming hours, and makes one a jot ridiculous or troublesome in society; it is a more hidden and intimate power, that unites with the very spirit itself, and will not be shaken off or forgotten, even in those lofty and generous emotions where the mind

ought to elevate itself above all that is base. Petrarch was vain, and had a right to be so; his egotism amuses and even instructs us, when we examine his character; and it may render a great portion of his writings pleasing to some, and irksome to others. But when or wherever he has risen to emotion, to warm, indignant verse, all this vanishes, and nothing obscures the honest warmth of the poet and the patriot. With Dante it is otherwise. There is no cause for three-fourths of his invectives, but in his own breast; his anger has never a broader base than his private spleen; he is even contradictory, according as the course of his individual resentment takes its direction against this town or that personage; his sallies of passion are mere whims, utterly unaccountable; in short, he is one, with whom to sympathize is impossible, unless, indeed, according to the present summary conclusions of criticism, the reader has conceit and ambitious taste sufficient to allow him to identify himself with any mind of *strong powers*, however base its qualities or sentiments.

The 91st sonnet of Petrarch is the first prohibited—not to be found in the collection of Muratori. It is one of his most spirited, and begins “Dell’empia Babilonia.” The other three prohibited are Nos. 105, 106, 107. As no Italian scholar is without his Petrarch, to quote for such would be wasting paper; and there is no English translator, whose verses are worth substituting. Mr Milman’s translations are not very good. Lady Dacre’s lady-like, but, we believe, she has wisely left unattempted the bolder strains of Petrarch. Mr Foscolo mentions three political *Canzoni*; we admire and mark out but two; the first is canzone 11, to Rienzi, which De Sades vainly attempts to prove addressed to a Colonna. It is an ode above all praise or criticism, and of which, in its way, we can boast no equal (indeed, thank Heaven, our fortunes have never given occasion for such).

“Io parlo a te, però ch’ altrove un raggio
Non veggio di virtù, ch’ al mondo è spenta;
Nè trovo chi di mal far si vergogni,
Che s’aspetti non so, nè che s’agogni
Italia; che suoi guai non par che senta;
Vecchia, oziosa, e lenta,
Dormia sempre, e non fia chi la svegli?
Le mani feroci lo avrolte entra a capegli.”

“What Italy expects, what hopes, I know not.

Unconscious of her woes she seems,
Old, idle, lazy, still she dreams,
She sleeps—will none awake her from her
lair?

Oh! that these hands were twisted in her
hair!”

The other ode is to Italy, written in 1341, when the Florentines proposed to call in Louis of Bavaria to their aid. It seems astonishing that an Italian can read it, and retain his senses;

“Che fan qui tante pellegrine spade,” &c. &c.

We were going to observe how applicable it is now, but when was it not applicable to modern Italy? The address of the poet in it to his native land, is simple and touching;

“Non è questo ‘l terren, ch’io toccai pria?
Non è questo ‘l mio nido.

Ove nudito fui sì dolcemente?

Non è questa la patria, in ch’io mi fido,

Madre benigna e pia,

Che copre l’uno e l’altro mio parente?”

And the religious exhortation towards the conclusion, in that age so eloquent, though now it would appear but cant:

“Signor, mirate, come ‘l tempo vola.

E siccome la vita

Fugge, e la morte n’è sopra le spalle.

Voi siete or qui; pensate alla partita;

Che l’anima ignuda è sola

Convien, ch’arrive a quel dubbioso calle.

Al passar que’te valle

Piaciavi porre giù l’odio e lo sdegno.

Venti contrari alla vita serena;

È quel che’n altrui pena

Tempo si spende, in qualche atto più degno.

O di mano, o d’ingegno,

In qualche bella lode,

In qualche onesto studio si converta:

Così quaggiù si gode,

E la strada del ciel si trova aperta.”

We know not any peculiarity in the early authors of modern ages, so striking and noble as the dignity and simple faith with which they united literature and religion, and placed the one under the peculiar protection of the other. We can never forget the invocation, or prayer, with which Bacon commences—we may say modern philosophy. The one in Petrarch’s Essay, “*De scriptis et multorum ignorantia*,” is another example of the union, and of how much men of letters thought themselves a favoured race—“O alme, salutiferque Jesu, vere literarum omnium et ingenii Deus.”

Mr Foscolo indulges, throughout his Essay, now and then in philosophical disquisition—we must confess not to understand either the meaning or the gist of these passages. Nor, in spite of the italics, do we very well comprehend “the conflict of opposite purposes *thrilling in the heart of Petrarch*, and *battling in the brain of Dante*.” Much of this no doubt must be attributed to the translator, who, in this Essay, has not done justice to his original; and a word as to translations: The task of rendering this work has most likely, from its polyglot and wavering diction, been performed by a young man. Now, we think, that the exercise of translation is the very worst plan that a young man of literature could set out with. Unhabituated to any style, his ideas yet unsettled and unlinked to their proper terms, he is sure to *yield* to the language which he translates. This may flatter the foreigner who prepares the original, that he is rendered the more forcibly; but he is deceived. The expressions will not strike the public ear as they have struck his. He is misunderstood, or more generally not understood at all, while the young translator loses his vernacular tongue, and becomes afterwards incapable of expressing his own thoughts in his mother tongue. For this reason, it is likely that France will be a long time ere she can revive any thing like a literature. She has evinced such a rage for translations, and such a contempt for any original works that her men of literature can produce, that booksellers are compelled, by their own interest, to publish translations, and translations only. So far is this carried, that original essays have been published lately, and sold in France, as translations from the English and German. Hence it is, that Paris overflows with what are called young men of literature, but who, in fact, do nothing but translate.* They neither read nor write to any worthy purpose, and their taste is formed, of course, in prejudice of the literatures, over which they are obliged to spend some time.

These young men are all *romantic*, whilst the old stagers are classic in taste, nearly as ignorant, and having read little beyond the *Moniteur*, *Cornéille*, *Racine*, the tragedies and light pieces of *Voltaire*, they are scarcely able to hold their ground against the partizans of the *romantic*—and only hold their ground, because, that by prescription, they have possession of the public journals. The present race of French writers (of the lighter kind) are translators—the next will be mere imitators. We already begin to return them the compliment, of imposing a foreign *school* upon their taste, which is evident from the verses of *La Martine*, their most popular living poet.

To return to Mr F., we think that he deals too much in *pro* and *con*, which evinces a want of sincerity, and a love of saying something, quite perplexing to those readers, who wish to gather any conclusion from his pages. There is no glue through his work, no end aimed at—one argument follows another, without any reason appearing why it should—and his paragraphs, like the sentences or half-sentences of Mr Hazlitt, follow one another more with the air of codicil than continuation; and although he is not so short-winded as Mr H., he seems quite as destitute of principle or end in his criticism. His quotations from English poetry are sadly out of place, but perhaps not more so than ours of Italian; but, on the other hand, his Essay contains much interesting information and sound criticism. Besides, Mr Foscolo's fame does not depend upon this: His *Sepulchra*, and *Letters of Orto*, possess, and deserve, the first rank of Italian literature. He has also one strong mark of genius—a great disregard to his fame, else why does he forsake the Muse, at least light and original composition, for alphabetical criticism and researches after the *Digamma*?—And, would the reader believe it?—the finest effusion from the muse of Foscolo is unpublished and unknown, at least in England! Why does he not print the “*Grazie*?”

Perhaps we should have been more

* The mode is, for some literary man of reputation to advertise his name as the translator, while the translation is performed in fact by young men, for ever so little per sheet. Thus the wretched translation of Shakspeare by Guizot—Guizot never wrote one word of, except the introductory Essay. On the same plan, he is translating a series of our historians during the Civil War; and has begun with Thomas May.

courteous to a stranger, who has come amongst us to enrich our literature with lucubrations upon his own, but we of Maga are a rollocking independent set,

“Rude are we in speech,
And little versed in the set phrase of poetry,”

in short, nowise famed for over-politeness.—Indeed, one of our wags some time since printed an unpublished sonnet of Signor Foscolo’s, modestly disguising his theft, and seeking to avoid any unpleasant consequence therefrom, by misprinting the name of the author, becoming thereby guilty of what Curran called “prominatory defamation;” but a Scotch mouth may very well plead not guilty

in making hash of an Italian name. We acknowledge the joke “*pleasant but wrong*,” to make use of a good expression, gained by chance through an ignorant translation.

But whether the sonnet in question was a quiz or a reality, must remain a puzzle for the future Muratoris and Tassonis, who shall edit and illustrate the works of Foscolo, and the *Nacht Ambrosiana*. The following sonnet, however, with which we shall conclude our notice, was *bona fide* written by the Italian bard in good English verse, (*mirabile dictu*.) and was prefixed to the private edition of this essay, although, in Mr Murray’s, for some reason or another, it no longer appears. Let it speak for its own merits, and the italics for our admiration.

TO CALLISTO, AT LAUSANNE.

“I twine, far distant from my Tuscan grove,
The hly cluste, the rose that breathes of love,—
The myrtle leaf, and Laura’s hallow’d bay,—
The deathless flowers that bloom o’er Sappho’s clay

For thee, Callistoe!—Yet by Love and years
I learn how Fancy wakes from joy to tears;
How Memory pines, left of hope, attends
The Echo’s path, and bids her far new friends

“Long may the gulfand blend its varying hue
With thy bright tresses, and bud ever new
With all Spring’s odours—with Spring’s light be dress’d
In the pure fragrance from thy virgin breast!

“And when thou find’st that youth and beauty fly
As heavenly meteors from our dazzled eye,
Still may the garland shed perfume, and shine
While Laura’s hand, and Sappho’s heart are thine.

LOUIS THE EIGHTEENTH’S ACCOUNT OF HIS ESCAPE, (CONTINUED.)
WITH SOME OF HIS VERSES.

This work it seems, had been for a long time in many hands, but all were afraid to publish it. Once printed, however, edition has followed upon edition, and the Royal Author has taken no steps to claim or to disown it. That it is from the King’s pen, there can be no doubt, but as there are some passages calculated to excite a degree of ridicule, the Ultras say that these have been foisted in by some person envious of royal taste and gravity. However, editions, corrected and more corrected, succeed one another with these passages unaltered. One of them is, where the Royal refugee confesses, in the midst of the perils of his own and the King’s escape, that the thing he dreaded most in the world, was a *dinner d’ami*, a family dinner, and where he turns up his nose most aristocrati-

cally at a leg of mutton, salad, and fresh eggs. At this now, relates the author, “I cast a dolorous look at D’Avaray, whose visage I found quite as long as my own.” This melancholy, and its trivial cause, must appear to the reader doubly misplaced, when he learns, that at this very same hour Louis the Sixteenth was on his return from Varennes, picking chicken bones in his carriage, crowded not only with his family, but with Petion and Barnave, who came as Commissioners from the National Assembly to bring back as prisoners the royal fugitives. The devotees of the day are also shocked with the frank manner in which Louis the Eighteenth mentions Mademoiselle Balbi, his former mistress, and the unblushingness with which the adulterous connexion is mentioned by

the side of prayers and extreme devotion. If the homeliness of a wife could be an excuse for such doings, the present King certainly had such, Madame's being about the ugliest Gorgon visage we ever saw on canvas. While on this subject, we may mention an objection of our own, which, however, would never occur to a Frenchman, against the disgusting terms of endearment which the author continually addresses to his dear D'Avaray—if such be the language of friendship, we are at a loss to conceive what can be the language of love. It was very amusing to observe the different ways in which French critics approached this work. The Ultras came near on bended knees, and in a whining and prostrate tone of most devout and over-indulgent loyalty. They discovered even in its madraoit confessions, (as in the plaintive letter of the Duc d'Angoulême to his Duchess, containing news of his posteriors, instead of Napoleon, then just landed,) a simplicity and openness worthy, as their favourite expression goes, *d'un petit fils d'Henri Quatre*. The *Liberals* approached the volume warily, and with a side-glance towards the *Palais de Justice* and *St Pelagie*, ventured an attack. "If this work," begins one of them, "be really from a royal pen, it is above all criticism; but if it proceed from any other, it is equally below all criticism." The witty *Alfred* attacks its faults of style and its vulgarity—a curious reproach from M. Jouy to Louis the 18th—and accuses the narrator of breaking Priscian's head, and of neglecting

"La grammaire qui sait régenter jusqu'aux rois."

In spite, however, of all these malevolent criticisms, the little narrative, upon the whole, argues the taste and feeling of its royal author; and hastily sketched in misfortune and exile, faults of style might well have been overlooked. There is one passage that excites much odium. He is speaking of the declaration which Louis the Sixteenth had prepared to leave for the Assembly, on his departure for Varennes, and says, "But, besides that we found the piece a little too long, there was one essential point wanting, and that was a protestation against all the acts which had emanated from the King during his captivity."

This proves that the present King, then Monsieur, had in ninety-one so far changed from the liberal opinions he professed at the commencement of the Revolution, that he had become more *monarchic* than even his unfortunate brother. But, as far as concerns literary criticism, he may very well plead the excuse of another liberal monarch, Joseph the Second, "*Il n'est permis d'être royaliste, c'est mon métier.*"

We left the fugitives at Avesnes, we believe, where, through the laziness of Sayer, the English domestic, they were detained a long time. The difficulty was to pass Maubeuge, the next town. The postilion turns round to ask them, "What inn at Maubeuge they would wish to put up at?" They answer, "It is of no consequence; for we must go on to Mons."—"To Mons!" said the postilion; "you won't arrive there to-day."—"Why, my good fellow?"—"At least, if they do open the gates for you to enter, they'll certainly not open them to let you out."—"But what's all that to us, since the post is not in Maubeuge?"—"It has been," said the postilion, "for these six months."—"And is there no road by which we may turn the town?"—"Ay, is there," said he. "Very well, my good fellow, as we are hurried, and as your horses are good, can you not bring us this road? We'll pay you well."—"Me," cried he; "I wouldn't do it for any consideration."

"These few words showed me all the horror of our situation; seeing no hope, I thought but of resigning myself to the fate I foresaw."

D'Avaray, however, attacks the postilion in his bad French; and at last, by telling a long and piteous tale about a sick sister he had at Mons, and with the promise of three guineas, engages him to attempt the road outside the town. The narrator continues:—

"As soon as we were in the suburbs, the postilion stopped, and entering a little wine-shop to drink, demanded a guide. The women who were collected there, told him he could not pass. 'Why,' said he, 'is not the Pont Rouge standing?'—'Yes,' said one of the women, 'but they are working at the new Sambre. There have been three hundred workmen at it, and they have made *fosses* out of which

you would never get.'—'Get me a guide, however, that's all I want,' said the postilion. The woman went to seek her brother, who happened to be one of the workmen employed. He offered to conduct us to the *fosse*, but confirmed what his sister had told us. 'If it was to the very devil, I'd pass it,' cried the postilion; 'take a lantern, and conduct me.' This colloquy, as you may believe, afforded us no pleasure; but we were somewhat assured by the resolution of the postilion.

"Behold us, then, crossing the fields, not an hundred paces from the ramparts of a fortified town, and almost certain of being stopped, if there happened a sentinel to see our lantern, and be acquainted with his duty. We would have willingly agreed that they might fire a shower of grape shot upon us, provided they did not come out after us. Arrived at the *fosse*, I wished to pass it on foot; the postilion would not permit us. He got down, reconnoitred the *fosse*, found a place where, though deep, it was not very wide, remounted his horse, and we passed it with all the address imaginable. The guide still conducted us as long as we were in the fields, and quitted us as soon as we regained the great road; which we at last took, with the certainty of arriving at Mons without impediment.

"Before delivering myself up completely to joy, I thanked God for the recovery of my liberty, and then wished to rejoice with D'Avaray on the accomplishment; but as we were not yet quite out of France, he sought to check my transports, on account of Sayer, who as yet knew not who I was; but Sayer was fast asleep on my shoulder, and D'Avaray himself was too much delighted not to join in my joy. I began by seizing the cursed tri-color cockade; and addressing it in these verses of *Armide*,

'Vains ornemens d'une indigne mollesse,
&c.'

I tore it from my hat, begging, at the same time, D'Avaray to preserve it

carefully, as Christopher Columbus preserved his chains. We then began to think what we should do upon arriving at Mons, which we thought fortified, and of course the gates shut. We agreed to seek an inn in the suburbs, and, if we could not find a place, to write to the commandant, begging him to open to me the gates. We also anticipated the case of our finding but one bed. I told D'Avaray, in that case I should yield it to him, and, as being the strongest, would pass the night in my chair. He declared he would not suffer this, and that he would rather take a mattress by the side of my bed. I insisted that he would at least partake the bed we were not sure to find; and as every object then looked gay in my imagination, I parodied the verses of *Hippolite and Arcite*, which begin with "*Sous les drapeaux de Mars*," putting *mattres* instead of *maitres*, which caused us much fun," &c.

The fugitives arrive safe at Mons, and the rest of the pamphlet contains little interesting matter. Its publication, we see, has elicited another work of Royal penmanship from the press—the escape of King Stanislaus to Marienwerden, written by himself, in which, if there be any thing interesting, more than is to be found in *Rulhières* and *Wraxall*, our readers must have it. We wish this fashion of bringing out Royal Memoirs would travel North, and procure us the publication of the Queen of Prussia's Memoirs, which of all auto-matations must be the most interesting, and would be useful as a counterpoise to the *Las Cases* and *O'Mearas*.

This much was just written, and luckily not sent, when lo, this morning, May the 8th, appears another edition of the *Voyage a Bruxelles et Coblenz*, with poetry by his Majesty Louis the Eighteenth. Of the poetry most part was published long since in the *Mercur* and other works, under the signature of the *Marquis de Fulgy*. There is but just time ere the courier sets off, to transcribe some of them, and leave the reader to judge of the Royal Muse by himself:

VERS INSCRITS SUR UN EVENTAIL PRESENTE A LA REINE.

Au milieu des chaleurs extrêmes,

Heureux d'amuser vos loisirs,

Je saurai pès de vous appeler les Zéphyr:

Les amours y viendront d'eux-mêmes.

The next we give is an Apologue, not very Ultra, called

LE PETIT PRINCE ET LES CARTES.

D'un beau poupon royal la majesté future
Avec des cartes s'amusait :
Ignorant leur emploi, l'enfant ne s'y plaisait
Que par l'attrait de leur peinture,
Et rejetait, non sans dédain,
Tout ce que n'était pas figure.
L'une plus sensible à l'injure
D'être prise pour du fretin,
Fit cette remontrance au petit souverain :
—Peintures sont chez nous ce qu'est votre noblesse :
Elle a bien son mérite. Occupez-vous des grands,
Mais les petits, aux yeux de la sagesse,
Doivent-ils être indifférens ?
Gardez vous donc de jamais croire
Que le jeu subsiste sans nous.
Lisez, consultez notre histoire :
Interrogez nos jeux de couleur rouge et noire.
Franchement ils vous diront tous
Que de notre union résultent les grand coups.
Et que d'un roi son peuple est la force et la gloire.
Pour vous défendre enfin de prendre un ton si haut,
Avec la carte la plus mince,
Apprenez qu'au piquet, mon joli petit prince,
Faute d'un huit on est capot.

I have just room for another, dated Gaul, 1815.

LES MOUCHOIRS BLANCS.—ANECDOTE HISTORIQUE.

Pourquoi ne pas faire pour moi
Ce que l'on faisoit pour le Roi ?
Disant Napoléon, à sa cour qui l'adore,
Autant qu'elle même en l'honneur.
Lorsque Louis sortait, on dit que dans Paris
Des mains blanches comme les lis,
Agitant des mouchoirs qui l'étaient plus encore,
Interprètes muets de joie et de candeur,
D'un sexe aimant signalant le bonheur.
Moi, je n'ai point de petitesse
De prendre en haine une couleur :
D'une main, d'un mouchoir, l'éclatante blancheur
N'a rien, dans le fond, qui me blesse.
J'accepterais en Empereur
Cette innocente politesse.
Sire, lui répondit un courtisau matois,
Je ne vois rien là qui m'étonne.
Toi, les droits de Louis, la France vous les donne ;
Mais chacun sait qu'on disait autrefois :
Sur qui n'a rien le Roi n'a plus de droux ;
Et tout bonnement je soupçonne,
Les dames dont le cœur cherit votre personne
De se moucher avec leur doigts.

P. S.—Wonders will never cease ! The Duchess of Angoulême has just published a book,—“A Recital of Events that happened in the Temple, from the 13th of August, 1792, till the death of the Dauphin.” It is too late to give any account of the work in this Number.

Paris, 9th May, 1823.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. VIII.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
" NOT TO LET THE JUG FACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE .
" BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."*
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.*]

C. N. *ap. Amb.*

PRESENT—ETTRICK SHIPPLED, Chairman ; KEMPFERHAUSEN, Cloupiet
TICKLER, ODOHERTY, Dr MELLION, &c. &c. &c.

SCENE—*The Chaldee Chamber—Table as it should be.*

TIME—Ten, P. M.

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

Ah, mein Gott ! what for a barbarian ! And you came to town on purpose—

HOGG.

Deed did I, lad. And what for no ? I aye come in when there's ony thing
o the kind gaun forrit.

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

O shocking ! you really horrify me ! You like to see such things ? You
really find a pleasure in them ?

HOGG.

Pleasure here, pleasure there, I cannot bide away from a hangin'—I tell
you plainly that I think its worth a' the Tragedy Plays that ever were acted
—I like to be garred to grue.

ODOHERTY.

And of course a female exit is the more piquant—how did the old lady go
off then ?

HOGG.

Were *you* no there, Ensign ? Odd, I thought I heard your cough in the
crowd. You *were* there, you deceiver—you were there—you were not the
length of a cart-tram ahint mysel.

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

O, Mr Odoherity, you too !

TICKLER.

Pooh, pooh ! Odoherity went to get materials for an article—he has promi-
sed *Ebony* a series of MORE PATRULANTS, and they will be taking papers I be-
lieve, after all.

HOGG.

I think I could contribute to that series mysel. Odd ! I've seen a matter o'
fifty hangings in my time.

ODOHERTY.

Fifty ! why Hogg, you're old enough to be my grandfather—and yet I've
seen *three* times that number myself—besides plenty of shootings, and all man-
ner of outlandish doings—guillotine—sword—axe—

HOGG.

I wad gang a lang gait to see a beheading. A beheading for my siller—it's
clear afore ony other way.

ODOHERTY.

Genteeler, I confess—but qtherwise so so ; and as for the matter of cleandri-
ness, *your* cord is certainly the very jewel of them all for that. Why, Hogg,
I've ~~seen~~ half the breadth of a street smeared over with one fellow's claret ;

and then the assistants trundling in a wheelbarrow of saw-dust, and all that sort of thing—is disgusting, and apt to spoil one's breakfast.

HOGG.

Weel, I never saw onybody gang aff easier than Lucky M'Kinnon—I keepit my ee upon her, and she never made ae single steer either wi' foot or hand. She was very easy, poor woman.

DR MULLION.

Just a stroke of apoplexy—nothing more.

ODOHERTY.

You are right, I believe, and that after all is the best way it can operate.

DR MULLION.

In former times, when the poor devil had to leap from a ladder, he might go up two or three steps higher, and make such a spring that he was sure of breaking his spine; but now-a-days the fall is so short and so perpendicular, that they all die of apoplexy or strangulation—which last is bad.

ODOHERTY.

What did your friend Brodie die of, Mr Tickler?

TICKLER.

Apoplexy, I suppose. His face was as black as my hat.

HOGG.

Lucky Mackinnon's bonny face was black too, they were saying.

DR MULLION.

Yes, ' black, but comely.' I saw her a day or two afterwards—very like the print.

TICKLER.

Those infernal idiots, the Phrenologists, have been kicking up a dust about her skull, too, it appears. Will these fellows take no hint?

ODOHERTY.

They take a hint! Why you might as well preach to the Fanatics, or the Harmonists, or any other set of stupid fanatics. Don't let me hear them mentioned again.

DR MULLION.

They have survived the turnip. What more can be said?

HOGG.

The turnip, Doctor?

DR MULLION.

You haven't heard of it then? I thought all the world had. You must know, however, that a certain ingenious person of this town lately met with a turnip of more than common foyness in his field—he made a cast of it, clapped it to the cast of somebody's face, and sent the composition to the Phrenological, with his compliments, as a *fac-simile* of the head of a celebrated *Swede*, by name Professor Tornhippsson. They bit—a committee was appointed—a report was drawn up—and the whole character of the professor was soon made out as completely *secundum artem*, as Haggart's had been under the same happy auspices a little before. In a word, they found out that the illustrious Dr Tornhippsson had been distinguished for his Inhabiteness, Constructiveness, Philoprogenitiveness, &c.—nay, even for "Tune," "Ideality," and "Veneration."

ODOHERTY.

I fear they have heard of the hoax, and cancelled that sheet of their Transactions. What a pity!

HOGG.

Hoh! hoh! hoh! The organization of a fozey turnip! Hoh! hoh! hoh! hoh! the like o' that! The Swedish turnip—the celebrated Swede!

ODOHERTY.

Le Glorieux himself never carried through a better quizz. The whole thing is perfect—*Fait Ilum!*—The worst of the whole was, that a couple of the leading members had been disputing rather keenly, which of their own two organizations bore the greater resemblance to that of the enlightened defunct.

TICKLER.

Name, name.

HOGG.

Wha *were* the twa saps? Name them, name them.

ODOHERTY.

No, I shall spare their names ; for I hear your New Novel is to be a denced personal thing, and you would perhaps introduce them.

HOGG.

Here's my hand.

ODOHERTY.

Tush, tush. I'll tell you no more, but that the one of them belongs to the Stot's establishment, and the other jobs occasionally in the balaam line for the Crany Review. Really, they're not worth your libelling them, kind Shepherd.

HOGG.

We'll see—we'll see.

TICKLER.

And is it really to be a personal work, Hogg ?

HOGG.

It sets you weel, hinney—but ha' done, ha' done. Ye'll a' read and judge for yourselves in the course of a week or twa ; for, now that Quentin Durward's out o' his hands, Bullantyne will surely skelp on wi' me. His presses have been a' sac thrang this while, that I havena gotten aboon half the third volume set up. But I'll spur up the lad, noo. De'il mean him, I think he's no blate to keep me taighn for ony Quentin Durward that ever cam out o' Glenhoulakin.

TICKLER.

Come now, Hogg, confess that Quentin Durward is a fine, a noble, a glorious thing.

HOGG.

Wait a wee.

ODOHERTY.

As your work is still *in secretis*, of course we can't institute any comparisons—but I, for one, shall say honestly, that I look upon Quentin Durward as the very best thing that has come out since Old Mortality.

HOGG.

Ay, man——? and div ye really think sac in earnest ? Weel, I cannot but confess it, I'm muckle of the same opinion mysell, between friends. It's clean afore Peveril—aye, and Needgil too—clean afore them.

TICKLER.

It has all the novelty of another Ivanhoe—and yet all the ease and lightness of another Guy Rammerring—and by the way, Hogg, the author seems to be as fond of hanging-matches as yourself—what capital characters those two ladder boys are—and then their neter stirring without rope and pulk y, any more than a parson without a corkscrew !

HOGG.

Gleg chields, faith. Ad ! my flesh creepit whenever they cam on the boards—I just thought I saw the rape dang'ing in the wind before my very een. You tinkler Moograbbin—what a devil of a spurling you daur-the-mischief would mak ! I think I see him flung aff.

ODOHERTY.

Your imagination is lively, good shepherd. Have you introduced any similar scènes in your own work ?

HOGG.

Ha ! lad—wait a wee, again—pumping, pumping !

ODOHERTY.

You seem to think every body is on the *qui vive* for your bundle of balaam.

HOGG.

Balaam ?—Gude have mercy on us ! he's ca'in't balaam or e'er it's out !

MILLION.

Well, that's not so bad after all, as calling it balaam after it *is* out ; which, however, I am sure nobody will do ; at least, nobody but the Standard-bearer.

HOGG.

And his tongue's nae so scandal, Doctor—Od ! every thing's balaam wi' him, amais. He ca'd the Brownie of Bodsbeck balaam, and yet it gae'd through three editions.

ODOHERTY.

Three editions? Are you serious?

HOGG.

Dead serious—Od! does a new title-page not make a new edition?—If ye deny that, I'll hae ye afore The Three, and see how you'll like shoohin out your gowd—but to be sure your brass is mair plenty, my man.

ODOHERTY.

Mr Hogg, you and the Author of Waverley are beginning to give yourselves a confounded deal of airs upon your cash. I don't see what he had to do with blowing such a trumpet about his beeves, and muttous, and so forth, in that introduction of his. As for his sneers about garretteers, and chops, and Grub-street, I hope the gentlemen of the press will take the illiberality as it deserves. Upon honour, I don't think it was worthy of the Great Unknown to take such a fling at the innocent misfortunes of a set of gentlemen, who have all of them done their best to please the public—which is more than I opine any body will venture to say for him.

HOGG.

Come, come, Captain Odohertry, what's your drift?—Do you mean to say that I am a gentleman of the press, sir?

ODOHERTY.

Much may be said on both sides—But, however, you have beeves and muttous enough, I suppose, as well as Peveril; and you don't live in Grub-street.

HOGG.

I live in as decent a place as yoursell, Captain. I put up at Mackay's noo, when I'm in town—'tis a very comfortable house, and I en gang into the traveller's room, and get pleasant company whenever my fingers are dimmed wi' driving the pen.—And I'm a' in the heart o' business, too—Mr Constable's grand new shops just forment my window—Mr Blackwood's no a hap-stap-and-lowp amast farrer west—and Ballantyne's deevils, they can come junking back and forrit in no time by the playhouse stairs—and Ambrose's here, I can skelp ower, if it were a perfect steep, without weeting my shoon.

ODOHERTY.

Your top-boots you mean—but I beg your pardon, you are as sore about the boots as old Philip of Argenton himself.—I beg your pardon, good Monsieur Bête-bottee.

HOGG.

You needna be moushying me.—I ken naething ava about your parleyvou-zing system—that's my apothegm.

ODOHERTY.

Hogg, I think I have heard you say, that you sometimes find things take in the ratio of their unintelligibility.

HOGG.

What's that now?—

ODOHERTY.

I mean to say, that you think people are at times best pleased with what they can't make either head or tail of.

HOGG.

'Tis as true a word as ever came out of a fause loon's cheese-trap.—I aye thoct weel of the non-comprehensible system—and there's a lang-nebbit word for you too, my braw Captain.

ODOHERTY.

Well then, just to please Hogg, Gentlemen of the Press, I shall tip the company a French chanson—new—original—unpublished—fresh from the pen of my good friend Beranger—the very last thing Beranger has done.

TICKLER.

Ha! I've seen very little of his works,—they say he's the Tommy Moore of France.

ODOHERTY.

Why, he wants Tommy's delicacy and bright fancy; but then he perhaps has more spirit with him than Tommy. He has written some abominable things in the licentious way; but so, to be sure, has Tom Moore.

TICKLER.

Ah ! but has he repented, or at least refrained, like your amiable countryman ?

ODOHERTY.

I don't wish to chatter about humbugs just now. I shall give you the chanson I spoke of, and you will see, that it at least is as pure as if Hogg himself had indited the goodly matter.

TICKLER.

The Edinburgh Reviewers, I think, say, that Beranger is " the Poet of the People."—Is he so very popular then ?

ODOHERTY.

Popular he is ; but not with *the People*, nor is he the least in their line. So far from that indeed, that he is far too deep in his allusions for the worshipful Reviewers themselves, seeing that they quoted as a specimen of a " Poet of the People," a verse with a most *indecent* allusion, touching the Jesuits—the which, it is right manifest, neither the critic himself, nor the editor, could have understood.

HOGG.

You may be sure, the lads just acted upon my principle.—

ODOHERTY.

Well, I wish they would act upon *your principle* only concerning our own book ; and not make us a laughingstock among the outlandish—but now for the chanson. (*Sings*)

L'OMBRE D'ANACREON.

Air : de la Scutinelte.

Un jeune Grec s'écriit à des tombeaux :
Victoire ! il dit ; l'écho redit : Victoire !
O demi-dieux, vous nos premiers flambeaux,
Trompez le Styx et voyez notre gloire.
Soudain sous un ciel enchaîné
Une ombre apparaît et s'écrie :
Doux enfant de la liberté, (bis)
Le plaisir veut une patrie,
Une patrie.

O peuple Grec, c'est moi dont les destins
Furent si doux chez tes ayeux si braves ;
Quand il chantait l'amour dans les festins
Anacreon en chassait les esclaves.
Jamais la tendre volupté
N'approcha d'une ame flétrie.
Doux enfant de la liberté, (bis)
Le plaisir veut une patrie,
Une patrie.

De l'aigle encore l'aile rase les cieux,
Du rossignol les chants sont toujours tendres ;
Toi, peuple Grec, tes arts, tes lois, tes dieux,
Qu'en as-tu fait, qu'as-tu fait de nos cendres ?
Tes fêtes passent sans gaieté,
Sur une rive encore fleurie.
Doux enfant de la liberté,
Le plaisir veut une patrie,
Une patrie.

Déjà vainqueur, chante et vole au danger,
Brise tes fers, tu le peux si tu l'oses :
Sur nos débris, quoi ! le vil étranger
Dort enivré du parfum de tes roses !

Quoi ! payer avec la beauté
Un tribut à la barbarie ;
Doux enfant de la liberté,
Le plaisir veut une patrie,
Une patrie.

C'est trop rougir aux yeux du voyageur,
Qui d'Olympie évoque la mémoire.
Frappe, et ces bords, au gré d'un ciel vengeur,
Reverdiront d'abondance et de gloire.
Des tyrans le sang deteste
Réchauffe une terre appauvrie,
Doux enfant de la liberté,
Le plaisir veut une patrie,
Une patrie.

A tes voisins n'emprunte que du fer,
Tout peuple esclave est allié perfide.
Mars va l'armer des feux de Jupiter,
C'est à Venus son étoile te guide.
Bien-bus, dieu toujours indompté,
Remplira la coupe tarie,
Doux enfant de la liberté,
Le plaisir veut une patrie,
Une patrie.

Il se rendoit, le sage de Theos . . .
La Grèce enfin suspend ses funérailles
Phébes, Corinthe, Athènes, Sparte, Argos,
Tous d'effroi, exhumez vos murailles,
Vos vieilles mères ont répété
Les mots d'une voix attendrie,
Doux enfant de la liberté,
Le plaisir veut une patrie,
Une patrie.

HOGG.

A bonny tune, and, I daursay, a bonny sang too. What was it about, sir?

TICKLER.

Love and country, and so forth. The shade of —

HOGG.

I daursay it's just plunder't out o' my *Poems*. — Do s't it mention anything about a bonny lassie, and the flowers, and the gl' oom?

TICKLER.

These are all alluded to, Mr Hogg.

HOGG.

And the birds singing?

TICKLER.

Yes, that too, I think.

ODONERTY, (*Singing*.)

“ Du Rossignol les chants sont toujours tendres,
Toi, peuple Grèce ! — ”

HOGG.

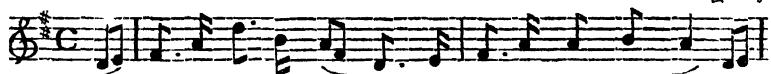
Na, na—time about's fair play, Captain. Ye've given us the copy—I think I may be alloud to gie you the original; for I'm sure the French thief has just been taking every idea I had frae me—I mean—

ODONERTY.

Ha! a new light!—Beranger, too, robbing Hogg!—But begin, begin, dear Lanie.

HOGG.

Ac mair round of the bottles ere I begin—(*Drinks a bumper of toddy.*)—
Ay, now—my whistle will do now.—(*Sings.*)



COME all ye jol-ly shepherds that whistle thro' the glen, I'll



tell ye of a se-cret that courtiers din-na ken. What is the greatest

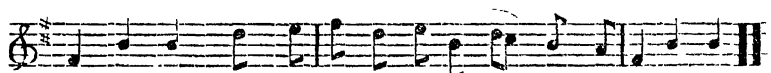


bliss that the tongue of man can name? 'Tis to woo a bon-ny

CHORUS.



las-sie when the kye come hame. When the kye come hame, when the



kye come hame, 'Tween the gloaming an' the mirk, when the kye come hame

'Tis not beneath the burgonet, nor yet beneath the crown,

'Tis not on couch of velvet, nor yet in bed of down—

'Tis beneath the spreading birch, in the dell without the name,

Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie, when the kye come hame.

(*Chorus, lads.*) When the kye come hame, when the kye come hame,

'Tween the gloaming an' the mirk, when the kye come hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest for the mate he lo'es to see,

And up upon the topmost bough, oh, a happy bird is he!

There he pours his melting ditty, and love 'tis a' the theme,

And he'll woo his bonny lassie when the kye come hame.

When the kye come hame, &c.

When the bluart bears a pearl, and the daisy turns a pea,

And the bonny lucken gowan has fouldit up his ee,

Then the lavrock frae the blue lift drops down, and thinks nae shame

To woo his bonny lassie when the kye come hame.

When the kye come hame, &c.

Then the eye shines sae bright, the hale soul to beguile,

There's love in every whisper, and joy in every smile—

O wha wad choose a crown, wi' its perils and its fame,

And miss a bonny lassie when the kye come hame?

When the kye come hame, &c.

See yonder pawky shepherd, that lingers on the hill,

His ewes are in the fauld, and his lambs are lying still;

Yet he downa gang to bed, for his heart is in a flame,

To meet his bonny lassie when the kye come hame.

When the kye come hame, &c.

Away wi' fame and fortune, what comfort can they gie?

And a' the arts that prey on man's life and liberty:

Gie me the highest joy that the heart of man can frame,

My bonny, bonny lassie, when the kye come hame.

When the kye come hame, &c.

(*Much applause.*)

ODDITY.

Upon my honour 'tis admirable—why, when did you make this, Hogg?—
I have done nothing so sweet these three years.

HOGG.

An' ye nèver saw nor heard it afore?

ODOHERTY.

Not I—how should I?—

HOGG.

Ye invincible ne'er-do-weel! and yet you reviewed my Three Perils o' Man for two reviews, and three newspapers forby.

ODOHERTY.

Well, and what is that to the purpose?

HOGG.

Not much, I confess,—only the next time ye're for reviewing an author, ye might maybe come as braw speed if ye began wi' reading his book.—Tak' ye that hint, my noble Captain.

ODOHERTY, (*a little confused*.)

Why, is it possible? I really can scarce swallow you, Hogg.—Is that song in "The Three Perils of Man?"—You are thinking of "The Three Perils of Woman,"—an't ye?

HOGG.

Fient a bit o' me.—In the book of "The Three Perils of Man"—the third volume thereof, and the 19th page, you will find it written as I have sung unto you.

ODOHERTY, (*aside to Ticker*.)

I never saw the book—hang it?

TICKER, (*tippling the Adjutant the wink*.)

Come Hogg, don't be too severe upon Odohertry. The song is a good deal altered since then, and much for the better. As it stands in the novel, if I recollect right, it begins with some trash about "Fairy woo," and "whistling at the plow."—The Standard-bearer might easily think the song a new one.

HOGG.

I se no deny that,—for to tell you the plain fact, Christopher, I had clean forgotten myself.—When the book was sent out a' printed to Yarrowside, od! I just read the maist tick on't as if I had never seen't afore; and as for that sang in particular, I'll gang before the Bailies the morn, and tak' my affidavit that I had no more mind o' when I wrote it, or how I wrote it, or anything whatever concerning it—no more than if it had been a screed of heathen Greek. I believed to have writt'n sometime, and someway, since it was there—but that's a' I kent.—I maun surely hae flung't aff some night when I was a thought dazed, and just sent it in to the printer without looking at it in the morning. I declare I just had to learn the words or I could sing the sang, as if they had been Soothey's, Tam Man's, or some other body's, and no my ain.

ODOHERTY.

Coleridge over again for all the world, and the Blackstone of Blarney,—“a psychological curiosity,” Hogg!—Take one hint however, and henceforth always write your songs when you are *dazed*, as you call it,—*Hibernice*, when you are in a state of civilization.

HOGG, (*testily*.)

Thank ye, Captain;—I need scarcely be after bidding you *read* the songs I write, when you find yourself in that same honourable and praise-worthy condition.—

ODOHERTY, (*rings*.)

Hallo,—Champagne there!—Cool this fellow with something that has been in the ice-pail.—This eternal hot toddy is setting his bristles on edge.—(*En-ter Ambrose*.)—Champagne there, Ambrose!

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

Champagner! champagner for Hogg—ha! that's your sort! what for a cork!

HOGG.

Eh! siccan a clunk as that chiel's loupit awa wi'! there—there—haud yer hand, Mr Ambrose,—ch! siccan a ream! (*drinks*.)

ODOHERTY, (*drinking*.)

I pledge you, Mr Chaldean Shepherd—well, the wine is prime.—Ferguson for ever, say I!

HOGG.

Oh dear! I never find anything sae gude since ever I was born,—heh, me!

there's anither glassfu' there yet, Mr Ambrose.—'This way, bring't this way, man,—oh dear!—what a 'wagang'!—what may it come to the dozen now, Mr Ambrose?—(*Ambrose whispers the Shepherd.*)—Losh keep us a'!—Losh keep us!—heh me!

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

O, what for a groaning and sighing!—what is the wish to you. Herr Hogg?

HOGG.

Just that a body could get that same at three bawbees the bottle.

TICKLER.

I suppose you would never think of small beer with your porridge again?

HOGG.

Na, faith I,—nor tryacle neither—no, nor porter and sugar, which is better than tryacle ony day in the year.

ODOHERTY.

This fellow Champagne!—Come now, Hogg, tell me honestly what is your idea of a really luxurious dinner? describe—describe.

HOGG.

Come ye out our way i' the ha'rst, and I'll spare myself the fash of descriptions, Captain.—Let's see—let's see,—what suppose I set you down to a gairney tureenfu' o' hotch-potch, or hareoup—remove that wi' a sexmon, just out o' Yarrow—a whacken fellow wi' his tail in his mouth—his flesh perfect cords—and then a thumpin' leg o' blackface, maybe with gravy-juice enough to him to drown a peck o' mealy potatoes—or what wad ye say to a tup's head and trotters?—that's the way we live in Yarrow,—Match us in Cork or Kilkeny, if ye can.

ODOHERTY, (*solemnly.*)

“And is this Yarrow? this the stream
Of which my fancy cherished
So beautiful a waking dream,
A vision which hath perished.”

HOGG.

What says the lad?—

ODOHERTY.

Well, then I say with Mrs Wordsworth,—

“Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the braes o' Yarrow.”—

HOGG.

That's a man.—I thought I could bask a fty that wud please your e'e, you saucy ane,—but come, come, what's ready wi' a stove?—Mr Kemperhausen, the call is for you.

KEMPFERHAUSEN. (*Sings.*)

“Der wind geht durch die Baume;
Aus grünen Schauten schwebt
Die milde schaar der träume
Aus Luft und Lust gewebt.
“Was bringt ihr aus der fern,
Und locket mich zur Ruh?
Sprucht ihr von Leibgen, gerne
Drückt ich die Augen zu!”

HOGG.

“Awfu' toothbreakers! wheesht, wheesht.—

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

Well, very well, mein Herr Hogg.—Ich sange nichts mehr—Potztausend!

ODOHERTY.

D—German!—Dr Mullion, what are you ruminating?—And you, Tickler, what book is that you are fumbling with?

TICKLER.

Only the last Edinburgh. I was thinking we should come the cat-o'-nine-tails across some of these scqups.

ODOHERTY.

With pleasure, Mr Tickler—hand me the pamphlet if you are agreeable. Aye, here it is! what a deuced piece of humbug is this opening article.

FICKLER.

Of course it is—but why are *you* so particularly moved, Adjutant ?

ODOHERTY.

Hibernicus sum ; nihil Hibernici a me alienum puto.—

TICKLER.

O, you expected something about your dear countrymen, and the Marquis of Wellesley—did you ?

ODOHERTY.

Your ears for a moment, Mr Croupier—and you, good Gentlemen of the Press, your ears.—

HOGG.

'The Captain's going to make a speech—fill a' your glasses.

FICKLER.

Hush !—hush !—out with it, then, Odoherly.

ODOHERTY.

We are told that there are tricks in all trades, so well understood by the public, as to take off all moral imputation of falsehood. We are told, for instance, that it is intolerable to accuse of low mendacity a man of letters, even though no tradesman, for palming off, as a second edition, the heavy remainder of a first impression, garnished by an additional half-sheet of superfluous stuff. Be it so ; but of all the tricks of trade with which I happen to be acquainted, the trickery or the announcement of this leading article of No. 75, of the Edinburgh Review, is the most barefaced. For weeks before its appearance, the newspapers were filled with interesting paragraphs, headed with "We are able to announce the contents of the forthcoming Number," &c.—pooh, gentlemen, such are the Day-and-Minute manoeuvres to which this once famed Journal is reduced ; and, in due course of time, this demi-official information was ratified by the more regular announce by advertisement, pointed, of course, by the same hand that gave the important intelligence in the former shape. In all these, this first article was pleaded as "Art. I.—Reflections on the state of Ireland in the nineteenth century."

TICKLER.

I remember well, that all this was as you say, been saying. Such were the advertisements.

ODOHERTY.

And what title could just now be more taking ? I speak for myself.—Vast visions of books and rattles floated before my mental optic—my mind yearned to hear the Vying Oracle's opinion of *cast-fero* informations, after the Grand Inquest of the country had ignored the bills—I longed to hear how the staunch advocates of the Revolution of 1688 would treat the memory of William III.—I expected savoury remarks on the Beef-steaks— and, in general, looked for somewhat ingenious and piquant on Forbes, Standwich, Graham, Daniel O'Connell, Mr Plunkett, Major-General Sir John Rock, K.C.B.—*cum multis aliis*.

TICKLER.

So did the public.

ODOHERTY.

And what did the purchaser, who sported his six shillings, or, to speak Hibernically, his six and sixpence, on the strength of being "pleased with a rattler, tickled with a bottle," as Pope remarks, get for his money ?

HOGG.

I wonder what it could be ?—

ODOHERTY.

You need not waste your time in guessing, for you would not hit it in a thousand years. In fact, nothing more or less, than the "History and Settlement of Tithes in Scotland !" which is the running title at the head of the pages in the Review ; but which, if announced before-hand, would have most effectually damaged the sale.

HOGG.

I'm no that sure—I wad like to see the article for aye.

ODOHERTY.

You would like—pooh ! pooh ! Who, beyond the parties concerned—the poorly paid minister, the financial elder, the griping heritor, and the blear-eyed advocate—cares the end of a fig about the history or the details of such an

affair? The Kirk of Scotland is a most excellent church beyond doubt, but it is also beyond doubt, that all this prate about rescissory statutes, teind records, Lords of Erections, laicke patrons, &c. &c. is altogether balaam, of most unquestioned description. To be sure, the scribe endeavours to connect the lumber, by a kind of *a-propos des bottes*, with the fraudulent title advertised in the newspapers, by means of a head and tail-piece; which have, however, all the appearance of coming from another hand. It appears, by his account, that the people who have a design upon the revenues of the English and Irish churches, wish for as much information as possible, on the most approved practical method of doing the business. "Their expectation," quoth the Balaamite, "is reasonable, and we hope the information may not be altogether without advantage!!!" Was there ever a more stupid piece of *make-believe* attempted to be played off? These worthy characters care little about the arrangements of the kirk, having a very pretty sweeping plan of their own already. Andrew Fairservice remarked long ago, that the Kirk of Scotland would not be the worse for it, if the dwellings of its clergy were made something more nearly equal to the dog-kennels of the fox-hunting squires of England. But the present radical church-reformers would take care to leave the parson no dwelling at all, which is a simplification of the system. In truth, as has been long ago observed by a better authority than mine, there are so many points of dissimilitude between the circumstances of the two countries, that analogies drawn between their Church Establishments stand on very insecure ground.

TICKLER.

The *true* history of the article is this,—Jeffrey had picked up a dull paper on Scotch titles from some hum-drum contributor——

ODOHERTY.

Whom he should immediately present with a £5 note, a good character for sobriety, and his discharge.

TICKLER.

— And Jeffrey thought he could make the young idiot go down by giving his effusion a catching name. That's all, Odoherity.

ODOHERTY.

Even so, Timotheus—uer is the trick a new one. We are often balked in the same way in the newspapers, where you are seduced into reading a paragraph by the attracting heading of "A Great Personage not long ago remarked," or "It is strange that when Mr Canning so pointedly told Mr Brougham that his assertion was FALSE," or "SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH and Mr GERARD," &c. and find, after all, that its scope and tendency is to recommend Prince's Russian Oil, or Tom Bish's tickets and shares.

TICKLER.

What think you of the article on the two poems about the angels?

ODOHERTY.

This I beg leave to skip altogether. Jeffrey has certain reasons to be civil to both Moore and Byron; and here we have a little small criticism, puffing their last poems. It is the production of a fourth-rater. I have read critiques as deep in Ackermann's Repository.

TICKLER.

You won't say that of Brougham's article on Grattan?

ODOHERTY.

No, no—the article is full of talent—of such talent as Mr Brougham possesses—and, to say truth, I loved old Grattan, and I like very well to see him puffed, even by such a man as Brougham; for Brougham, though a Whig, is not a goose.

TICKLER.

How shabby is the notice of Croly!

ODOHERTY.

Right shabby certainly, and right shallow at the same time, as I shall show you. Brougham, if you observe, sets out with abusing my good friend young Grattan for publishing panegyrics on his father, written by men of various abilities, but particularly for giving to the world that by "*a certain Rev. Mr. whoever he be.*" This little impertinence is in the same taste as the "*quidam Bentleius*" of Alsop, a forgotten prig; but in his day, just as he was cited as the pertest reviewer in the pack. It is with no pride I say it,

but it is undeniable that such will be the fate of the reviewing tribe in general; and in particular, when it will be altogether forgotten that such an article as this review of Grattan's speeches had ever existence, the genius and talents of this "certain Rev. Mr Croly, whoever he be," will have secured him an honourable place among the great names of English literature. But, lookye, the mock ignorance of the reviewer is rendered quite comical by the naïveté of the avowal in the next page. He was induced, he says, to cut up Mr Croly, not because he is an obscure and unknown scribbler, but because "*there has been shewn such a disposition to puff him in certain quarters.*" As it so happens that these "certain quarters" have ten times more circulation, and twenty times more weight among the literary world than the vehicle which contains the opinions of this sage critic, there is something irresistibly droll in his pretending not to know who the object of their panegyric, or puff—no matter about a word—can possibly be. As to his abuse of Croly's splendid character of Grattan, as it merely consists in tearing a brilliant sentence or two from their context, and, after garbling them, then venting some little absurdities at their expence—there is no more to be said on the occasion.

HOGG.

Croly need never fash his thumb about what the like o' them says. Will any of them ever write a "Paris in 1815," or a "Catiline?"

ODOHERTY.

Some of them might be more likely to *act* a Paris in 1792, or to *act* a Catiline. But to proceed—"Even-handed justice returns the poisoned chalice to our own lips." According to Brougham, one of the chief excellencies of Grattan is, his tremendous power of invective: He is not less enraptured with the unsparing use he made of this foulmouthed faculty. Now I shall confess, that I, for one, rank fish-wife oratory somewhat low, but yet I do not object to other people's criticising according to their propensities. He quotes with delight Mr Grattan's celebrated reply to Mr Corry in 1800, and, in truth, it must be allowed to be most classical, and well turned Billingsgate. 'Corry, on the authority of a sworn evidence, before the Irish House of Lords, had stigmatized Grattan as being in some degree connected with the bloody rebellion of 1798, to which Grattan replied in a torrent of abuse, in which this sentence occurs,

"HE HAS CHARGED ME WITH BEING CONNECTED WITH THE REBELS,—THE CHARGE IS UTTERLY, TOTALLY, AND MEANLY FALSE."

For saying this, Mr Grattan is praised by Mr Brougham—I suppose so—but at least by one of Mr Brougham's coadjutors in preaching Whiggery through this review. Well, the book was scarcely in London before Mr Brougham made an attack on Mr Canning, for *truckling*, as he elegantly termed it, to the Lord Chancellor, from so mean a motive as desire of place; to which Mr Canning in reply, did not foam or rant like Grattan, but simply and quietly uttered the following brief sentence:

"I SAY THAT THAT IS FALSE!"

For my part, looking at the mere taste of the thing, I cannot help saying, that I think Canning's reply far superior. It goes straight forward to the point at once, and as a contradiction was all that either had to give, so every word that did not convey one was waste.

TICKLER.

I can't help thinking that both retorts were highly unparliamentary—shockingly so—quite wrong—But perhaps the reporters are alone to blame.

ODOHERTY.

It may be so—it may be that this last affair is newspaper fudge. But grant Grattan and Canning to have, both of them, really made these retorts—and grant both of them to have been highly unparliamentary retorts, still there is this marked and characteristic difference between the cases. No tumult was made about the circumstance in the Irish Parliament; the speech is reported in a regular edition of the orator's works; the Whig reviewer extols the eloquence of the retort coolly three-and-twenty years after it was given. There is, in short, no Tory angry, and no Whig undelighted.—In the other case, there is a row, the Whigs are indignant, their newspapers uproarious, and nothing can be more horrible in their eyes than Mr Canning's indecorum,

quite forgetting the panegyric pronounced on Grattan, for doing precisely the same thing, by their principal organ.

TICKLER.

You may just reverse your second last sentence—there is no Whig void of wrath, and no Tory—we mean of that base set among us, who are our greatest disgrace, the Pluckless—not in mourning.

HOGG.

Hoch ! hoch ! hoch ! heegh ! heegh ! hogh ! hoch ! hoch !

ODOHERTY.

One word more—I, of course, know nothing of the facts of the case, nor pretend to pronounce an opinion which party was right. I am merely criticising the oratorical power displayed by Grattan and Canning. I know not whether Corry or Brougham was justifiable in the charge originally made.

TICKLER.

Perhaps the whole is an invention of the Gentlemen of the Press.

ODOHERTY.

Hogg, have you had any thing to do with this?

HOGG.

I'll tell you what it is, Hogg kens naething about the Edinburgh Review, nor Mr Brougham neither—I have not seen a paper this month—and as for the Review, that Number's the first I've seen of the blue and yellow these two years, I believe.

ODOHERTY.

No great loss.—But choose your subject, Chairman ; what have you seen of late ?

HOGG.

There's for ae thing 'The Sextuple Alliance. Deevil o' siceen a poem ever I saw ; but the dedication is capital.

ODOHERTY.

What is it?

HOGG.

See there, man.

TO

A MAN OF LETTERS,

A MERCHANT, POLITICIAN, AND ECONOMIST ;

A GENTLEMAN

WHO MIGHT BE NAMED TO FOREIGNERS, AS A MODEL OF AN ENLIGHTENED

AND LIBERAL

BRITISH TRADER ;

A JUST AND ZEALOUS MAGISTRATE,

AN ESTIMABLE PRIVATE CITIZEN,

AN ABLE WRITER,

AND ORIGINAL THINKER ;

TO THE ROSCOE AND RICARDO OF GLASGOW,

JAMES EWING, Esq.

THESE VERSES ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY

THEIR AUTHORS.

ODOHERTY.

Very elegant, and most appropriate. Have you any thing else new ?

HOGG.

Let me think—ay, there's, for ae thing, Miss Joanna Baillie's Collection of Poems.

TICKLER.

Ha ! I had not heard of her being in the press.—'Tragic, I hope.

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

You will find the book on the side-table, I believe, Tickler. Yes—that's it—that octavo in greenish—you will see that 'tis only edited by Miss Baillie, although there are several pieces of her's included.

HOGG.

And some very bonny pieces among them—rax me the volume, Mr Tickler.

TICKLER.

With your leave, Mr Hogg—just let me look over the Index—ha! “Macduff’s Cross, a drama, by Sir Walter Scott.” What’s this, Hogg?

HOGG.

Oo, just a bit hasty sketch—but some grand bits in’t, man. Od! any body else could have keepit the story for a three volume job at the least—rax me the book—thank ye, Tickler—now, listen to this,—the twa priests are watching at the sanctuary of the Macduff’s Cross, when twa horsemen are seen advancing—listen.

“ See how they strain adown the opposing hill !
Yon grey steed bounding on the headlong path
As on the level meadow—and the black
Urged by the rider with his naked sword,
Stoops on his prey, as I have seen the falcon
Dashing upon the heron.—Thou dost frown,
And clench thy hand as if it grasped a weapon.”

“Tis but for shame to see one man fly thus,
While only one pursues him! Coward! turn.

ODOHERTY.

Well spouted, Shepherd—and admirable lines indeed—but I’ll read it for myself: what more is there?

HOGG.

Whoay, there’s almost every name that’s a name ava here, an be not mine an and Byron’s. There’s Wordsworth—twa fair tough sonnets o’ his—and Soothey, Lord keep us a! they’re the maist daft like havers I ever met wi’, the laces of his about a Limn.

ODOHERTY.

Pass the Laureate—does Coleridge figure?

HOGG.

No—no wi’ his name at any rate, (I had clean forgotten Coleridge.)—But there’s Crabbe and Milman, and Mrs Grant, and General Dirom, and Miss Holford, and John Richardson.

TICKLER.

Ah! “Otho?”

HOGG.

And ane Sir George Beaumont, that Wordsworth dedicates ane of his poems to—the White Doe if I mind right—and Rogers, and Hooke.

ODOHERTY.

What! Theodore? let’s hear his chaant.

HOGG.

‘This Hooke’s a minister—the Reverend—

ODOHERTY.

Ah! then pass him over, for I’m sure Theodore is not in orders.

HOGG.

And Bowles, and Lady Dacre, and Miss Anna Maria Porter, and Mrs Barbauld, and Mr Merivale.

TICKLER.

Let’s hear Merivale’s contribution.

HOGG.

It’s ane o’ the very best in the book—’tis really a most elegant poem, but rather ower lang may be for receetin just now. Take this for a specimen, now:—You are to know that the poem’s all about the scenery on a water called the Axe, somewhere in England. Are not these equal to Smollett’s Leven Water itself?

“ Hail, modest streamlet, on whose bank
No willows grow, nor oziers dank;
Whose waters form no stagnant pool,
But ever sparkling, pure and cool,

Their snaky channel keep between
Soft swelling hills of tender green,
That freshens still as they descend,
In gradual slope of graceful bend,
And in the living emerald end.—
On whose soft turf, supinely laid,
Beneath the spreading beechen shade,
I trace, in Fancy's waking dream,
The current of thine infant stream."

And wi' that he's awa wi't at ance—celebrating a' the auld monasteries and castles.—Od! it maun be a bonny classical water. I could just have thought I was reading about Yarrow, and Newark, and Bowhill, and a' the lave o't.

ODOHERTY.

They seem to be graceful verses—I, however, should rather have likened them to the flow of Dyer, or Milton's Penseroso, than to Smollett's charming ode.—

HOGG.

Na, I'm nae critic. I only *feel* that Merivale has the soul of a poet, and that his verse is delicious music to my ear. I meant nae close comparisons.

ODOHERTY.

You read so nobly when the passage suits your taste, that you would make any thing appear beautiful.

HOGG.

Nane o' your quizzes, Captain,—but I'll tell ye what, I'm no gaun to read ony mair o't; but if ye like, I'll try to sing you a famous good song that's in this book—a real good song of Mr Marriott's—and though it's about a Devonshire Lane, it would just do as weel for an Ettrick Forest "Green Loaning."

OMNES.

Do—do—Sing away.—

HOGG. (*Sings to the tune of Derry down.*)

THE DEVONSHIRE LANE.

IN a Devonshire lauc, as I trotted along,
T'other day, much in want of a subject for song;
Thinks I to myself, I have hit on a strain,—
Sure marriage is much like a Devonshire lane.

In the first place, 'tis long, and when once you are in it,
It holds you as fast as the cage holds a linnet;
For howe'er rough and dirty the road may be found,
Drive forward you must, since there's no turning round.

But though 'tis so long, it is not very wide,
For two are the most that together can ride;
And even there 'tis a chance but they get in a pother,
And jostle and cross, and run foul of each other.

Oft Poverty greets them with mendicant looks,
And Care pushes by them o'erladen with crooks,
And Strife's grating wheels try between them to pass,
Or Stubbornness blocks up the way on her ass.

Then the banks are so high, both to left hand and right,
That they shut up the beauties around from the sight;
And hence you'll allow, 'tis an inference plain,
That Marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

But thinks I too, these banks within which we are pent,
With bud, blossom, and berry, are richly besprent;
And the conjugal fence which forbids us to roam,
Looks lovely, when deck'd with the comforts of home.

In the nook's gloomy crevice the bright holly grows,
The ivy waves fresh o'er the withering rose,
And the ever-green love of a virtuous wife

Smooths the roughness of care—cheers the winter of life

Then long be the journey, and narrow the way ;
 I'll rejoice that I've seldom a turnpike to pay ;
 And whate'er others think, be the last to complain,
 Though Marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

ODOHERTY.

Upon my word, Devonshire is up just now.—Is there much humour in the collection.

HOGG.

Some capital jesting bits.—Particularly some riddles and the like.—What think you of this on a *PILLION* ?

A RIDDLE.

Inscribed on many a learned page,
 In mystic characters and sage,
 Long time my *first* has stood ;
 And though its golden age be past,
 In wooden walls it yet may last
 Till clothed with flesh and blood.

My *second* is a glorious prize
 For all who love their wondering eyes
 With curious sights to pamper ;
 But 'tis a sight—which should they meet
 All improvise in the street,
 Ye gods ! how they would scamper !

My *third*'s a sort of wandering throne,
 To woman limited alone,
 The Salique law reversing ;
 But while th' imaginary queen
 Prepares to act this novel scene,
 Her royal part rehearsing,
 O'erturning her presumptuous plan,
 Up climbs the old usurper—man,
 And she jogs after as she can.

ODOHERTY.

" *PILLION* ! Well that's truly excellent.—Well, we're all much oblig'd Mrs Baillie. Toss back old Kit's octavo, dear. I shall buy one of them for myself, to-morrow.

HOGG.

There, it's just lighted on the bunker !—

ODOHERTY.

Not among the Liberals, I hope.—Ah ! tis safe. Have you seen the last *Pisan*, Hogg ?

HOGG.

Peezan !—Pushion, say rather—It's a' dirt now. Lord Byron, I aye said, wad-na put up wi' sic company lang—and ye laughed at me ; but ye see I'm right after a'.

ODOHERTY.

Me laugh at you ? I only wonder what the deuce it can have been, that made him countenance them even for the little time he did. His articles were libellous sometimes, (these fellows, by the way, can no more libel, than a tailor can ride) but they had no connection with, or resemblance to the sort of trash the Cockneys stuffed them in the heart of—The last Number contains *not one line* of Byron's.—Thank God ! he has seen his error, and kicked them out.

HOGG.

I canna gie him up. I canna thole't. I aye think he'll turn ower a new leaf, and be himself ere lang.

ODOHERTY.

Quod felix faustumque !—But as to these drivellers, they are all in their old mire again.—Just Rimini Hunt, and three or four more —

HOGG.

" Lewd fellows of the baser sort,"—to use scriptural language, touching a most unscriptural crew.

TICKLER.

And whether you take "lewd" in the old or the new sense, you could not have hit on a fitter epithet for the authors of some of these disgusting far-ragos. The fellow that reviews Apuleius would look at home upon the treadmill.—Filthy, dirty creature! Latin, forsooth!—and what think ye of King Leigh comparing Pope's face to a FAWN'S?

HOGG.

Which rhymes of course to THORNS or SCORNS.

TICKLER.

Of course, of course.—Have you seen the *LABER AMORIS*?

ODOHERTY.

Not I,—what is it?—a Cockneyism?

TICKLER.

Ay, and a most profligate Cockneyism too. But wait a little, wait a little. I can a tale unfold. You shall hear the whole story in due time,—“the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;” and well know I at least ONE COCKNEY that would shake in his shoes if he heard what I am saying.

HOGG.

Ye gar me shake mysel', when ye speak with that groaning key, and lay out your leg that way.—O, Mr Tickler, ye're an awfu' auld carle when your bier's up. Sic an ee too! ye put me in mind, no offence, sir, of Galt's Archbishop.

TICKLER.

Hah! hah! the Archbishop of St Andrews? Old Hamilton?

HOGG.

Ay, just him.—I have Ringan in my maul here.—I coft him for our bit Yarrow Subscription Lechnary.

ODOHERTY.

Read the description of Timotheus.—

HOGG. (*Reading from Ringan Gilharve.*)

“He used to depict him as a hale black-a-vised carle, of an o'ersea look, with a long dark beard inclining to grey: his abundant hair flowing down from his cowl, was also clouded and streaked with the kithings of the cranreuch of age—there was, however,” (here's for you, Timothy!)—“there was, however, a youthly and luscious twinkling in his eyes, that shewed how little the passage of three and sixty winters had cooled the rampant”—

TICKLER.

Stop, you old Boar.—

HOGG.

A devilish weel sketched portrair in its style—very picturesque, 'faith—and I dae say, very like.

TICKLER.

Why, I profess to be tolerably read in the history of that period, and much as I doct the Covenanters, I must allow that Galt has authority for every fact he introduces.

HOGG.

There wad hane o' you believe me, when I said I had authority for the misusage of that priest o' mine, in the Brownie.

TICKLER.

It did not signify, whether you had or not—but here the case is altered, quoth Plowden—This book is really something of a history.

ODOHERTY.

Faith I read it as a novel, and, though not quite so laughable as the Buntail, I thought it a devilish good novel.

TICKLER.

And so it is—but mark my words, the Book will live when most Novels we see just now are forgotten, *as a history*.—'Tis really a very skilful, natural, easy, and amusing History of the Establishment of the Reformed and Presbyterian Religion in this kingdom—Very great art in the management, I assure you.

HOGG.

Ob, it's a braw book—it's a real book—I aye liked Galt, and I like him better than ever now. He has completely entered into the spirit of the Covenanters—

far better than *The Unknown*—clean aboon him—head and showthers—the real truth of the character——

ODOHERTY.

Who the devil cares about the Covenanters?—Confound the old bigotted idiots, say I! Have you seen Murray in Claverhouse?

TICKLER.

I have, and he plays it and looks it nobly. The drama is one of the best from those Novels. MacLay's Cuddie Headrigg, Mrs Nicol's Mause, and Mason's old Milnwood, are particularly excellent.

HOGG.

What for have they no had the sense to keep the one table with the silt-foot, as in the Novel? They've clean missed a fine point by that silly alteration.

TICKLER.

They have. Tell them of it, and they'll mend it.

HOGG.

I had a letter from an Ettrick lad that's settled in America, the other day, and he says they've made a play there out of my *THREE PARTS* already, and it takes prodigiously,—they've mair sense owerby there than here at hame, in some particulars. They turn a' my novells into plays;—Od! I cannot but say it makes me proud to think that I'm acting just now, at this very moment, in New York, maybe, and Boston, and half a dozen mair of their towns untill the bargain; and then, how they translate me in Germany; but Kempterhausen can tell you better about those things.

KEMPTERHAUSEN.

Pooh! they translate every thing in Germany; you need not take that as any very great compliment.—And in France too, faith I believe they translate any thing in Paris that's written in England.

HOGG.

I wad like to see mysell moushified. If ye have the French Brownie of Bodsbeck, let me hae a lend o't;—od! I would not wonder, if it garred me take to learning their lingo.

ODOHERTY.

And then, perhaps, we shall have you writing a book in French yourself, like a second Sir Wm. Jones, or Mr. Richard. By the way, was there ever such a failure as this new imitation of Beckford's *Vathek*, *ADA REIS*?

TICKLER.

I could not get through with it for one; wild and dull together won't do. Lady Caroline is a very clever person certainly, but she should really take a little time and thought. Graham Hamilton was bad, and this is worse. I wonder Murray took the trouble to publish it.

ODOHERTY.

Nevertheless, Tickler, there are some fine passages—some noble things after all. But to imitate *VATHEK* and to fail, were very nearly the same thing. *Vathek*, sir, is one of the most original works that our age has seen. It will live when Fonthill is in ruins—*are perennius*.

HOGG.

I wish you would tell me your notion of some more of the *new* books, sirs; for I've gotten some of the Ettrick lads' siller yet, and I'm resolved to carry them out every thing that I can coff. Blackwood says, "*The Monks of Leadenhall*" is a good novel.

TICKLER.

It is very fair; the author has spirit and imagination, and knowledge too,—he will be a rising man yet, you will see—if he takes a little more time and consideration. By all means, export *The Monks of Leadenhall* to St Mary's. 'Tis a very promising work.

HOGG.

Thank ye,—I'll a'en buy't, then,—and "*The Pioneers*," that's a book of Murray's—I suppose it will be worth its price, since it comes out of his shop,—for John's no that keen o' novells now-a-days.

TICKLER.

Why, the author has very considerable talents—but "*The Spy*" was far bet-

ter. This is rather a heavy book ;—but, however, it will go down on Yarrow and elsewhere ;—any thing is valuable in so far that paints new manners,—and American manners are a rich mine—and this writer bids fair to dig to purpose in it.

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

Washington Irving is, I hear, busy with German manners now.—He has taken up his residence there,—and is determined to give us a German Sketch-book in the first place.—(What a present this will be !)—and then a series of works, all founded on German stories, and illustrative of the characters and customs of German life.

ODOHERTY.

Come, this is good news, Kempferhausen—I am truly happy to hear Geofrey Crayon has got hold of so fine a field. In the meantime, do you stick to your tackle, and devil-a-fear but there's enough for you both.

HOGG.

I've bought D'Israeli's book, and Butler's Reminiscences.

TICKLER.

Right in both—Butler is a delightful writer—so calm, so sensible, so judicious, so thoroughly the scholar and the gentleman. I love Butler, and wish his Reminiscences had been five times as large. I read the book through at a sitting—and delightful reading it was.

ODOHERTY.

There's another new book has just come out, something between D'Israeli's manner and Butler's ; but I don't know whether it will be in Hogg's way, the " Hieraldic Anomalies."

TICKLER.

O, a very clever book—I mean to give North a review of it one of these days, and then Hogg will judge for himself. It is really quite full of information and amusement too.

ODOHERTY.

Who wrote it ?

TICKLER.

God knows ! some old pawky barrister—some venerable quizzer among the benchers, I should guess. There is a vast bunch of good legal jokes ; and a sort of learning that nobody but a lawyer could have acquired. He is a good-natured, polite, and genuinely aristocratic writer—I wish we had more such. May'n't it be Butler himself ?

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

I should have thought it possible, but he quotes and praises Butler's books, and of course Butler is above all that sort of trick. Somebody mentioned Dr Nares.

TICKLER.

Ah ! a good guess too—Why, the man that can write both that Glossary of the Old English Tongue, and that admirable Novel of " 'Thinks I to Myself," may do any thing he pleases.—The Archdeacon is a first-rate man, or at least might be so if he chose to give himself the trouble.

ODOHERTY.

Well, I hope we shall have more both of him and of Butler. I shall be happy to see the review, Timothy ; but you know you promised to do Allan's picture, and yet where is it ? The article I mean.

TICKLER.

Upon my soul, I had quite forgot. I hope the picture is sold ere now.

ODOHERTY.

I see it is considerably lauded in the Literary Gazette and elsewhere. Racburn and he always keep up our art at the exhibition.

TICKLER.

And Wilkie—but I shall say nothing of him, for I observe Hazlitt abuses us for being so proud of him.

ODOHERTY.

I think he might take to abuse of you for being so proud of Allan too—Really Allan rises every day.

TICKLER.

Yes, sir—that figure of John Knox is the finest effect his pencil has made. Heavens ! to think of these rich people buying Tenierses and Gerard Dows

at such prices, when they could get something so infinitely better—with all their merit, and something fifty times beyond them into the bargain, for, comparatively speaking, a mere trifle.

ODOHERTY.

Come, I don't know what you mean by *trifles*—and as for Allan, he can't complain, for devil a piece of his own handiwork has he upon his hands.

TICKLER.

That's right—so much genius united with so much industry always must command success. I am glad to hear he gets on so well, however.

ODOHERTY.

You'll see him in his chariot ere he is three years older.

HOGG.

Set him up wi' chariots! Deil mean him! I think if you auld clattering rickety of a gig does for a poet like me, a shely may serve ony brushman amang them. Chariots!

ODOHERTY.

Pooh! I mean to sport a coach and six myself one of these days. What do you think I have been offered for my new work?

TICKLER.

"THE WEST COUNTRY, A NOVEL?"

ODOHERTY.

The same. Guess, Timothy.

HOGG.

Five hundred?

TICKLER.

A cool thousand?

ODOHERTY.

Fifteen hundred guineas, by the holy poker! What think ye of that, Jamie Hogg?

HOGG.

Fifteen hundred guineas! hoh, sirs! What will this world come to! Thae booksellers are turn'd princes! It will be an awfu' book for selling though, Captain. Is it all about Glasgow?

ODOHERTY.

Glasgow, Paisley, and Greenock—these classical haunts are all included under this most rural title. It is to be my *chef-d'œuvre*. I intend to take Galt, and annihilate him—I mean his "West Country," the old "West Country," the "Entail."

HOGG.

Do that, and you'll do something.

TICKLER.

Depict a living idiot equal to Wattie, and *eris mihi Magnus Apollo!*

ODOHERTY.

No want of idiots; but, as Hogg says, "wait a wee."—Have any of you seen the concluding Cantos of Don Juan?

TICKLER.

Oh! we have all seen them. North has had a copy of them these six weeks. I wonder if they're ever to get a publisher.

HOGG.

They're extraordinary clever—they're better even than the twa first; but that mischievous Constitutional Association will not let ony body daur to print them. And, after all, it's maybe as weel sae, for they're gay wicked, I must alloo; and yet, it's amaisa a pity.

ODOHERTY.

I have a great mind to turn bookseller myself, just on purpose to put an end to all this nonsense. A pretty story, truly, that twa Cantos of Byron's best poetry should be going a-begging for a midwife! Horrible barbarism!

TICKLER.

Just retribution——! How are the mighty fallen! "CREDE BYRON!"

ODOHERTY.

Crede humbug!

(Left speaking.)

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

The First Volume of Mr Stewart Rose's Translation of the Orlando Furioso, containing Six Books, will appear in a few days.

The Duke of Mercia; a Dramatic Poem. By Sir Aubrey de Vere Hunt, Bart. Author of "Julian the Apostate." 8vo.

Mr T. S. Peckston is engaged in preparing for publication a New Edition of his Work on Gas Lighting.

A New Edition of Vathek, by Mr Beckford, with a Frontispiece after Westall, is now in the press.

Mrs Hopland is engaged on a Tale, entitled "Patience."

A Novel has been announced, under the title of "Edward Neville; or, the Memoirs of an Orphan."

Tradition of the Castle; or, Scenes in the Emerald Isle. By R. M. Roche.

Woman's Riddle; or, England for Ever.

Adele; or, the Tomb of my Mother.

Banker's Daughters of Bristol, is the title of a Novel now in the press.

Memoirs of the Life of Sir Robert Peel, are announced for publication.

The Author of "Domestic Scenes," will soon publish a Novel, entitled "Self-Delusion."

A Second Edition is preparing, of "A Picturesque Promenade round Dorking;" with numerous Engravings.

An Essay on Liberalism, being an Examination of the Nature and Tendency of the Liberal Tenets; with a View of the State of Parties on the Continent of Europe. By the Author of Italy and the Italians in the Nineteenth Century.

Elements of the Theory and Practice of Physic, designed for the Use of Students, in Two Parts, by George Gregory, will soon appear.

A New and Enlarged Edition of a Hebrew Grammar in the English Language. By Joseph Samuel C. F. Frey. To which are added, a Glossary of the first Six Psalms, a Compendium of Chaldee Grammar, and other important additions. By George Downes, A.M. late of Trinity College, Dublin.

Accredited Ghost Stories; collected and edited by J. M. Jarvis, Esq. will soon appear.

Thoughts and Details on the High and Low Prices of the last 30 Years.—Part II. On the Effect of War.—III. On the Effect of the Seasons.—IV. Tables of Prices of various Commodities, from 1800 to 1822, with Statements of Quantities, preceded by some general Remarks; by Thomas Tooke, Esq. F.R.S. is now in the press.

Next Month will be published, Lec-

tures on Genesis; or, Plain Historical Sermons on the Leading Characters and most important Events recorded in the Book of Genesis. By James Rudge, D.D. F.R.S.

Speedily will be published, in 4 vols. the Hut and the Castle; or, Disbanded Subalterns; a Romance. By the Author of the Romance of the Pyrenees.

Mr J. C. Buckler is about to publish, in Monthly Numbers, Views of the Cathedral Churches of England and Wales, with Descriptions.

Mr Gurney is preparing for publication, a Series of Lectures on the Elements of Chemical Science, lately delivered at the Surrey Institution.

A Second Volume of Sermons, from the pen of the Rev. William Snowden, will soon appear.

A Tribute of Affection to the Memory of a beloved Wife, being a Sketch of the Life and Character of Mrs Maria Cramp; with Selections from her Correspondence. By J. M. Cramp.

A Funeral Oration on the late General Dummourie; with Reflections on the Events of his Life.

The Rev. Joseph Hunter, F.A.S. will soon submit to the Public, a detailed Prospectus of a General History and Description of the Deanery of Doncaster, which it is proposed to execute on the Plan of the late Dr Whitaker's History of the Deanery of Craven.

A Catalogue of the Ethiopic Biblical Manuscripts, in the Royal Library at Paris, and in that of the British and Foreign Bible Society; with Specimens of the modern Dialects of Abyssinia, by Thomas Pell Platt, has been announced.

Mr J. Skelton's Work, Engraved Illustrations of the Antiquities of Oxfordshire, accompanied by Historical Notices, is in a state of considerable forwardness. The First Part will appear on the 1st of July, and the whole will be completed in Twelve Parts, to be published, in succession, quarterly.

The concluding Number of Neale's History of Westminster Abbey, is on the eve of publication.

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GLADDINGTON.—May 16.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ... 34s. 6d.	1st, ... 27s. 6d.	1st, ... 23s. 0d.	1st, ... 18s. 0d.	1st, ... 13s. 0d.
2d, ... 30s. 6d.	2d, ... 25s. 0d.	2d, ... 20s. 0d.	2d, ... 15s. 0d.	2d, ... 15s. 0d.
3d, ... 26s. 6d.	3d, ... 22s. 0d.	3d, ... 17s. 6d.	3d, ... 13s. 0d.	3d, ... 13s. 0d.
Average, £1 : 9s. 3d. 9-12ths.				

London Price of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended May 5.

Wheat, 41s. 7d.—Barley, 25s. 2d.—Oats, 21s. 0d.—Rye, 20s. 4d.—Beans, 31s. 0d.—Pease, 50s. 1d.

London Corn Exchange, May 5.

Liverpool, April 11.

	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat, 41 to 42	41	to 42	White pease . . .	52	to 56	Eng. Old . . .	7	0	to 7	0
Barley, 25 to 26	25	to 26	Do. ditto, bolters . .	55	to 57	New . . .	7	0	to 7	0
Oats, 21 to 22	21	to 22	Do. ditto, new . . .	52	to 56	Foreign . . .	0	to 0	0	0
White new . . .	11	to 12	Do. ditto, old . . .	57	to 58	Waterford . .	6	10	to 7	0
Do. old . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, new . . .	58	to 59	Limnack . . .	0	to 0	0	0
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, old . . .	59	to 60	Brochda . . .	7	6	to 8	0
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, new . . .	60	to 61	Dunblin . . .	7	6	to 8	0
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, old . . .	61	to 62	Do. Scotch . . .	8	0	to 8	6
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, new . . .	62	to 63	Do. Ram. p. 210lb.	1	0	to 1	2
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, old . . .	63	to 64					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, new . . .	64	to 65					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, old . . .	65	to 66					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, new . . .	66	to 67					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, old . . .	67	to 68					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, new . . .	68	to 69					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, old . . .	69	to 70					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, new . . .	70	to 71					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, old . . .	71	to 72					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, new . . .	72	to 73					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, old . . .	73	to 74					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, new . . .	74	to 75					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, old . . .	75	to 76					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, new . . .	76	to 77					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, old . . .	77	to 78					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, new . . .	78	to 79					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, old . . .	79	to 80					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, new . . .	80	to 81					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, old . . .	81	to 82					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, new . . .	82	to 83					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, old . . .	83	to 84					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, new . . .	84	to 85					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, old . . .	85	to 86					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, new . . .	86	to 87					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, old . . .	87	to 88					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, new . . .	88	to 89					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, old . . .	89	to 90					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, new . . .	90	to 91					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, old . . .	91	to 92					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, new . . .	92	to 93					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, old . . .	93	to 94					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, new . . .	94	to 95					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, old . . .	95	to 96					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, new . . .	96	to 97					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, old . . .	97	to 98					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, new . . .	98	to 99					
Do. ditto . . .	10	to 11	Do. ditto, old . . .	99	to 100					

Sticks, &c.

Must. White, . . . 8 to 12	Hempseed . . . 52 to 56	Malt per bush . . 8 0 to 8 6	Pease, per bush . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. Brown, new 13 to 16	Linseed, crush. . 58 to 54	Do. Middling . . 7 6 to 8 0	Do. English . . 5 0 to 5 6
Tares, per bush . . 5 to 6	Fine . . . 46 to 51	Do. Bams, per bush . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Said oil, . . . 25 to 30	Rye Grass . . . 16 to 52	Do. English . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 1st, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 2d, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 3d, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 4th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 5th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 6th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 7th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 8th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 9th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 10th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 11th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 12th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 13th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 14th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 15th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 16th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 17th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 18th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 19th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 20th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 21st, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 22nd, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 23rd, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 24th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 25th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 26th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 27th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 28th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 29th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 30th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 31st, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 32nd, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 33rd, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 34th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 35th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 36th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 37th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 38th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 39th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 40th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 41st, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 42nd, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 43rd, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 44th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 45th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 46th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 47th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 48th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 49th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 50th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 51st, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 52nd, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 53rd, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 54th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 55th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 56th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 57th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 58th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 59th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 60th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 61st, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 62nd, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 63rd, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 64th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 65th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 66th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 67th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 68th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 69th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 70th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 71st, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 72nd, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 73rd, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 74th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 75th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 76th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 77th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 78th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 79th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 80th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 81st, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 82nd, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 83rd, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 84th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 85th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 86th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 87th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 88th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 89th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 90th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 91st, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 92nd, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 93rd, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 94th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 95th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 96th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 97th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 98th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6
Do. 99th, . . . 25 to 30	Do. 100th, . . . 15 to 54	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6	Do. Irish . . . 5 0 to 5 6

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d April 1823.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	—	204½	211	211
3 per cent. reduced,	—	73½	76½	76½
3 per cent. consols,	74½	74½	76½	76½
3½ per cent. consols,	—	85½	88	88½
4 per cent. consols,	—	92½	94½	94½
New 1 per cent. consols,	—	—	—	—
Imper. 3 per cent.	74	—	—	—
India stock,	—	—	241½	245
— bonds,	26 p.	30 p.	34 p.	38 p.
Long Annuities,	—	18½	19½	19½
Exchequer bills,	11 13 p.	12 14 p.	15 13 p.	16 18 p.
Exchequer bills, sm.	11 13 p.	12 14 p.	15 13 p.	16 18 p.
Consols for acc.	—	74½	76½	76½
French 5 per cents.	78½ 50c.	84½ 10c.	84½ 50c.	84½ 50c.
Spain 5 per cent.	34 5	35	38	37½

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Course of Exchange, May 6.—Amsterdam, 12: 10. *C. F.* Ditto at sight, 12: 7. Rotterdam, 12: 11. Antwerp, 12: 11. Hamburg, 33: 5. Altona, 33: 6. Paris, 3 d. Sight, 25: 90. Ditto 26: 15. Bourdeaux, 26: 15. Frankfort on the Maine, 159. Petersburg, per ribble, 3: 3. *C. F.* Berlin, 7: 9. Vienna, 10: 38 *Eff. flo.* Trieste, 10: 38 *Eff. flo.* Madrid, 30: 1. Cadiz, 36. Bilbao, 36. Barcelona, 35: 1. Seville, 35: 1. Gibraltar, 30: 1. Leghorn, 16: 1. Genoa, 13. Venice, 28: 10. Malta, 45. Naples, 33: 1. Palermo, 114: 1. Lisbon, 51. Oporto, 51: 1. Rio Janeiro, —. Bahia, 16. Dublin, 1: 1 per cent. Cork, 2: 1 per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3: 17: 6d. New Doubloons, £3: 15: 0d. New Dollars, 4s. 9d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 10d.

PRICES CURRENT. May 10.—LONDON, 13.

	LEITH.				GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.			
SUGAR, Musc.	58	to	60		51	53	61		57	61		
B. P. Dry Brown, cwt.	63		76		59	68	61	71	63	77		
Mid. good, and fine mid.	78		82						78	88		
Fine and very fine, . .	112		125						108	130		
Refined Double Loaves, .	100		119						97	107		
Powder ditto,	92		101									
Single ditto,	90		98						86	98		
Small Lump,	88		99									
Large ditto,	55		12									
Crushed Lump,	50		51	29 0	51				28	53		
MOLASSES, British, cwt.												
COFFEE, Jamaica, cwt.	100		110			85	108		90	110		
Ord. good, and fine ord.	120		130		115	152	110	143	127	148		
Mid. good, and fine mid.					68	90	50	90				
Dutch Triage and very ord.					102	115	21	111				
Ord. good, and fine ord.					120	152	110	150				
Mid. good, and fine mid.	120		120				100	106				
St Domingo,			120				100	106				
Pimento (in Bond), . .							10	10				
SPRITS,												
Jun. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	25	54	28	11	25	54	18	11d	25	54		
Brandy,	5	1	5	6					2	5	6	
Geneva,	2	5	2	5					1	5	2	
Grain Whisky,	6	7	6	10								
WINE,												
Claret, 10 Growths, hhd.	40		55						40	50		
Portugal Red,	52		44						25	41		
Spanish White,	51		57									
Teneriffe,	57		59									
Madera,	10		60									
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	£10		11	0			£10	0	11	0	10	10
Bouduas,							10	10	10	10	0	0
Campachy,	8						10	10	11	0	15	0
CASTLE, Jamaica, . .	7		8				11	0	11	10	10	10
Cuba,	9		11				15	0	15	10	11	0
INDIGO, Caracca fine, lb.	118	6d	125	0			9	10	6	0	10	0
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2	5	2	6								
Ditto Oak,	2	9	3	5								
Christiansand (dwt. paid).	2	2	2	7								
Bouduas Mahogany, . .	1	0	1	6	0	10	0	11	1	0	9	1
St Domingo, ditto, . .	1	6	2	8	1	8	2	6	1	7	1	11
T. M. American,	19		20	0	15		11	6	16	0		
Archangel,	0		0		19		20					
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10		11									
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. cwt.	56		37		40		12		36		0	
Home melted,												
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	45		47									
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	41	11	10				16					
FLAX,												
Raga Thies. & Drup. Rak.	65		61						470			
Dutch,	60		90						55			
Irish,	45		60		12		15					
MATS, Archangel, . .	95		100									
BRISTLES,												
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.			16						17	0		
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	51		58						58			
Montreal, ditto, . . .	58				56		58					
Pot,	65		70		65		68		61	0	0	
Oil, Whale,	21		25		24							
Cod,					23							
TOBACCO, Vngn. fine, lb.	7		73		8		82		0	6	0	72
Middling,	54		6		5		54		0	43	0	54
Inferior,	4		5		5		4		0	23	0	23
Cod,									0	64	0	84
COTTONS, Bowd. Georg.					0	61	0	84		0	64	0
Sea Island, fine, . . .					1	31	1	6		1	2	1
Good,					1	12	1	5		113	1	1
Middling,					0	12	0	15		0	113	1
Demerara, and Barbicee,					0	93	0	103		0	93	0
Wm. India,					0	8	0	83		61	0	83
Perak, Java,					0	114	124		108	1	0	
Marshall,					0	103	0	113		10	11	

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Wind.	
Apr. 1.	M. 57 A. 51	29.172 A. 51	W.	Rain morn. fair day.	Apr. 16.	M. 59 A. 51	N.W.	Morn. hail, day dull.
2	M. 59 A. 49	28.999 A. 47	Cble.	Fair day, rain night.	17	M. 50 A. 47	Cble.	Morn. hail, very cold day
3	M. 52 A. 41	29.061 A. 41	N.W.	Fair day, sn. on hills.	18	M. 50 A. 41	Cble.	Snow and hail.
4	M. 52 A. 41	29.119 A. 40	Cble.	Sh. hail day, night sleet.	19	M. 50 A. 37	Cble.	Day cold, hail.
5	M. 50 A. 31	29.155 A. 31	Cble.	Fair, cold, sn. on hills.	20	M. 52 A. 38	Cble.	Frost morn. fair day, cold
6	M. 53 A. 30	29.168 A. 30	N.	Fair, sunsh. but cold.	21	M. 50 A. 30	Cble.	Fair day, dull.
7	M. 52 A. 25	29.091 A. 25	N.	Fair, dull, and cold.	22	M. 57 A. 27	Cble.	snow and sleet, cold.
8	M. 58 A. 15	29.091 A. 15	N.E.	Frost morn. fair day.	23	M. 57 A. 11	S.E.	Sunsh. torn, dull cold aft.
9	M. 54 A. 7	29.201 A. 11	P.	Dull, and very cold.	24	M. 52 A. 9	Cble.	Rain morn. hail after.
10	M. 54 A. 12	29.081 A. 12	P.	Cool morn. sun by day.	25	M. 55 A. 11	P.	Fair, with sun by cold.
11	M. 53 A. 13	29.111 A. 10	E.	Fair, but cold and dull.	26	M. 50 A. 7	P.	Frost morn. sun by day.
12	M. 50 A. 12	29.061 A. 10	P.	Fair morn. mish day.	27	M. 50 A. 41	S.W.	Fair, with sun by
13	M. 52 A. 11	29.071 A. 10	P.	Fair, but dull.	28	M. 50 A. 41	W.	Fair to morn. sun by cold.
14	M. 54 A. 12	29.081 A. 10	Cble.	Sunsh. foren. dull after.	29	M. 52 A. 41	W.	Drizzle.
15	M. 57 A. 11	29.091 A. 10	W.	Sunsh. foren after cold.	30	M. 58 A. 41	N.W.	Drill, and very cold

Average of Rain, 1.075 inches.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of March and the 26th of April, 1823, extracted from the London Gazette.

Abbott, J. Cooper, Stocklinch, Overseer, Somersetshire.
Adams, J. K. Norwich, plumber, and glazier.
Adams, C. H. Wood street, Cheapside, silk-mantua-maker.
Barry, B. Minories, chair-seller.
Barker, J. Crane court, Fleet street, shoe maker.
Bedford, R. St Martin's-le-grand, plumber.
Berthoud, H. jun. Regent's Quadrant, Piccadilly, bookseller.
Biggell, W. Colchester-street, Savage-gardens, wine and porter merchant.
Bird, T. and W. Poultry, at Bartlett's-buildings, jewellers.
Bischoff, J. Edward street, Portman-square, iron monger.
Brown, P. Watton, Lancashire, dealer, in drudgery.
Brown, J. T. Tennyson street, watchmaker.
Brown, W. Cannon, St. Dunstons, milkcr.
Browner, J. Wellington, Somersetshire, banker.
Chabard, H. Plumtree street, Bloomsbury-square, jeweller and engraver.
Clements, F. Norwich, coach-maker.
Clement, J. T. Broad street, insurance-broker.
Colvin, J. Abchurch lane, merchant.
Cout, H. and W. High, Leeds, dyers.
Crawford, F. Liverpool, ship chandler.
Crowthey, W. Chalk street, Middlesex-hospital, coach-maker.
Cumnygham, Birmingham, linen draper.
Dabson, S. Mury-la-bone street, Golden-square, wine cooper.
Dicken, J. Burslem, Staffordshire, hatter.
Dickinson, S. Great Driffield, Yorkshire, money-servicer.
Dryden, J. Rathbone-place, haberdasher.
Evans, H. P. Birmingham, broker.
Flack, R. Shepherd street, Oxford street, cabinet-maker.
Frost, J. Newport, Monmouthshire, grocer.
Friedlove, W. Brighton, cooper.
Friedricks, F. Crickhowell, Breconshire, banker.
Gammons, J. H. Newgate street, silversmith.
Goach, W. Harlow, Essex, wine-merchant.

Graham, D. Loddham, cotton manufacturer.
Grant, J. G. Ost end, book-eller.
Green, J. and J. Wymminster, brewers and grocers.
Gunston, W. and F. St John's street, Clerkenwell, chessmongers.
Harden, P. and J. Macclesfield, silk manufacturers.
Hayward, J. W. Broad street, coal-merchant.
Hedgers, L. Bristol, grocer.
Helmear, J. Andover, linen-draper.
Hemzell, F. W. White Lion wharf, Upper Thames-street, corn-merchant.
Hewitt, H. Prince's street, St. Giles, printer.
Hill, B. Bath, furniture book-keeper.
Hilder, W. New Wind-up, saddler.
Holt, T. Arnold, Northamptonshire, dealer.
Hodgson, S. Dover street, Piccadilly, hotel-keeper.
Hopkins, E. jun. Chelsea, Berkshire, farmer.
Huntinton, T. Col Ind, Cumberland, inn-keeper.
Isaacs, T. Chatham, Hampshire and silver-smith.
Jackson, J. Holborn-hill, wine merchant.
Johnson, B. Farnham, Wiltshire, farmer.
Jones, D. Friar-church, Somersetshire.
Kerby, J. Chelsea, iron-monger.
Levitt, G. Hull, iron-monger.
Leonard, W. Northolke place, Newington-butts, tea dealer.
Lewis, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, milliner.
Lloyd, T. Ross, Herefordshire, grocer.
Lynce, R. L. Fore street, Lincolshire, coal-merchant.
Maxfield, F. Salisbury, linen draper.
Miller, H. F. T. Home Schyool, Somersetshire, servicer.
Mitchell, W. W. Angel, Essex, butcher.
Morris, J. Clanc, Wrexham, carpenter.
Moss, C. Cheltenham, fishmonger.
Mundell, J. Liverpool, draper.
Nail, W. Lisson street, Lisson-grove, ironmonger.
Nash, D. Finsbury-place, heavy-stable keeper.
Newhouse, R. Huddersfield, plumber.
Oliver, J. L. Broad street, Golden-square, woolen draper.
Pett, R. College-hill, packer.

Piper, W. Hammersmith, barge-maker.
 Pinckley, W. H. Charing, Kent, smith.
 Powell, J. and T. Bristol, malsters.
 Pratt, R. Archer-street, Westminster, ironfounder.
 Purley, J. Old Kent-road, egg salesman.
 Rigby, A. T. Liverpool, porter dealer.
 Sage, G. W. Waleot, Somersetshire, timber-merchant.
 Scotts, W. and J. Smith, Ashford, Kent, grocers.
 Shields, A. W. St John's-street, chessmonger.
 Sheriff, M. A. Duke-street, St James's, dress maker.
 Sinclur, J. Bow-lane, warehouseman.
 Smallwood, T. Dayton-in-Hales, Shropshire, banker.
 Smith, J. Bath, grocer.
 Smith, J. Newbury, baker.

Southbrook, E. C. Covent Garden Chambers, merchant.
 Sowden, J. jun. Wakefield, corn-factor.
 Spillars, C. Bethnal-green, bookseller.
 Squire, J. Kendal, watchmaker.
 Taberner, S. City-road, linen draper.
 Taylor, J. Leamster, stonemason.
 Tuckey, W. H. High Holborn, window-glass cutter.
 Watson, A. Warwick-place, Bedford-row, carpet dealer.
 Wainwright, H. and J. Liverpool, timber-merchants.
 Whiddon, J. Exeter, grocer.
 Wood, B. Liverpool, mathematical instrument maker.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTS, as ordered between the 1st and 30th April, 1823, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Aitken, John, merchant in Ayr.

Baird, Robert of Dumcarrig, in the parish of East Kilbride, Lanarkshire, victualler and cattle-dealer.

Christie, William, spirit dealer, Edinburgh.

The Dalmanock Dye-Work Company, and the Greenhead Foundry Company, and George Brown and Thomas Buchanan, the individual partners of these Companies.

MacEwen, James, rope maker, Perth.

MacLachlan, Charles, merchant, Greenock, and John Young and Company, merchants in the Island of St Vincent, in the West Indies.

Hayden, Anthony, and Co. merchants in Ayr.

Paton, George, and Co. brush-maker, and wool-merchants in Glasgow.

Rait, James, merchant, draper, and haberdasher in Glasgow, partner of James Rait and Co. there.

Robertson, William, lately in Dundee, now distiller, Gillybanks, near Perth.

Sloan, Robert, merchant, Penpont, Dumfriesshire.

Stephen, John, jun. cabinet-maker, upholsterer, and undertaker, Dundee.

Stewart, John, merchant, Inverness.

Tweedie, John, grocer and spirit dealer, Hamilton.

Watson, James, wright and builder in Primrose-street, near Leith.

Willis, Hugh, hand-ware merchant in Glasgow.

DIVIDENDS.

Cowan, Edw. chemist and druggist in Edinburgh, a final dividend after 10th May.

Cowan, Robert, and Son, grain-merchant, Glasgow, a dividend after 20th May.

Cashley, William, merchant in Aberdeen, a first dividend on 15th August.

Gordon, William, some time corn-merchant in London, a first dividend after 10th May.

Hill, Peter, and Company, bookseller, publishers, and stationers in Edinburgh, a dividend after 20th May.

McKellar, and Company, merchants and druggists in Greenock, a dividend after 1st June.

McNee, Duncan, druggist in Glasgow, a first dividend after 20th May.

Newham, Thomas, dealer in cotton wool in Glasgow, and farmer and cattle dealer in Cumbernauld, in the Abbey parish of Paisley, a first dividend after 10th May.

Raemy, Samuel, merchant in Arbroath, a first dividend on 4th June.

Welsh, William, bookseller in Aberdeen, a dividend.

Wright, Francis, jeweller in Edinburgh, a second dividend after 10th May.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet.	M. Gen. Sir E. Barnes, K. C. B. Local Rank of Lt. Gen. in Cavalry 20 Mar. 1823	11	Cor. Bishop, Lt. vice Bisco, dead 50 July, 1822
1 Life G.	Cor. and Sub-Lt. Fletcher, Lt. by purch. vice Gore, ret. 1 Apr. 1823	12	Ens. Lawrie, from 46 F. Col. vice Serjt. Maj. Bull, Quar. Mast. vice Sudley, dead 18 Mar. 1823
	Cor. Hon. H. T. Lee on, from 6 p. 1 Dr. Col. and Sub-Lt. by purch. vice Hall, prom. 5 do.		Coldst. Gds. Maj. Wedderburn, Capt. and Lt. Col. by purch. vice Sowley, ret. 17 Apr.
	Hon. H. S. Lowe, Cor. and Sub Lt. by purch. vice Fletcher 4 do.		Lt. Short, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice 10 do.
2 Dr. Gns.	R. G. Craufurd, Corn. by purch. vice Chas. Craufurd, ret. 17 Apr. 1823	6 F	Capt. Beaufoy, Adj. vice Wedderburn 10 do.
4	Lt. Ravenhill, Capt. by purch. vice King, ret. 27 Mar.		Lt. Bonamy, Capt. by purch. vice Sandley, ret. 21 Jan.
	Cor. Brooke, Lt. by purch. vice G. M. Keane, Cor. by purch. 20 do.		Ens. Velserton, Lt. by purch. vice 17 Apr.
5	Capt. Cane, Major, vice Walker, dead 20 do.	11	W. Eyre, Ens. by purch. vice Quar. Mast. Serjt. Goddard, Quar. Mast. vice Harris, ret. full pay 10 do.
	Lt. and Adj. Jackson, Capt. do.	15	Lt. Bannister, Adj. vice Hutchinson, res. Adj. only. 27 do.
	Lt. Griffith, (Quar. Mast.) Adj. and Lt. vice Jackson 10 Apr.	17	Ens. Grundlay, from 15 F. Lt. by purch. vice Cary 89 F. 20 do.
2 Dr.	J. Carnegie, Corn. by purch. vice Lindsey, prom. 57 F.	21	Serjt. Maj. Young, Adj. with rank of 2d Lt. vice Keane, dead 1 do.
	Lt. Baker, Adj. vice Crabtree, vice 10 do.	31	Capt. Waller, from 1 Vet. Bn. Capt. vice Knox, R. p. 24 Mar. 1823
3	Capt. Fraser, Major by purch. vice Williams, ret. 27 Feb.		
	Lt. Hon. G. D. R. F. Strangway, Capt. by purch. do.	32	F. D. Hodges, Ens. by purch. vice Power, prom. 88 F. 17 Apr.
	Cor. Smyth, Lt. by purch. do.	36	Ens. Montgomery, Lt. vice Dowman, dead 20 Mar.
	John, Lord Hope, Cor. by purch. do.		F. Paget, Ens. do.
10	Cor. Branding, Lt. by purch. vice Lord Yarnmouth, do. Cape Corps. 25 Mar.	58	Ens. Power, from 52 F. Lt. by purch. vice Moncton, prom. 10 F. 17 Apr.
	Geo. L. L. Kave, Cor. by purch. do.	59	Lt. Smyth, Capt. by purch. vice Campbell, ret. do.

Exchanges.

BL. Lt. Col. Fitz Gerald, from 7 F. with Major Carter, 72 F.
 — **Couper**, from 92 F. with **BL. Lt. Col. Fulton**, h. p. **Canad. Fenc.**
Capt. White, from 11 Dr. rec. diff. with **Capt. Barlow**, h. p. 40 F.
 — **Ward**, from 11 Dr. with **Sir T. Ormsby**, **Cape Corps**.
 — **Page**, from 7 F. rec. diff. with **Capt. Prosser**, h. p. **Green Gds.**
 — **Castill**, from 22 F. rec. diff. with **Capt. Campbell**, h. p. 92 F.
 — **Wilson**, from 24 F. with **Capt. Franklyn**, 58 F.
 — **Miles**, from 51 F. rec. diff. with **Capt. Hall**, h. p. 55 F.
 — **Furnace**, from 61 F. rec. diff. with **Capt. Burnside**, h. p. 60 F.
 — **Coleman**, from 81 F. with **Capt. Cradock**, 95 F.
 — **Ward**, from **Cape Corps**, rec. diff. with **Capt. Hew. C. F. Monckton**, h. p. 15 F.
Lieut. Lord F. Convingham, from 1 Life Gds. with **Lieut. Hall**, 17 Dr.

Lieut. Locke, from 5 Dr. G. rec. diff. with **Lieut. Westra**, h. p.
 — **Crabtree**, from 5 Dr. rec. diff. with **Lieut. Baker**, h. p. 5 Dr. G.
 — **Pounden**, from 1 F. with **Lieut. Nicholson**, h. p. 12 F.
 — **Brooke**, from 1 F. with **Lieut. Gray**, 55 F.
 — **Nunn**, from 2 F. with **Lieut. Jones**, 70 F.
 — **O'Kelly**, from 11 F. rec. diff. with **Lieut. Mitchell**, h. p. 4 F.
 — **O'Halloran**, from 17 F. with **Lieut. Timmer**, 58 F.
 — **Robinson**, from 52 F. rec. diff. with **Lieut. Reoch**, h. p. 50 F.
 — **Dunlevie**, from 41 F. with **Lieut. Donnan**, 55 F.
 — **Macdonell**, from 47 F. rec. diff. with **Lieut. Peach**, h. p. 81 F.
Corat Knox, from 4 Dr. with **Cornet Bromwich**, 17 Dr.
 — **Ensign Robbons**, from 20 F. with **Ensign Knox**, 67 F.
 — **Stewart**, from 28 F. with **Ensign Black**, h. p. 62 F.
Payne Willey, from 19 F. with **Capt. Frowell**, h. p. 40 F.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Oct. 9, 1822.—At Singapore, Mrs D. Napier, of a daughter.
 — **Nov. 11**, At Gornalpoore, the Lady of Lieutenant Archibald Dickson, Bengal Infantry, of a son.
 — **Jan. 5, 1823**.—At Cleveina, the Lady of Henry L. Worrall, Esq. of a son.
 — **March 15**, At Falmouth, the Lady of Captain Charles Montagu Walker, Royal Navy, of a son.
 — **21**, At New St. Royal Circus, Mrs Drysdale, of a daughter.
 — In Northumberland Street, Mrs Crobie, of a son.
 — **26**, At Anniston, Lady Anne Cruickshank, of a son.
 — **27**, At Edinburgh, Mrs Kerr of Chalto, of a son.
 — In George Square, Edinburgh, Mrs Touch Maderly, of a son.
 — **28**, At New Garden, near Queensferry, Mrs Rymage Laxton, of a daughter.
 — **29**, The Lady of Frederick William Campbell, Esq. of Barbeck, of a daughter.
 — **30**, At 57, George Street, Mrs C. B. Scott, of a daughter.
 — **April 2**, At Hollesway Crescent, the Lady of Major James Dennistoun Brown, of a son.
 — **3**, At Stead Place, Leith Walk, Mrs Paterson, of a son.
 — **5**, At Cmus Eskam, Mrs Dennistoun, of Colgram, of a son.
 — **6**, At Coniston, Mrs Forrest, of a son.
 — **8**, At his house, at the Admiralty, London, the Lady of Sir George Clerk, Bart. M.P., of a son.
 — **9**, At 152, George Street, Mrs Dickson, of a son.
 — **10**, At 21, Hill Street, Mr. Bell, of a son.
 — At Jedburgh, Mrs William Renwick, post-office, of a seventh son.
 — **11**, At 47, Queen Street, Mrs Hunter, of a son.
 — **12**, At Glasgow, the Lady of Mr Keith Macdonald Macalister, East India Company's service, of a son.
 — **13**, At Mary's Place, Mrs John Lunning, of a son.
 — **14**, At Portobello, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Macneil, 91st regiment, of a daughter.
 — **16**, At 9, St John Street, Mrs Macallan, of a son.
 — **18**, At Monocroffe House, Lady Monocroffe, of a son, still-born.
 — At Walton Park, Galloway, Mrs Major Campbell, of a daughter.
 — **18**, Mrs Jackson, aged fifteen, wife of Mr Jackson, of Algakirk, near Boston, of a son and daughter.
 — **22**, At Saham, Norfolk, the Lady of the Hon. and Rev. A. Turnour, of a son.
 — **22**, At Dublin, the Right Hon. Lady Greenock, of a daughter.
 — In St Andrew's Square, the Lady of William D. Gillies, Esq. younger of Walthouse, of a son.

25, At Tenby, the Lady of Charles Kinloch, of Gourdie, Esq. of a daughter.
 — At Albury Park, Mrs Hoey, of a daughter.
 — **25**, At No. 6, Rosburgh Street, Mr H. Alderman, of a daughter.
 — **30**, At Ardmacale Castle, the Lady John Campbell, of a son.
 — At Linnah Place, Bath, the Lady of Captain William Macadam, 7th regiment, of a daughter.
 — Mrs. Simpson, 5, Northumberland Street, of a daughter.
 — **Feb. 6**, At 62, Great King Street, Mrs Graham, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 1822.—At Matamoras, in the East India Company's service, to Jane, daughter of Mr Smyth, of Haddington, Perthshire.
 — **Dec. 10**, At Durwar, Captain M. Kemble, of the 1st Regiment of Cavalry, and Assistant Adjutant General to the field force in the province of Belgaum, to Miss Catherine Molle, daughter of William Molle, Esq. of Malines.
 — **15**, At Bombay, Captain William Miller, of the Hon. Company's Artillery, to Katharine Sarah, daughter of James Graves Hesse II, Esq. of Clifton, in the county of Gloucester.
 — **31**, At Malta, William de la Comandante, Esq. Commissioner of accounts, to Matilda, daughter of John Hemm, Esq. M.D. Deputy Inspector of Hospitals in the Mediterranean.
 — **March 2, 1825**.—At Wilmot Howden, gentleman to Ann, daughter of Mr John Crombie, Leith Town Place.
 — At Leithfield, Mr James Wishart, merchant, to Martha, second daughter of the late Mr William Strachan, writer in Leith.
 — **26**, At St John's Chapel, Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lord Dumfries, to the Hon. Eliza Kennedy, daughter of the late, and sister to the present, Lord Kinnaird.
 — **31**, At Cupar, the Rev. Thomas Gillespie, minister of Culis, to Janet, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr Campbell, one of the ministers of Cupar.
 — At St Patrick's New Church, London, Sir James Dalrymple Hay, of Park House, Bart., to Ann, the eldest daughter of George Hathorn, Esq. of Brunswick Square, youngest son of the late Hugh Hathorn, Esq. of Caledonia.
 — At Craig Lodge, Haddington, Lieutenant D. Sherriff, Bengal service, to Catherine, only daughter of the late Mr Keir Richardson.
 — Charles Calvert, Esq. M.P. to Jane, youngest daughter of Sir William Rowley, Bart. M.P. for Suffolk.
 — **April 1**, At Ardwell, in Kirkcubbin, by Sir James, Mr Andrew Agnew, High Portenew, to Jane, daughter of Andrew Agnew, Esq. Ardwell.
 — At St George's Church, Hanover Square, London, Captain James Landsay, of the Grenadier Guards, eldest son of the Hon. Robert Landsay of

Baldwin, to Anne, daughter of Sir Coutts Trotter, of Grosvenor Square, Bart.

5. At Edinburgh, Captain William Murray, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, Madras Establishment, to Mrs. Campbell, widow of Colonel Alexander Campbell of Ballochyle, Argyleshire.

7. At Fifehead, Mr. Thomas Atchison, surgeon, Dumfriesshire, to Margaret, daughter of the late Mr. Watkinson, Eveshead.

9. At Edinburgh, James Robert Scott, Esq. of Coud house, Roxburghshire, and Thirlestoun house, Gloucestershire, to Henrietta, daughter of Thomas Gray, Esq. Cheltenham.

12. At London, Captain Archibald Crawford, of the Hon. Company's Artillery, to Octavia, daughter of the late James Plafie, Esq. of Coton House, Gloucestershire.

— At London, James Edmund Leche, eldest son of Leche, of Leche Hall, county of Warwick, Esq. to Sarah, youngest daughter of the Right Rev. Bishop Skelton, Edinburgh.

13. At Gloucester, Henry, Esq. Colonel Alexander Lindsay, of the Madras Establishment, to Elizabeth, third daughter of Nathaniel Campbell, Esq.

14. At London, William Russell Carter, M.D. to Elizabeth, daughter of Mrs. Russell, daughter of Russell, Esq. M.P.

15. At London, John W. W. to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr. W. W. W. to the Hon. Mr. W. W. W. to the Hon. Mr. W. W. W.

16. At Edinburgh, James N. Bell, Esq. writer, to Mary, daughter of Mr. Bell, Esq. of Winton, Edinburgh.

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19. At Hapshburgh, in the county of Norfolk, on his way to Scotland, Major Alexander Gibson, of the 8th regiment of native infantry on the Bombay establishment.

20. In Half-Moon Street, London, the Right Hon. Sir George Beckwith, G.C.B. colonel of the 8th regiment.

— At Shipperfield, William Burton, of Nether Stewarton.

— At Dunfermline, Lieutenant Thomas Thomson, late of his Majesty's 97th regiment.

21. At Edinburgh, Isobel, youngest daughter of the deceased Mr. Robert Pearson, late merchant in Dunfermline.

— At the Earl of Liverpool's house, Whitehall, Lieutenant Colonel Jenkinson.

— At Prop Hall, near Leith, Mr. Alexander Cameron of Inverness-shire.

22. In Rutley Square, London, Lady Muriel Smith, wife of Archibald Smith, Esq. M.P. and sister to the Earl of Leven and Melville.

23. At Warriston House, Mr. Ruth Hall, wife of Alexander Henderson, Esq. banker in Edinburgh.

— At Aberdeen, Robert Charles Grant, Esq. of Biddisburgh, advocate in Aberdeen.

— At Alderbury, Mr. McKenney of Alderbury.

24. At Edinburgh, Catherine, only daughter of the late Archibald Smith, Esq. M.P.

25. At Edinburgh, Charles Murdoch Allan, Esq. W.S.

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DEATHS.

Aug. 7, 1822.—At Birmingham, John Glas, Esq. of that ilk and Sauchie, M.D. aged 82 years, surgeon to the station and corps of Hill Rangers.

Sept. 1. The Rev. Henry Lloyd Loring, D.D. Archdeacon of Calcutta.

Oct. 1. At Jobbulpore, East Indies, J. G. Irving, Esq. surgeon in the Hon. East India Company's Service.

Jan. 27, 1825.—At Falmouth, Jamaica, Mr. Francis Bell, of Cambridge, eldest son of the late Mr. John Bell, writer in Leith.

— At Leith, in Kent, aged 30, Catherine Ann, eldest daughter of the late Adam Baskin, M.D. of the Honourable East India Company's Service, St. Helena.

Feb. 6. At Malta, Mr. Robert Adam, merchant.

March 19. At Edinburgh, Mrs. Baillie, widow of James Baillie, Esq. of Olivetbank.

19. At Hapshburgh, in the county of Norfolk, on his way to Scotland, Major Alexander Gibson, of the 8th regiment of native infantry on the Bombay establishment.

20. In Half-Moon Street, London, the Right Hon. Sir George Beckwith, G.C.B. colonel of the 8th regiment.

— At Shipperfield, William Burton, of Nether Stewarton.

— At Dunfermline, Lieutenant Thomas Thomson, late of his Majesty's 97th regiment.

21. At Edinburgh, Isobel, youngest daughter of the deceased Mr. Robert Pearson, late merchant in Dunfermline.

— At the Earl of Liverpool's house, Whitehall, Lieutenant Colonel Jenkinson.

— At Prop Hall, near Leith, Mr. Alexander Cameron of Inverness-shire.

22. In Rutley Square, London, Lady Muriel Smith, wife of Archibald Smith, Esq. M.P. and sister to the Earl of Leven and Melville.

23. At Warriston House, Mr. Ruth Hall, wife of Alexander Henderson, Esq. banker in Edinburgh.

— At Aberdeen, Robert Charles Grant, Esq. of Biddisburgh, advocate in Aberdeen.

— At Alderbury, Mr. McKenney of Alderbury.

24. At Edinburgh, Catherine, only daughter of the late Archibald Smith, Esq. M.P.

25. At Edinburgh, Charles Murdoch Allan, Esq. W.S.

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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LXXVII.

JUNE, 1823.

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, NO. 17, PRINCE'S STREET, EDINBURGH;
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No. LXXVII.

JUNE, 1823.

VOL. XIII.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

CLASS SECOND.

Deaths, Judgments, and Providences.

ONE of those judgments that have made the deepest impression on the shepherds' minds for a century bygone, seems to have been the fate of Mr Adamson, who was tenant in Laverhope for the space of twenty-seven years. That incident stands in the calendar as an era from whence to date summer floods, water spouts, hail and thunderstorms, &c; and appears from tradition to have been attended with some awful circumstances, expressive of divine vengeance. This Adamson is represented, as having been a man of an ungovernable temper—of irritability so extreme, that no person could be for a moment certain to what excesses he might be hurried. He was otherwise accounted a good and upright man, and a sincere christian; but in these outbursts of temper he often committed acts of cruelty and injustice, for which any good man ought to have been ashamed. Among other qualities, he had an obliging turn of disposition, there being few men to whom a poor man would sooner have applied in a strait. Accordingly, he had been in the habit of assisting a poorer neighbour of his with a little credit for many years. This man's name was Irvine, and though he had a number of rich relations, he was never out of difficulties. Adamson, out of some whim, or caprice, sued this poor farmer for a few hundred merks, taking legal steps against him, even to the very last measures short of poinding and imprisonment. Irvine paid little attention to this, taking it for granted that his

neighbour took these steps only for the purpose of inducing his debtor's friends to come forward and support him.

It happened one day about this period, that a thoughtless boy belonging to Irvine's farm dogged Adamson's cattle in a way that gave great offence to their owner, on which the two farmers differed, and some hard recriminating words and terms passed between them. The next day Irvine was seized and thrown into jail, and shortly after his effects were poinded, and sold by auction for ready money. They were consequently thrown away, as the neighbours, not having been forewarned of such an event, were wholly unprovided with ready money, and unable to purchase at any price. Mrs Irvine came to the enraged creditor with a child in her arms, and begged and implored of him to put off the sale for a month, that she might try amongst her friends what could be done to prevent a wreck so irretrievable. He was on the very point of yielding, but some bitter reminiscences coming over his mind at the moment, stimulated his spleen against her husband, and the sale was ordered to go on. William Carudders of Grindiston heard the following dialogue between them, and he said that his heart almost trembled within him, for Mrs Irvine was a violent woman, and her eloquence did more evil than good.

"Are ye really gaun to aet the part of a devil the day, Mr Adamson, an' turn me and thae bairns out to the bare high-road, helpless as we are? Oh, man,

if your bowels be nae scared in hell fire already, take some compassion; for an ye dinna, they *will* be scared afore baith men and angels yet, till that hard and cruel heart o' yours be nealed to an izle."

"I'm gaun to aet nae part o' a devil, Mrs Irvine; I'm only gaun to take my ain in the only way I can get it. I'm no baith gaun to tane my siller, an' haec my beasts abused into the bargain."

"Ye sal neither lose plack nor bawbee o' your siller, man, if ye will gie me but a month to make a shift for it—I swear to you, ye sal neither lose, nor rue the deed. But if ye winna grant me that wee wee while, when the bread o' a hale family depends on it, ye're waur than ony deil that's yammerin' and cursin' i' the bottomless pit."

"Keep your ravings to yoursel, Mrs Irvine, for I haec made up my mind what I'm to do, and I'll do it; sae it's needless for ye to pit yoursel into a bleeze; for the surest promisers are aye the slackest payers; it isna likely that your bad language will gar me alter my purpose."

"If that be your purpose, Mr Adamson, and if you put that purpose in execution, I wadna change conditions wi' you the day for ten thousand times a' the gear ye are worth. Ye're gaun to do the thing that ye'll repent only aince—for a' the time that ye haec to exist baith in this warld and the neist, an' that's a lang lang look forrit an' ayond. Ye haec assisted a poor honest family for the purpose of taking them at a disadvantage, and crushing them to beggars; and when aec thinks o' that, what a heart you must haec! Ye haec first put my poor man in prison, a place where he little thought, and less deserved, ever to be; an' now ye are reaving his rackless family out o' their last bit o' bread. Look at this bit bonny innocent thing in my arms, how it is smiling on ye. Look at a' the rest standin' leaning against the wa's, ilka aec wi' his een fixed on you by way o' imploring your pity. If ye reject ~~thae~~ looks, ye'll see them again in some trying moments, that will bring this aec back to your mind. Ye will see them i' your dreams; ye will see them on your death-bed, an' ye will ~~think~~ see them gleaming on ye through the rock o' hell, but it winna be them."

"Haud your tongue, woman, for ye make me scared to hear ye."

"Ay, but better be feared in time, than torfelled for ever! Better conquer your bad humour for aince, than be conquered for it through sae many lang ages. Ye pretend to be a religious man, Mr Adamson, an' a great deal mair sae than your neighbours. Do you think that religion teaches you acts o' cruelty like this? Will ye haec the face to kneel afore your Maker the night, and pray for a blessing on you and yours, and that He will forgive you your debts as you forgive your debtors? I haec nae doubt but ye will. But aih! How sie an appeal will heap the coals o' divine vengeance on your head, an' tighten the belts o' burning yettlin round your hard heart! Come forrit, ye hallanshaker-like tikes, an' speak for yoursel ilka aec o' ye."

"O, Mr Adamson, ye maunna turn my father an' mother out o' their house an' their farm, or what think ye is to come o' us?" said Thomas.

"Maissa Adamson, an' ye da tun my faddy an' moddy out o' dem's house, when our John tulns a geat, muckle, big, stong man, John fesh youd skin to you—let you take tat," said John, and in the meantime he nodded his head, and shook his tiny fist at the farmer, who called him an impertinent brat, and said he deserved his cuffs.

The sale went on; and still, on the calling off o' every favourite animal, Mrs Irvine renewed her anathemas.

"Gentlemen, this is the mistress's favourite cow, and gives thirteen pints o' milk every day. She is valued in my roup-roll at fifteen pounds, but we shall begin her at ten. Does anybody say ten pounds for this excellent cow? ten pounds, ten pounds? Nobody says ten pounds? Gentlemen, this is extraordinary! Money is surely a scarce article here to-day. Well, then, does any gentleman say five pounds to begin this excellent cow that gives twelve pints o' milk daily? Five pounds? Only five pounds! Nobody bids five pounds? Well, the stock must positively be sold without reserve. Ten shillings for the cow—ten shillings—ten shillings—Will nobody bid ten shillings to set the sale a-going?"

"I'll gie five-an'-twenty shillings for her," cried Adamson.

"Thank you, sir. One pound five—one pound five, and just a-going. Once—twice—thrice. Mr Adamson, one pound five."

Mrs Irvine came forward, drowned in tears, with the babe in her arms,

and patting the cow, she said, "Ah, poor lady Bell, this is my last sight o' you, and the last time I'll clap your honest side! An' hae we really been deprived o' your support for the miserable sum o' five and twenty shillings; my curse light on the head o' him that has done it! In the name o' my destitute bairns I curse him; an' does he think that a mother's curse will sink fizenless to the ground? Na, na! I see an ee that's lookin' down here in pity and in anger; an' I see a hand that's gathering the bolts o' Heaven thegither, for some purpose that I could divine, but darena utter. But that hand is unerring, and where it throws the bolt, there it will strike. Fareweel, poor beast! ye hae supplied us wi' mony a meal, but ye will never supply us wi' anither."

This sale at Kirkheugh was on the 11th of July. On the day following, Mr Adamson went up to the folds in the hope, to shear his sheep, with no fewer than twenty-five attendants, consisting of all his own servants and cottars, and about as many neighbouring shepherds whom he had collected; it being customary for the farmers to assist one another reciprocally on these occasions. Adamson continued more than usually capricious and unreasonable all that forenoon. He was discontented with himself, and when a man is ill pleased with himself, he is seldom well pleased with others. He seemed altogether left to the influences of the wicked one, running about in a fume of rage, finding fault with everything, and every person, and at times cursing bitterly, a crime to which he was not usually addicted; so that the sheep-shearing that went to be a scene of hilarity among so many young and old shepherds, lads, lasses, wives, and callants, was that day turned into one of gloom and dissatisfaction.

After a number of provoking out-rages, he at length, with the buist-iron that he held in his hand, struck a dog that belonged to one of his own shepherd boys, till the poor animal fell senseless on the ground, and lay sprawling as in the last extremity. This brought matters to a point that threatened nothing but anarchy and confusion, for every shepherd's blood boiled with indignation, and each almost wished in his heart that the dog had been his own, that he might have retaliated on the tyrant. The boy

was wearing one of the fold-doors, and perceiving the plight of his faithful animal, he ran to its assistance, lifted it in his arms, and holding it up to recover its breath, he wept and lamented over it most piteously. "My poor poor little Nimble!" cried he; "I am feared that mad body has killed ye, and then what am I to do wanting ye? I wad ten times rather he had stricken mysel'."

He had not the words said out ere his master had him by the hair o' the head with the one hand, with which he fell a swinging him round, and with the other began a threshing him most unmercifully. When the boy left the fold door, the sheep broke out and got away to the hill among the lambs and the clippies, and the farmer being in one of his "mad tantrums," as the servants called them, the mischance had almost put him beside himself; and that boy, or man either, is in a ticklish case who is in the hands of an enraged person far above him in strength.

The sheep-shearers paused, and the girls screamed, when they saw their master lay hold of the boy. But Robert Johnston, a shepherd from an adjoining farm, flung the sheep from his knee, made the shears ring against the fold-dike, and in an instant had the farmer by both wrists, and these he held with such a grasp that he took the power out of his arms, for Johnston was as far above the farmer in might, as the latter was above the boy.

"Mr Adamson, what are ye about?" cried he; "hae ye tint your reason aw-thegither, that ye are gaun on rampaging like a madman that gate? Ye hae done the thing, sir, in your ill-timed rage, that ye ought to be ashamed of baith afore God and man."

"Are ye for fighting, Rob Johnston?" said the farmer, struggling to free himself. "Do ye want to hae a fight, lad? Because if ye do, I'll may-be gie ye enough o' that."

Na, sir, I dinna want to fight, but I winna let you fight either, unless wi' ane that's your equal; sae gie ower sprauking, and stand still till I speak to ye, for an ye winna stand to hear reason, I'll gar ye lie till ye hear it. Do ye consider what ye hae been doing even now? Do ye consider that ye hae been striking a poor orphan callant, wha has neither father

nor mother to protect him, or to right his wrangs? An' a' for naething, but a wee bit start o' natural affection. How wad ye like, sir, an ony body were to guide a bairn o' yours that gate? and ye as little ken what they are a' to come to afore their deaths, as that boy's parents did when they were rearing and fondling ower him. Fie for shame, Mr Adamson! Fie for shame! Ye first strak his poor dumb brute, which was a greater sin than the tither, for it didna ken what ye were striking it for; and then, because the callant ran to assist the only creature he has on the earth, an' I'm feared the only true and faithful friend beside, ye claught him by the hair o' the head, an' fa' to the daddling him as he war your slave! Od, sir, my blood rises at ye for sic an act o' cruelty and injustice; and gin I thought ye worth my while, I wad tan ye like a pellet for it."

The farmer struggled and fought, so viciously, that Johnston was obliged to throw him down twice over, somewhat roughly, and hold him by main force. But on laying him down the second time, Johnston said, "Now, sir, I just tell ye, ance for a', that if I hae to lay ye down the third time, ye shall never rise again till the day o' judgment. Ye deserve to hae your hide weel throoshen; but ye're nae match for me, an' I'll scorn to lay a tip on ye. I'll leave ye to him who has declared himself the stay and shield of the orphan, and gin some visible testimony o' his displeasure dinna come ower ye for the abusing of his word, I am right saif mista'en."

Adamson, finding himself fairly mastered, and that no one seemed disposed to take his part, was obliged to give in, and went sullenly away to tend the hirsel that stood beside the fold. In the meantime the sheep-shearing went on as before, with a little more of hilarity and glee. It is the business of the lasses to take the ewes, and carry them from the fold to the clippers; and now might be seen every young shepherd's sweetheart, or favourite, tending on him, helping him to clip, or holding the ewes by the hind legs to make them lie easy, a great matter for the furtherance of the operator. Others again, who thought themselves slighted, or loved a joke, would continue to act in the reverse way, and plague the youths by bring-

ing such sheep to them as it was next to impossible to clip.

"Aih, Jock lad, I hae brought you a grand ane for this time! Ye will clank the shears ower her, an' be the first done o' them a'."

"My truly, Jessy, but ye hae gien me my dinner! I declare the beast is woo to the cloots an' the een holes, an' afore I get the fleecce broken up, the rest will be done. Ah, Jessy, Jessy! ye're working for a mischief the day, an' ye'll maybe get it."

"She's a braw sonsie sheep, Jock. I ken ye like to hae your arms weel filled. She'll amaise fill them as weel as Tibby Tod."

"There's for it now! There's for it! What care I for Tibby Tod, dame? Ye are the most jealous elf, Jessy, that ever drew cat ower head. But wha was't that sat half a night at the side of a grey stane wi' a crazy cooper? An' wha was't that gae the poor precentor the whiskings, and reduced a' his sharps to downright flats? An' ye cast up Tibby Tod ony mair to me, I'll tell something that will gar thae wild een reel i' your head, Mistress Jessy."

"Wow, Jock, but I'm unco wae for ye now. Poor fellow! It's really very hard usage! If ye canna clip the ewe, man, gie me her, an' I'll tak her to anither; for I canna bide to see ye sac sair put about. I winna bring ye anither Tibby Tod the day, take my word on it. The neist shall be a real May Henderson, a Firthhope-clutch ane, ye ken, wi' lang legs, a short tail, an' a good lamb at her fit."

"Gudesake, lassie, hauld your tongue, an' dinna affront baith yoursel and me. Ye are fit to gar ane's cheek burn to the bane. I'm fairly quashed, an' darena say anither word. Let us therefore hae let-a-be for let-a-be, which is good bairns' greement, till after the close o' the day sky, and then I'll tell ye my mind."

"Ay, but whilk o' your minds will ye tell me, Jock? For ye will be in five or six different anes afore that time. Ane, to ken your mind, wad need to be tauld it every hour o' the day, and then cast up the account at the year's end. But how wad she settle it then, Jock? I fancy she wad hae to multiply ilk year's minds by dozens, and divide by four, and then we a ken what wad be the quotient."

"Aih, wow, sirs! heard ever ony o'

ye the like o' that? For three things the sheep-fauld is disquieted, and there are four which it cannot bear."

"An' what are they, Jock?"

"A witty wench, a woughing dog, a waukit-woo'd weelder, an' a pair o' shanbling shears."

After this manner did the gleesome chat go on, now that the surly good-man had withdrawn from the scene. But this was but one couple; every pair being engaged according to their biasses, and after their kind—some settling the knotty points of divinity; others telling auld world stories about persecutions, forays, and fairy raids; and some whispering, in half sentences, the soft breathings of pastoral love.

But the farmer's bad humour, in the mean while, was only smothered, not extinguished; and, like a flame that is kept down by an overpowering weight of fuel, wanted but a breath to rekindle it; or like a barrel of gunpowder, that the smallest spark will set up in a blaze. That spark unfortunately fell upon the ignitable heap too soon. It came in the form of an old beggar, cycled Patie Maxwell, a well known, and generally a welcome guest over all that district. He came up to the folds for his annual bequest of a fleece of wool, which had never before been denied him; and the farmer being the first person he came to, he made up to him, as in respect bound, accosting him in his wonted obsequious way.

"Weel, goodman, how's a wi' ye the day?"—(No answer.)—"This will be a thrang day w'ye. How are ye getting on wi' the clipping?"

"Nae the better o' you, or the like o' you. Gang away back the gate ye came. What are ye coming doiting up through the sheep that gate for, putting them a' tersyversy?"

"Tut, goodman, what does the sheep mind an auld creeping body like me? I hae done nae ill to your pickle sheep, man. An' as for gangin' back the road I cam, I'll do that whan I like, and no till than."

"But I'll make you blithe to turn back, auld vagabond. Do ye imagine I'm gaun to hae a' my clippers, an' grippers, buisters, an' binders, laid half idle, gaffing and giggling wi' you?"

"Why, than, speak like a reasonable man, an' a courteous Christian,

as ye used to do, an' I'se crack wi' yoursel, and no gang near them."

"I'll keep my Christian cracks for others than auld Papist dogs, I trow."

"Wha do ye ca' auld Papist dogs, Mr Adamson?—Wha is it that ye mean to denominate by that finesounding title?"

"Just you, and the like o' ye, Pate."

It is weel ken'd that ye are as rank a Papist as ever kissed a crosier, an' that ye were out in the very fore end o' the unnatural rebellion, in order to subvert our religion, and place a Popish tyrant on the throne. It is a shame for a Protestant parish like this to support ye, an' gie you as liberal awmosses as ye were a Christian saint. For me, I can tell you, ye'll get nae mae at my hand, nor nae rebel Papist loun amang ye."

"Dear sir, ye're surely no yoursel the day? Ye hae ken'd I professed the Catholic religion these thretty years. It was the faith I was brought up in, and that in which I shall dee; and ye ken'd a' that time that I was out in the forty-five wi' Prince Charles, and yet ye never made mention o' the facts, nor refused me my awmoss till the day. But as I hae been obliged t'ye, I'll haud my tongue; only, I wad advise ye as a friend, that whenever ye hae occasion to speak of ony community of brother Christians, that ye will in future hardly make use o' siccan harsh epithets. Or, if ye will do't, tak' care wha ye use sic terms afore, an' let it no be to the nose o' an auld veteran."

What, ye auld beggar worm that ye are!—ye profane water-cater, and worshipper o' graver images, dare ye heave your pikit kent at me?"

"I hae heaved baith sword and spear against mony a better man, and, in the cause o' my religion, I'll do it again."

He was proceeding, but Adamson's choleric rising to an ungovernable height, he drew a race, and coming against the gaberlunzie with his whole force, he made him fly heels-over-head down the hill. The old man's bonnet flew off; his meal-pocks were scattered abroad, and his old mantle, with two or three small fleeces of wool in it, rolled down into the burn.

The servants perceived the attack made on the old man, and one elderly shepherd said, "In troth, sirs, our master is not himself the day. He maun really be looked to. It appears

to me, that sin' he roupit out yon poor but honest family yesterday, the Lord has ta'en his guiding arm frae about him. Rob Johnston, ye'll be obliged to rin to the assistance of the auld man."

"I'll trust the auld Jacobite for another shake wi' him yet," said Rob, "afore I steer my fit; for it strikes me, if he hadna been ta'en unawares, he wad hardly hae been sac easily coupit."

The beggar was considerably astounded and stupified when he first got up his head; but finding all his bones whole, and his old frame disencumbered of every superfluous load, he sprung to his feet, shook his grey burly locks, and cursed the aggressor in the name of the Holy Trinity, the Mother of our Lord, and all the blessed Saints above. Then approaching him with his cudgel heaved, he warned him to be on his guard, or make out of his reach, else he would send him to eternity in the twinkling o' an ee. The farmer held up his staff across, to defend his head against the descent of old Patie's piked kent, and, at the same time, made a break in, with intent to close with him; but, in so doing, he held down his head for a moment, on which the gaberlunzie made a jerk to one side, and leut Adamson such a lounder over the neck, or back part of the head, that he fell violently on his face, after running two or three steps precipitately forward. The beggar, whose eyes gleamed with wild fury, while his grey locks floated over them like a winter cloud over two meteors of the night, was going to follow up his blow with another more efficient one on his prostrate foe; but the farmer, perceiving these unequivocal symptoms of danger, wisely judged that there was no time to lose in providing for his own safety, and, rolling himself rapidly two or three times over, he got to his feet, and made his escape, though not before Patie had hit him what he called "a stiff lounder across the rump."

The farmer fled along the brac, and the gaberlunzie pursued, while the people at the fold were absolutely like to burst with laughter. The scene was highly picturesque, for the beggar could run none, and still the faster that he came to the run, he made the less speed. The farmer and anon he stood still, and named Adamson in the name

of one or other of the Saints or Apostles, brandishing his cudgel, and tramping with his foot. The other, keeping still at a small distance, pretended to laugh at him, and at the same time uttered such bitter and unhallowed epithets on the Papists, and on old Patie in particular, that, after the latter had cursed himself into a proper pitch of indignation, he always broke at him again, making vain efforts to reach him one more blow. At length, after chasing him by these starts about half a mile, the beggar returned, gathered up the scattered implements and fruits of his occupation, and came to the fold to the busy group.

Patie's general character was that of a patient, jocular, sarcastic old man, whom people liked, but dared not much to contradict; but that day his manner and mien had become so much altered, in consequence of the altercation and conflict that had just taken place that the people were almost frightened to look at him; and as for social converse, there was none to be had with him. His countenance was grim, haughty, and had something Satanic in its lines and deep wrinkles; and ever as he stood leaning against the fold, he uttered a kind of hollow growl, with a broken interrupted sound, like a war-horse neighing in his sleep, and then muttered curses on the farmer.

The old shepherd before-mentioned, ventured, at length, to caution him against such profanity, saying, "Dear Patie, man, dinna sin away your soul, venting siccan curses as these. They will a' turn back on your ain head; for what harm can the curses of a poor sinner do to our master?"

"My curse, sir, has blasted the hopes of better men than either you or him," said the gaberlunzie, in an earthquake voice, and shivering with vehemence as he spoke. "Ye may think the like o' me can hae nae power wi' heaven; but an I hae power wi' hell, it is sufficient to cow ony that's here. I sanna brag what effect my curse will have, but I shall say this, that either your master, or ony o' his men, had as good have auld Patie Maxwell's blessing as his curse ony time, Jacobite and Roman Catholic though he be."

It now became necessary to bring the sheep into the fold that the farmer was wearing, and they were the last hirsel that was to shear that day. The farmer's face was red with ill-nature,

but yet he now appeared to be somewhat humbled by reflecting on the figure he had made. Patie sat on the top of the fold dike, and from the bold and hardly asseverations that he made, he seemed disposed to provoke a dispute with any one present who chose to take up the cudgels; but just while the shepherds were sharpening the shears, a thick black cloud began to rear itself over the height to the southward, the front of which seemed to be boiling—both its outsides rolling rapidly forward, and again wheeling in toward the centre. I have heard old Robin Johnston, the stout young man mentioned above, but who was a very old man when I knew him, describe the appearance of the cloud as greatly resembling a whirlpool made by the eddy of a rapid tide, or flooded river; and he declared, to his dying day, that he never saw aught in nature have a more ominous appearance. The gaberlunzie was the first to notice it, and drew the attention of the rest towards that point of the heavens by the following singular and profane remark: “Aha, lads! see what’s coming yonder. Yonder’s Patie Maxwell’s curse coming rowing an’ reeling on ye already; and what will ye say an the curse of God be coming backing it?”

“Gudesake, haud your tongue, ye profane body, ye mak me feared to hear ye,” said one. “O, it’s a strange delusion to think that a Papist can hae ony influence wi’ the Almighty, either to bring down his blessing or his curse.”

“Ye speak ye ken nae what, man,” answered Pate; “ye hae learned some rhames frae your poor cauld-rife Protestant whigs about Papists, and Antichrist, and children of perdition; yet it is plain to the meanest capacity, that ye hae nae ane spark o’ the life or power o’ religion in your whole frames, an’ dinna ken either what’s truth or what’s falsehood. Ah! yonder it is coming, grim an’ early! Now, I hae called for it, an’ it is coming; let me see if a’ the Protestants that are of ye can order it back, or pray it away again. Down on your knees, ye dogs, an’ set your mou’s up against it, like as many spiritual whig cannon, an’ let me see if you hae influence wi’ Heaven to turn aside ane o’ the hail-stances that the devils are playing at chucks wi’ in yon dark chamber.”

“I wadna wonder if our clipping were cuttit short,” said ene.

“Na, but I wadna wonder if something else were cuttit short,” said Patie; “What will ye say an some o’ your weazons be cuttit short. Hurraw! yonder it comes! Now, there will be sic a hurly-burly in Laverhope as never was sin’ the creation o’ man.”

The folds of Laverhope were situated on a gently sloping plain, in what is called the forkings of a burn. Laver burn runs to the eastward, and Widehope burn runs north, meeting the other at a right angle, a little below the folds. It was around the head of ~~this~~ Widehope that the cloud first made its appearance, and there its vortex seemed to be impending. It descended lower and lower, and that too with uncommon celerity, for the elements were in a turmoil. The cloud laid first hold of one height, then of another, till at length it closed over and around the pastoral group, and the dark hope had the appearance of a huge chamber hung with sackcloth. Then the big clear drops of rain began to descend, on which the shepherds gave over clipping, and covered up the wool with blankets, then huddled together below their plaids at the side of the fold, to eschew the speat, which they saw was going to be a terrible one. Patie still kept undauntedly to the top of the dike, and Mr Adamson stood cowering at the side of it, with his plaid over his head, at a little distance from the rest. The hail and rain mingled, now began to descend in a way that had been seldom witnessed; but it was apparent to them all that it was ten times worse up in Widehope-head to the southward.—Anon a whole volume of lightning burst from the bosom of the darkness, and quivered through the gloom, dazzling the eyes of every beholder; even old Maxwell clapped both his hands on his eyes for a space—a crash of thunder followed the flash, that made all the mountains chatter, and shook the firmament so, that the density of the cloud was broken up; for, on the instant that the thunder ceased, a rushing sound began up in Widehope, that soon increased to a loudness equal with the thunder itself, but it resembled the noise made by the sea in a storm. “Mother of God!” exclaimed Patie Maxwell,

"What is this? What is this? I declare we're a'ower lang here, for the dams of heaven are broken up;" and with that he flung himself from the dike, and fled toward the top of a rising hillock. He knew that the sound proceeded from the descent of a tremendous water-spout; but the rest, not conceiving what it was, remained where they were. The storm increased every minute, and in less than a quarter of an hour after this retreat of the Gaberlunzie, they heard him calling out with the most desperate bitterness, and when they eyed him, he was jumping like a madman on the top of the knowe, waving his bonnet, and screaming out, "Run, ye deil's buckies! Run for your bare lives." One of the shepherds, jumping up on the dike, to see what was astir, beheld the burn of Widehope coming down in a manner that could be compared to nothing but an ocean, whose boundaries had given way, descending into the abyss. It came with a cataract front more than twenty feet deep, as was afterwards ascertained by measurement, for it left sufficient marks wheresoever it reached, to enable men to do this with precision. The shepherd called for assistance, and flew into the fold to drive out the sheep; and just as he got the foremost of them to take the door, the flood came upon the head of the fold, on which he threw himself over the side-wall, and escaped in safety, as did all the rest of the people.

Not so Mr Adamson's ewes; the greater part of the hirsels being involved in this mighty current. The big fold next the burn was levelled with the earth in one second. Stones, ewes, and sheep-house, all were carried before it, and all seemed to bear the same weight. It must have been a dismal sight, to see so many fine animals tumbling and rolling in one irresistible mass. They were strong, however, and a number of them plunged out, and made their escape to the eastward—a greater number were carried headlong down, and thrown out on the other side of Laver-burn, upon the side of a dry hill, to which they all escaped, some of them considerably maimed; but the greatest number of all were lost, being overwhelmed among the rubbish of the fold, and entangled so among the falling dikes, and the turbulent wheeling and boiling amongst

them, that escape was impossible. The wool was totally swept away, and all either lost, or so much wasted, that, when afterwards recovered, it was unsalable.

When the flood broke first in among the sheep, and the women began to run screaming to the hills, and the despairing shepherds a-flying about, unable to do any thing, Patie began a-laughing with a loud and a hellish gaffaw, and in that he continued to indulge till quite exhausted. "Ha, ha, ha, ha! what think ye o' the auld beggar's curse now? Ha, ha, ha, ha! I think it has ben backit wi' God's an' the deil's baith. Ha, ha, ha, ha!" And then he mimicked the thunder with the most outrageous and ludicrous jabberings, turning occasionally up to the cloud streaming with lightning and hail, and calling out,— "Louder yet, deils! louder yet! Kindle up your crackers, and yerk away! Rap, rap, rap, rap—Ro-ro, ro, ro—Roo—Whugh."

"I daresay that body's the vera devil himsel in the shape o' the auld Papist beggar!" said one, not thinking that Patie could hear at such a distance.

"Na, na, lad, I'm no the deil," cried he in answer; "but an I war, I wad let ye see a stramash. It is a sublime thing to be a Roman Catholic amang see many weak apostates; but it is a sublimer thing still to be a deil—a master-spirit in a forge like yon. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Take care o' your heads, ye cock-chickens o' Calvia. Take care o' the auld coppersmith o' the black cludd."

From the moment that the first thunder-bolt shot from the cloud, the countenance of the farmer was changed. He was manifestly alarmed in no ordinary degree, and when the flood came rushing from the dry mountains, and took away his sheep and his wool before his eyes, he became as a dead man, making no effort to save his store, or to give directions how it might be done. He ran away in a cowering posture, as he had been standing, and took shelter in a little green hollow, out of his servants' view.

The thunder came higher and higher to the place where the astonished hinds were, till at length they perceived the bolts of flame striking the earth around them, in every direction; at one time tearing up its bosom, and

at another splintering the rocks. Robin Johnston said, that "the thummer bolts" (so the country people always denominate the electrical flame) "came shimmering out o' the cludd sae thick, that they appeared to be linkit thegither, an' fleeing in a' directions. There war some o' them blue, some o' them red, an' some o' them like the colour o' the lowe of a candle. Some o' them diving into the earth, an' some o' them springing up out o' the earth and darting into the heaven." I cannot vouch for the truth of this, but I am sure my informer thought so, or he would not have said it; and he said farther, that when old Maxwell saw it, he cried—"Fie, tak care, cubs o' hell! fie, tak care! cower laigh, an' sit sicker, for your auld dam is aboon ye, an' aneath ye, an' a' round about ye. O for a good wat nurse to spean ye, like John Adamson's lambs! Ha, ha, ha!" The lambs, it must be observed, had been turned out of the fold at first, and none of them perished with their dams.

But just when the storm was at the height, and apparently passing the bounds ever witnessed in these northern climes; when the embroiled elements were in the state of hottest convulsion, and when our little pastoral group were every moment expecting the next to be their last, behold all at once a lovely "blue bore," fringed with downy gold, opened in the cloud behind, and in five minutes after that, the sun again appeared, and all was beauty and serenity. What a contrast to the scene so lately witnessed!—they were like scenes of two different worlds, or places of abode which it would be unmeet to contrast together.

The greatest curiosity of the whole to a stranger would have been the contrast between the two burns. The burn of Laverhope never changed its colour, but continued pure, limpid, and so shallow, that a boy might have stepped over it dry shod, all the while that the other burn was coming in upon it like an ocean broken loose, and carrying all before it. In mountainous districts, however, instances of the same kind are quite frequent in times of summer speats.

There were some other circumstances connected with this storm, at the description of which I could not help laughing immoderately, forty years after they had taken place; and, dis-

mal as the catastrophe turned out to be, whenever they present themselves to my imagination, I cannot answer for myself doing the same to this day. The storm coming from the south, over a low-lying, wooded, and populous district, the whole of the crows inhabiting it, posted away up the glen of Laverhope to avoid the fire and fury of the storm. "There were thousands o' thousands came up by us," said Robin, "a' laying theirsels out as they had been mad. An' then whanever the bright bolt played flash through the darkness, ilk aye o' them made a dive an' a wheel to avoid the shot. Ah wow! I never saw as mony as feared beasts, an' never will again. O! sir, I was persuaded that they thought a' the artillery an' a' the musketry o' the hale country were loosed on them, an' that it was time for them to tak the gait. There were likewise several colly dogs came by us in great extremity, hingin' out their tongues, an' lookin' aye ower their shoulders, rinnin' straight on they kendna where; an' among other things, there was a black Highland cow came roaring up the glen wi' her stake hanging at her neck."

The gush of waters soon subsiding, all the group, men and women, were soon employed in pulling out dead sheep from rubbish of stones, banks of gravel, and pools of the burn: and many a row of carcasses was laid out, which at that season were of no use whatever, and of course utterly lost. But all the while that they were so engaged, Mr Adamson came not near them, at which they wondered, and some of them remarked, that "they thought their master was fey the day, mae ways than ane."

"Ay, never mind him," said the old shepherd, "he'll come when he thinks it his ain time; he's a right sair humbled man the day, an' I hope by this time he has been brought to see his errors in a right light. But the gaberlunzie is lost too. I think he be sandit in the yird, for I hae never seen him sin' the last great crash o' thunner."

"He'll be gane into the howe to wring his duds," said Robert Johnston, "or maybe to make up matters wi' your master. Gude sauf us, what a profane wretch the auld creature is! I didna think the muckle horned deil himsel could hae set up his mou to the heaven, an' braggit an' blasphemed in

sic a way. He gart my heart a' grue within me, and dirle as it had been bored wi' red-hot elsins."

"Oh, what can ye expect else of a papist?" said the auld herd, with a deep sigh. "They're a' the deil's bairns ilk ane, an' a' employed in carrying on their father's wark. It is needless to expect gude branches frae sic a stock, or gude fruit frae siccan branches."

"There's ae wee bit text that focks should never lose sight o'," said Robin, an' it's this,—'Judge not, that ye not judged.' I think," said Robil when he told the story, "I think that steekit their gabs!"

The evening at length drew on; the women had gone away home, and the neighbouring shepherds had scattered here and there to look after their own flocks. Mr Adamson's men alone remained, lingering about the brook and the folds, waiting on their master. They had seen him go into the little green hollow, and they knew he was gone to his prayers, and were unwilling to disturb him. But they at length began to think it extraordinary that he should continue at his prayers the whole afternoon. As for the beggar, though acknowledged to be a man of strong sense and sound judgment, he had never been known to say prayers all his life, except in the way of cursing and swearing a little sometimes, and none of them could conjecture what was become of him. Some of the rest, as it grew late, applied to the old shepherd before oft mentioned, whose name I have forgot, but he had herded with Adamson twenty years—some of the rest, I say, applied to him to go and bring their master away home, for that perhaps he was taken ill.

"O, I'm unco laith to disturb him," said the old man; "he sees that the hand o' the Lord has fa'n heavy on him the day, an' he's humbling himself afore him in great bitterness of spirit, I daresay. I count it a sin to briik in on sic devotions as thae."

"Na, I carena if he should lie and pray yonder till the morn," said a young lad, "only I wadna like to gang hame an' leave him lying on the hill, if he should hae chance'd to turn no weel. Sae, if nane o' yew will gang an' bring him, or see what ails him, I'll e'en gang myself;" and away he went, the rest standing still, to await the issue.

When the lad went first to the brink

of the little slack where Adamson lay, he stood a few moments, as if gazing or listening, and then turned his back and fled. The rest, who were standing watching his motions, wondered at this; and they said, one to another, that the master was angry at him for disturbing him, and that he had been threatening the lad so rudely, that it had caused him to take to his heels for it. But what they thought most curious, was, that the lad did not fly toward them, but straight to the hill; nor did he ever so much as cast his eyes toward them; so deeply did he seem to be impressed with what had passed between him and his master. Indeed, it rather appeared that he did not know what he was doing, for, after running a space with great violence, he stood and looked back, and then broke to the hill again—always looking first over the one shoulder, and then over the other. Then he stopped a second time, and returned cautiously toward the spot where his master reclined, and all the while he never so much as once turned his eyes toward his neighbours, or seemed to remember that they were there. His motions were strikingly erratic; for all the way, as he returned to the spot where his master was, he continued to advance by a zigzag direction, like a vessel beating up by short tacks; and several times he stood still, as on the very point of retreating. At length he vanished from their sight in the little hollow; and they said one to another, that he was gone in to sit beside the master, or to pray with him, after all.

It was not long, however, till the lad again made his appearance, shouting and waving his cap for them to come likewise, on which they all went away to him as fast as they could, in great amazement what could be the matter. But when they came to the green hollow, a shocking spectacle presented itself. There lay the body of their master, who had been struck dead by the lightning; and, his right side having been torn open, his bowels had gushed out, and were lying beside the body. The earth was rutted and ploughed close to his side, and at his feet there was a hole scooped out, a full yard in depth, and very much resembling a grave. He had been cut off in the act of prayer, and the body was still lying in the position of a man praying in the field. He had been on

his knees, with his elbows leaning on the brae, and his brow laid on his folded hands; his plaid was drawn over his head, and his hat below his arm; and this affecting circumstance proved a great source of comfort to Mrs Adamson afterward, when the extremity of her suffering had somewhat abated.

There was no such awful visitation of Providence had ever been witnessed or handed down to our hinds on the ample records of tradition, and the impression that it made, and the interest that it excited, were also without a parallel. Thousands visited the spot, to view the devastations made by the flood, and the furrows formed by the electrical matter; and the smallest circumstances were inquired into with the most minute curiosity: above all, the still and drowsy ciphers of superstition were rekindled by it into a flame, than which none had ever burnt brighter, not even in the darkest days of gospel ignorance; and by the help of it a theory was made out and believed, that for horror is absolutely unqualified. But as it was credited in its fullest latitude by my informant, and always added by him as the summary of the tale, I am bound to mention the circumstance, though far from giving them as authentic.

It was asserted, and pretended to have been proven, that old Peter Maxwell was *not in the glen of Laverhope that day*, but at a great distance in a different county, and that it was the devil who had attended the folds that day in his likeness. It was farther believed by all the people at the folds, that it was the last explosion of the whole that had slain Mr Adamson, for they had then observed the side of the brae, where the little green slack was situated, at that time covered with a sheet of flame for a moment. And it so happened, that from that moment the profane gaberlunzie had been no more seen; and therefore they said, and there was the horror of the thing, that there was no doubt of his being the devil waiting for his prey, and that he fled away in that sheet of flame, carrying the soul of John Adamson along with him.

I never saw old Fate Maxwell, for I believe he died before I was born, but Robin Johnston said, that he denied to his dying day, having been within forty miles of the folds of Laverhope on the day of the thunder storm, and

was exceedingly angry when any one pretended to doubt the assertion. It was likewise reported, that at six o'clock afternoon a stranger had called on Mrs Irvine, and told her, that John Adamson, and a great part of his stock, had been destroyed by the lightning and the hail. Mrs Irvine's house was five miles distant from the folds,—and more than that, his death was not so much as known of by mortal man until two hours after Mrs Irvine received this information. It was a great confusion of the elements, exceeding anything remembered, either for its violence or consequences, and these mysterious circumstances having been bruited abroad as connected with it, gave it a hold on the minds of the populace, never to be erased but by the erasure of existence. It fell out on the 12th of July, 1753.

The death of Mr Copland of Minnigess forms another era of the same sort in Ammandale. It happened, if I mistake not, on the 18th of July, 1804. It was one of those days by which all succeeding thunder storms have been estimated and compared, and from which they are dated, both as having taken place so many years before as well as after.

Adam Copland, Esquire, of Minnigess, was a gentleman esteemed by all who knew him. Handsome and comely in his person, and elegant in his manners; he was the ornament of rural society, and the delight of his family and friends; therefore his loss was felt as no common misfortune. As he occupied a pastoral farm of considerable extent, his own property, he chanced likewise to be out at his folds on the day above-mentioned, with his own servants, and some neighbours, spanning a part of his lambs, and shearing a few sheep. About mid-day the thunder, lightning, and hail, came on, and deranged their operations entirely; and, among other things, there was a set of the lambs broke away from the folds, and being in great fright, they continued to run on. Mr Copland and a shepherd of his own, named Thomas Scott, pursued them, and, at the distance of about half a mile from the folds, they turned them, mastered them, after some running, and were bringing them back together toward the fold, when the dreadful catastrophe happened. Thomas Scott was the only person present, of course; and though

he was within a few steps of him at the time, he could give no account of anything. I am well acquainted with Scott, and have questioned him about the particulars fifty times; but he could not so much as tell me how he got back to the fold; whether he brought the lambs with him or not; how long the storm continued; nor indeed anything after the time that his master and he turned the lambs. That he remembered perfectly, but thenceforward his mind seemed to have become a blank. I should likewise have mentioned, as an instance of the same kind, that, on the young lad who went first to the body of Adamson being questioned why he fled from the body at first, he denied that ever he fled. He was not conscious of having fled a foot, and never would have believed it had he not been seen by four eye-witnesses. The only things of which Thomas Scott had any impressions were these: that, when the lightning struck his master, he sprang a great height into the air, much higher, he thought, than it was possible for any man to leap by his own exertion. He also thinks, that the place where he fell dead was at a considerable distance from that on which he was struck and

leaped from the ground; but when I inquired if he judged that it would be twenty yards or ten yards, he could give no answer—he could not tell. He only had an impression that he saw his master spring into the air, all on fire; and, on running up to him, he found him quite dead. If Scott was correct in this, and he being a man of plain good sense, truth, and integrity, there can scarce be a reason for doubting him, the circumstance would argue that the electric matter that slew Mr Copland had issued out of the earth. He was speaking to Scott with his very last breath; but all that the survivor could do, he could never remember what he was saying. There were some melted drops of silver standing on the case of his watch, as well as on some of his coat-buttons; and the body never stiffened like other corpses, but remained as supple as if every bone had been softened to jelly. He was a married man, scarcely at the prime of life, and left a young widow and only son to lament his loss. On the spot where he fell there is now an obelisk erected to his memory, with a warning text on it, relating to the shortness and uncertainty of human life.

H

LIBER AMORIS; OR, THE NEW PYGMALION.*

THIS little work bears, we think, internal evidence of being in reality what throughout it pretends to be, "No fiction." It is a true and melancholy history, apparently—a tale of deep and sincere passion, of love, of agony, and of despair. He who writes under such an unexampled accumulation of woes, may well disarm criticism. Far from us and from our friends be the mood that could find room for merriment in the contemplation of this bruised spirit—the anguish of this pure and disappointed love—the sadly irregular pulsations of this half-broken heart!

The simple story which these pages unfold in all the soul-harrowing fulness of detail, might be analysed in a single sentence. Mr —, or (to borrow an initial which is frequently made use of in the dialogic parts of the volume)

Mr H——, a literary character, and indeed an author by profession, (as it would seem,) happens to take lodgings in the house of Mr L——, a tradesman—the name of the street is not mentioned. He is waited upon in his chamber by Miss Sarah L——, the daughter of his host; falls desperately in love with her; and is admitted to a species of endearing intimacy and familiarity, from which, (very naturally, we must say,) he is led to believe that the young lady smiles on the passion of his soul. The singular girl, however, repels him with astonishing indignation when he proceeds a certain length. H—— is entirely unable to understand this behaviour, but at last, his passion being such that nothing else can allay its fever, he comes to the resolution of going down to Scotland, and getting

himself divorced from HIS WIFE, in order that he may have it in his power to make honourable proposals to Sarah I.—. He does go down to Scotland—he does get the divorce—he returns to London—he throws himself at Sally's feet, and, *mirabile et miserabile dicta!* Sally will not have him after all. H— weeps, storms, pleads, and threats, in vain; Sally is immovable—she "has had enough of his conversation." The catastrophe is wound up by H— discovering that she has all the while preferred another lodger, one Mr C—; that she is in the habit of making private assignments with the happy Mr C—; that she walks out with C— in the evenings—that there is no hope for *him!* He has got rid of one wife, but Sally will not supply the vacant space. He is the most forlorn of lovers, the most desolate of lodgers, and he writes the *Liber Amoris*, in order to sooth his own feelings, and exhaust the sympathies of Cockaigne!

— Quid talia fando
Rimmiu'm, Trolopu'mive, Rotundave hospita
Mense,
Temperet a lacrymis? —

To be serious:—we have long wished that some of this precious brotherhood would embody in a plain English narrative, concerning plain English transactions, the ideas of their school concerning morality, and the plain household relations of society. We now have our wish; and it is certainly not the less desirably accomplished, because this work is not a novel, but a history; not a creation of mere Cockney imagination, but a *veritable* transcript of the feelings and doings of an individual living LIBERAL. We shall make a few extracts, and leave our readers to form their opinion of this H—.

Our first extract shall be from the dialogues that pass between H— and Sally I.—, during the time when she is in the habit of bringing up the tea-tray, &c. for this amiable lodger. The reader being reminded that Mr H— is at this period a married man, and indeed that it is long before the divorce scheme has been thought of, will understand and appreciate the whole strain. But it speaks for itself. Mr H— addresses Sally thus at the top of page 22d.

"H. You may remember, when your servant Maria looked in and found you sitting in my lap one day, and I was afraid she might tell your mother, you said

'You did not care, for you had no secrets from your mother.' This seemed to me odd at the time, but I thought no more of it, till other things brought it to my mind. Am I to suppose, then, that you are acting a part, a vile part, all this time, and that you come up here, and stay as long as I like, THAT YOU SIT ON MY KNEE AND PUT YOUR ARMS ROUND MY NECK, AND FEED ME WITH KISSES, AND LET ME TAKE OTHER LIBERTIES WITH YOU, AND THAT FOR A YEAR TOGETHER; and that you do all this not out of love, or liking, or regard, but go through your regular task, like some young witch, without one natural feeling, to shew your cleverness, and get a few presents out of me, and go down into the kitchen to make a fine laugh of it? There is something monstrous in it, that I cannot believe of you.

"S. Sir, you have no right to harass my feelings in the manner you do. I have never made a jest of you to any one, but always felt and expressed the greatest esteem for you. You have no ground for complaint in my conduct; and I cannot help what Betsey or others do. I have always been consistent from the first. I told you my regard could amount to no more than friendship.

"H. Nay, Sarah, it was more than half a year before I knew that there was an insurmountable obstacle in the way. You say your regard is merely friendship, and that you are sorry I have ever felt any thing more for you. YET THE FIRST TIME I EVER ASKED YOU, YOU LET ME KISS YOU; the first time I ever saw you, as you went out of the room, you turned full round at the door, with that inimitable grace with which you do every thing, and fixed your eyes full upon me, as much as to say, 'Is he caught?'—that very week you sat upon my knee, you laid your arms round me, caressed me with every mark of tenderness CONSISTENT WITH MODESTY, and I HAVE NOT GOT MUCH FARTHER SINCE. Now, if you did *all this* with me, a perfect stranger to you, and without any particular liking to me, must I not conclude you do so, as a matter of course, with every one? Or, if you do not do so with others, it was because you took a liking to me for some reason or other?

"S. It was gratitude, sir, for different obligations.

"H. If you mean by obligations the presents I made you, I had given you none the first day I came. You do not consider yourself *obliged* to every one who asks you for a kiss?

"S. No, sir.

"H. I SHOULD NOT HAVE THOUGHT ANYTHING OF IT IN ANY ONE BUT YOU. But you seemed so reserved and modest, so soft, so timid, you spoke so low, you looked so innocent, I thought it im-

possible you could deceive me. *Whatever favours you granted must proceed from pure regard.* No betrothed virgin ever gave the object of her choice kisses, caresses *more modest or more bewitching than those you have given me a thousand and a thousand times.* Could I have thought I should ever live to believe them an inhuman mockery of one who had the sincerest regard for you? Do you think they will not now turn to rank poison in my veins, and kill me, soul and body? You say it is friendship, but if this is friendship, I'll forswear love. Ah! Sarah! it must be something more or less than friendship. If your caresses are sincere, they shew fondness; if they are not, I must be more than indifferent to you. Indeed you once let some words drop, as if I were out of the question in such matters, and you could trifle with me with impunity. *Yet you complain at other times that no one ever took such liberties with you as I have done.* I remember once in particular your saying, *as you went out at the door in anger—* “I had an attachment before, but that person never attempted anything of the kind.” (Good God! How did I dwell on that word before, thinking it implied an attachment to me also; but you have since disclaimed any such meaning. You say you have never professed more than esteem. Yet once, when you were sitting in your old place on my knee, *embracing and fondly embraced,* and I asked you if you could not love, you made answer, “I could easily say so, whether I did or not; *YOU SHOULD JUDGE BY MY ACTIONS!*” And another time, when you were in the same posture, and I reproached you with indifference, you replied in these words, “*DO I SEEM INDIFFERENT?*” Was I to blame after this to indulge my passion for the loveliest of her sex? Or what can I think?

“S. I AM NOT PRUDE, SIR!!!!!!

“H. YET YOU MIGHT BE TAKEN FOR ONE. So your mother said, ‘It was hard if you might not indulge in a little levity.’ She has strange notions of levity. But levity, my dear, is quite out of character in you. *Your ordinary walk is as if you were performing some religious ceremony; you come up to my table of a morning, when you merely bring in your tea-tray, as if you were advancing to the altar. You move in minuet-time; you measure every step, as if you were afraid of offending in the smallest things. I never hear your approach on the stairs, but by a sort of hushed silence. When you enter the room, the Graces wait on you, and your waves round your person in gentle undulations, breathing balm into the soul! By Heaven, you are an angel! You look like one at this instant! Do I not adore you—and have I merited this return?*

“S. I have repeatedly answered that

question. You sit and fancy things out of your own head, and then lay them to my charge. There is not a word of truth in your suspicions.

“H. Did I not overhear the conversation down-stairs last night, to which you were a party? Shall I repeat it?

“S. I had rather not hear it!

“H. Or what am I to think of *this story of the footman?*

“S. It is FALSE, sir, *I never did any thing of the sort.*

“H. Nay, when I told your mother I wished she wouldn’t

as I heard she did) she said, ‘Oh, there’s

nothing in that, for Sarah very often

and your doing so before company, is only

a trifling addition to the sport.

“S. I’ll call my mother, sir, and she shall contradict you.

“H. Then she’ll contradict herself. But did not you boast you were ‘*very*

persevering in your resistance to gay young men,’ and had been ‘*several times oblig’d*

to ring the bell?’ Did you ALWAYS ring

it? Or did you get into these dilemmas

that made it necessary, merely by the de-

menteness of your looks and ways? *Oh had*

nothing else pass’d? Or have you two char-

acters, one that you palm off upon me,

and another, your natural one, that you

resume when you get out of the room, like

an actress who throws aside her artificial

part behind the scenes? Did you not,

when I was counting you on the stairs the

first night Mr C—— came, beg me to

desist, for if the new lodger heard us, he’d

take you for a light character? Was that

all? Were you only afraid of being taken

for a light character? Oh, Sarah!

“S. I’ll stay and hear this no longer.”

The next dialogue after this is en-

titled “The Reconciliation.” H——

having discovered that Sally had once

been in love, fancies that—perhaps her

“innocent endearments” had been pro-

duced by some casual resemblance be-

tween his own face and that of this

enviable and envied individual; but

H—— was mistaken.

“H. But tell me, my love,—I have

thought of it as something that might ac-

count for some circumstances; that is, as

a mere possibility. But tell me, was there

not a likeness between me and your old

lover that struck you at first sight? Was

there?

“S. No, sir, none.

“H. Well, I didn’t think it likely there

should.

“S. But there was a likeness—

“H. To whom?

“S. To that little image! (looking in-

tently on a small bronze figure of Buona-

parte on the mantle-piece.)

"H. What, do you mean to Buona-
parte?"

"S. Yes, all but the nose was just like.

"H. And was his figure the same?"

"S. He was taller!"

"[I got up and gave her the image, and told her it was hers by every right that was sacred. She refused at first to take so valuable a curiosity, and said she would keep it for me. But I pressed it eagerly, and she took it. She immediately came and sat down, and put her arm round my neck, and kissed me, and I said, 'Is it not plain we are the best friends in the world, since we are always so glad to make it up?' And then I added 'How odd it was that the God of my idolatry should turn out to be like her Idol, and so if it was no wonder that the same face which owed the world should conquer the sweetest face to it!' How I loved her at that moment! Is it possible that the wretch who writes this could ever have been so blest! Heavenly delicious creature! Can I live without her — (Oh! no—never—never)

'What is this world? What asken men to have,
'Now with his le in the cold grave,
'Alone without compaigne!"

Let me but see her again! She cannot hate the man who loves her as I do."]

It would seem as if this little incident had at last determined Mr H—— to set off for Edinburgh in the hope of obtaining a divorce from his wife through some of the well known facilities of the Scotch law. Whether his wife was to divorce him, or he her, is not mentioned, but we hope it is not very uncharitable to imagine that the former was the case. He reaches "the Modern Athens," and continues in its neighbourhood for some time, writing diligently to Sally, &c., but apparently receiving but few answers from that mysterious housemaid. The following fragments are extracted from the correspondence of our romantic H——, who, it will be seen, is an active gentleman of the press, and writes lustily at the rate of five pounds odd a sheet (for the Liberal? or the Examiner?) in the midst of his calamities.

"Feb. 1822.

"—You will scold me for this, and ask me if this is keeping my promise to mind my work. One half of it was to think of Sarah; and besides, I do not neglect my work either, I assure you. I regularly do ten pages a day, which mounts up to thirty guineas' worth a week, so that you see I

should grow rich at this rate, if I could keep on so; and I could keep on so, if I had you with me to encourage me with your sweet smiles, and share my lot. *The Her-
wick smacks sail twice a week, and the wind
sits fair.* When I think of the thousand endearing caresses that have passed between us, I do not wonder at the strong attachment that draws me to you; but I am sorry for my own want of power to please. I thought to have dried up my tears for ever, the day I left you; but as I write this, they stream again. If they did not, I think my heart would burst. I walk out here by an afternoon, and hear the notes of the thrush, that come up from a sheltered valley below, welcome in the spring; but they do not melt my heart as they used: it is grown cold and dead. As you say, it will one day be colder.—Forgive what I have written above; I did not intend it: but you were once my little all, and I cannot bear the thought of having lost you for ever, I fear, through my own fault. Has any one called? Do not send any letters that come. I should like you and your mother (if agreeable) to go and see Mr Kean in Othello, and Miss Stephens in Love in a Village. If you will, I will write to Mr T——, to send you tickets. Has Mr P—— called? I think I must send to him for the picture to kiss and talk to. Kiss me, my best-beloved. Ah! if you can never be mine, still let me be your proud and happy slave.

H."

In the course of his northern residence, he seems to read, as well as write; for at page 15 we are presented with the following egregious drivel; as

"WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF
ENDYMION!!"

"I want a hand to guide me, an eye to cheer me, a bosom to repose on; all which I shall never have, but shall stagger into my grave, old before my time, unloved and unlovely, unless S. L. keeps her faith with me.

"—But by her dove's eyes and *serpent-shape*, I think she does not hate me; by her smooth forehead and her crested hair, I own I love her; by her soft looks and queen-like grace (which men might fall down and worship) I swear to live and die for her!"

Then follow various letters, addressed "to C. P., Esq." They are all full of jealousy. Sally has answered one of H——'s letters, and signed herself only "Sir, yours, truly," and he is mad; he turns to the back of the letter, and

behold it is a frank, and he is sure some M. P. (for he can't decypher the name) has been at the bottom of the affair all along. He now utterly out-Othello's Othello. "C. P., Esq." re-buking and consoles him touching the M. P., and thus writeth H—:

"My Good Friend,

"I received your letter this morning, and I kiss the rod not only with submission, but gratitude. Your reproofs of me, and your defences of her, are the only things that save my soul from perdition. She is my heart's idol; and, believe me, those words of yours applied to the dear saint—'To lip a chaste one, and suppose her wanton'—were balm and rapture to me. I have *lipped* her, God knows how often, and oh! is it even possible that she is chaste, and that she has bestowed her loved 'endearments' on me (her own sweet word) out of true regard? That thought, out of the lowest depths of despair, would at any time make me strike my forehead against the stars. Could I but think the love 'honest,' I am proof against all hazards. She by her silence makes my *dark hour*; and you by your encouragements dissipate it for twenty-four hours. Another thing has brought me to life. *Mrs — is actually on her way about the divorce.* Should this unpleasant business, (which has been so long talked of) succeed, and I should become free, do you think *S. L.* will agree to change her name to —? If she will, she shall; and to call her so to you, or to hear her called so by others, would be music to my ears, such as they never drank in. Do you think if she knew how I love her, my depressions and my altitudes, my wanderings, and my constancy, it would not move her? She knows it all; and if she is not an *incorrigible*, she loves me, or regards me with a feeling next to love. I don't believe that any woman was ever courted more passionately than she has been by me. As Rousseau said of Madame d'Houptot (forgive the allusion), my heart has found a tongue in speaking to her, and I have talked to her the divine language of love. Yet she says she is insensible to it. Am I to believe her or you? You—for I wish it, and wish it to madness, now that I am like to be free, and to have it in my power to say to her, without a possibility of suspicion, 'Sarah, will you be mine?' When I sometimes think of the time I first saw the sweet apparition, August 16, 1820, and that possibly she may be my bride before that day two years, it makes me dizzy with incredible joy and love of her. Write soon."

In the midst of this correspondence with C. P., Esq., quite abruptly (at p. 81,) we come upon the following:

8

"TO EDINBURGH.

—"Stony-hearted" Edinburgh! What art thou to me? The dust of thy streets mingles with my tears, and blinds me. City of palaces, or of tombs—a quarry, rather than the habitation of men! Art thou like London, that populous hive, with its sun-burnt, well-baked, brick-built houses—its public edifices, its theatres, its bridges, its squares, its ladies, and its pomp; its throng of wealth, its outstretched magnitude, and its mighty heart that never lies still? Thy cold grey walls reflect back the leaden melancholy of the soul. The square, hard-edged, unyielding faces of thy inhabitants have no sympathy to impart. What is it to me that I look along the level line of thy tenantless streets, and meet, perhaps, a lawyer, like a grass-hopper, chirping and skipping, or the daughter of a Highland laird, haughty, fair, and freckled? Or why should I look down your boasted Prince's Street, with the beetle-browed Castle on one side, and the Calton Hill, with its proud Monument at the farther end, and the ridgy steep of Salisbury Crag, cut off abruptly by Nature's boldest hand, and Arthur's Seat overlooking all, like a hound watching her cubs? Or shall I turn to the far-off Pentland Hills with Craig-Crook, nestling beneath them, : here lives the prince of critics and the king of men?" &c. &c. &c.

So then it seems H— is a friend of Mr Jeffrey's!—well, we wish Mr H— much joy of the acquaintance:—but no—we correct ourselves—Mr Jeffrey could not *then* have known the story of "Sally in our Alley!" and Mr H— will not speedily nestle again at Craigerook!

Our readers will easily pardon us for not quoting much from the last part of this "BOOK OF LOVE," in which Mr H—, at last divorced from Mrs — a free man, returns to London, proposes himself to Sarah L—, and her family, and is—REFUSED! One or two *morceaux* only, and we have done. H—, upon being refused "even a kiss" by Sally, gets absolutely distracted, stamps, raves, smashes the Plaster Buonaparte into atoms, and "shricks." The whole house, "lodgers and all," as he has it, rush in. He bounds down stairs—cools himself, however, after a while in the dark, and re-enters. The old tailor, or cheese-monger, or whatever he is, receives him rather queerly; H— is now calm, yet *in alt*: he beckons old L— into his chamber.

"When we reached my room, I request-

ed him to be seated. I said, 'It is true, sir, I have lost my peace of mind for ever, but at present I am quite calm and collected, and I wish to explain to you why I have behaved in so extravagant a way, and to ask for your advice and intercession.' He appeared satisfied, and I went on. I had no chance either of exculpating myself, or of probing the question to the bottom, but by stating the naked truth, and therefore I said at once, 'Sarah told me, sir, (and I never shall forget the way in which she told me, fixing her dove's eyes upon me, and looking a thousand tender reproaches for the loss of that good opinion, which she held dearer than all the world) she told me, sir, that as you one day passed the door, which stood a-jar, you saw her in an attitude which a good deal startled you: I mean sitting in my lap, with her arms round my neck, and mine twined round her in the fondest manner. What I wished to ask was, whether this was actually the case, or whether it was a mere invention of her own, to enhance the sense of my obligations to her; for I begin to doubt everything?'—'Indeed, it was so; and very much surprised and hurt I was to see it.'—'Well, then, sir, I can only say, that as you saw her sitting then, so she had been sitting for the last year and a half, almost every day of her life, by the hour together; and you may judge yourself, knowing what a nice modest-looking girl she is, whether, after having been admitted to such intimacy with so sweet a creature, and for so long a time, it is not enough to make any one frantic to be received by her as I have been since my return, without any provocation given or cause assigned for it.' The old man answered very seriously, and, as I think, sincerely, 'What you now tell me, sir, mortifies and shocks me, as much as it can do yourself. I had no idea such a thing was possible. I was much pained at what I saw; but I thought it an accident, and that it would never happen again.'—'It was a constant habit; it has happened a hundred times since, and a thousand before. I lived on her caresses as my daily food, nor can I live without them.' So I told him the whole story, 'what conjurations, and what mighty magic I won his daughter with,' to be anything but *mine for life*. Nothing could well exceed his astonishment and apparent mortification. 'What I had said,' he owned, 'had left a weight upon his mind that he should not easily get rid of.' I told him, 'For myself, I never could recover the blow I had received. I thought, however, for her own sake, she ought to alter her present behaviour. Her marked neglect and dislike, so far from justifying, left her former intimacies without excuse; for nothing could reconcile them to propriety or even a pretence to common decency, but either love, or friendship

strong and pure that it could put on the guise of love. She was certainly a singular girl. Did she think it right and becoming to be free with strangers, and strange to old friends?' I frankly declared, 'I did not see how it was in human nature for any one who was not rendered callous to such familiarities by bestowing them indiscriminately on every one, to grant the extreme and continued indulgences she had done to me, without either liking the man at first, or coming to like him in the end, in spite of herself. *When my addresses had nothing, and could have nothing, honourable in them, she gave them every encouragement; when I wished to make them honourable, she treated them with the utmost contempt.* The terms we had been all along on were such as if she had been to be my bride next day. It was only when I wished her actually to become so, to ensure her own character and my happiness, that she shrunk back with precipitation and panic-fear. There seemed to me something wrong in all this; a want both of common propriety, and, I might say, of natural feeling; yet, with all her faults, I loved her, and ever should, beyond any other human being. I had drank in the poison of her sweetness too long ever to be cured of it; and though I might find it to be poison in the end, it was still in my veins. My only ambition was to be permitted to live with her, and to die in her arms. Be she what she would, treat me how she would, I felt that my soul was wedded to hers; and were she a mere lost creature, I would try to snatch her from perdition, and marry her to-morrow if she would have me. That was the question—'Would she have me, or would she not?' HE SAID HE COULD NOT TELL."

Reader, this scene passes between II—and the father of the young woman he wishes to make his wife! What delicacy! what manliness! what a veil is here rent away! what abomination is disclosed! What, after this, is a COCKNEY and "a LIBERAL?"

Good public, since we first took pen in hand, nothing so disgusting as this has ever fallen in our way. We have gone through with it, because we conceived that not to do so would be a most serious breach of public duty in a journal which may trace five-sixths of all the vulgar abuse that has been heaped upon its character and conduct to this one single fact, that it has EXPOSED AND RUINED THE COCKNEY SCHOOL. So long as examples were to be drawn from Italianized poetasterisms, and unintelligible essays, it might be that some should hesitate about adopting all our conclusions. We

now bid them farewell : we now leave them for once and for ever in the hands of every single individual, however humble in station, however limited in knowledge and acquirement, who has elevation enough to form the least notion of what "virtue," "honour," and "manliness," and, we may add, "love," mean—and penetration enough to understand a plain English story told in plain English.

This book is printed for the same JOHN HUNT who is the publisher of *The Liberal* and *The Examiner*, and the brother of Leigh Hunt, the author of *Rimini*, and the "Letters from Abroad." The elegant, polite, chivalrous, pure, high-spirited Five-guinea-per-sheet gentleman of the press, who writes this book, and tells this story, is

a fair specimen of the tribe of authors to which he belongs, (at this moment they are all busy in puffing him as a new Rousseau,) and he speaks in the course of his work elegantly, kindly, and familiarly, of "CRAIGCROOK, WHERE LIVES THE FIRST OF CRITICS, AND THE KING OF MEN."

We leave "H——" in the hands not of the "First of Critics, and the King of Men," but of the British public ; and we call down upon his head, and upon the heads of those accomplished reformers in ethics, religion, and politics, who are now enjoying his *chef-d'œuvre*, the scorn and loathing of every thing that bears the name of MAN. Woman !—But it would be unsuit to go farther.

SCULPTURAL MEDITATIONS.

AMID the stillness of an Autumn eve,
When, thus, the western sun his latest ray
Pours with a crimson lustre ; and the clouds,
Tinged with ethereal glory, hang around
In many-colour'd masses, I delight,
With meditative step, to roam the fields,
The woodland paths, and pause on rural slopes,
From which my gaze extends o'er far, wide vales,
And forests dim, and farms, and cottages,
From whose low hearths the pale blue smoke ascends.

Sacred to musing is the Autumn eve,
And dear to tender thought. The summer's pride,
The gorgeous fields, and flowers of every tint,
Have mellow'd, and have wither'd. Silently,
Across the aspect of terrestrial things,
The chilling change hath pinion'd its wide flight.
And all is alter'd : a wild sickliness
Pervades the face of nature : Evening's clouds
Are duskier : Morning's sky less pure : the winds
More boisterously loud, and even the birds
Less joyous in their soft-toned, simple songs.

Scarcely a month hath past, since last I stood
Amid this scene, then fresh and beautiful ;
Its long fields waving with luxuriant grain ;
Its woods in rich variety attired ;
Its flowers of every hue, and perfume bland.—
Now shaven are the plains ; the sickle's sweep
Hath levell'd their tall beauty ; heard no more,
Under the still repose of even-tide,
The sweet, sad warbling of the reaper's voice,
(Calling from distance recollected themes
Of his lone Celtic home, amid the hills,)
Steals on the wanderer's ear, as pensively,
With cheek on hand, o'er moss-grown pale he leans,
And, in the stillness, seems like a low dirge,
By Nature breathed in touching melody !

The faded woods a sallow livery wear ;
 Each leaf that quivers on the drooping spray,
 Or, with the transient breeze-fit drops adown.
 Speaking, in tones of deepest influence,
 Of the decay of all things, of the pomp
 Now passing ! and the changes of the earth.—
 In May that fence was sprinkled with white flowers
 Of hawthorn, over-mantling every bough,
 And hiding the green beauty of the leaves :—
 In June that chesnut shot its blossom'd spires
 Of silver upward, 'mid the foliage dark,
 As if some sylvan deity had hung
 Its dim umbrageousness with votive wreaths ;—
 Over that turbid stream, from dark, moist rocks,
 Descending in wild foam, the willow hangs
 Its drooping boughs, half-leafless : pastoral flowers
 Withering decline their languid heads : the hawk,
 Food for the small birds, 'mid the brumal dearth,
 In redness decorates the yellowing hedge ;
 The orange hipp o'ertops the celandine :
 And from the bramble's lithe, and prickly boughs.
 The wild rasp hangs in juicy ripeness black.

It is a lone and melancholy scene
 Of sickness, stillness, and forlorn decay !
 A natural sermon to the heart of man,
 A beautiful memento of the grave !—
 Lo ! as I pass, from off the tall scathed ash
 The raven startled, takes to flight, and wings
 Its lonely way to the mid wood ; more deep
 Eve's shadows fall, till the green hills become
 Blue, and o'er-mantled with a hazy tint.
 The spaniel from my foot starts forth, as if
 Some sound had lured him, and, with fore-paws placed
 On rising turf, he stands : thence, with raised ears,
 Looks forth, attentive : from the moors, dim-seen,
 Region of wild thyme, broom, and heather green,
 With wearied pointers twain, the sportsman comes ;
 His gun sloped o'er his shoulder, and his bag
 Heavy with slaughter'd game : On he pursues,
 With laggard step, his journey, travel-worn,
 And weary for the glittering star of home,—
 The blazing hearth, where, o'er his evening meal,
 And cheering cup, of marvels he proclaims.
 Seen on the mountain, and of wondrous feats
 Perform'd ; the covey scatter'd, and the hare
 Shot at far distance, 'mid the wither'd gorse.—
 Over the rutted road the empty wane
 Homewards is driven ; and, at far intervals,
 Towards yon low village, wends the husbandman,
 Slow sauntering by :—With a wild, wailing shriek,
 Heard from above, the white-mew, with slow wing,
 Drops downward to the sea-shore, and is met
 On high, by wild-geese flock, on journey bent
 Far inland, flying wedge-wise, and drawn up
 In regular files, as if for marshall'd war.
 Well it accords, at such a pensive hour,
 When from the southern sky with beauteous beam
 Shines dewy Hesper ; and the far-off hills
 Have sombred all their tints of greenery,
 In solitude to ponder o'er the thoughts
 Of childhood, and of boyhood, and of youth,
 And all the magic of departed years !—

To conjure up the bright Elysian dreams
 That hovered round, and cheated the warm heart
 (As in Arabia's central plains, the sands,
 Like waters gleam, mocking the pilgrim's eye ;)
 To see again the faces that around
 Life's path then throng'd, in sunny joyfulness,
 And now are scatter'd o'er the wide round world.
 Or, slumbering in the silence of the grave,
 Are to its murmurs deaf, its praises lost ;—
 Well it accords, then, in a fond review,
 To summon forth the heart's long-banish'd loves,
 The young affections that decoy'd the soul,—
 Beauty's warm cheek, and Friendship's laughing eye—
 In fond review to dwell upon the scenes
 Where we have been most happy.—In this vale
 We roam'd, when summer holidays set free
 Our steps, long check'd ; wondering at flowers and bloom,
 The green leaves, and the linnet's song ; the stream.
 The moss-clad ruin, the long-emptied fosse,
 The abbey's danky vaults, the ivied graves,
 The blue skies, the deep glen, and pastoral hills,—
 Wondering at everything, and pleased with all.
 Through that copse did we stray, with cautious hand.
 Dividing the thick boughs, and searching keen
 The finches' mossy nest, with speckled eggs,
 How beautiful they seem'd ! or callow young,
 Stretching their plumless necks with frequent chirp—
 Upon that rocky ledge, adown these banks,
 Where the thick hazels overarch the stream,
 And water-lilies blow, we sought to lure,
 With imitated fly, the darting trout
 From the bright wave, or, tired with lack-success
 Laid on the sward the rod and wicker creel,
 And sought out some amusement, less austere.

Nor are the drear looks of the waning month
 Adverse to thought less selfish—the tall pile,
 Whose roof is matted o'er with withering flowers.
 In its stern solitude, proclaims the lapse
 Of years, the wrecks of man, the changes dire,
 Which Time effects, and his dark servant Death !
 Yea ! all must change ; unceasing, though unseen,
 The enemy is working ; nought can stay
 His progress ; strength is weak, and prayers are vain

'Tis not in spring, in summer, in the sun,
 The cloudless sky, and the reposing storm,
 The soul can glean such lessons ; these awake
 Thoughts of light interest, vacant joyfulness,
 Fantastic visions ; but the dim aspect
 Of all earth's beauties fading,—the hoarse winds
 The heavy clouds, and the unsheltered fields—
 Calls to their silent home the wandering thoughts ;
 Hushes unruly passion ; quenches pride ;
 And, in a still voice, whispers to the heart,
 " Prepare—for thy departure is at hand ! "

HORE GERMANICA.

No. XV.

KLINGEMANN'S FAUST.

It might be supposed, that enough had been written on the story of Faust, whether considered in his character of a learned professor and necromancer, or in that of a poor and unfortunate artisan. The Germans of course think otherwise. With them, a subject seems never to be looked upon as *usé*, or exhausted. They do not forget in this respect, the suggestions afforded by that which Coleridge calls, the poetry of nature. Not more different are the influences which the cold light of a wintry snow-storm, contrasted with the first return of warm skies, and west winds in May, throw upon the self-same landscape, than the various *nuances*, (*les nuances diverses*,) the shadowings of feeling and imagination, to which the same ground-work gives rise in different minds, or even in the identical mind, at different periods of life.

But setting aside these obvious remarks, Klingemann's Faust should not be left unnoticed, even if it were for no other reason, than that his production is in some respects even more truly *German*, and therefore, to English readers, more novel in its character, than that of Goethe. Not only has the author chosen a subject which might elsewhere have been considered exhausted; but he has even as it were sought to create additional difficulties for himself, by divesting it of those more dignified attributes which Faust's character as a learned professor, and in circumstances raised above the common cares of this life, might have bestowed. For the *commencement* of his play at least, he has exhibited the real life and misfortunes of John Faust, (or Foote, for the best historians look on him as of English extraction,) a disappointed artisan of Mainz, whose poverty (however unsuited this may seem for dramatic poetry,) forms at first the leading source of tragic interest. Moreover, he has, as if intentionally, debarred himself the use of much fine imagery, with which the beautiful and romantic country on the banks of the Rhine and Maine might have supplied him, and his dialogue has rejected all adventitious ornaments of language, as much as Mr Wordsworth has

done in the least adorned and least imaginative of his Lyric Ballads.

In what then, it may be asked, consist the *positive* merits of Mr Klingemann, since these are but *negative*? To which we answer, that in spite of such peculiarities, he has formed a work highly dramatic,—that is, admirably suited for the (German) Theatre, inasmuch that we do not know any production evincing more of what is technically called stage effect. The scenery and action are as varied and striking as those of any mere pantomimic spectacle. There is an overpowering hurry of supernatural incident and natural emotion, by which the audience are so completely carried away, that they may well be supposed to lose the power of minute criticism;—and let it be remembered by the bye, that to a period in this country, about two hundred years ago, when imagination was awake, and criticism slumbered, we are indebted for the best, and, comparatively speaking, the only dramatic productions of which we can boast the possession. —Besides, the conflicts of Faust, after he becomes fully possessed by demonic influences, are in many places marked by a sublimity, which rightly disdains all petty artifices of style; and the contrast between his insane vehemence, and the humble piety and timidity of Katha and of Diether, the blind old man (her father-in-law), is extremely well sustained. In the character of Katha, the author has for once gained a vantage ground over Goethe (we do not forget of whom we speak) which advantage, however, his inferiority in poetic power, has prevented him from turning to sufficient account. Goethe's Margaret falls like Katha, a victim to that infernal agency to which Faust is subjected; but Margaret knows not her heartless betrayer until the days of his innocence are already past.—Katha, on the contrary, (who is also young and beautiful) has lived for several years as the wife of Faust, in a state of happiness which even extreme poverty could not destroy; she believes him to be possessed of every talent and every virtue. The anguish, therefore, of her first doubts and fears—her horror on the final discovery, how com-

pletely that being, in whom were wrapt up all her earthly affections, has become *changed, alienated, and depraved*—her yet unconquerable love—these afford sources of tragic interest, which might have given rise to the most heart-rending effusions. Nor is the opportunity, by any means, lost by Mr Klingemann; only he trusts more, on this occasion, to stage effect and action, than to poetic dialogue.

The first scene of Act First is written in the author's *lowest* style. We shall

therefore quote from it only a few lines. After a solemn symphony, a distant clock is heard slowly strike eleven; the curtain rises and discovers Faust's work-room or study, furnished with the strange and frightful apparatus suited for a votary of occult philosophy, and dimly lighted by a lamp which Katha sets on the table. She enters, leading Diether Faust, a blind old man, to whom she afterwards describes the different objects in the room.

Dieth. Here breathes a damp and subterraneous air,
And from the vaulted roof our steps sound double.

Katha. 'Tis here, indeed a strange and doubtful place,
For dead men's bones are ranged along the walls;
And all around are objects, that, in sooth,
One may not without shuddering fear behold.

(*Looking at a skeleton*.)

Huh! What a hideous counterfeit of man,
When thus his earthly beauty turns to dust?
How grimacingly he looks out now on life?—

Dieth. What is it, daughter?

Ka.

'Tis a skeleton!

Protect us Heaven! life is indeed so dear,
So sweet and friendly, even when cares oppress us!—

Oh father, 'tis a fearful thought to die!

(*Shuddering*.)

Yet every one must bear about concealed,
Even such a form and such a spectral head,
Through his appointed time!—

Dieth.

'Tis now eleven;

Nurse not these frightful dreams, good daughter, Katha,
But lead me straight to bed. Thy husband now
Will not return.

Ka.

Yet, for a space, dear father,
Let us remain here. Even though he himself
Be absent, yet so much is here around,
That he hath oftentimes touch'd, and that he loves.
Methinks, even in this dim and silent vault,
I still am nearer to him!—

Dieth.

Faithful Katha!—

Ka. Oh could I but in fitting words express,
How deeply I do love him in my heart!
But love in truth lies far too deep for words,
And therefore even to him is unrevealed:

I have no gifts of eloquence. (*Guides the old man's hand to a chair*.)

Here, father,

Are placed his desk and chair, where many a night,
Toilsome and lonely, he doth meditate
On deep mysterious themes!—

Dieth.—(*Half aside*.) God grant that these
Are good.—

Ka.

Nay, father, *this* at least is good;
The new-invented art, whereby, as Faust
So oft explains, full many a blessed text,
That else were locked up and concealed, shall be
Spread through the world, and bring to thousand hearts
Support and consolation.

Dieth.—(*As before*.)—Impious words,
And curses too, will thus be spread!—

Ka.—(*Shuddering.*) Oh, father,
 Scare me not thus. Thy Faust is good and pious.
Dieth. By nature—ay! Yet now, he nourishes
 'Too much of pride,—self-confidence,—ambition,—
 Snares of our watchful enemy!— (*Crosses himself.*)
 Avaunt,
 Thou Satan!—
Ka.—(*Terrified.*)—Mercy, Heaven!—
Dieth. Whence was the noise?
Ka. The tempest drove against the window panes—
 They rung and rattled. (*Again looking round.*)
 There above, are placed
 The printing frames—the wondrous characters;
 Ah no! such arts as these cannot be sinful—
 And 'tis the blessed book of holy writ,
 Whereon Faust proves and glorifies his art;
 And this he now lays at the Emperor's feet.
 Oh, father, it must bring on us a blessing,
 And all the lingering sorrows put to flight,
 That long have nestled in these gloomy walls!
 Hereon has Faust himself now placed his hopes,
 For never more oppressive were our wants,
 And though with frugal care I still have ruled,
 No longer will our slender stores suffice.
Dieth. There 'tis! the fiend disorder dwells in him.
Ka. Nay, do not thus accuse him. Much indeed
 Was lost in study, profitless till now;
 And all that he had left, was on this art
 Expended.—But at last this will reward us,
 So Faust believes.

There are seven pages more of this dialogue, in which are described the different inventions or branches of occult study in which Faust had been employed. There is a "fire-tube for the new-invented powder of Bertrand Schwartz,"—a celestial globe—a vast book of magical characters, with an iron chain and lock, a phial marked poison, &c. &c. On all these things the simple-minded Katha and the blind old man converse with increasing wonder and affright. There are then five pages, in which Wagner, a pupil of Faust, makes his appearance to assist in the discussion of the same mysteries. In the third scene, Faust himself enters, in a travelling-dress, with a large book (the Bible) under his arm. His looks are enraged and gloomy, and he mutters in a deep broken voice—

Faust. Then, hére I am once more! So take me—home!
Ka. (*Hastening to him.*) Oh, welcome, dearest husband!
Faust. (*Gloomy, and for the first time looking up.*) You are awake still,
 And here, in this place?
Ka. We have waited for you
 Far in the night.
Faust. Wherefore?
Ka. Even Father Diether
 For thy sake hath foregone his rest.
Dieth. (*Murmuring.*) And now
 He greets his father not.
Faust. (*Snappishly.*) I greet you.
Dieth. Nay,
 God save you, these were better words.
Faust. (*As before.*) Well, then,
 So be it.
Dieth. Hear'st thou, Katha?
Ka. (*Garessingly.*) Dearest Faust,
 Thou staid'st so long away—
Faust. (*Coldly.*) Inspruck is distant

Ka. Hast thou not even one look for thy poor Katha ?

Faust. Leave me, I will go sleep !

Ka. Good heavens, how wild ! (*Much agitated.*)

How little dream'd I that our meeting now

Would be like this !

Faust. My dreams were different too !

Hear'st thou my horses snort, wherewith I promised

I would so gallantly come home to thee ?

Wagn. We hear the storm without ; horses it seems not.

Faust. (*Laughing wildly.*) The storm ! ha ! ha ! Thou guessest shrewdly, friend !

The storm, 'tis true, has borne me onward hither,

The horses yet are far behind. Somehow,

I still have kept before them, with the book

So in mine arms, all the long road from Inspruck.

Dieth. (*Shuddering.*) How changed is now his voice !

Faust.

The necklace too.

The golden chain, that, for thy Sunday's dress,

I vow'd to bring thee,—(truly, I, methought,

Had earn'd it by my labours on His word,)

That in the church the gold chain might adorn thee—

(*Pauses, and throws down copper coins*)

There hast thou, now, even my last kreuzers, wife !

String up these copper coins upon a thread,

And hang them round thy neck,—despise them not,—

For they are all that Faust has left of fortune !

Ka. Thy hopes, then, and thy plans, have failed ?

Faust.

Ay, failed

Doubly and trebly. Now, the Emperor Max

Drains his exchequer for the Turkish wars,

While Arts and Sciences are thrust aside,

Like starveling beggars at the gate. For me,

With mine invention here of printed books

I rank amid the heretics. The monks

Scream loudly from their dark conventual cells.

That I am pilfering from their greedy mouths

The wine that they by writing else had earn'd ;

Nay more, by printing, mortals will be taught

To read and know the truth.

Ka. (*Clinging to him.*) Oh, roll not thus

So wildly thy dark eyes.

Faust.

So have I then

My fortune wasted, worn my 'raine with toil,

All but to reap ingratitude and hatred !

Learning beguiled me first of my reward,

Leaving me hopeless Doubt instead of Truth ;

And then the inventive arts, through them am I

Changed to a beggar and an heretic !

That which I boldly for the after world

By labour won, full early will be paid

By famine and reproach. Nay, heaven itself—

(*Throws the book violently down.*)

Ha, there defiance !

(*The storm is heard like thunder through the vault.*)

Ka. (*Loudly and terrified.*) Faust, what hast thou done ?

Faust. (*Wildly and vehemently.*) Yet, there are OTHER POWERS !

Dieth. What means the noise ?

Wagn. The tempest, like a thunder-clap, has shook
The tottering house.

Ka.

Woe ! 'twas the holy book

Which thou hast thrown aside. This brings on thee

Misfortune.

Dieth. (Angrily, and rushing towards Faust.) Wretch! what would'st thou?

Ka. (Interposing.) Nay, be calm—
He knew not what he did.

Wagn. 'Twas horrible!

Ka. (Taking Faust's arm.) Of that sin will I pray to Heaven for thy forgiveness.

Faust. (Sternly.) Ay, let women say their prayers—
But man can threaten and defy!

Ka. Woe, woe!—
Blaspheme not—O beware!

Faust. (Continuing.) Can speak in rage—
In thunder!—

Ka. (As before.) Faust!—

Faust. (Casting her violently from him.) Away!—retire!

Dieth. Leave him——

Ka. (Distractedly.) Oh, what an hour is this!

Wagn. Mark you the storm?—

Dieth. Even like the day of doom.

Faust. (Continuing.) And if to him
Both Heaven and Earth are faithless, then, WITH HELL
UNFOLD, LET HIM VENTURE AGAINST BOTH!

He now rushes out, and the rest follow, striving to recall him. The fourth scene presents, on the right hand side, a church-yard, with a chapel, whose old Gothic windows are illuminated. From within is heard a choral song of Monks.

Anthem. “Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulera regionum,” &c.

Faust. What mean these mournful notes at midnight hour?
(Sees the chapel.)

Ay, so!—This is the church-yard of St Clarens.
Wherefore, then, did I not avoid the church?
Was there no other road unto the forest?—

Anthem. (As before.) “Mors stupebit, et Natura,
Cum resurget Creatura,” &c.

Faust. They sing there now, their requiems for the dead,—
A gloomy and a midnight work—like mine! (Shuddering.)

What whispers round me here?—Hush!—was it not

The echo even of mine own voice, that lowly
Came back to me from the sepulchral cells?

Ha!—Death is Death—Then wherefore should the dead

Thus in their gloomy dwellings with me hold
Communion audible?—Too early 'tis,

Ye ghostly brethren, with your smooth shaven crowns,

To claim Faust as a partner—Nor to please

You nor the world, shall he by famine die!

Too boldly have I striven, too nobly toil'd,

To join yet in your rattling dances there!

With strength unbroken, dauntless here I stand,

And life, with all its joys, will force to serve me—

Ay, force—(violently)—for Power is mine—and, in my heart,

The Will, too, yet is free!

(Steps onward towards the left side, but suddenly starts back.)

Yet, for THE FUTURE—

In after times, if I must come to you?

You grin upon me—Is there, then, a future—

A life beyond your lifeless dwellings here?

Thereon have I had counsel wiser far

Than that of you, shaven heads in dusky cells.
 The fortresses of knowledge have I ta'en
 By storm, and yet no other booty gained
 Than the dead answer—NOTHING! (More violently.)

Therefore now,
 Another gate for me shall burst asunder;
 And if I am not heard in realms above,
 The powers beneath shall tremble and obey!
Anthem. (As before.) "Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
 Quem patronum rogaturus," &c.

Faust. (Starting back.) What means that summons?—Wherefore comes it now?

Could you not bury, then, your dead in peace,
 Nor scare us thus with your admonishment? (*Sinks into reflection.*)
 Truly, there was a time,—I do remember,—
 When tones like these spoke sweetly to my heart!
 Oh, beauteous vision of my youthful years!
 Oh, blessed creed of innocence!—These now
 Are gone, and will no more to me return!
 Here was my play-ground in St Clarens' church-yard—
 My mother's grave was here, and I did change it
 To a flower-garden—whence, as there outsprung
 A spotless lily, 'twas, methought, a gleam
 Of splendour from her pure and sainted soul. (*Much moved.*)
 My mother rests there too!—

Hereupon a Stranger enters, rolled in a black mantle, and the light in the chapel is extinguished. The stranger, who "looks like an uncertain shadow in the night," approaches somewhat nearer.

Faust. Who comes there?
 Some nightly wanderer from the swarthy train
 Of mourners. (*Thunder.*)
 'Tis not so!—Ha, what speaks now
 So wildly to my soul? Words hear I not,
 Yet there are thoughts, which glowing,—like Revenge,—
 Meet inwardly mine own. (*Trembling.*)
 Some frightful Power
 Is near me!

(*The Stranger points to the left.*)
 Ay,—there lies the Spessar forest.*—
 Ha, wherefore doth my hair thus bristling rise,
 And these cold drops cling to my brows?—Who art thou? (*Thunder.*)
 Within my heart again that unknown voice?—
 More wildly too?—The voice of Rage—of Vengeance!—
 Lust of Revenge, like fire, burns in my soul.
 Deceived by Heaven and Earth, I would rush on,
 Through life, even like a tempest,—there exhaust
 The stores of Hatred that my wrongs implanted;
 And when appeased, would like a monarch rule
 The world, and quaff full cups of Joy. Down, down
 With those weak barriers,—rules conventional,
 That here restrain us! Amply do I feel
 The rights on me bestow'd; and what the will
 Suggests, I lack not strength to perpetrate.
 (*The Stranger laughs scornfully.*)

* The Spessar is a wild and mountainous district, not far from Frankfort on the Maine.

What means this mockery? Off with thy disguise,—
Reveal thyself, all frightful as thou art;
For I am Faust, thy Ruler and Commander!

(*Lightning. The Stranger points to the left side.*)

Too early, say'st thou? Ha, deceitful shadow,
Thou fear'st not then my power?—The word is mine,
And were it but pronounced, then liest thou captive
Beneath my feet. From pole to pole my nod
Could drive thee on to labour in my service.
Come forth then, from the clouds that wrap thee up;
I am a man, to meet and dare thy worst,
And will behold thee! (*Rushing up to him.*)

YETTER!

(*The Stranger stretches out his arm. Thunder. He points again to the left.*)

It is too much!—

Spectre, lead on then—I defy thee! On!—
In the dark forest, ere the day hath dawn'd,
Shalt thou be trembling, slave, before thy master!

[*Recount.*]

In the next scene, Katha, Diether, and Wagner appear in search of Faust. His fate is made known only by dark indications. It lightens, and they perceive in the momentary gleam two shapes moving on towards the Spessart Wood. Wagner declares that he is protected by an especial spell against all power of the Evil One, and rushes out alone in pursuit of Faust. Soon after, however, he is obliged to return, being driven back by the thunder and lightning, by which, too, the church is set on fire. Faust's voice is heard at a distance calling out, "Woe! Woe!" Katha stretches out her arm, imploring aid, and faints. His voice is heard again, calling, "Woe! Woe!" (an exclamation betokening, in German, rather bodily pain than terror or grief,) and the drop-scene falls.

The Second Act opens in the Alps of Switzerland. Faust enters from the back ground, magnificently drest, and speaks the following soliloquy, which, we think, affords a fair specimen of the author's poetical powers.

Faust. Receive me then, ye wild and rocky cliffs—

Receive me, with my discontent—my rage!

Here, in your stormy regions, hid the clouds,

I feel restored—here voices rise again,

Congential to the chords in mine own heart,—

That to mine inward wrath, in wrath respond.

Who am I now?—Have I then reach'd the goal,

By these untamed emotions yet consumed?

When Freedom and when Power to me were given,

Then did I rush out into life—and there

Sought vengeance—would have crush'd the world, with all

Its grovelling hateful habitants. But even,

As I did poise the threatening thunder-bolt,

Then mortals seem'd too poor and pitiful

For wrath like mine,—and my raised right-arm sank.—

Then forth I storm'd through varied life anew,—

Sought luxury,—pleasure,—drain'd from brimming cups

The fiery spirit of the grape,—and dream'd

That I was changed into a king—a god!—

Yet when the vaporous phantasm was dispell'd,

Once more I found myself what I *had been*!—

Of all my promised dignity beguiled,

I was the old man still!—Ha, was it for *this*,

That I renounced my hopes of better life?—

For this that I did barter mine own soul,
And weal eternal?—

Here is yet the wound
On this left arm,—it heals not—whence was drawn
My heart's blood to subscribe the bond, wherewith
Hell's Ruler doth secure his rights. Yet truly,
I can defy him still,—can laugh at him!—
FOUR MORTAL SINS,—so runs the contract—then,
And not till then, am I by him subdued.
Thus on the Bond, I sternly can defy him!—
Yet for a life so stale,—so common-place,—
It gnaws me at the heart, to think that I
Even gave him but the *Hope*, that he might triumph!

I would have pleasure, glowing fierce delight,—
Yet never should enjoyment pall and fade!—
In Luxury's arms, if to her kisses sweet
Endurance *not* is given, I would pass by,
And scorn her invitation.

[*Music of the Swiss herdsmen from a distance.—A pause.*]

Now the storm
Is hush'd again. The silvery music sounds;
The homeward shepherd pipes his evening song.—
How softly speak those tones unto the heart,—
Whence anger now departs;—how longingly,
How gladly would my spirit float with them
To distant regions, where the sun goes down;—
There in yon dazzling flood of splendour bathe,
Whose red waves gleam reflected on the sky!—
The notes sound on.—How lightly through the woods
The nightingale is hastening to his love,
And sweetly greets her on the distant hills!—
'Tis but where heart confiding shares with heart,
That joy, as in a mirror, gives back joy.—
Ha! Thus it is that Life's enjoyments too,
Else fleeting, gain stability, when those
By love united, interchange the glow
Of soul with soul.

(*Music ceases.*)

'Tis gone!—But where is then
The heart,—the soul with whom I might unite?—
Who is mine earthly friend?—The spectral shape?—
The FIEBD?—To him am I allied,—and if
My spirit wing'd its upward flight for Heaven,
Even then, from Hell's black mirror,—from the abyss,
'Twould be reflected!—

(*Music begins again.*)

Oh, too beauteous dream,
As thou didst once appear, kind faithful Katha!
By these mild kindred tones once more awoke,
Thy form on memory steals,—in every look,
And gesture beams devotion's light. With thee,
Oh might I dwell once more self-reconciled,
Even in our narrow humble home;—with thee,
Faithful and simple-hearted as thyself,
Share the pure treasures of thy pious soul!—

To this succeeds a striking scene, in which by supernatural agency (there is a cave in the back ground, inhabited by demons) he commands the form of his absent wife to appear before him, employed, as she happens to be at that moment, in prayer. But we shall endeavour to translate the passage.—

Faust. Paint to me then,
 Even on the ethereal mirror of the air,
 My pious wife, who tarries now at home!—
 Give to her words and actions wings. Unite
 Together those whom wide space separates.
 O'er hill and dale waft hitherward, to me
 Her thoughts in changeless love. Annihilate
 The waste domains of Distance, and once more
 Let me on the sweet contemplation rest,
 Of her calm sinless life!

Hereupon there is heard a loud clap of thunder, then slow church-music.
 In the back ground of the cave, through a transparent veil, the form of Katha-
 rin is seen kneeling in prayer. Faust also kneels.

Faust. For me! for me!—
 Oh that my prayer with hers might now ascend
 To Heaven, where yonder purple radiance gleams—
 There—*(confused.)* Ha!—damned—are the fiery gates of Hell!—
 Oh, listen!—never can I thither go!—
 Ah!—What voices answer me,—“DESPAIR!”—
 Then shall I mount yon heavenward towering cliffs,—
 I'll climb aloft,—rush like the tempest down!—
 Ha, spectre! Fie! Why thus pervert my words,
 And change my prayers to curses?—No, I cannot,—
 I cannot pray, if I am near to thee.
 And, therefore, never, never more can pray!
 Thenceforward, 'gainst me closed are Mercy's gates;
 And, even if angels wept for me in Heaven,
 No more would they be open'd.—

(Addressing the Apparition.)

Kneel not then!

Pray not for me,—'tis all in vain! To Heaven
 Thou canst not raise me up. Yet let us here
 Enjoy the joys of earth;—partake with me
 The fiery raptures of my soul, when all
 The gifts of pleasure fully have enrich'd it!

(Hastens with open arms to the figure, but it vanishes.—Thunder.)

'Twas but a phantom, that in air dissolves,—
 No real form that waunily to my breast,
 In this wild storm of passion I could press,
 And thereby feel its beatings doubly vibrate.—
 Away then from this desert solitude!—
 Insensate, cold, and reckless are these cliffs,—
 Reckless the storm drives o'er my head. In vain
 For me the sun arises or descends;—
 Vainly the birds renew their amorous songs,
 Or Nature in the pomp of summer blooms;—
 I'll have a loving heart to glow with mine!—

(Calling wildly into the cave.)

Up,—From thy night,—arise!

(He is answered by a hollow voice.)

Speed with lightning's swiftness forth,
 To my poor dwelling in the north;—
 Wend thy path on gleams of light;—
 Say that I come home to night!—

Voice. 'Tis done!

In a short dialogue with the devil
 which ensues, he desires that his house,
 previous to his return, shall be filled
 with rich presents, and that he him-

self shall be directly transported thither.
 Hereupon he retires, and is borne,
 away in a clap of thunder. In the
 next scene, we again find ourselves in

the house of Faust, which is now in the old Gothic fashion, handsomely fitted up. Among other new objects, there is on the wall a female portrait. Katha, who is now richly drest, with a gold chain round her neck, describes to Diether a vision, in which she had been carried away amid wild rocky mountains, and had heard her husband's voice. She was then at prayers in St Mary's Church, and on her

return from thence, had been met by a strange messenger, who delivered her a letter from Faust, enclosing presents, and announcing his return, &c. Diether's observations and suspicions as to a story which Faust has invented to account for his newly got wealth, are highly effective. Suddenly their discussion of these incidents is interrupted by Katha's remarks on the appearance of the room.

Ka. How quickly in this house has all been changed!—
How new and stately now is all around us!—
Faust must have gain'd some rich and noble friend.

(*Sees the portrait.*)

But here—a picture.—Ah, how beautiful!—
How wondrous,—terrible,—what smiles,—and yet,
Sly, scornful, wicked!—Heaven, these eyes,—they flame,
They pierce like daggers. How they follow me!—
Hah, how they glide, and aim at me!—Help,—help!—
They wound me to the heart.—

We have not time to extract the rest of this scene with the picture, nor even to analyze two other very effective scenes immediately succeeding the return of Faust, but must proceed at once to the following dialogue, in the course of which Faust is left, for the first time after his return, with Katha alone.

Ka. (*Returning.*) Faust! what hast thou done?

Faust. The old man vexes me.—

In anger, I'm not master of my words.

Ka. Thou art so wild and stern!—

Faust.

Wherefore did he

Not leave me but the joys of our first meeting?

So fervently was I attracted hither!—

I saw thee, Katha, all that I had dream'd,—

And, with the tempest's haste, I flew to greet thee!

Yet all is cold and heartless here as ever.

Ka. Would'st thou reproach him for paternal fears?

Faust. Dotage of age!—I have for it no patience—

Years make him now a child again.

Wagn.

If he

Is ill, I must attend him.

(*Wagner goes out.*)

Ka. (*Taking his arm.*) Dearest husband—

Faust. (*Putting her hand on his breast.*) Here, the heart beats and burns!—

Ka. 'Tis wild, indeed,

In feverish rage!

Faust. (*Vehemently.*) Give me, then, fire for fire!

Ka. Thou chill'st me with affright.

Faust.

etc.

I but demand

A heart that feels like mine. I would not be

For this life left alone, nor speak for ever

To a dead echo. Only grant a soul

That burns to mine responsive, and henceforth

I shall be mild and pious!

Ka. (*Anxiously.*) Dearest Faust!—

Faust. (*Timidly.*) Then all might yet end well!

Ka.

Oh, list to me!

Thy looks are wild and frightful!

Faust. (*Vehemently.*) If, indeed,
He threw me, with this fierce and fiery heart,
Into a desert waste, of nurture void,
Where nought mine inward hunger did appease,
Then might I curse the hour that gave me birth!

Ka. Despair not!—There is yet *one* place of refuge.

Faust. What then?

Ka. (*Entreatingly.*) Go with me to the House of God!—
It is so long now since thou hast confessed—

Faust. No more of that!

Ka. Nay, do not so repulse me!
Remember yet the sweet and tranquil hours,
When, hand in hand, we to the altar went—
Together did to Heaven our guilt confess,
Together, did from Heaven obtain a blessing!
Go with me, then—thy sufferings will be heal'd!

Faust. (*Wildly.*) No, no!

Ka. (*Shuddering.*) Almighty Powers!—thy left hand bleeds!

Faust. That is—(*Staring on the wound.*) Ay—so!

Ka. (*Fearfully.*) How hast thou thus been wounded?
The gash falls right across the line of life.

Faust. (*Laughing wildly.*) Ha! ha!

Ka. It bleeds even more!—

Faust. 'Tis an old hurt—
When anger moves me, then the blood flows thus.
Thence am I calm'd.

Ka. It is, too, thy left hand—
Comes from the heart—"Tis heart's blood!

Faust. Well—what then?

Ka. (*Monotonously, in the manner of one repeating a legendary tale.*)
"There was a Graf, that to a gloomy wood
Went forth alone, and there he sold himself
To the Arch-Fiend—"

Faust. (*Agitated.*) What means this nursery tale?

Ka. (*Continuing.*) "The dark Fiend cut him with an iron there,
In the left hand, right through the line of life,
And made him sign a contract with his blood.
When that was done, he was baptiz'd with Fire,
And therewith was the night's work closed. Thereafter,
The Graf became a rich man; but the wound
Heal'd never on his hand—and evermore
His face burn'd—"

(*Looks at Faust, breaks off suddenly from her former tone, and shrieks aloud.*)

HA!—LIKE THINE!

Faust. (*Involuntarily trembling.*) How?—BURN'D?

Ka. (*Wrings her hands, and throws herself, kneeling, before him.*)
Oh, in the name of all the Saints,
Tell me the truth! Thy left arm bleeds—thine eyes
Burn even like his!

Faust. (*Raising her up.*) What boots this foolish tale,
Wherewith the nurse once lull'd thee when a child?
'Tis madness—nothing more.

Ka. (*Trembling.*) If it were true?—

Faust. (*More wildly, and gaining courage.*) In the Devil's name, I
would it were!

Long since was I inclined to deal with him,
For I have strength within me to defy him,
Even if he had my heart's-blood, red on white!

Ka. Oh Faust, IS IT NOT SO?

Towards the conclusion of this dialogue, Faust perceives on the wall the female portrait already mentioned, removes the veil which Katha had thrown over it, and instantly becoming insensible to all other objects and considerations, falls in love with the picture, and resolves to rush out into the wide world in search of the original. We had intended to analyze and go regularly through the following three acts, but, on reflection, we leave them altogether to Mr Terry, by whom the story of Faust will one day be adapted to the London stage. The old popular spectacle of Don Juan had *one or two* striking situations; but *here* there are *twenty or thirty* scenes, every one more tremendous than the best of Don Juan. In the beginning of Act Third, Faust, in a drinking party, meets with a certain stranger "with a fiery visage," with whom he cements a friendship, and who offers to introduce him to Helena, the living original of the portrait. Faust proposes immediately to set out in search of her, but the stranger reminds him that a sign or word will be sufficient to bring them to their

wished-for destination. Accordingly, the stage is changed as if by enchantment, into a beautiful vernal country, where Helena appears asleep on a green bank under a blooming arbour. From this point onwards, there is a continued series of new situations and adventures, every one surpassing its precursor in horrible effect. We would particularly notice some heightening touches—the skeleton scene, for example, in the last meeting of Faust with Katha, in Act Fourth, but to analyze, or make further extracts, is quite inconsistent with our present limits. It is easy to be guessed, that Helena is but one of the devil's agents, and the strange knight with the fiery visage, the fiend in a new disguise. Accordingly Faust is rapidly deluded into the commission of his full measure of crimes; and at the end of the Fifth Act, when he pulls off Helena's mask at a ball in honour of their wedding, (for Katha no longer lives,) he discovers, instead of the expected beauty, a death's-head. Of course, this is the last scene but one, and in the last, the devil obtains possession of his victim.

THE RHINE VISITED.*

'Twas yet a dream!—The golden light of day
Shone with so tranquil loveliness around,—
O'er the blue waters, cliffs, and ruins grey,
There reign'd a thoughtful stillness so profound,
All seem'd a vision that might fade away,—
A fleeting spell that magic art had wound;—
No sunlight,—'twas the moon, whose lustre lay
So sweet and silent on that faery ground!—
Then, if a breeze came floating through the vale,
'Twas but the inspiring odorous balm to bring
From groves now blooming in the pride of spring;—
And if a voice rose, 'twas the nightingale,
Even ere the twilight hour, her cherish'd theme
Of love reviving.—ALL WAS YET A DREAM!

* Vide Wordsworth's "Yarrow Unvisited"

THE CAMBRIDGE TART.*

WE need have no hesitation about saying, that we have been exceedingly disappointed in this production, and that we look upon it as a mere catch-penny got up between the bookseller and some ignorant young person, who probably assumes the title of "Socius," without having any right to such a designation. The Oxford Sausage, though rendered somewhat venerable by its antiquity, must be allowed to be on the whole but a poor affair. But poor as it is, this is altogether inferior—inferior in poetry and in wit—immeasurably so; and at least as inferior in originality, by which word we for the present signify *wealth in original pieces*.

We have the highest respect for Cambridge; and we have no doubt there are a great number of good jokes and *jeux d'esprit* floating about her common-rooms. We ourselves have some prime contributors both in the serious and ludicrous line there, and we wish, from our great heart, some of these would do their Alma Mater justice. If they have anything they think worth the saying about this little duodecimo, our pages are at their service—but that is a trifle. Do let us have a genuine duodecimo; do let us see what the Cantabrigians—the real Cantabrigians, amuse themselves with—(Call it "Tart," or "Olio," or anything, but don't let this abortion be abroad alone, to keep all the fools laughing.

The soi-disant Socius seems to have been miserably at a loss how to make up the requisite number of pages; for of the two hundred and twenty the volume contains, we cannot find above a dozen or two occupied with things that can, by any torture of the imagination, be brought within the description of *material* proper for such a work as the Cambridge Tart assumes to be. The far greater proportion of the pieces here published have been published hundreds of times before. But what is even worse, they have nothing more to do with Cambridge than with any other town in England. We have poems of Milton; because, for-

sooth, Milton was educated at Cambridge. We have, at full length, Dryden's refacemento of Chaucer's "Miller of Trompington," because, forsooth, the scene of that exquisitely obscene poem is laid in the precincts of Cambridge. We have various poems of Beaumont, in not one of which there is the slightest allusion either to colleges or halls; and, in like taste, abundant reprints from Cowley, Ben Jonson, Dr Byrom, Ambrose Phillips, &c. &c. &c. Some of Lord Byron's "Hours of Idleness" figure with infinite merit alongside of Chaucer and Milton. In short, it is a melancholy hodge-podge, cribbed three parts in four from the Elegant Extracts, Dodsley's Miscellanies, and inferior quarters.

The only things of any sort of merit that have the least chance of being new to any part of the reading public, are three or four highly libellous squibs ascribed to the late Mr Porson. We, indeed, had seen all these without exception in the newspapers long ago—but it may be that others have not seen, or have forgotten them, which is pretty much the same thing. And, after all, they are none of them quite worthy of such a name as Porson's.—And, moreover, that they are his we shall not believe merely on the authority of this Mr Socius, seeing that he prints close by one of them, as a Cambridge joke, a poem of Mr Southey's—"The Address to a College Bell,"—which was written in honour of an appendage of the sister University, and which was published with an express proclamation to that effect, in one of the first volumes of verses our good Laureate put forth. It is here reprinted *verbatim*, but *not literaliter*—for Mr Socius gives *Gaul* for *gall*, and *upland* for *troubled*, and exhibits his acumen in many similar various readings. We willingly quote the concluding lines of the Laureate Doctor's old performance, because we dare say they have become rather obsolete.—They have considerable zest—and more particularly so, as being *his*—

"Thou, tedious herald of more tedious prayers!

* The Cambridge Tart; Epigrammatic and Satiric-poetical Effusions, &c. &c. Dainty Morsels served up by Cantabs on various occasions. Dedicated to the Members of the University of Cambridge. By Socius. James Smith, 163, Strand, and J. Anderson, 10, West-Smithfield, London.

Say, hast thou over summon'd from his
rest
One Being wak'ning to religious cares,
Or roused one pious transport in the breast?
Or, rather, do not all reluctant creep,
To linger out the hour in listlessness or
sleep?

I love the bell that calls the poor to pray,
Chiming, from village church, its cheerful
sound,

When the sun smiles on labour's holiday,
And all the rustic train are gather'd round—
Each deftly dizen'd in his Sunday's best,
Is pleased to hail the day of piety and rest.
And when, dim shadowing o'er the face of
day,

The mantling mists of eventide rise slow,
As through the forest gloom I wend my
way,

The minster curfew's sullen roar I know;
I pause; and love its solemn toll to hear,
As, made by distance soft, it dies upon
the ear!

Nor not to me th' unfrequent midnight
knell

Tolls sternly harmonizing on mine ear,
While the deep, death-fraught sounds long
ling'ring dwell.

Sick to the heart of hope, and love, and
fear.

Sloth jaundiced, I do loath life's troubled
sleep,

And with strange envy muse the dead man's
dreamless sleep!

But thou, memorial of monastic gall!
Which fancy, sad or lightsome, hast thou
given?

Thy vision-scaring sounds alone recal
The pray'rs that trembles on a yawn to
heav'n;

And *this* Dean's *ape*, and *that* Dean's
nasal tone,

And Roman *rites* retain'd, though Roman
faith be flown!"

The original articles in "The Tart,"
are, as we have said, but few in num-
ber—and so much the better certainly
—witness such zanyisms as these.

"Great Newton found out the Binomial
law,

To raise $x-y$ to the power of b ;
Found the distance of planets that he never
saw,

And what we most probably never shall
see.

CHORUS.

Then lay by your books, lads, and never
repine;

And cram not your attics

With dry mathematics,

But moisten your clay with a bumper of
wine

Let Whiston and Ditton star-gazing en-

And taste all the sweets mathematics
can give;

Let us for our time find out better employ,
And knowing life's sweets let us learn
how to live.

Then lay by your books, lads, and never
repine;

And cram not your attics

With dry mathematics,

But moisten your clay with a bumper of
wine."

The above is from "A Bacchanalian
song!!" The following luxury
of the same class. Who will not envy
the festive boards which are set in a
roar by such things?

"LONG,—OH, MATHEMATICS, THEY
BOTHER ME SO.

"OH, Mathematics, they bother me so,
Oh, Mathematics, they bother me so,

With squares, definitions,

Mechanics, and stuff,

And Euclid and Algebra

More than enough:

Oh, Mathematics, they bother me so,

Oh, mathematics, they bother me so.

"Mathematics in person they are a great
bore,

Mathematics in person they are a great
bore,

They give me a headache,

And that I detest,

To a man of my *genius*

It is such a pest:

Oh, Mathematics, they bother me so,

Oh, Mathematics, they bother me so.

"To lectures they sometimes compel me
to go,

To lectures they sometimes compel me to
go,

One stormy day,

Oh! me, what pain!

Out of bed I was forc'd

To run through the rain:

Oh, Mathematics, they bother me so,

Oh, Mathematics they bother me so.

"Oh, if Mathematics were all laid quite
low,

Oh, if Mathematics were all laid quite low,
I think I could ne'er

Be wretch'd again,

I'd be clerk at their funeral,

And shout out *Amen*.

Mathematics would ne'er again bother me
so,

Mathematics would ne'er again both-

er."

So much for the POETRY—now for
a single specimen of the WIT.

"THE BEAR AND THE BISHOP. BY
URSA MINOR.

"WHEN Byron was at Trinity—
Studying classics and Divinity—

He kept a rugged Russian Bear,
Which Bear,

Would often scratch and tear,
And dance and roar,—

So much so, that even men in the adjacent
college

Said, 'within the sphere of their own know-
ledge,

They never knew so great a bore !'

Indeed the master, then a bishop, was so
baited,

He ordered that the beast should quick be
sold ;

Or if not sold at least *translated*.

'What,' said Lord Byron, 'what does the
master say ?

Send my friend away !

No—give my compliments to Doctor Man-
sel,

And say, my Bear I certainly can sell ;

But 'twill be very hard—for tell him 'Gyp,
The poor thing's sitting for a *fello.wship*."

As might be looked for, there is an

attempt to make up for the lack of sense and wit, by some occasional sprinklings of gross boyish indecency. Indeed, concerning the character of the book, we only wonder the Editor did not enrich it with some of those juvenile lubricities (Versions of Boccaccio, &c.) which were printed some ten or fifteen years ago, by Cam Hobhouse and Co.!—In every point of view the "Cambridge Tart" is disgraceful to its manufacturers—and we once more express our hope, that some accomplished young Cantab may have the piety to shew, that the blame of its dulness and poverty lies with "Socius," and with "Socius" alone. We had the pleasure to get rather misty one evening—as Barry Cornwall hath it, "('tis years ago !)"—at St John's ; and we certainly are egregiously mistaken, if we did not hear more good things uttered in the course of that single sederunt, than are to be by any perspicacity discovered beneath the puff-work of "The Cambridge Tart."

THE SCOTTISH EMIGRANTS.

CHAPTER I.

"On you, dear native land, from whence I part,
Rest the best blessings of a broken heart !"

Emigrant—ERSKINE.

It is from no political feeling I have left the land I love. Of all the motives for expatriation a Briton can plead, this I hold to be the silliest. My excuse is, the fear of want and beggary in my old age—the dreadful thought of leaving a young family to poverty, and a struggle at which my heart sickens. When I look back to what I have endured, I am conscious my situation was not singular—my lot, only the lot of all who begin business without a capital. But, alas ! I am not of a temperament to feel comfort from knowing, that others suffer as much as myself. Few would have borne up against the tide of difficulties I have buffeted, with as fair a character—let facts speak for me—I shall only detail the few last years of my residence in Edinburgh, and lay open the workings of a mind formed for enjoyment, but driven from it by a wayward fate, capable of any undertaking, but rendered inert by its versatility, always forming imposing projects, enjoying them for a time, then abandoning them for others, to be in turn abandoned—to sum up all, a mind

ruined by its capabilities. But the die is struck, and the impression must remain until it please the Great Author to dissolve the metal, and give a new impression, as His wisdom shall think fit.

My father, John Paton, was a poor, but honest, day-labourer, in the city of Edinburgh, where I was born, in the year 1788, and was christened Andrew, after my grandfather. There were six of us whom my father contrived to bring up, educate, and put out to different businesses, upon his scanty wages, which never exceeded 15s. per week, and that only for a short time before his death. I chose the trade of a cabinet-maker, and after my apprenticeship, having wrought a few years as journeyman, I, by the advice of friends, seconded by my own wishes, commenced business for myself, and succeeded beyond my utmost ambition in obtaining employment. Having no capital but what I was forced to lay out in the purchase of necessary implements for my work, I thus expended all my former savings, and had not a pound

to pay the wages of those I employed. My credit was good, however, and I found no difficulty in obtaining the necessary materials for my business, but the wages came upon me every Saturday with irresistible force. I have executed and delivered work for weeks to the amount of L.12 or L.15 a-week, but often have not received one pound in return. Those who give employment, are utterly unconscious of a tenth part of the pain a master tradesman feels, when Saturday arrives—his men anxious for their earnings, he not having one pound in his possession—his boys out in all directions with unpaid accounts to three times the amount of what would set his mind at ease, by relieving all his wants. His messengers go out—his hopes are high. Alas! they return one by one—“Mr A. will call in a few days,” says one. “Mr B. pays all his accounts at the end of the year—you need not send until then,” says another. Thus his spirits sink—at last the hour of payment advances—his men stand looking to him, he scarce knowing where to look. All other endeavours having failed, he goes humbled in spirit to some friend or acquaintance, and, in a subdued voice, begs the loan of a few pounds—after numerous attempts he is successful—pays his men with borrowed money—rendered a beggar, by the want of that money kept from him by those who need it not, merely from not knowing the misery their lax payments cause.

For seven years I bore this misery, hoping each year would lighten the burden, yet it increased. My mind could not stoop to the base acts of many. Unfeeling to my work-people I could not be, for, while I had work I never paid off a man—my difficulties thickened around me, and my circumstances did not become better—my spirits sunk in the struggle. I did not, as many in the same situation have done, yield to despair, and give myself to dissipation, to obtain for a short period an oblivion of my sufferings, by a total relinquishment of my better habits, and the much valued good opinion of many, who had been my sincere and disinterested friends.

Like the patient angler, who has long tried one part of the river without success, yet has used his best skill to command it, and retires to another with equal determination to persevere, I made up my mind to leave my

country; but the effort was one of extreme pain and difficulty. To a mind which can view objects in all their bearings, perhaps the preparations are by far the most trying parts of emigration; but there is a hopeless feeling of despondency comes over the heart, that chills it to the core, when the anchor is up, the sails spread, and our native scenes lessen to our view, and, with lingering step, we leave the deck to pour our feelings out in silence. I have gone through the whole, and I am yet under its benumbing influence. I can compare our embarkation to nothing but the ceremonies of a funeral; nay, it was a funeral, myself the object of interment. I broke my ties of friendship one by one, only to find them unite with double energy. As the hour of embarkation advanced, my mind became incapable of connecting ideas—farewell rung in my ears sleeping or waking—it resembled the sound of the earth upon the coffin of the object of our dearest hopes—it yet rings in my ears—I think every sound, that disturbs the stillness of my birth, says farewell!—the ripple of the waves along the side of the vessel, only murmurs farewell!—when I sit upon the deck, and look to the lengthened wave that glides along the surface, so even and serene, until our intruding bark impedes its progress, when it breaks upon her side, the sound it dies away in is farewell!—Whither am I wandering in this melancholy manner? I took up my pen to amuse, not to make sad; but I am, alas! the old man, hurried off by the present feeling. What I am at the time, I am with all my heart. I may be fickle, but false or ungrateful I never was.

The preceding are the first lines I have written, since my recovery from a most distressing fit of sea-sickness. Now that my heart is eased by pouring out its feelings, I shall proceed in the narrative of our voyage, and, as far as is in my power, give a description of my fellow-emigrants, and other interesting events as they occur.

The first nine days of our voyage I must leave out, as they are to me a perfect blank. My sufferings were so acute from sickness, I was utterly unfit for thought, and almost unconscious of what was passing around me—nearly all my fellow-voyagers were in the same state—nothing but complaints and groanings to be heard. In vain I looked for pity from those who labour-

ed not under this dire malady : They made light of my sufferings ; even the urchin of a cabin-boy barely concealed a smile, as he witnessed our contortions.

At length it wore off, and this is the first day I have trod the deck. I feel as one raised from the dead—all is strange around me—not a face I ever knew before—the British shore is far distant—my heart sinks as I look over the expanse of waters ; but my fate is fixed—farewell sad thoughts ! I must look for amusement among my fellow-passengers. There are twenty-seven of us all bound for the Land of Promise, yet I cannot discover a cheerful countenance. Each talks of his hopes, yet is oftener heard to sigh, than seen to smile.

Hark ! the voice of wild melody mingles with the moaning of the breeze through the tackle ; it is the Irishman, as he sits upon the prow of the vessel, looking to the spray as we dash through the waves ; his look is one of bitterness, his brows are knit.

“ Farewell, father, and mother too !
And, sister Mary, I have but you ;
If I am spared to return again,
My pike I'll sheath in the orange vein.”
He has ceased his song abruptly, his teeth are pressed together, and his hands are clenched—a savage scowl darkens his open countenance, the index of his bitter feelings.

Again a faint murmur floats upon the breeze from another quarter ; the air is plaintive, thrills through my heart, and quite unmans me. I fear I am leaving joys I never valued at an hundredth part of their value, until this moment.

“ O let me wander a' my days
Where heather blooms, an' moor-cocks
crow ;

Then dig my grave, an' lay my banes
Among the hills o' Galloway.”

It is the audible thought of the West-country farmer, as he stands supported by the mast, his eyes wandering in a vacant manner over the waste of

waters ; in vain he looks for the blooming heather and green hills of Galloway. I can mark a tear glisten in his eye ; his voice is harsh and unmusical, yet no strain I ever heard sunk deeper into my heart. In vain I turn to every countenance in quest of comfort, every heart seems as sad as my own.

Nay, I am wrong : there is hope and joy where woman is. I see a smile of joy and hope brighten the face of one as she sits in conversation with the Veteran : she is young and beautiful ; to her I go, my heart longs after a pleasant look and a conversation, in which gloom has no part.

Andrew. I hope, Mary, your sickness is quite gone ?

Mary. O yes, I am well and happy.—How long will it be before we reach the end of our voyage ?—Hugh says it will be four months at least. Now, I will not believe him, although he is an old sailor ; in that time we might sail round the whole world ; the *Sea* cannot be half so long as that.

Andrew. Hugh is quite correct ; even if we have the weather as favourable as it has been, we cannot accomplish it in less time.

Mary. Well, I do not grudge it all, and even more would I do—every day brings me nearer to the end of my voyage, and makes my heart beat lighter in my bosom.

Andrew. To make our time pass lighter, and beguile the tedious hours, will you be so kind as tell us the cause of your leaving Scotland alone and unprotected, and I for one will do the best in my power to amuse ; we will require every effort of each other to dispel the melancholy that seems to weigh upon us all, except yourself.

A number of the other passengers having collected around, we formed an agreement, each to narrate the history of his life, or the most amusing circumstance he knew, and the kind-hearted and sprightly Mary commenced.—

THE HISTORY OF MARY BAXTER.

You all, I am afraid, will find little to interest you in my history ; but if it will in the least amuse you, I proceed with pleasure, as my cares are now wearing to, I trust, a happy termination.

I was born in Glasgow, and have

scarce yet seen nineteen summers. James Allan was the son of a neighbour ; when infants we sat together upon our mothers' knees ; when children, we went to school together ; and as we grew up, we felt a pleasure in each other's company, we in vain look-

ed for in the company of others. After we were stout enough for work, and were parted through the day, we met in the evening upon the banks of the Clyde, or in the houses of our parents, who smiled upon our growing friendship. We only waited until we had saved by our labours as much money as would furnish our house, and buy a loom or two. I did my work with alacrity in the spinning-mill, while Jamie was as busy at his loom; each Saturday we counted our savings, and our pleasure was without bounds. We looked in joy to the period of our probation; it was almost at hand; we were near the wished-for sum, and the house was to have been taken for us at the term; but trade, which had been long backward at Glasgow, became worse and worse; little was to be got for weaving, when any was so fortunate as obtain a web. With fourteen and fifteen hours' hard labour a-day, Jamie could not earn above seven or eight shillings a-week. Little could be saved off this; and as misfortunes always come in company, two or three at a time, his father fell ill, and continued to get worse until the spring, when he died. The expense of his funeral and other things diminished our store. There was little prospect now of accomplishing what our hearts were bent upon, and was necessary to our happiness. James wished the marriage to go on, but my father would not consent except upon the first agreement, and he insisted it was more necessary now than ever to abide by it. Jamie saw the truth of his opinion, but he looked so sad, I thought my father was over strict. Shortly after this, I first began to perceive an alteration in Jamie; he was less joyful when we met, and did not smile so kindly when I spoke to him, and once or twice he disappointed me in our trust. I felt my mind so uneasy, I thought my heart would burst, yet I never complained to him. Once when he came into my father's unexpectedly, and found me in tears, he took my hand so kindly, and asked my forgiveness with so much sincerity, I doubted not his faith and love, but I saw at once his mind was wholly taken up with politics; for the cause of his mistrusting me was his attending the meetings at which he was a leading man. There was a stranger, an Englishman, whom I blame for all my

sorrows; he was ever with him, and put all the nonsense into his head. I often told him to beware of the Englishman, for he was not his true friend; he had far too much money to get it honestly, and pretended to know gentlemen I believe he never spoke to. Often I told Jamie politics were not for poor folks; "for whoever wore the cloth, he must be the weaver." I knew little of these things, yet much grief they have been to me.

I had not seen Jamie for two long days, the longest I ever spent; my heart was full of sorrow, and the rumours I heard of private meetings and risings, had banished all peace from my bosom. I could not attend to my work; everything was a burden to me; I could only feel easy when I was alone, and vented my griefs in tears; I really thought my heart would break, for Jamie was always from home when I called at his mother's. I felt a kind companion to my woes in his mother; for hours we sat mixing our tears, and looking anxiously for his return. If at a time I was so fortunate as see him, he looked so sad and pale, I could easily see there was a war in his mind that pressed upon him; something dreadful which he concealed from his mother and me. In vain we pled with him to stay from the meetings, and keep himself from mischief. I would have urged him to name the day of our wedding, if my father's advice was the cause of his unhappiness, but this my modesty forbade, as he himself had for weeks ceased to speak of it. This added to my woes, to think I was becoming less dear to him; yet at our meetings, he was kind as ever; his restraint, I could see, proceeded from another cause than want of love. In vain were our entreaties; his only answer was, there is no fear, to keep ourselves easy, he knew well what he was about, and that he did all through love of us.

I am confident had he only had work, he never would have gone near a meeting of the kind; the cause was, he could not bear to see our hard-earned little store dissolving amongst our hands—for months it had been growing less. One evening in April, with a lighter heart than I had had for a long time, soon as my day's work was over, I walked over to Jamie's. My father had got the promise of a web for him, yet he knew not where

to obtain another for himself, when the one he had in the loom was out ; for my sake and Jannie's, he trembled for his consorting with the Radicals. As I tripped up stairs, I heard the voice of Jannie singing ; but it was a fearful sound : it was not of love or homely joys he sung ; his voice, by nature sweet as a flute, now sounded like a trumpet ; every note was short and abrupt ; his heart in bitterness seemed poured out in the strain. It was, " Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." I stood at the door ; my knees trembled, and a fearful feeling came over me ; I twice put my hand to the sneek before I found resolution to lift it, yet I had nothing to daunt me, but the sound of that voice I had so often heard with joy—but never before had I heard it as at present. When I entered, there was Jannie busy sorting an old fowling-piece that had belonged to his father ; the light forsook my eyes, I sunk upon a chair, I could not speak, for I was sick at heart, but the tears ran down my face as fast as rain. He threw down the gun and ran to me, or I must have fallen to the floor overpowered by my terrors. I had long seen the troubles he was like to bring upon himself, but I was not aware of the lengths he meant to go. " Where is your mother, Jannie ?" I said ; " and what are you going to do with the gun ?"—" Mary, lassie, you are jealous of me, surely ? everything alarms you, but do not be afraid of the gun ; it is not loaded, and will not shoot you. My mother will be at home in a little, she is out for half a pound of powder." " What in the world do ye say ? what want you with powder ? if you love me as you have often said, if you love me half as well as I love you, put the gun into the fire. O ! Jannie, Jannie ! what will become of your poor mother ! you will break her heart ; mine is already like to burst when I see you thus, and hear all the people speaking of a rising going to be. O ! Jannie, do you love me ?" " How can you ask me that, Mary ? What am I not daring for your sake ! But the times will soon be better. When all this bustle is over, then Mary will be my bonny bride." " Jannie, put away that gun, or my bridal-bed will be the kirkyard—if you go out with the Radicals, I am sure we will never meet again ; O tell me, as you hope for happiness,

what you are going to do with the gun ?" " Well, Mary, you are a silly lassie, to mind the reports you hear. Myself and two or three more are going down the Clyde to shoot sea-fowl in one of the Pilot boats, as we have nothing better to do ; we will be away two or three days—will this satisfy you ? My mother is quite pleased with the scheme."

What could I reply ? I had great doubts of the truth ; but his mother came in, and she persuaded me, against my will, almost to believe him ; but there was a foreboding of evil upon my mind, I in vain endeavoured to shake off. On the Wednesday evening, as I was busy at my spindles, one of the men came into the mill, and inquired if we had heard of the battle at Bonny-muir, between the soldiers and the Radicals.

The truth flashed upon my mind, every word he said sunk like a knife into my bosom, and drove hope from my breast. He knew not the names of any who had either been taken prisoners or were wounded : the whole mill was in one moment a scene of confusion. I alone uttered no cry, as those around me were doing, all fearing for a lover or friend. I alone was certain James had joined. My brain burned, and all was a scene of confusion in my mind. I left my work and reached home, scarce conscious how I got there ; my father and mother knew more than I, but in vain I implored information ; my mother only answered by her tears, and I could hear my father sigh heavily as he sat at his work. My health sunk under my sufferings ; and for some days I lay, unknowing of everything, in a fever ; but as I recovered, a settled gloom seated itself upon my mind ; and to all my inquiries I only got evasive answers. At length, yielding to my tears and importunities, my mother informed me James had been wounded in the battle, but had made his escape by concealing himself, but they knew not where he was, as he had never been heard of since the battle. My sufferings before, I thought, could admit of no addition ; but the dreadful truth, by banishing my dreams of hope, quite overwhelmed me. I prayed to God, that he would take me to himself before the day of his execution, should he be taken. I could see no ray of hope ; the dreadful insignia of death

were ever before my eyes, or his cold corpse wasting in some concealed place in all its horrors haunted my mind, sleeping or waking. I would have given a world to see him if alive, and to sooth his cares ; if dead, to pay the last tribute to his body. I was so reduced, I could scarcely leave my bed ; his mother was the constant attendant of my bed-side. The officers of justice had been more than once at her house in quest of him ; but to our grief she knew as little of him as they ; yet she bore her affliction with christian fortitude. The heat of pursuit had ceased, and things were settled into a gloomy calm that unnerved our minds. I brooded upon my misfortunes, yet my health grew better apace. I had no desire to live. At times a faint gleam of hope would shoot across my mind, and throw a faint twilight over my cheerless prospects, then vanish, and leave me in greater despondency than before. " If he still lived he would have found some way to let us know where he was." This fatal thought was always the conclusion of my reflections, and like a bogle scared hope from my breast.

One forenoon as I was seated at the window, my Bible upon my lap, weary and unable to read or think of anything but Jamie, a poor man came to the door with a basket of wares to sell ; he lifted the sneek, looked round, and asked for leave to light his pipe—the voice thrilled through my heart. I started up, but when I fixed my eyes upon the person from whom it proceeded, I sunk back upon my seat, and burst into tears. He advanced, and, taking my hand, whispered, " Dear Mary ! " What I felt at this moment more than repaid me for all my sufferings ; I felt his words as balm upon heart. I gave a cry of joy ; and for a time I was unconscious of all around, only fearful the vision would depart. As my first transport subsided, pity filled my heart ; he was so thin and pale, his beard so long, his clothes so ragged and ill fitting ; had it not been his voice, I never could have recognized him, so widely did the Jamie before me differ from the Jamie with whom I used to walk upon the banks of the river, and go to church. Fearful of discovery, we dared not change his dress ; he sat by the fire in his disguise until night, when he went to his mother's. During the day, he gave us

the narrative of his folly and sufferings, in nearly the following words :

" You already know my connexion with the Radicals, but I concealed its full extent from you ; and as my sufferings have been great, and my repentance is sincere, Mary, and my dear mother, can you pardon my folly and deceit ? I have been basely betrayed, as well as others. I now see the gulf I have voluntarily plunged into ; yet, God knows, I meant well, and would yet dare everything for my country. It was long ere we had the smallest idea of rising, and we were at length only urged to it by the basest falsehoods. The massacre at Manchester, and the uselessness of our petitions, were used as topics of their declamation. Our minds, from our privations, were ready to receive the worst impressions ; yet we shrink from blood until told, and argued into the belief, that there was not the smallest danger, as the whole kingdom was ripe for revolution. Manchester was to rise, and every town in England, on the same day—that Scotland must do the same, to make it of any use—and that everything was ripe for execution. The proclamation of Sabbath morning confirmed us : and on Monday we were told that the Falkirk people, and all Scotland, would rise on Wednesday, as England was sure to do, whether we did or not—that the whole business would be over in a few days, as there were none to fear, but the yeomanry cavalry, who wished to keep up the price of grain—that these, when they saw the rising so universal, would ride home ; and Government, having none to support it, would yield to our just requests ; and so the matter would end, and Britain be saved. But judge our disappointment when we came to the rendezvous to find not above sixty persons ! Many went back—would I had been so fortunate as do the same ! but I scorned to flinch. No Englishman was there ; and, yet undecieved, we proceeded towards Falkirk, every moment in hopes of meeting our friends. Near Kilsyth, we met one of the yeomen on the road. Our hearts leapt for joy, as we thought him a fugitive from his troop, and that the business was already over. We called upon him to stop and deliver his arms, but, to our disappointment, he wheeled round his horse and galloped back. Our hopes fell as suddenly as they had risen ; but

we resolved to wait where we were for a short time, and, if no word arrived, to disperse quietly to our homes. While we were yet considering what was best to be done, the Hussars and Yeomanry came at a round pace towards us. To run was in vain; and without concert, by natural instinct, we leapt over the wall, to get it between us and the horse, and those who had guns gave fire, while those who had other weapons stood firm. We were all true Scotsmen—there was not a coward in the band. The cavalry got through a gap in the wall, and were in a moment amongst us. We were soon put in confusion. I got a pistol-wound in my side. (Here Jamie opened his vest—it was scarce healed—and a fearful gash it was.) I fell, stunned by the ball; it had only glanced along my ribs; when I recovered and looked up, I saw the whole party prisoners or dispersed. I crept along the wall, and got to the small plantation—then slipped down into the canal, and swam over to the other side. The blood flowing fast from my side, I became quite faint, as I lay concealed in a ditch praying anxiously for night. The pain of my wound was dreadful—the thirst I suffered was extreme. I thought myself dying. O! Mary, I would have given a world to have been near you, I thought at one time;—at the next, I was happy you knew not of my sufferings. Night at last arrived. O, how welcome to me was the sight of the first star, as I saw it twinkle over the ditch in which I lay burning in agony! I dared not lift my head until now, yet it ached and throbbed until I thought my temples would have burst. When I crawled out, I was so weak and stiff I could scarce stand. I knew that to remain where I was through the night was death. The bleeding had long ceased, but the pain increased; and where to go, as I staggered along, I knew not. At length I had the good fortune to come to a cottage. Its inhabitant I had never seen before, but he was a Scotsman, and I threw myself upon his humanity. Honestly and faithfully has he redeemed his pledge. I lay there concealed until my wound began to heal; but the pain of my wound was little, compared with the sufferings of my mind when I thought of my mother and Mary.

I had dashed from my lips the cup of happiness, and made myself an exile
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from my country. I that was so happy before I knew politics, I was now a proscribed man, with a price set upon my head. O! Mary, a thousand times have I cursed my folly and credulity, that made me a prey to designing men, and my own conceit, that set me up for a judge of what I knew not. Often in my ravings did I wish myself better, that I might brave every danger in attempting to discover any of these vile incendiaries who urged us to the deed of wickedness. I do not love to shed blood, but I could even now sacrifice them; and should we ever meet, let them beware!

“O! Jamie, Jamie,” I said, “is the fierceness of your spirit not yet subdued? Is the thirst of blood an inmate of your bosom? Are the precepts of your mother all-banished from your breast? Have you quite forgot the religion of our Lord, and the right feelings of a Christian?—Leave them in the hands of Him who has said, ‘Vengeance is mine, and I will repay!’”

“O! Mary, had I followed your advice whom I love, or the tears of my mother whom I reverence, and not the dictates of my proud mind, I had never been the outcast that I am at this moment.” As he glanced at his wretched appearance, his eyes again flashed in anger.—“Mary, you cannot feel as I feel. Can I think upon the inmates of Stirling Castle and be calm? Can I meditate upon the blood that shall stain the scaffold, and my connexion with the sufferers? I am roused to madness at the thought! I will deliver up myself, and share their fate. By my persuasion and example I helped to urge them to their fate. I feel the weight of blood.” He started to his feet, and rushed towards the door. His mother and my father caught him in their arms. I sank at his feet in an agony of grief. I too would have joined in supplication, but my voice would not obey my will. I fixed my eyes upon his face. I felt as if a strong hand grasped my neck. I breathed with difficulty. He sank back upon his seat exhausted, and covered his face with his hands. A long silence ensued, and tears at length came to my relief. He yielded at last to the entreaties of his mother and me, and solemnly promised not to deliver himself up; but a settled gloom hung upon his mind, and even my presence scarce roused him. Joy had fled our house—suspense

cion had taken its place;—we feared every stranger. At length the 15th of May arrived, and his unfortunate associates were all found guilty. When the sad news reached us, Jamie was far more composed than I could have hoped; but it was a fearful composure. I could perceive a deep working in his mind. Whatever were his thoughts, he gave them no utterance, but brooded upon them in silence. We wished him to think of some way to make his escape agreeable to himself, but he was listless and careless. Indeed it was more through our care than his own he had remained so long safe. I knew not what to think; his love I could not doubt, and still there were feelings in his bosom that mastered his love. I was sitting one morning weeping upon my bed, and communing with my heart, having committed myself to God, when I heard Jamie cry, in a voice of joy and gratitude, “God bless his Majesty!—Poor Baird! poor Hardie! Would they had spared you also.” I ran to know the cause.—“Mary,” said he, “my mind is now at ease; I know the worst, and it is much better than I ever could hope. I have wronged the Government much in my opinion of it; they are content with two victims, these are Baird and Hardie; the others go to Botany Bay—there I will also go. Mary, you have loved me through good report and bad report. I have loved you with as great a fervour as ever man loved, yet I must resign you, and the thought is more than I can bear.

“In Scotland, I cannot settle in safety, for, by the weaving, I can scarce maintain myself; and poverty I will never entail upon you—the thought of this is worse than all I have brought upon myself. I am resolved to go to New South Wales, and then I will soon raise myself above the fears of want. Every rood of land I clear will add to my comfort—here every web I wove would only reduce my strength, as I must make exertions above the power of man; then comes want and beggary, either with sickness or old age. I must leave my mother, but John and Peter will comfort her; but, Mary, must I leave you?” Jamie had run on in so rapid a manner, I could not have interrupted him, even if I would. Now that he required an answer, my heart was torn by a thousand fears. “Jamie, I could go with you a wanderer over the whole world,

but I cannot go without my father’s blessing. If he consents, I will either go or follow you.” Not to fatigue you with what could not interest you—we raised as much as paid his passage. We were anxious to get him safe away. His brothers were very kind; and my dear father looked upon us long ere this as married, and would not part us, after being so long engaged to each other—he left it entirely to myself. I promised to follow Jamie, with a willing heart, the first notice I got of his safe arrival. Before we parted, we were married privately. At length the long wished-for letter came—I took leave of my father and friends, I fear for ever, and am now going to Jamie. This is the whole of my sad tale.

We all thanked her for her kindness, and the agreeable manner she had beguiled the time, by the interest we felt in her story. The wind had been blowing a fine steady breeze for the last two days, and we were moving through the waters with great velocity. At the end of Mary’s story, I began to walk upon deck, and muse upon the folly of people sacrificing their happiness to politics; and, as is often my way, I unconsciously began to whistle a tune, first slow and plaintive, then quicker, as my fancy warmed. I was suddenly roused from my reverie by a gentle slap upon the shoulder, and an admonition, not in the most gentle manner, to desist, as we had wind enough. I felt offended at the interruption, and, in rather a surly manner, demanded what the sailor meant. “Only you to cease your whistling, or you may have more wind than you would choose, in a short time.” I felt now more amazed at this superstition, than angry at the man, and honoured his prejudice, which I saw prevailed among the whole crew, and many of the passengers. I then went down to my birth, and brought up my fiddle. I scarcely had her in tune, when the farmer’s mother came and begged me to desist.—“It is a tempting of Providence,” she said, “in our present situation. We have more need of a minister to pray for us, than a fiddler to play to us.

“The worthy Mr MacNair once told me of an awful jeopardy he was in from a fiddler and a wicked crew of sailors, between Portpatrick and Donaghadee. The ungodly creatures

had a fiddler on board, fiddle and a'-thegither, and they bade him play to them. Mr MacNair warned them of their danger, but in vain; but they soon suffered for tempting Providence; the wind rase upon them, and their joy was turned to fear; but the most awsome thing was to hear the sailors swearing in the very middle of the winds and waves like as many pagans. Mr MacNair, worthy man, begged the captain, for the love of God, to order his men not to swear, as it made his soul tremble within him. The captain declared, if the men did not swear, they could not work the vessel; but the worthy minister at length prevailed upon him to cause his men desist; but so wicked were they, that after they ceased to swear, they in a manner ceased to work, and the ship grew to be in more danger every moment—the waves swept over it, and the worthy Mr MacNair almost swooned with fear; for in this moment of extremity, like Peter, his faith failed him; and when the captain requested leave for his men to swear as usual, or in five minutes they would all be at the bottom, he yielded to the temptation, and said, 'O, captain, if it will save us, let them swear as they please!' The men wrought as active as ever after this, and the ship came safe to port, but many a bitter reflection it was to him, poor man."

Andrew. And do you really think the fiddler was the cause of the storm?

Old Woman. Do you think it is not a tempting of Providence to forget our duty in noisy music and revelry, when there is only a few planks between us and eternity? It gives the Enemy power over our bodies as by nature he has over our souls—it is awsome to look around and no to see so much as a rock to set a foot upon—the green sward is out of the question.

Andrew. I doubt if the Enemy, as you call him, has such power.

Old Woman. And you, young man, are one of the wise in their generation, who set up doubts in place of belief. Do you think I am less shrewd, or more apt to be cheated, than my neighbour? Yet I have seen such things, and heard such truths from trust-worthy men, as I am amazed a doubt could remain in a Christian mind.

Andrew. Do, good woman, tell us one of the sights you may have seen?

The others joined in my request, and

the old woman told us the following story, for the truth of which her son vouched:—

"You must know I am a Galloway woman, and never was past the Rinns of Galloway until I followed my son Tam, right sair against my will. My husband's forebears had been in the Baldoon lands for more than three nineteen years, and a new lease of seven years; but we are at last forced to leave the land of our fathers, through the fears of being beggars in our old age—blessed be God there never was a beggar counted kin with us! To be short, high rents and low prices has forced us from the best country I fear we will ever see again. The circumstance I mean to tell you of is as follows:—It was in the spring of the year, towards the latter end of April, my brother Joseph was lying very ill of a fever, at the ferry-town of Cree, and I longed much to see him, as I was told, he was dying. William had promised to nurse Tam until I should run up to the ferry, as soon as he had unyoked the beast. I was sitting by the fire with Tam there upon my knee, the sun glenting through the window, and all was still. I was wishing Willie would soon come to let me away; and looking often to the door, when it opened slowly and without noise, and who stood before me upon the floor but Joseph. I said, 'Joseph, I am happy to see you better, after the news I have heard; you have saved me the trouble, as I was coming to see you.'—'You are too late,' he said, then turned round, and went out at the door. I thought he had gone to the back of the knowe to William, who came in soon after, alone. I inquired for Joseph,—what he had done with him. He looked wild at me, and said, 'Grizzle, are you wise? Joseph, if he is in life, that is all.—I have seen no person this day upon the road, yet I have looked anxiously for word.' In a moment I felt overcome by fear;—we both agreed it must be his wraith;—I durst not step out over the door, and early next morning word came to Baldoon, that he had died at the very time I saw him."

While she spoke we all drew around her, and felt so ciry, every one was in a humour to tell some tale of witch, fairy, or hob-goblin.—She referred to Tam, who gave her story all the weight of his testimony, but

unfortunately turned the tables upon himself, by two ludicrous stories of his own. Yet I will give them, as I have nothing better to do, and they may serve to illustrate the superstitions of my loved country. I am not one of those who rejoice at the downfall of popular superstitions, if they serve to keep us in awe, and deter us from evil, by causing us to feel our immediate need of the aid and countenance of God, to protect us against a power we dread, whether real or imaginary. There may be evil attending it, yet there is good to balance; when there was more of local superstition in Scotland, there was infinitely less of crime. But to proceed, and have a laugh at the farmer; his stories are as follows:

"I was once sitting herding the sheep upon the Hawk Hill, near Barnbarroch—it was in a summer afternoon. I saw a large company of ladies and gentlemen, most elegantly dressed, riding past upon horseback. I wondered much who they could be. They were too well dressed for me to think of speaking to them. At length a small black greasy figure came past, riding at a great pace. I ran to the road and inquired who the company were, who had rode past a little before; he stopped his horse, and said, 'It is the king and the queen of the fairies, and their train.'—'And where are they going?' I asked.—'To the back of Burrullion to dine.'—'And who are you?'—'I am their cook,' he replied, 'and what is that to you?'—and away he rode.

"A burst of laughter from the Irishman at the farmer's story, in which he was joined by many present, made the farmer quite sulky and displeased. I saw in one moment his feelings were wounded by the laughter, and unless he was appeased, we could draw no more amusement from his belief in fairies.—Goodhumour was restored by my relating the following story, which was often told me by my mother in the same words.

"At the Mill of Creich, parish of Sorbie, county of Wigton, lived a decent pious man, named Thomas Muir. His wife having been delivered safely of her first child, and done well for the first two days, he then became alarmed at the sudden change in her behaviour. He bore it patiently for three days, but as she gave no indication of amendment, he went for the midwife who attended her. When she came,

instead of going to the bedside to make inquiry, she suddenly left the house, giving him a sign to follow her; and as soon as they were outside of the house the midwife said, 'What is this you have brought me to see? that is not your wife; have you allowed her to be taken away?'—Poor Thomas began to weep in a piteous manner, and bewail his wife, but the midwife said smartly, 'The evil is already done; are you willing to win her back?'—Poor Thomas replied, he would do anything on earth to get back his wife. 'Well then,' said the woman, 'go into the house, and put on as large a fire as you can, without endangering the house; the creature in the bed will begin to complain of the smoke and heat. Do not mind her, and on no account tell her what you mean to do with it. Then steal out a four-footed stool,—but upon no account let her see you do this; then place it upon your head, the feet upmost, and go boldly to the bedside; order her to leave the house and restore you your wife. She, in all probability, will not abide your coming to the bedside; if she does, threaten to throw her into the fire; but whatever you do, be sure to keep the stool firm upon your head, or woe be to you.'

"Poor Tom did as he was bid, and put on the fire, unmindful of the entreaties of the fairy, and got out the stool unperceived, and entered with a quaking heart, with the stool upon his head, and in the boldest voice he could assume, ordered her out. She did not tarry until he reached the bedside, but went over his head in a flash of fire—split the stool in twain upon his head, and made a hole over the door through which you might have put a boll of barley. The midwife came in, and after waiting for a few minutes to give the fairies time to bring back the woman, they went out to look for her. They looked long in vain, until they came to a large hole in the peat-stack,—and there they found her sitting cowering with a piece of blanket about her. The husband brought her into the house, and began to question her what she saw,—but she cried earnestly for a drink of water; this the midwife ordered her not to get until she answered the questions. She said, she had seen only an old woman, who held a child to her breasts, and ordered her to suckle it; but she knew it

was not her own child, and held her hands across her bosom, and would not. The midwife said, had you given suck to the child, we could not have got you back so easily. When questioned how long she had been away, she said, about an hour or so; but after she got the drink of water, she had no more recollection of the matter."

When I finished my story, there

was no inclination to laugh; but a seriousness came over all the company, and the farmer cast a look of triumph at the Irishman, as much as if he said, laugh now if you can. But the night having stole upon us almost unperceived, we were forced to part for the present, after making the Veteran promise to relate his history the next day.

HINTS FOR JURYMEN.

WE beg earnestly to solicit the attention of ALL who are likely to be called upon to serve their country in the important character of jurymen, to a work* which has lately been published in London, by two professional gentlemen—a physician and a lawyer; both of them men of most distinguished talents and reputation. The subject is that science which the French writers call "*Medicine Legale*;" and which we, who may be said to have borrowed this science from the French, call "*Medical Jurisprudence*." It has been defined by the present authors, "that science by which medicine, and its collateral branches are made subservient to the construction, elucidation, and administration of the laws; and to the preservation of public health." That part of the science which is described in the last clause of this definition, is in itself of high importance, and gentlemen likely to be summoned as jurymen, in cases where damages are demanded for *nuisances*, ought to be acquainted with all that Messrs Paris and Fonblanque have said concerning it. But the other is something of a still higher character. It embraces matters, in the right understanding of which human life itself is every day involved; and we have no hesitation in saying, that he who, now that there is a plain and distinct English treatise upon it (which there never was before), shall wilfully continue in a state of ignorance, and in that state sit as a judge upon the fate of a fellow citizen, is chargeable with the most serious, and most culpable of indiscretions.

Take the ordinary case of a trial for murder, by poisoning; and let any one who has ever been present at a scene of the kind, reflect for a moment on what that scene presented. What

is more common than to hear three doctors, or *soi disant* doctors, on the one side, swearing that the defunct was poisoned, and as many brothers of the trade swearing, five minutes afterwards, directly the reverse? And then, how are these conflicting depositions commented upon? Why, by a couple of barristers, who probably cannot speak three sentences on end, on such a question, without satisfying every medical man in the room that they have no *ideas* about it at all, and are merely quipping it upon the strength of a dozen or two hard words, and long-winded phrases; and then, perhaps, by a judge who, the more earnest is his desire to penetrate into the truth of the case, is only the more perplexed by the real or apparent contradictions of the evidence which his note-book contains. What can, under such circumstances, be harder than the condition of the jurymen? or what less wonderful than that the decisions of juries, upon questions of this kind have, more frequently than any others, excited the astonishment of scientific persons, in reading the printed details of the whole procedure?

Suppose a jury of plain men called upon to decide questions of law, in the same way in which they are every day called upon to decide these medical questions. Suppose Dr Abercrombie and Dr Thomson fighting a furious battle, and quoting against each other the Pandects, Maxwell Morison's Dictionary, and the Acts of Sederunt and Adjournal. Suppose Dr Hamilton summing up the arguments *pro* and *con*, in a speech of two hours' length; can any body doubt that all this would move much merriment among the lawyers in the gallery—or, if the case were one of serious importance, emotions of a very different na-

* Medical Jurisprudence. By J. A. Paris, M.D., &c. &c. and J. S. M. Fonblanque, Barrister at Law. 3 vols. 8vo. W. Phillips, London, 1823.

ture? And yet, who can doubt that Drs Abercrombie, Thomson, and Hamilton have all, and each, or one or other of them, ere now, listened with equally disrespectful feelings to the medical prose of the first barristers and judges of the country?

Were it possible that juries should be summoned to determine points of pure law, no lawyer will hesitate to say, that jurymen ought, all of them, to become lawyers. And we can have no more hesitation about saying, that as juries are every day called upon to determine questions purely medical, chemical, &c. it would be most desirable that jurymen should endeavour to acquire, we do not say the knowledge and skill of professional physicians and chemists, but certainly such an acquaintance with the elements and phraseology of these sciences, as might enable them to attach distinct ideas to the words which they are to hear from the lips of medical and chemical witnesses. It is to the vague, indistinct, and dreary state of mind produced by the sudden infusion of a great mass of half understood words and facts; it is to this alone that we can refer the gross and flagrant absurdities of certain famous verdicts in cases of poisoning, which will immediately suggest themselves to the mind of any professional person. We are quite satisfied that the thing we have spoken of as desirable, is, to any extent at least, impossible. Nevertheless, every jurymen who is in the habit of reading, ought to read Paris and Fonblanque. And certainly, if such reading were to become common, we do not think it could fail to produce most admirable effects, both directly upon the minds of the jurymen themselves, and indirectly upon the minds of those professional persons who have occasion to open their mouths in their presence.

And the book has this great merit, that it is a most amusing as well as a most instructive and learned book. We venture to say, that no three volumes containing such a mass of interesting information, delivered in such a clear, unaffected, and engaging style, have appeared for these many years past. It is very true, that the professional student must still make fre-

quent reference to Fodere, whose much more extensive work indeed will probably hold its place for a full century to come. But for all the great public of England, here is a book perfect and sufficient in itself—profound and accurate in science—skilful in illustration—and elegant and perspicuous in language. We may add, that though it be the work of two authors of different professions, they have contrived to blend themselves so thoroughly, that we suspect it would be no easy matter either for a lawyer or a physician to say where the one handiwork commences and the other ends, in almost any one section of the three volumes.

We have no intention of reviewing Messrs Paris and Fonblanque in a monthly miscellany such as this. That will be done in the proper scientific journals—but we have been much struck, in going over the work, with the propriety of doing what we can for the extent of its non-professional circulation, and we now do so by throwing together a few extracts relating to subjects, which, we are sure, no reader will consider as uninteresting—or as unsuitable to the unpretending place in which they are to make their appearance. We shall endeavour to select passages of very various character, and, so far as we can judge, containing *new* facts. The first we shall quote, presents us with the *rationale* of a very old trial by ordeal among the Hindoos.

“The trials by ordeal in the dark age of modern Europe, when the decisions of the most important questions was abandoned to chance, or to fraud, when carrying in the hand a piece of red-hot iron, or plunging the arm in boiling water,* was deemed a test of innocence, and a painful or fraudulent experiment, supplanting a righteous award, might consign to punishment the most innocent, or save from it the most criminal of men, have ever been deemed a shocking singularity in the institutions of our barbarous ancestors. We are ready to admit the justice of this charge generally; and yet we fancy that, upon some occasions, we are enabled to discern through the dim mist of credulity and ignorance, a ray of policy that may have been derived from the dawning of a rude philosophy. Trials by ordeal, as we are informed by Mr Mill, hold a high rank in the institutes of the

* Paris, among the earlier chemists, and it is asserted that they frequently instructed the accused, in the use of a conviction of his innocence, or from less disinterested motives, in some of the means of evading the action of fire, by which modern jugglers are still enabled to amuse and to astonish the vulgar.

Hindus. It appears that there are no less than nine different modes of trial, but that *by water in which an idol has been washed*, and the one *by rice*, are those which we shall select as well calculated to illustrate the observations which we shall venture to offer. The first of these trials consists in obliging the accused person to drink three draughts of the water in which the images of the Sun and other deities have been washed; and if within fourteen days he has any indisposition, his crime is considered as proved. In the other species of ordeal alluded to, the persons suspected of theft are each made to chew a quantity of dried rice, and to throw it upon some leaves or bark of a tree; they, then whose mouth it comes dry, or stained with blood, are deemed guilty, while those who are capable of returning it in a pulpy form, are at once pronounced innocent. When we reflect upon the superstitious state of these people, and at the same time, consider the influence which the mind, under such circumstances, is capable of producing upon the functions of the body, it is impossible not to admit that the ordeals above described are capable of assisting the ends of justice, and of leading to the detection of guilt. The accused, conscious of his own innocence, will fear no ill effects from the magical potations, but will cheerfully acquiesce in the ordeal; whereas the guilty person, from the mere uneasiness and dread of his own mind, will, if narrowly watched, most probably discover some symptoms of bodily indisposition, before the expiration of the period of his probation. In the case of the ordeal by *rice*, a result in correspondence with the justice of the case, may be fairly anticipated on the soundest principle of physiology. There is perhaps no secretion that is more immediately influenced by the passions than that of saliva. The sight of a delicious repast to a hungry man is not more effectual in exciting the salivary secretion, than is the operation of fear and anxiety in repressing and suspending it. If the reader be a medical practitioner, we refer him for an illustration to the feelings which he experienced during his examination before the medical colleges; and if he be a barrister, he may remember with what a parched lip he gave utterance to his first address to the jury. Is it then unreasonable to believe that a person under the influence of conscious guilt, will be unable, from the dryness of his mouth, to surrender the rice in that soft state, which an innocent individual, with an undiminished supply of saliva, will so easily accomplish?"

M. Fodéré, in his great work, (vol. III. p. 204,) details the horrible case of a poor man at Rheims, who was executed in the course of the last century for the supposed murder of his wife,

by stabbing or strangling, and then burning her. She was much addicted to the use of spirituous liquors, and the husband to the last moment persisted in saying that he had entered the house in the evening after his work was done, and found nothing but cinders, and bones, and rags on the floor by the side of his barrel of eau-de-vie. Another story of precisely the same kind is told of one *Mellet* in 1725. Messrs Paris and Fonblanque do not go into these details of their great master's work, but they agree with him—1st, that it is quite possible for persons to die of what has been called, (though rather inaccurately) *spontaneous combustion*; and, 2dly, that all those who have so died, have owed their fate to immoderate indulgence in the use of spirits. They abridge from Fodéré in one of their notes the following appalling example—it happened in the vicinity of Florence in 1776.

Donato Maria Bortoli having spent the day in travelling about the country, arrived in the evening at the house of his brother-in-law; he immediately requested to be shown to his destined apartment, where he had a handkerchief placed between his shirt and shoulders, and being left alone, betook himself to his devotions. A few minutes had scarcely elapsed when an extraordinary noise was heard from the apartment, and the cries of the unfortunate priest were particularly distinguished; the people of the house hastily entering the room, found him extended on the floor, and surrounded by a light flame which receded (*à mesure*) as they approached, and finally vanished. On the following morning, the patient was examined by M. Battaglia, who found the integuments of the right arm almost entirely detached and pendant from the flesh; from the shoulders to the thighs the integuments were equally injured; and on the right hand, the part most injured, mortification had already commenced, which notwithstanding immediate scarification rapidly extended itself. The patient complained of burning thirst, was horribly convulsed, and was exhausted by continual vomiting accompanied by fever and delirium. On the fourth day, after two hours of comatose insensibility, he expired; during the whole period of his suffering, it was impossible to trace any symptomatic affection. A short time previous to his disease, M. Battaglia observed with astonishment, that putrefaction had made so much progress that the body already exhaled an insufferable odour, worms crawled from it on the bed, and the nails had become detached from the left hand.

"The account given by the unhappy

patient was, that he felt a stroke like the blow of a cudgel on the right hand, and at the same time he saw a lambent flame attach itself to his shirt, which was immediately reduced to ashes, his wristbands at the same time being utterly untouched. The handkerchief, which as before mentioned, was placed between his shoulders and his shirt, was entire, and free from any trace of burning; his breeches were equally uninjured; but though not a hair of his head was burnt, his coif was totally consumed. The weather on the night of the accident was calm, the air very pure; no empyreumatic or bituminous odour was perceived in the room, which was also free from smoke; there was no vestige of fire, except that the lamp, which had been full of oil, was found dry, and the wick reduced to cinder.

"M. Fodoré observes, that the inflated hydrogen, occasionally observed in churchyards, vanishes on the approach of the observer, like the flame which consumed P. Bertholi; and as he, in common with others, has remarked that this gas is developed in certain cases of disease, even in the living body, he seems inclined to join M. Mere in attributing this species of spontaneous combustion to the united action of hydrogen and electricity in the first instance, favoured by the accumulation of animal oil and the impregnation of spirituous liquors."

Our authors furnish the following (among other) circumstances, by which the victims of this species of combustion are to be distinguished.

"The extremities of the body, such as the feet and hands, have in general escaped.

"The fire has little injured, and sometimes not at all, those combustible things that were in contact with the body when it was burning."

"The combustion of these bodies has left a residue of greasy and fetid ashes and fat, that were unctuous, and extremely offensive and penetrating."

Both culprits and witnesses frequently simulate various physical defects and incapacities. There is a great deal of most interesting matter as to the tricks of such persons, and the tests by which they may be exposed. As for example—

"Insanity has in all ages been feigned for the accomplishment of particular ob-

jects; we read of its having been thus simulated by David, Ulysses, and Lucius Brutus; the observations which we have already made upon the subject of imputed insanity, will suggest to the medical inquirer a plan of examination most likely to lead to a just conclusion. In general the detection of such an impostor will not be difficult; *the feigned maniac never willingly looks his examiner in the face, and if his eye can be fixed, the changes in his countenance, on being accused, will be strongly indicative of his real state of mind*; it is moreover very difficult to imitate the habits of a lunatic for any length of time, and to forego sleep; *an insane person generally sleeps but little, and talks much during the night, but the pretender, if he thinks he is not watched, will sleep, and only act his part when he believes his conduct to be observed.*

"*Somnolence.*" This is a state of body which the sturdy impostor has in several instances assumed; he pretends to be in a state incapable of any muscular motion; he is constantly in bed, retaining that posture in which his limbs are placed, or it happens to fall; his great aim is to appear unconscious of the external world; the most interesting case of this kind related by P. Hennart must be considered as the masterpiece of imposture. A person of the name of Drake, in the Royal African Corps assumed an appearance of total insensibility, under which he resisted every kind of treatment; he resisted the shower bath, as well as shocks of electricity; *but on a proposal being uttered in his presence to apply the actual cautery, his pulse rose; and the preparations being made to remove him to Bethlehem Hospital, an amendment soon manifested itself.*

"*Deafness and Dumbness.*"—Where the former of these maladies is alone simulated, the inspector will be able, with a little address, to detect the imposture; its sudden noise will frequently betray the patient, and an instance of this kind is related by Ambrose Paré; we may also contrive to communicate in his presence some circumstances in which he is greatly interested, and notice the effect of the intelligence upon his countenance, or upon his pulse.† Where dumbness only is feigned, we should remember that the powers of articulation never leave a person without some cause, which medical inquiry must discover. It has been a question whether the absence of the tongue should be considered a sufficient reason for muteness; although we cannot

* See case of *Marie-anne Jauffret*, A. D. 1779, (*Fodoré*, vol. III. p. 206.) where also see other cases in illustration of this curious subject. *Fodoré* alludes to some cases where in consequence of combustion, possibly spontaneous, persons have been accused and condemned for murder. *Tom.* III. p. 201. see also *Macdubin's Crim. Ca.* p. 177 n. and 754.

† (*Op. citat.* p. 255.)

‡ The reader will remember the use made of this by Charles II. in *Peveril of the Peak*.

dispute the validity of such a proof, it is necessary to know that cases are recorded* where persons did very well without that organ; but we are inclined to believe with Dr Smith, that the muscles belonging to the tongue were, in such cases, not deficient. But these observations apply to instances of imposture, where deafness or dumbness have been singly simulated; suppose a medical practitioner is called upon to examine a patient who declares himself to labour under the misfortune of congenital deafness, and consequent dumbness, what plan of investigation is he to pursue upon such an occasion? It must be admitted that where this simulation is well performed, it becomes extremely difficult to detect it; but it requires so much art and perseverance that few persons will be found capable of the deception. M. Saclard succeeded in the detection of a most accomplished impostor, by requiring him to answer a number of queries in writing; when the Abbe soon found that he spelt several words in compliance with their sound, instead of according to the established orthography; he substituted for instance the *e* for the *æ*, which immediately enabled the Abbe to declare that it was impossible that he should have been deaf and dumb from his birth, because *æ* would be the *æ*, and not as in the case of the deaf and dumb,

* *Broussais* has given several celebrated anatomists, the proof that the cornea is chiefly relied upon the rectitude of the pupil, as a test of vision; but *Broussais* asserts that nothing positive can be deduced from the mobility or immobility of the iris, as sometimes the one and sometimes the other occurs; if, however, the pupil does not contract, we must think that the practitioner is authorized in concluding as to the existence of the disease. By unspectacled reflecting the rays of the sun, by means of a mirror, upon the eye of the patient, we shall generally be able to discover any deception that may have been practised. Where short-sightedness is pleaded as a disqualification, the truth may be easily ascertained by inspection. The French adopted a very simple and ingenious mode of distinguishing the feigned myopes who endeavoured to escape the conscription laws; they placed spectacles of various powers upon the persons to be examined, and suddenly bringing before their eyes a printed paper, the subject of which was wholly unknown to them, the facility with which the person read pointed out with tolerable accuracy the state of his vision. A myope,

for instance, and none but a myope, could read fluently a paper, brought close to his eyes, with concave glasses, and *vice versa*."

Ordinary readers will be altogether surprised at the mass of facts which professional writers have accumulated upon the subject of the likenesses subsisting between different individuals. In many cases the possession of an estate has been in a great measure determined by a likeness.—As for example, our own great *Douglas*' case, where Lord Mansfield decided in favour of the present Lord Douglas, very much in consequence of the extraordinary resemblance which he, and his brother Sholto, were proved to bear to Sir John Stewart and Lady Jane Douglas. "If Sir John Stewart," said he, "was actor in the *entrance* of Mignon and Saury's children, he, the most artless of men, did in a few days what the acutest genius could not have accomplished in years: he found *two children*—the one the finished model of himself, the other the exact picture in miniature of Lady Jane." Nothing could be more convincing than that particular case of *two children*; and yet, if the reader turns to *Foderé*, (vol. i.) he will find some most extraordinary histories from the French *Causés Célèbres*. We prefer, however, to quote from our present authors some cases which have occupied the attention of English Courts, and in which the uncertainty of human resemblance has been brought out in a most strange way indeed.—Mr Frank Douglas, a well-known man or fashion in the last age, was very nearly hanged for a highway robbery. The notorious *Page* happened to be brought to Newgate—the man who had been robbed saw *him*, and the extraordinary resemblance explained what had put all London in a ferment of astonishment. We shall now quote.

"At the Old Bailey sessions, for September, 1822, before the Common Serjeant and Middlesex Jury, Joseph Redman was indicted for assaulting William Brown, on the King's highway, and taking from *his* person a gold watch, &c. his property. Prosecutor stated, on cross-examination, that he knew a man of the name of Greenwood, so much like the prisoner, with his hat on, that he should hardly know the one

* *Jessien* has given an account of a Portuguese girl, of fifteen years of age, who had been born without a tongue, and he refers to a similar case recorded eight years before by a surgeon of Saumur, where the subject was a boy, who had lost his tongue by *gavere*, and yet to a certain degree, was able to perform the functions of it. A case of a similar nature, together with a reference to several other instances, stands recorded in the annals of our own country, and may be found in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

from the other. Greenwood was in custody, and appeared at the bar, when the similarity between them struck everybody with astonishment. The prisoner, Redman, proved an *alibi*, and the jury returned a verdict of *not guilty*. We have frequently in the preceding parts of our work alluded to the case of Richard Coleman, a brewer's clerk, who was indicted at the assizes held at Kingston, in Surrey, in March, 1749, for the rape and murder of Sarah Green, on the 23d of July preceding, when he was capitally convicted, and executed on Kennington Common, on the 12th of April, 1749. In this case, Coleman was positively sworn to by Sarah Green, just before her death, as being one of the assailants. Two years after the execution of this unfortunate man, it was discovered that James Welch, Thomas Jones, and John Nicholls, were the persons who had treated Sarah Green in the inhuman manner which had occasioned her death. John Nicholls was admitted King's evidence, and Welch and Jones were accordingly convicted and executed. Another case in which the identity of a person was erroneously sworn to, was that of Mr James, a tiler, who was robbed on the Dulwich road, by the notorious gang of highwaymen that infested the environs of London, and was headed by a person named Cooper, who, after a life of crime, suffered death for the murder of Saxby, near Dulwich. In this case, Mr James swore positively to two soldiers in the Guards, who were accordingly tried for the offence, but fortunately acquitted. A short time after this event, the same gang robbed one Jackson, a farmer, in a lane near Croydon, for which robbery two farriers, named Skilton and Killet, were apprehended, and being tried at the ensuing assizes for Surrey, the latter was acquitted, but the former was convicted on the positive oath of the person robbed, and, although innocent, suffered death!!!

"Martin Clinch, bookseller, and James Mackley, printer, were tried at the Old Bailey, in 1797, before Mr Justice Grose, for the wilful murder of Syder Fryer, Esq. at the back of Islington workhouse, and were convicted and executed. On this occasion the identity of the prisoners was positively sworn to by Miss Ann Fryer, who was in company with her cousin, the deceased, at the time of the robbery and murder. Some years afterwards, Burton Wood, who was executed on Kennington Common, and Timmins, who suffered a similar fate at Reading, severally confessed at the gallows the commission of the deed, for which Clinch and Mackley had innocently suffered. To the above interesting cases we may add that of Robert and Daniel Perrecau (twin brothers,) who were tried in 1775, and executed for a felony upon Mr Adair. These persons so much resembled each other, that Mr W. was a money scrivener, who

had drawn eight bonds, by order of one or other of the brothers, hesitated to fix on either, in consequence of their great personal resemblance; upon being pressed, however, to make a positive declaration, he at length fixed upon Daniel. The name of these unfortunate men is familiar to the public, from the well-known exclamation of our late King, upon being asked to pardon Dr Dodd, 'If I save Dodd, I shall have murdered the Perrecaus.'

"Upon the subject of personal identity, a curious question has presented itself for discussion, which requires some notice on this occasion—the degree of light which may be necessary to enable an observer to distinguish the features, so that the person may be hereafter identified? In a case which occurred in France, in 1809, of a person shot in the night, it was stated that the flash of the pistol enabled the witnesses to identify the features of the assassin. The possibility of the statement was referred to the physical class of the Institute, who reported against it. Still, however, M. Fodéré, who relates the circumstances, is inclined to believe, that, if the persons be at a small distance, and the night be dark, such an event is by no means impossible (*Med. Leg.* &c. p. 23.) The following English case may be here introduced in illustration of the question. John Haines was indicted, Jan. 12, 1798, for maliciously and feloniously shooting at H. Edwards, T. Jones, and T. Dowson, Bow-street officers, on the highway. Edwards deposed, that, in consequence of several robberies having been committed near Hounslow, he, together with Jones and Dowson, were employed to scour that neighbourhood; and that they accordingly set off in a post-chaise on the evening of Saturday, Nov. 10, when they were attacked near Beddington by two persons on horse back, one of whom stationed himself at the head of the horses, while the other went to the side of the chaise. The night was dark, but from the flash of the pistols he could distinctly see that it was a dark-brown horse, between 13 and 14 hands high, of a very remarkable shape, having a square head, and very thick shoulders; and, altogether, such that he could pick him out of fifty horses; he had seen the horse since at Mr Kendall's stables, in Long Acre. He also perceived, by the same flash of light, that the person at the side-glass had on a rough-shag, brown great coat.

"Writers on forensic medicine have enumerated the various circumstances by which the countenance of an individual may be so changed, as to defeat every attempt to identify him. Fodéré mentions the following, age; loss, or acquisition of fat; change in the colour of the eyes or hair; the effects of climate, diet, diseases, and passions of the mind. These may also be metamorphosed by art. The influence of mental anxiety

in changing the countenance is universally acknowledged—

* Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
Soon change the form that best we know ;
For deadly fear can tinge our rage ;
And blanch at once the hair ;
Hard toil can roughen form and face,
And want can quench the eye's bright grace,
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace
More deeply than despair."

Marmion, Canto I.

As we are not following any regular scheme or plan in these selections, but merely glancing over the volumes and noting what strikes us as likely to gratify ordinary readers, we shall now pass on to a subject, which, however we may despise all the *ingre canone* about trances, premature interments, and extraordinary resuscitations, must always command the most lively interest—that of *Suspended Animation*. It is admirably treated by our authors. We have room only for what follows :

* Amongst the different anecdotes which have been brought forward in support of the popular belief in the frequency of living interment, and in proof of the fallacy of those signs which are commonly received as the unvarying indications of death, we read of numerous instances where the knife of the anatomist has proved the means of resuscitating the supposed corpse ; Philippe Peau, the celebrated French accoucheur, relates, himself, the case of a woman, upon whose supposed corpse he proceeded to perform the cesarean section, when the first incision betrayed the awful fallacy under which he operated. The history of the unfortunate Vesalius, physician to Philip II of Spain, furnishes another instance, upon which considerable stress has been laid ; upon dissecting a Spanish gentleman, it is said that on opening the thorax the heart was found palpitating ; for which he was brought before the inquisition, and would probably have suffered its most severe judgment, had not the king interceded in his behalf, and obtained for him the privilege of expiating his offence by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.*

* M. Bruhier also relates a case, on the authority of M. l'Abbé Menon, of a young woman who was restored by the first incision of the anatomist's scalpel, and lived many years afterwards. With respect to the instance of Vesalius we would make this general observation, which will probably apply to most of the cases on record ;

that the movements which have been observed on such occasions are not to be received as demonstrations of life, they merely arise from a degree of muscular irritability which often lingers for many hours after dissolution, and which, on its apparent cessation, may be even re-excited by the application of galvanic stimuli.

"But there is a propensity in the human mind to believe in these horrors, because between credulity and fear there is an inherent affinity and alliance ; and it may be very safely asserted, that there is nothing of which we have a greater instinctive horror,† than of any force by which our voluntary exertions are totally repressed ; hence it is, as Cuvier has remarked, that the poetic fictions best calculated to insure our sympathy, are those which represent sentient beings enclosed within immovable bodies ; the sighs of Clorinda issuing, with her blood, from the trunk of the cypress, as related in the fable of Tasso, would arrest the fury of the most savage mortal ; and the sufferings which attended the confinement of Ariel by the witch Sycorax, within the rift of a cloven pine, are described by Prospero as being of so pitiable a description as to move the sympathy of the very beasts of the forest.

— — — — — " she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And with her most unfixable rage,
Into a cloven pine : within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years."

— — — — — "Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in : thy groans
Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-sunny birds : it was a torment
To lay upon the damned."

Tempest, Act I. Scene II.

"The author of the present chapter had once an opportunity of witnessing a most striking manifestation of the popular feeling to which he has just alluded ; a sailor, who had died suddenly on board a vessel in Mount's Bay, was sent on shore for interment on the same evening : this indecent haste in consigning the yet warm corpse of a human being to the grave, excited a very strong and natural feeling in those to whom the fact was communicated ; in a few hours the knowledge of the circumstance became general in the town of Penzance, and imagination, which, in cases that interest the feelings, is always ready to colour each feature with the hue most congenial to the fancy, soon represented the case as one of living interment, and by midnight the impression had produced so strong an effect up-

* In returning, the ship was cast away upon the island of Zante, where this unfortunate philosopher perished from hunger.

† Horrible as it may appear, it was a custom in Persia, at the time that Herodotus wrote, of burying alive ; and this historian was informed that Amestris, the wife of Xerxes, when she was far advanced in age, commanded fourteen Persian children of illustrious birth to be buried alive, in honour of the deity whom they supposed to exist under the earth.—*Polyhistor, c. xiv.*

on the credulity of the town, that many hundred persons assembled at the house of the mayor, and insisted upon the disinterment of the body; the author, in his professional capacity, was called upon to accompany the magistrates in the investigation, which was accomplished by torch light, amidst an immense concourse of people; the body was disinterred, when, it is almost needless to add, that not the slightest mark was observed that could in the least sanction the popular belief so readily adopted, and enthusiastically maintained.

"Within the last few years a singular and unphilosophical work" has appeared from the pen of a learned divine, which is well calculated to cherish the public credulity upon the subject under discussion, and to excite many groundless alarms, as well as unjust expectations, respecting the possibility of latent life; the reverend author, it must be confessed, has furnished a practical proof of his talents in his favourite art of resuscitation, by recalling into life the numerous idle tales, and superstitious histories, that we had hoped had long since been for ever consigned to the 'tombs of all the Capulets.'

"The histories of persons having been buried alive, or recovered after apparent death, are not, however, confined to the annals of modern times; we are informed by Diogenes Laertius that Empedocles acquired great fame for restoring a woman, supposed to be dead, from a paroxysm of hysteria; and Pliny, in his Natural History, devotes a chapter to the subject, under the title of '*De his qui elati receiverunt*,' in which an interesting case is related of Aviccola, whose body was brought out and placed on the funeral pile, the flames of which are said to have resuscitated the unhappy victim, but too late to allow it to be rescued from its powers; but such cases merely go to shew that the common observer may be deceived. We feel no hesitation in asserting that it is physiologically impossible for a human being to remain more than a few minutes in such a state of asphyxia, as not to betray some sign by which a medical observer can at once recognise the existence of vitality, for if the respiration be only suspended for a short interval, we may conclude that life has fled for ever; of all the acts of animal life this is by far the most essential and indispensable; *breath and life* are very properly considered in the scriptures as convertible terms, and the same synonym, as far as we know, prevails in every language. However slow and feeble respiration may become by disease, yet it must always be perceptible, provided the naked breast and belly be exposed; for

when the intercostal muscles act, the ribs are elevated, and the sternum is pushed forward; when the diaphragm acts, the abdomen swells; now this can never escape the attentive eye, and by looking at the chest and belly we shall form a safer conclusion than by the popular methods which have been usually adopted, such as the placing a vessel of water on the thorax, in order to judge by the stillness or agitation of the fluid; or holding the surface of a mirror before the mouth, which, by condensing the aqueous vapour of the breath, is supposed to denote the existence of respiration, although too feeble to be recognised in any other way.

————— 'Lend me a looking-glass;
That her breath will rust or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.'

Learn, Act V. Sc. III.

"For the same purpose, light down, or any flocculent substance, from the extreme facility with which it is moved, has been supposed capable of furnishing a similar indication; but the result must not be received as an unequivocal proof, and accordingly Shakspeare, with that knowledge and judgment which so pre-eminently distinguish him, has represented Prince Henry as having been thus deluded, when he carried off the crown from the pillow of Henry the Fourth.

————— 'By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not.
Did he aspire, that light and weightless down
Perchance must move.'

"With respect to the above tests, it may be remarked, that an imperceptible current of air may agitate the light down, and thus simulate the effects of respiration, while an exhalation, totally unconnected with that function, may sully the surface of a mirror held before the mouth; on the other hand, we have learnt from experience that mirrors have been applied to persons in a state of mere syncope, without being in the least tarnished.

"Having thus considered the value of the tests of respiration, we shall proceed to appreciate those which have been considered as furnishing no less certain indications of death. The absence of the circulation, the impossibility of feeling the pulsations of the heart and arteries, have been regarded as infallible means of deciding whether the individual be dead; but it is proved beyond all doubt, that a person may live for several hours without its being possible to perceive the slightest movement in the parts just mentioned. It has been thought also, says Orfila, that an individual was dead when he was cold, and that he still lived if the warmth of the body was

* "A Dissertation on the Disorder of Death, or that State of the Frame under the Signs of Death, called Suspended Animation." By the Rev. Walter Whiter, Rector of Hardingham. Norwich, 1819.

preserved; there is perhaps no sign of so little value; the drowned who may be recalled to life, are usually very cold; whilst in cases of apoplexy, and some other fatal diseases, a certain degree of warmth is preserved even for a long period after death. Stiffness of the body is another sign of death, upon which great reliance has been placed; but as it sometimes happens that it exists during life, it becomes necessary to point out the difference between the stiffness of death, and that which occurs during life, in certain diseases. For the following observations upon this subject, we acknowledge ourselves indebted to the judicious treatise of Orfila.

"1. Stiffness may be very considerable in a person who has been frozen, who is not yet dead, and who may even be recalled to life. This stiffness cannot be confounded with that which is the inevitable result of death, because it is known that the body has been exposed to the action of severe cold, and above all, because it is very general; in fact, the skin, breasts, the belly, and all the organs may possess the same rigidity as the muscles, a circumstance not observable in *cadaverous* stiffness, in which the muscles alone present any degree of resistance; besides, when the skin of a frozen person is depressed, by pressing forcibly upon it with the finger, a hollow is produced which is a long time in disappearing. When the position of a frozen limb is changed, a little noise is heard, caused by the rupture of particles of ice contained in the displaced part.

"2. The stiffness to which the late M. Nysten has given the name of *convulsive*, and which sometimes manifests itself in violent nervous diseases, may be easily distinguished from *cadaverous* stiffness; when a limb is stiff in consequence of convulsions, &c., the greatest difficulty is experienced in changing its direction, and when left, it immediately resumes its former position; it is not the same in stiffness from death; the limb, the direction of which has been changed, does not return to its former position.

"3. The stiffness which occurs in certain forms of *Syncope*, can never be confounded with *cadaverous* stiffness; for, in the former case, the stiffness takes place immediately after the commencement of the disease, and the trunk preserves a degree of warmth; whereas the *cadaverous* stiffness is not observed until some time after death, and when the heat of the body is no longer evident to the senses.

"If, from a cause which it is not always possible to foresee, the individual who has been thought dead for a long time, be cold

and flexible, instead of offering a certain degree of stiffness, and at the same time if no evidence of putrefaction has as yet displayed itself, the body ought not to be hurried hastily—'*Sotius est adhiberi milles nimium diligentiam, quam, seculum omitti necessarium.*'"

The ever popular subject of "Hanging" furnishes another highly meritorious chapter.

The authors are of opinion, decidedly so, that the immediate cause of death, in the case of a hanged man, is *suffocation*. There has been a great deal of dispute as to this matter among medical writers lately, and, if we may presume to offer an opinion, it is not yet settled. Dr Paris admits, however, that there are often other injuries besides that of stopping the breath; as, for example, *Pressure on the Vessels*—which is thus discussed.

"1. *Pressure on the Vessels.*—The red and livid hue of the face of persons killed by hanging, very naturally induced a belief that *Apoplexy* was the immediate cause of death; while it is evident that the pressure on the jugular veins must necessarily so prevent the return of blood to the heart, as to produce an accumulation in the vessels of the brain. Dr Hooper has a preparation of the brain of an executed criminal, in which blood is seen extravasated among the membranes; and various other cases have occurred, where dissection has clearly demonstrated the existence of those vascular congestions and sanguineous effusions, upon which apoplexy is supposed to depend; but this merely goes to prove that apoplexy occasionally takes place from hanging; it does not establish the fact of its being the common cause of death on such occasions. Gregory made the following experiment to shew that it is to the interception of air that death is to be attributed: After having opened the trachea of a dog, he passed a slip knot round the neck, above the wound; the animal, though hanged, continued to live and respire, the air was alternately admitted and easily expelled through the small opening; but as soon as the constriction was made below the orifice, the animal perished. Mr Brodie hanged a dog, and as soon as it became insensible, the trachea was opened below the ligature, upon which he breathed, and his sensibility returned.

"2. *Pressure on the Nerves of the Neck.*—Although the pressure of a ligature on the nerves of the neck cannot be considered as the immediate cause of death in hang-

* This was the opinion of Bertrando, who examined the body of the *Plantes* for his lectures, has observed

and Morgagni. M. Portal also coincides with them, and observes that the examination of the body of the *Plantes* for his lectures, has observed

ing, yet Mr Brodie has very justly observed, that if the animal recovers of the direct consequence of the strangulation, he may probably suffer from the effects of the ligature upon the nerves afterwards. Mr Brodie passed a ligature under the trachea of a Guinea-pig, and tied it tight on the back of the neck with a knot; the animal was uneasy, but nevertheless breathed and moved about; at the end of fifteen minutes the ligature was removed; on the following morning, however, the animal was found dead. On dissection no preternatural appearances were discovered in the brain, but the lungs were dark and turgid with blood, and presented an appearance similar to that which is observed after the division of the nerves of the eighth pair; I do not, observes Mr Brodie (*Manuscript Notes*), positively conclude, from this experiment, that the animal died from an injury inflicted upon the nerves of the eighth pair, but I think that such a conclusion is highly probable; and it becomes an object of inquiry whether a patient having recovered from hanging, may not, in some instances, die afterwards from the injury of the *pur vagum*.

“3. *Fracture of the Spine and Dislocation of the Neck.*—The death of a hanged person may occasionally take place by the luxation of the cervical vertebrae, and the consequent injury of the spinal marrow; this effect will be more likely to happen in heavy persons; and where the culprit suffers on a drop that precipitates him from a considerable height. It is said that Louis discovered that of the two executioners in Paris and Lyons, one dispatched the criminal condemned to be hanged by luxating the head on the neck, whilst those who perished by the hands of the other were completely strangled.

“An animal, when first suspended, is observed to make repeated but ineffectual attempts to inspire; violent convulsions of the whole body then ensue, but which are not to be considered as the indications of suffering, for they arise in consequence of the dark-coloured blood having reached the brain and spinal marrow; and the animal at this period is necessarily insensible; hanging does not occasion a painful death.

“The lips, nose, and all those parts in which the line of the blood can be observed, exhibit a dark colour; the countenance is distorted, the eyes protruded, and frequently suffused with blood, the tongue is also forced out of the mouth, and sometimes wounded, although it has been observed that this phenomenon will entirely depend upon the position of the rope, for that when it presses above the thyroid gland, the tongue will be pushed back, in consequence of a compression upon the *os hyoides*, whereas, if the pressure be applied under the *cricoid cartilage* it will have the effect of thrusting out the tongue. Blood is

sometimes discharged from the ears. The fingers are usually bent, the nails blue, and the hands nearly closed; and the whole physiognomy exhibits a highly characteristic appearance.

‘But see, his face is black and full of blood,
His eye-balls farther out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man,
His hair upr’d, his nostrils stretch’d with struggling.
His hands abroad display’d, as one that grasp’d
And tugg’d for life, and was by strength subdu’d.’
Henry VI. Part II. Act iii. s. 2.”

The master of our authors, M. FODORÉ, is a great deal fuller as to this subject. It would appear that it has been a very common thing in France, for criminals to recover after being hanged; and he has been enabled, from their reports, to prove distinctly, that of all deaths there cannot be a more easy one than that of the gibbet. We make no apology for turning to Fodéré's work and translating a few paragraphs, which we wonder the English authors before us did not embody in their own work.

“CASALPIN,” says M. Fodéré, “affirms, that he had been informed by several men who recovered their life after execution, that the moment the knot was fastened they fell into such a stupor, that they were sensible to nothing whatever of what followed. Wepfer, talking of a man and a woman who had also survived the gibbet, says, that the woman remembered nothing at all, and was in all respects like one that had suffered and revived from a stroke of apoplexy; and that the man, who could tell something of what happened, only said, that he felt not the least pain after the noose was drawn, but remained entirely deprived of sensation, just as if he had been cast into a deep sleep.” Morgagni also speaks of a man who had not been thoroughly hanged; and who told him, that “for a moment he saw some blue lights dancing before his eyes, and then instantly lost all feeling and sense, the same as if he had been buried in the profoundest slumbers.” Lord Bacon tells an anecdote about this matter, not less interesting than singular. He knew, personally, a gentleman, who took a strong fancy for ascertaining whether hanged men did or did not suffer a great deal, and who made the experiment on himself. Having put the cord round his neck, he leaped from off a low stool, which he had thought he could easily recover again at pleasure; but the instant de-

privation of all sense rendered this impossible. It would have ended tragically, but that a friend came accidentally into his room and cut him down ere it was too late. This strange curiosity satisfied him, however, that that species of death involves no pain whatever."—M. Fodoré goes on to tell a story of his own, in every part similar to this of Lord Bacon's. A fellow-student of his hung himself up one day after dinner, that he might satisfy his medical curiosity as to the fate of the *paupres pendus*. Luckily, he too was cut down, and he told precisely the same thing with the English gentleman.—"*He had seen a glimpse of something dazzling, and been conscious of absolutely nothing more.*"

As to the most likely means of recovering in such cases, our English authors agree with Fodoré, that everything hot and stimulating ought to be tried; the body warmed, and air introduced into the lungs. As for bleeding, that, in general cases of asphyxia, is useless; but is absolutely necessary in hanging where blood has been forced into the brain. The jugular ought to be cut—and Fodoré tells a sad story of a half-hanged monk, who opened his eyes, and even spoke some words in a rough hoarse voice, and who would, in all probability, have done well after hanging, but for the timidity of some of his reverend friends, that would not suffer him to be bled in the bold style the case required.

Then comes the great question which once so deeply interested our late worthy friend Deacon Brodie.

"There can be no doubt but that by making an opening in the trachea, below the ligature, death might, in some cases, be prevented, provided the neck were not dislocated, nor the weight of the body very considerable. Richerand says, that a surgeon of the imperial armies, whose veracity cannot be questioned, assured him that he had saved the life of a soldier by performing the operation of laryngotomy some hours before he was executed.

"Dr Male* states, that it was tried on one Gordon, a butcher, who was executed at the Old Bailey in the early part of the last century; the body having hung the usual time, was removed to a neighbouring house, where a surgeon waited to receive it, and enforce every means calculated to restore animation; he opened his eyes, and

sighed, but soon expired; the want of success was attributed to his great weight; but we apprehend that, if the statement be correct as to his opening his eyes and sighing, the failure must have depended upon want of skill in the operators. We have yet to notice those cases of spontaneous recovery which have taken place after execution, and which are too well authenticated to admit of doubt; upon this point we would observe, that such results by no means militate against the accuracy of the physiological views which have been already presented to our readers. Whenever such a recovery occurs, the strangulation has never been complete, and feeble motions of the heart have been preserved by imperfect and occasional respirations, during the interval of suspension; this may depend, in a great measure, upon the situation of the noose; if placed at the side of the neck, it would be pulled tight by the weight of the body; but if at the back of the neck, it would be far otherwise. John Smith, who was executed at Tyburn on the 24th of December 1705, was cut down in consequence of the arrival of a reprieve, nearly fifteen minutes after he had been turned off, but is said to have been recovered by venesection and other means. Governor Wall was a long time in the act of dying, and it was subsequently discovered that this was owing to an ossified portion of the trachea resisting the pressure of the rope. But the most extraordinary instance of this kind, and one well authenticated, is that of Margaret Dickson, of Musselburgh, who was tried and convicted in Edinburgh in the year 1728, for the murder of her child; her conviction was accomplished by the evidence of a medical person, who deposed that *the lungs of the child swam in water*; there were, however, strong reasons to suspect the justness of the verdict, and the sequel of the story was well calculated to cherish a superstitious belief on the occasion. After execution, her body was cut down, and delivered to her friends for the rites of interment; it was accordingly placed in a coffin, and sent in a cart to be buried at her native place, but the weather being sultry, the persons who had the body in charge stopped to drink, at a village called Pepper-mill, about two miles from Edinburgh; while they were refreshing themselves, one of them perceived the lid of the coffin move, and uncovering it, the woman immediately sat up, and most of the spectators ran away with every sign of trepidation; a person, however, who was in the public house immediately bled her, and in about an hour she was put to bed, and by the following morning was so far recovered as to

* Elements of Juridical or Forensic Medicine.

† Newgate Calendar.

be able to walk to her own house,* after which she lived twenty-five years and had several children."†

We should apologize for introducing a story so familiar to ourselves as this of the famous "half-hangit Maggie Dickson;" but we fear the rising generation are but moderately skilled in that and many other matters that interested their fathers; therefore, let Maggie Dickson pass, *cum ceteris*. No doubt she will figure in *alt.* in some of Mr Odohertry's promised and expected "Horræ Patibulane."

Of all the mass of subjects treated in these volumes, the most interesting, however, is that of the means for discovering whether such a person found dead has been murdered by another's hand, and by whom. We earnestly recommend this branch of the work to the deep consideration of all magistrates. Sir Alexander Gordon discovered a murderer in Kirkeudbright by the very same artful devices, the application of which has since been made familiar to all the world, by the author of Guy Ransering. We now proceed to quote a few detached fragments from this part of our author's book.

"A very satisfactory instance of the same kind occurred to the author of the present work, during his residence in the county of Cornwall; and he feels no inconsiderable satisfaction in reflecting upon the train of circumstances, through which he was enabled, by his evidence at the assizes of the county for 1814, to secure the conviction of the murderer. The evidence was wholly circumstantial, and the relation of it is well calculated to illustrate the great unimportance of the particular line of investigation, which it is the object of the present chapter to elucidate. For these reasons he is induced to compile from his notes the following brief sketch of the case. A Cornish peasant, engaged in attending upon the light house on the western coast, was found dead in a field near the public road leading from Penzance to the "Land's End," on Sunday, December the 12th, 1813; he was lying in a dry ditch, with his stick at a little distance from him; one of his shoes was down at the heel, and both were smeared with mud; his pockets were

empty. The body was taken to a public-house in the village, and the Coroner having received notice of the occurrence, an inquisition was taken, and the verdict of wilful murder returned against some person or persons unknown. The body was afterwards buried, but a rumour having arisen that the anatomical inspection had not been sufficiently minute and satisfactory, it was, by an order of the magistrates, disinterred; and the author was desired to assist in the further investigation of the subject. Upon examining the body, which had not yet advanced so far in putrefaction as to obliterate the traces of violence, or to confuse the appearances they presented, patches, arising from extravasated blood, were seen in different parts of the throat, and distinct abrasions corresponding with the nails were visible; the face presented the physiognomy of a strangled man. On the chest, bruises, evidently occasioned by the pressure of the assailant's knees, were also noticed. Upon dissection the brain was found excessively turgid with blood. The rest of the organs appeared in a perfectly healthy, and natural condition. It is worthy of remark, that the field in which the deceased was found, contained several shafts of abandoned mines; upon visiting the spot the author observed tracks in the grass, as if it had been scraped, proceeding in a direction from the hedge next the public road to that in the opposite part of the field, and under which the body was found; near the former hedge also some fragments of a glass bottle were discovered. The deceased, it appeared, had been at Penzance for some medicine, and it was proved that he had left that town, on his way to the light-house, with a phial in his pocket. All these circumstances combined, placed the matter beyond conjecture. He had evidently been strangled, probably at the spot where the glass fragments were found, which were undoubtedly the remains of his phial, broken during the scuffle; besides, it would appear that he had been dragged along the field from this spot to the opposite hedge, for marks denoting such an act were visible on the grass, and this received farther confirmation from the condition in which the shoes of the deceased were found. Who then committed the murder? From the circumstance of its having been perpetrated in a field containing several old mines, without any attempt on the part of the villain to avail himself of the advantage which these caverns would have afforded

* See MacLaurin's *Crim. Ca.* p. 71. where this circumstance is alluded to.

† By the Scottish law, in *pari* founded on that of the Romans, a person against whom the judgment of the Court has been executed, can suffer no more in future, but is therefore totally exculpated; and it is likewise held, that the marriage is dissolved by the execution of the convicted party. Margaret Dickson then, having been convicted and executed, as above mentioned, the king's advocate could prosecute her no farther, but he filed a bill in the High Court of Justiciary against the Sheriff, for omitting to fulfil the law. The husband of this revived convict, however, married her publicly a few days after her resurrection; and she strenuously denied the crime for which she had suffered.

for the concealment of the dead body, the author was convinced that the perpetrator of the deed would be found in some stranger to the country, for such a one alone could be unacquainted with the mines to which we allude. The suggestion of this idea very naturally gave a direction to the line of inquiry. Were any suspicious strangers in Penzance or its neighbourhood? Had the deceased been seen in the society of any person unacquainted with the country? He had been seen, it was discovered, playing at cards in a public-house with some of the privates of the artillery stationed in the Mount's Bay, amongst whom was a very powerful and athletic Irishman, of the name of Burns, who had lately landed, and immediately enlisted into the corps. Burns was accordingly arrested on suspicion, when the purse of the deceased containing thirty shillings was found on his person. He was, moreover, unable to shew where he was at the time the deceased left Penzance, in the evening; and he was subsequently recognised by two witnesses who had seen him accompanying the deceased on the road towards Land's End. It is only necessary to add that he was convicted and hanged; and it is not the least satisfactory part of this case to state, that on the evening previous to his execution he confessed to the author, that all the circumstances of the case occurred precisely as we have stated, that he strangled his victim with a pocket-handkerchief, but that from the difficulty of completing the act, he was compelled to press his knees upon his chest."

Another of the same kind occurs a few pages lower down.

"In Hargrave's State Trials* there is a very remarkable instance of a woman who was found in bed with her throat cut, and a knife sticking in the floor near her; three of her relations were in an adjoining room, through which it was necessary to pass to the apartment of the deceased; the neighbours were alarmed; and the body was viewed; these relations declared she must have destroyed herself; but, from a particular circumstance, they were suspected, and found guilty of the murder; for, on the left hand was observed the bloody mark

of a left hand, which, of course, could not be that of the deceased. How often has the left hand† of the murderer betrayed his deeds of blood!"

The following is also in the same chapter.

"In the year 1764, a citizen of Liege was found shot, and his own pistol was discovered lying near him; from which circumstance, together with that of no person having been seen to enter or leave the house of the deceased, it was concluded that he had destroyed himself; but on examining the ball, by which he had been killed, it was found to have been too large ever to have entered that pistol; in consequence of which, suspicion fell upon the real murderers. The wadding of the pistol has also in several instances offered the means of affixing the accusation on the guilty. The Lord Chancellor, in a debate in the House of Lords, in November 1820, quoted a very curious case, in which the wadding of the pistol was found to correspond with a torn letter in the possession of the murderer."

We believe we have now exhausted our limits. We conclude with once more calling upon all magistrates and jurymen, to put themselves in possession of a work, a close acquaintance with which is absolutely necessary for the former, and would be most desirable in the latter. Will the authors pardon us for suggesting, that with a view to the country circulation in general, and the Scotch readers in particular, their book would be much improved by the omission of all these long charters, &c. of the London medical bodies. Much better fill up the same space in the next edition with some more of M. Fodore's facts. But indeed, we think, even after this book a translation of Fodore himself would be very acceptable; and should imagine some young man of intelligence might amuse himself advantageously with such a job during the summer months.

* Vol. x. Appendix, p. 29.

† In the case of Patch, who was left-handed, it was clearly shown by the relative position of the deceased, and the door from which he was shot, that the murderer must have exposed his person to the view of the deceased, unless he fired with the left hand. The guilt of Patch was for some time doubted, but the discovery of the pistol in the neighbouring dock a few years ago, has supplied the only link which was wanting to make the evidence against him complete. *

CRITICISM.

It is an old maxim of ours, that honest criticism does good to all parties concerned; to the author, whom it instructs; to the public, whom it of course immeasurably delights; and to the journal, which it inevitably raises into popularity. Of all this we have experience; and, therefore, we criticize in all directions, and in all, with honesty. We strike where the stroke is necessary, and the business is then done; we have no ill blood within us; we scorn to lie in wait for opportunities of revenge; and we pledge ourselves, that not all the indignation and injury that can fester in any Whig, Northern or Southern, at this hour, would make us load our pen with an additional drop of ink in any Number of our existence. On the other hand, dishonest criticism is bad for all parties concerned; for the author, whom it disgusts; for the public, whom it perverts; and for the journal, whose sale it rapidly sinks from a flourishing muster of ten or twelve thousand a quarter, down to a beggarly two thousand five hundred. For this reason, we have a lesson to give to the Edinburgh Review. Without fretting our readers with charges of general malignity, we come at once to the "*Criticism on Grattan's Speeches*," in the last Number of that sinking publication. The Reviewer turns aside from the fair and natural object of remark, the *Speeches*, to insult and throw into unwieldy ridicule, the extracts and fragments collected by the editor from the passing literature of the day, as tributes to his father's memory. Now, to seek out for things of this kind for rebuke, things palpably written at the moment, under the influence of strong regret or admiration, almost in sight of a great man's deathbed, and to hunt them down by virulent criticism, is, we conceive, as idle, ungenerous, and personal an abuse of the critical art as can be committed. The Editor simply says, "they were inserted with a view to oblige those anxious friends and admirers of Mr Grattan from whom he received them." This the Reviewer, in his candour, concludes to have been done by the authors. But here he is wrong, probably in every instance. Of the three writers to whom he principally alludes, Mr Hardy has been dead those five or six years. Sir G. Barrington has lived abroad still longer, and would scarcely think of

sending an extract of a volume which has been before the world those dozen years; and, in the third instance, on which the peculiar wrath of the Reviewer is foamed out, we happen certainly to know, that its re-publication took place altogether without the writer's knowledge or intention. And it will turn out that "those friends" were merely the relatives, &c. of the dead, who naturally had collected every thing that appeared in honour of his memory.

We turn to the criticism, which appears to us as disingenuous, as poverty-stricken, and as full of low, personal irritation, as any thing that has degraded the falling days of the Edinburgh. The Reviewer first fractures the whole composition, takes a metaphor from the top, places it beside an illustration from the bottom, and then foolishly asks where is the similitude? On this principle, the most finished work that ever came from the pen might be turned into absurdity.

The writer, (speaking of the Irish Constitution of 1782,) had said, in language evidently much stirred up by the animating nature of the topic, but whether unnatural, we leave to our readers to decide:

"In England, we are a grave people, and steadily loving our public rights; our value for them is chastened by long possession, &c. But in Ireland, all was new. It was poverty starting into sudden wealth—it was a desolate mind suddenly filled with prosperous and splendid imaginations—it was the breath of life breathed into the nostrils of a human image, and awaking him to cast his eyes round a new creation. This language is not exaggerated. The enthusiasm, the rejoicing, the gratitude of Ireland, on her first possession of public rights, were beyond all language. The proceedings of the first few years after 1782, were like a continued triumph. The man who led the battle, led the march to the capital: but unlike the triumph of the Roman, his glory was, that his car was followed by no slave!"

He then alluded to the decay of Grattan's popularity, as connected with the growth of a revolutionary spirit in Ireland.

"The popular feeling grew disturbed—it was a time of European perplexity. The first advances of the great convulsion, which was yet to lift

temples and thrones upon it, like weeds upon a wave, were felt in the quiverings of the earth, and the overshadowing of the air; and far as Ireland was from the central shock, she was reached by the general heave."

We believe that no similitude has been applied to the French Revolution more naturally or intelligibly than that of an earthquake. Yet on this passage the Reviewer poorly remarks, and is sarcastic by the help of Italics.

"He likens the state of the world in 1782 to the approach of a convulsion which was to lift temples and thrones upon it like weeds upon a wave. The advance was felt (it seems) in quiverings of the earth and overshadowings of the air. Moreover, far as Ireland was from the central shock, she was reached by the general heave." Such is the pleasantry, and such the criticism! *I, factor, colligam manus, arbori infelix suspendito!*

The writer had said of Grattan's public efforts—"The chief instrument of those successes was his eloquence. It had the first mark of genius, originality. With Burke, Curran, and Sheridan for his contemporaries, his senatorial oratory had a form and countenance altogether its own. All definitions of the powers of those gifted men have grown commonplace, but with a portion of what made the splendour of each, he had a direction distinct and peculiar. He was not a satellite of the most illustrious among them; but a new star, sweeping round its own orbit, and enlightening its own region, undisturbed and unexhausted."

On this passage the Reviewer pours out his whole exuberance of wit. "But peradventure, this exquisite gentleman shall better succeed in gathering his similes from the heavens than from earthquakes, and in truth he has made a rare discovery of a new kind of heavenly body, not finding any of the old ones suit his purpose. 'He was not a satellite of the most illustrious among them, but a new star, sweeping round its own orbit and enlightening its own region, undisturbed and unexhausted.'"

We give the Reviewer's *Italics* in this, as in the other instances. Now, we will ask, is he blockhead enough to mean that there are no other stars than *fixed* stars? Has he never heard of the Morning Star? In common parlance, every heavenly body but our satellite the moon, is a star, whether fixed or planetary. "Moreover," in an article in the same Number, that

on Moore's and Byron's styles, it is said, "They are both bright stars in the firmament of modern poetry, but as distant, and as much unlike, as *Saturn* and *Mercury*. Their rising may be at the same time, but they can never move in the same *orb*, nor meet or *jostle*," &c.

We certainly do not altogether approve of this last specimen of astronomy; and the meeting of Saturn and Mercury in one *orb*, was doubtless learned in the same volume where Moore found that *ahelacal rising* meant a rising before, not out of, the light of the superior luminary. The obvious truth is, that the Reviewer, determined at all hazards to be bitter, was led into his blunder by his malignity.

The writer, speaking of the peculiar excellence of Grattan's oratory, its freedom from any admixture which might enfeeble its immediate impression, (as Burke's habit of essay, Curran's fantastic wit, &c.) says, "The broad humour which impaired and drew down towards earth the loftiest imaginations of Sheridan, was never attempted by him." But, for those, he brought keen, solid, vivid thought, in language condensed and close to its substance, shaped like the sheath to the sword."

Here the Reviewer thus childishly remarks,—"The use of language in oratory is, according to this acute critic, somewhat singular. Its perfection, we find, consists in blunting or sheathing the edge of the speaker's meaning!" The Reviewer is a booby, if he does not see that the point of comparison is simply the *closeness* and *aptitude* of the orator's phrase to his sentiment,—"*Language close to its substance, shaped like the sheath to a sword.*" If the Reviewer does see the point of comparison, he deserves a more contemptuous name. He himself uses the phrase of "*clothed in language.*" Does *clothed*, imply enveloped, embarrassed, disguised? He says, that "*Sheridan's loftiest imaginations were 'not his best;'*" and that every school-boy knows that they were kept as distinct as possible from every thing like wit or humour." On the contrary, every school-boy knows, that Sheridan never made a speech without a jest, and that he looked upon a laugh in the House as a success. The "*loftiest imaginations*" are identical with "*the best.*" The Reviewer mistakes *lofty* for *inflated*.

The writer ~~has~~ said, "It is the praise of Mr Grattan, and no man

needs desire a nobler epitaph, that, with powers supremely fitted to influence the multitude, he restrained himself from popular excitement. The Irish have habitual propensities to public speaking, and Mr Grattan's celebrity had still more strongly turned the powers of her ambitious minds to oratory. But he withdrew from the temptations of the hustings and the highway, to devote his mind under the only roof where public freedom can be worshipped without reproach and without fear. His place was in the House of Commons."

We can discover in this passage matter enough to agonize any Whig from Inverness to Scilly. What! to praise a man for keeping aloof from bowing and begging for popularity side by side with the *Hunts* of the earth, from mounting the scaffold at their mercy, being heard by their permission, and extinguished by their contempt! To tell professional Whigs that things of this order would have been scorned by Grattan, is gall and wormwood; they have learned patriotism in another school; they cannot recognize it but in low agitation, in paltry treacheries, in soliciting the rabble by vulgar adulation and insolent slander. Their patriotism is of the mire, and in the mire.

We say that the only place where true freedom can be worshipped, is under the roof of the House of Commons. The Reviewer objects to this worship *under* the roof; he may worship *over* if he will. And as for his wrath at the phrase of hustings and highway temptations to mob oratory, we can only refer him to the speeches in Westminster, &c. We suspect that a harangue in Palace-Yard is as much a highway harangue, as a robbery in Palace-Yard would be a highway robbery.

That a Reviewer, professing a fair examination and disinterested judgment of a great work, should turn out of his way to nibble at notes and scraps from other publications of old dates—from their nature trivial and temporary, might seem surprising enough to us, if we were not accustomed to the virulence, meanness, and obliquity of the modern Whig mind. In the present instance, the miserable criticism which we have exposed, palpably takes root in paltry malice. The Reviewer says, "There has been of late such a disposition in certain quarters to puff this writer, that when we meet him, it is impossible not to stop and survey a

little what we have been so importunately called out to admire."

Here is the head and front of the writer's offending. "He is praised, therefore he shall be libelled," is the worthy and fitting principle applicable and applied to men of all qualities and conditions, who think that Whiggism differs from Jacobinism, only as the wish to revolt differs from revolution, and the love of robbery from the thirst of blood.

But let us see how this Aristarchus can stand before verbal criticism; and if a more slovenly, slipshod, ungrammatical *fasciculus* of sentences disfigure any pamphlet of the day, we give up all our pretensions to the laurel. We find such phrases as these: "Neither of the two most famous masters of the past age took *this pains*!" This is not merely ungrammatical, but it is not convertible in any shape into grammar. "To take pains" is the English tongue—to take "*this*, or even *these pains*," is the tongue of the scullery and the Reviewer.

"This ceremony was not performed at the death of either Mr Fox, Mr Burke," &c. *Either* Mr Fox—a vulgarism. Were there two?

"Not finding *any* of the old one's *suit* his purpose"—a vulgarism.

"We would *just* take the liberty"—a vulgarism.

"His best passages must *needs* suffer"—a vulgarism.

"The greater number of speeches are *mightily* improved"—a vulgarism.

"Names which now live no where *else, but in these pages*"—a vulgarism.

And in this *style* is an article written, which professes to talk of style. And it is in this shambling verbiage that the *speeches* of a man like Grattan are to be criticized! The reputation of the *Edinburgh Review* for public principle has long perished. Strictures of this temper and quality are fatal to its critical name. We disdain to conjecture who the particular Reviewer may have been. Whether he links himself with beggarly disturbers on this side of the Tweed, or brawls at aggregate meetings on the other—whether he feeds on the feuds of Paisley, or offers to—No, we will call it *abandon* a royal client for a *silk gown*! In whatever shape of bitterness and disappointment he stands, he will tell him that he is unqualified for a critic, that he wants alike taste and temper, the accomplishments of a scholar, and the habits of a gentleman.

ODE ON MAY MORNING, M.DCCC.XXIII. BY ODOHERTY.

O May ! O May !
O le joli mois de May !

Proem.

I.

THIS is the season for the young and gay,
The day of jollity, of mirth, and glee ;
Because it is the very first of May—
(The year eighteen hundred, twenty-three .)
This is the day that many a bard has chosen
To hymn in rapture with poetic quill.
Of late the gallant Cockneys by the dozen,
The subject tribes of him of Hampstead-Hill,
Have in its praise become exceeding boisterous,
And, with Bohea inspired, done many a deed most roysterous.

II.

They sing of " valiant cowslips peering up,"*
Of " passionate daisies," " dandelions brave ;"
Of " out-blown primrose," " melting butter-cup ;"
Of " dillies (daffydow) sublime and grave ;"
Of " jet-peak'd pansies," (that they stole from Milton ;)
Of " Celadine," (that they from Wordsworth stole ;)
Of " stonecrop, yellower than cheese from Stilton ;"
Of " snow-drop, whitest creature of the whole ;"
As for the violet, it would take ten stanzas
To say how it has felt all their extravaganzas.

III.

Roses, of course, appear in blushing blow,
But these your Peter Pastorals little prize,
Because they see them in the realms of Bow,
Beaming in pots, and therefore half despise.
But grass, weeds, hay, and all such rural matters ;
Oxen, and kine, clean water, genuine milk,
Quite turn the brain of every bard that chatters
In expressibles of yellow silk.
Why so ? I'll tell you *more scientifico*,
OMNE, as Sages say, IGNOTUM PRO MAGNifico.

IV.

Therefore, " a babbling on green fields" they keep.
Ah me ! what sacrilege I here have done !
Could I, while talking of these silly sheep,
Quote what must call to mind DIVINE SIR JOHN !
Bombard of suck and wit ! your scenes of revel
Lay to the eastward of old Temple-bar ;
How you would laugh to scorn each washy devil
Who now vents sonnets to fair Helenar,
Croupful of tea, and mullins butter'd thickly,
On the same ground where you drank fist to fist with Quickly.

* See Cockneys *passim*. Shelly, though he belonged to a different gang, has also much of the dialect. But commend me after all to poor Johnny Keats. 'Tis he the hand that struck the blow. 'Tis he the Quarterly !

† Whitest creature. See Barry Cornwall's last production. Speaking of a wench in bed—

She lay down in her silken nest,
WHITE CREATURE, dreaming till the golden dawn.
Gent of Provence.

Again I must refer to Johnny T? *παιυ*. He calls a lady's breasts,

Those WHITE DAIRIES, that lull children's cries !

And Jeffrey quoted this with approbation !

V.

Yet shop breaks out in every thing they do ;
 One jot of Cockney-land they can't abate us ;
 Praise they a garland ? 'Tis " complete and new,"
 Like the last patent shaving apparatus.
 Must they describe a rill or dewy fountain,
 Behold 'tis " crisp," like Mother Runole's paste.
 Have they to tell us of a cloud-capt mountain,
 'Tis " draped about in finest taste ;"
 And while we deem the poet an upholsterer,
 The Cockneys shout applause, and dub their bard a soul-stirrer.

VI.

One of them wrote a poem on the pot—
 (The pot ! what pot ? Pray guess. Perhaps of beer.
 No, my good sir ; you were esteemed a sot,
 Were you to puff such potent liquor here.)
 THE POT OF BASIL ! There's a title ! Marry,
 It smells most jauntily of the sweet south ;
 And Bryan William Proctor Cornwall Barry,
 Opening his sketchico-dramatic mouth,
 Sung to the thin-clad prentices most prettily,†
 A tale of far-off flowers—a tale of sunny Italy.

VII.

I too shall sing upon this day of feast,
 Albeit no pascoral juvenile am I ;
 An innocent lamb, " to my ideas at least," ‡
 Seems sweetest, most engaging, in a pie.
 The feather'd train, the theme of many a ditty,
 Appear to me most lovely on the dish ;
 Fish, in clear streamlets bathed, no doubt look pretty,
 But bathed in streams of Harvey be my fish ;
 And not a nosegay—trust me, I'm not joking—
 Smells to me half so sweet as rump or sultan smoking.

VIII.

Yet I shall now forget each proper thought,
 And pay due honours to this lovely time ;
 Happy if any gentle spirit aught
 Of solace may derive from this my rhyme ;
 If purer currents of delicious feeling
 Shall flow through breasts congenial as they read ;
 If holier thoughts, through lovely bosoms stealing,
 Shall golden hopes or generous purpose breed.
 Listen, fair dames, soft smiles on me bestowing !
 I sing of dewy morns, bright noons, and evenings glowing.

* *Vide* Hunt, in person.

† *Pannuccia Raucis*
Cum bene distincto cantaverit ocyra verna.
Pers. Sat. V.

quella
 Alto cantando ai dissoluti servi
 L'erbette.

STELLUTI.

" The *Verna*, or home-bred slave, was the *enfant gate* of the family—rude, petulant, and dissolute. This is the meaning of *distincta*."—*Givron*.
 I differ with him—I think it means *loosely girl*. Either will suit my purpose. There is much difference of opinion as to the meaning of the passage. However, it will construe thus:

Tattered Molly
 Sings forth her *basil* to the loose-clad 'prentice ;

For such *verna* may be translated.

‡ Hunt—Hunt—Hunt—in the name of the eleven thousand virgins—Hunt.

ODE.

I.

"THE sun shines bright, it is the morn of May,"
 The most renowned morning in the year!
 Quick! quick! arise, we lose the prime of day;
 Long since, the dawn was hail'd by Chanticleer;
 Bird, beast, and fish, have cast away their slumbers;
 Loud hums the bee, wantoning from flower to flower;
 The fresh, warm air, seems living with the numbers
 Of happy insects, sporting for their hour.
 While all around is life in joyous motion,
 Should man alone withhold from nature his devotion?

II.

Haste—haste—put on (fear not the dandy's eye)
 Shirt, breeches, socks, boots, cravat, waistcoat, coat.
 Unwire the cork, let the loud soda fly,
 Gulp the carbonic with intrepid throat.
 Firm on your pate erect your patent Dando,*
 Grasp the stout cudgel in your vigorous fist;
 Then marching forth, brisk as the briskest can do,
 Wander we mutually where'er we list;
 While round us youths and maidens will be saying,
 There goes a pair of gentlemen, intent on Maying.

III.

Tom!† store the hamper with abundant prog,
 The sleeping ducks, that perish'd in their youth,
 The ham, exsected from Westphalia hog,
 The pastry, grateful to esurient tooth;
 Stow with them half-a-dozen of Madeira—
 London—East India—picked—particular;
 Stingo divine! best comforter to cheer a
 Weary pedestrian, roaming from afar;
 And then with tender thoughts, on this sweet morrow,
 We'll rove like youthful bards, touch'd with love's blissful sorrow.

IV.

Sweet is each object, both of sight and sound,
 Where'er the ear can reach—where'er the eye—
 The blushing heavens—the dew-bespangled ground—
 The streams that, slumbering, in the mild dawn lie;
 The new-come swallow, from the thatch resounding;
 The lark, up-springing to salute the day;
 The hawthorn hedge the verdant field surrounding
 With silver wreaths of balmy blossoms gay;
 All—all around the glory and the splendour
 Of Nature fill the soul with thoughts sublime or tender.

V.

I'm getting devilish hungry from my walk—
 Consider we have march'd almost three miles—
 Though rural scenery, or pastoral talk
 The moments, in a certain sense, beguiles.

* M. Dando, manufacturer of Golgothas, or places for the skull; a man who always advertises on our covers, and on that account must be a most excellent citizen, an estimable Christian, and an orthodox pricker of felt.—C. N.

† A flunky, or valley-de-sham, whom I keep, in green livery, to stand in the rear of my patent lamp.

Yet they can never still that clamorous member,
That growling master of arts, as Persius sings,*
Who, from chill January to chill December,
His changes on but two small matters rings,
Crying—Drink, Vittle—Vittle, Drink—Drink, Vittle—
In tones more suasive far than those of Tom the little.

VI.

So, dearest friend, companion of my way,
Thou whom I love with true and constant breast,
Let us from off the trodden highway stray,
And in yon wood spread we our frugal feast.
“Not I, by jing!” quoth he; “before us proudly,
The Cock and Bottle its gilt sign presents;
The former seems in act of crowing loudly,
Bidding us try the latter’s sweet contents;
And I maintain the inside of a tavern
Is quite as picturesque as wood or rocky cavern.

VII.

“His bill is raven black, and shines like jet,
White are his nails, like silver to behold,
Blue are his legs, and orient are his feet,
His body glitters like the burnish’d gold.”†
From Glorious John I. take this apt quotation,
So let us hear no more of woody glades.”—
An argument, when urged with moderation,
A man of sense most commonly persuades.
So, yielding to my friend’s well-judged suggestion,
We to the Cock and Bottle went sans farther question

VIII.

Oft did the pasty to our carvers yield,
The corkscrew oft up-drew the stubborn cork;
How jocund o’er the ham the knives we wield!
How bend the ducklings neath our vigorous fork!—
Soft was the breeze, and balmy was the morning,
Such as young poets fancy when they love,
And soon the calls of baser nature scorning,
We let our souls to melting topics rove;
And mourn’d with Lovibond the sad mutation
In this May’s sports, and damned civilization.

IX.

“No more,” said we, “in chora’ bands unite
Her virgin votaries, and at early dawn,
Sacred to May and love’s mysterious rite,
Brush the light dew-drop from the spangled lawn,
No more the Maypole’s verdant height surrounding,
To valour’s games the ambitious youth advance;
No merry bells, and tabours sprightlier sounding,
Wake the loud carol and the bounding dance,”
[Dodsley, vol. iv. (see the whole poem fully),
Printed in 63, beneath the head of Tully.‡]

* * [The remaining verses, touching principally on love, poetry, pugilism, chivalry, gormandizing, sympathy, and bull-baiting, we beg leave to omit until a more convenient opportunity. We subjoin the last verse.—C. N.]

* Magister artis, ingenique largitor

VENTER.

† Dryden.

‡ Dodsley’s sign. See *Miscellanies*, vol. IV. p. 167. Ed. 1763.

This is my hundredth verse—and so I end—
 To you, dear * * * , I dedicate the lay,
 Happy, it while o'er the mild verse you bend,
 Your thoughts towards him who penn'd the stanzas stray ;
 Happier, if, while at tender fancies sighing,
 Touch'd by the simple pathos of my song,
 A single sigh, on Cupid's pinions flying,
 Should 'scape for him who loves you—deep—and long.—
 Meanwhile, Tom, pack the plates and empty bottles—
 To breakfast lie we home, propped on our wearied wattles !

TITYRUS.

POLITICS.

(Continued from No. LXXVI.)

I HAVE nearly done with Lord Grey. The fragments of his speeches, which have been brought in contradiction of all his later theories, are decisive of either a want of sense, or a want of principle. Unanswerable time has put the stamp of inadequacy, ignorance, and party spirit, upon his Lordship's name. All that he predicted of evil or good has turned out the direct contrary of the prediction ; and Lord Grey may now console himself in that popular contempt of Whiggism, which, by excluding him and his friends from office, has saved them from being at this hour the slaves of France, or wanderers and beggars throughout the world.

I shall give but one more defiance to his Lordship's wisdom, and that shall be again from his own luckless authority. It is memorable as a display of that paltry lubricity which makes a Whig at once so hard to be grasped at, and so contemptible. The whole bearing of Lord Grey's opposition, from 1808, had been against the Spanish war : no satire had seemed to him too severe for the absurdity which had allied us with Spain : no ridicule too contemptuous for the insanity of resistance to Napoleon—the invincible, the favoured of destiny, the child of Providence : no prognostics too gloomy for the ruin which was to flow back in a deluge of bankruptcy and blood, on our self-willed, rash, and profligate Administration. What must be the astonishment of any man, who looks upon public profession as anything more than a public cheat, to find Lord Grey suddenly the advocate of the Spanish war, and not merely the advocate of the war, but the clamourer for the supply of hostilities on

the largest scale—the husbanding and preserving system divorced from his lordship's memory—all his prognostics and protests flung aside as party rags to make way for the new military wardrobe, in which his unaccustomed limbs were to figure in the front of the battle against Napoleon. I give his own words :—

“ The first question for their lordships to consider was, whether or not the great objects of the campaign had been realized? He contended, that they had not been realized ; that, on the contrary, there had been complete failure.

“ Had not ministers been apprized that Lord Wellington was about undertaking great offensive operations ; and was it not their bounden duty to supply to him the means of executing them with effect and success? It behoved them, with a view to the importance of the issue of those operations, to have provided means of support in case of partial failure, and of pushing his advantage after success. They were aware of the state of Europe, and must have known the effect that would have been produced at such a crisis, by a vigorous and decisive effort in the Peninsula. Looking to the state of Europe—to the circumstances of the actual campaign, the views and prospects of Lord Wellington, and to the consequences that would result from a grand and decisive operation in Spain at that moment, ministers were particularly bound to send out ample means to Lord Wellington, to enable him to carry his enterprising projects into effect, and to crown the operations he was undertaking with brilliant and unqualified success. This, he would maintain, was their duty, and it was incumbent on

their Lordships, when they considered the heavy consequences of their having failed in the performance of it, to institute an inquiry into the cause of that failure."

I do not attempt to account for this extraordinary change in his Lordship's tactics; it is probably inexplicable on any supposition of political consistency, or manly principle. But it will be remembered, that at this period the *Marquis Wellesley* had seemed to vibrate between the Opposition and the Ministry, and that a Whig had the example of Fox to encourage him in abandoning his principles for the sake of securing a partizan. The *Marquis Wellesley* had unequivocally declared himself the friend of the Spanish war. He was an enthusiast in the cause; and, with the natural habit of enthusiasm, had begun to charge graver men and graver measures with delay. The Ministry were placed between those who would sacrifice all to the Peninsula, and those who would sacrifice nothing. Lord Grey and the Ex-Minister stood wide as the poles asunder. There was no hope of bringing the brother of Wellington to a compromise;—the Whigs must yield, or the proselyte must be lost; and the Whigs yielded with graceless and ready submission. Lord Grey became at once the echo of Lord Wellesley. The Ex-Minister demanded more regiments, more ships, a larger subsidy. The voice of Whiggism fondly repeated the note, and was expostulatory and indignant at second-hand. If this be not the solution of the sudden panegyrics of Wellington—of the clamour for increased expenditure—of the depreciation of Ministerial inactivity—let a more satisfactory one be offered. But, before we turn with contempt and incredulity from its picture of meanness, we must remember that, upon the Queen's trial, the Opposition were seen changing sides for a paltry political trick, and voting against themselves to press a temporary and miserable manœuvre of party. But Lord Grey's opinions had been repeated with a confidence too precipitate to allow of this retrograde march, without some precautions for covering his retreat.

"Neither had anything happened, which induced him to repent of his opinions on the subject of the Spanish contest. It was his opinion, that the efforts of the Spanish people could alone

nable them to withstand that overwhelming power. Those sentiments he had uttered, under the supposition that no other power would stand up against the French Emperor, and that that Emperor would not depart from the unity of counsel and of action, by which (as the noble Marquis had stated,) the greatest successes of that ruler had been achieved."

Lord Grey here, it is observable, allows two opinions, both proved at the moment to have been blunders, and both opposed to the very maxims on which the policy of Ministers was avowedly founded. The necessity for British assistance had been continually vindicated, on the principle that Spain alone was not able to resist France; and the spirit of England had been sustained by the belief, that resistance in Spain would encourage resistance among the trampled and indignant powers of Europe. The result was decisive of the emptiness of Whig wisdom. England fought the battle of Spain, when Spain was compressed into Cadiz; Russia started from her sleep, roused by the insults of Napoleon, and, animated by the British victories—the bulletins of the battle of Salamanca were read in the Russian army the day before the battle of Borodino. The heart of Europe was once more filled with living blood and martial fire; and the cause of mankind was avenged.

If all the absurdities, prejudices, and blindnesses of the human understanding, were not comprehended in the word party, would it not be matter of astonishment, that—in the year 1813, after the retreat from Moscow—after the triumphant invasion of France—after the defeat of the French in every action in Spain—any man should be found, and, above all, in England, to utter the desponding and perplexed foolery that closed this speech?

"The exertions had failed, failed (he would repeat,) almost entirely as to their great objects, the French were left in possession of the best parts of Spain, and we had not advanced in any degree, (considering the effect of the last campaign on the minds of the people of Spain,) to the accomplishment of our object. Such was the case, and it called loudly for inquiry."—*Debate of March 12, 1813.* Before this inquiry could be made, Wellington had pushed the French army over the Pyrenees.

I give but one more extract from the Parliamentary records of this statesman's eloquence, which, for its pusillanimity, poverty of English feeling, and abject prostitution of spirit to Napoleon, would make the fittest inscription for the grave of Whiggism. Napoleon had, on the halt of the Allies in Germany, collected his garrisons, and fought the battles of Bautzen and Lutzen, both of them bloody, and neither of them decisive. The mighty strength of Austria was still to be brought into the field, and nothing but a premature peace could have saved the tyrant of Europe. What was the policy which Lord Grey had the meanness to conceive, and the folly to avow at this pregnant period? After declaring that Napoleon "had rendered his supremacy in Germany more complete than ever,"—a declaration refuted by fact almost at the moment it was pronounced, this manly politician ventures to say, "The spring, he thought, ought to have witnessed some attempts at negotiation. Had such an effort been made, the war might have probably been happily terminated. The situation of Buonaparte was such, that *it was likely he would not have refused to attend to moderate propositions*, had fair offers been made, and terms beneficial to every power in Europe *might have been obtained*. To the ineptitude of ministers was to be ascribed the contrast between the present situation of France, and that which she exhibited at the close of the last campaign. With his noble friend, (Lord Holland,) he agreed that an opportu-

nity had been lost, never to be recalled!" — *Debate of June 18, 1813.*

With this declaration hanging like a mill-stone round the necks of the noble Lord and his noble friend, I close my charges against the leader of Whiggism. They are beyond all answer. They are reinforced by the evidence of a whole history of triumphs. There is not a spot, from Cadiz to the Pyrenees, nor from Moscow to Paris, that does not send up its voice against the narrow, fluctuating, half-lunatic policy, that would have checked the arm of England, when her sword was already hanging over the head of the universal enemy. Has Lord Grey or his noble friend ever walked in the Tuilleries, and could either of them look on the chambers of that mysterious bloody tyranny which England expelled, without thanking fortune in their souls, that the British Parliament had sense and honour enough to scorn the councils of Whiggism? Must they not ask themselves, "Had we been ministers, could this thing have been done? Could Europe have been restored, could England have been saved? Could France have been converted from a rapacious and lawless band of robbery and murder, into a member of the civilized world? If we had refused our help to Spain, and paralyzed the rising resistance of Europe by a hollow peace, could Napoleon be now but the name of an exile, the French empire a phantom, and England sitting in the safe, unambitious, and benevolent supremacy of the world!"

BUONAPARTE.

To Christopher North, Esq.

"The public, my good Mr North, has lately been inundated with the Memorabilia of Napoleon, and the most trifling and minute sayings and habits of this extraordinary man have been received with a warm welcome. Amongst his many gifts appears to be the faculty of attaching persons about him, without much effort on his part; to this end, no doubt, his great celebrity mainly contributed. Those who admired him at a distance, increased that feeling with a sort of gravitating augmentation of intensity, as they approached him; and those who had formed a different idea of his character, and had imaged him in their

minds as truly diabolical, seemed surprised to find him unaccounted with horns and tail, and thus the tide of their opinions flowed in an opposite direction with greater force from the supposed injustice of their first thoughts; and all perhaps felt a gratification in the liberal sentiment of paying homage to fallen greatness.

Mr Warden first presented to the public his offering of incense to the prostrate Dagon, in the narrative he gave of the particulars of the voyage. Next, Dr O'Meara sets up the idol of his devotion on his pedestal for the worship of the world, whilst he delights his own mind by coarsely vitu-

perating his superiors on account of having vigilantly done their duty. The demerits of this gentleman's performance, and his own shameful duplicity,* have been so ably exposed in the Quarterly Review, that it is quite superfluous to dwell any longer on that subject. Las Cases, with all the vanity and versatility of his country, after emigrating in the cause of Louis, and then devoting himself to the service of the Ex-Emperor, has lastly given his collection of Buonapartiana for the edification of mankind, the exaltation of the fame of his hero, and for the emolument of Count Las Cases. It must be allowed that this last historiographer writes more like a gentleman than the comptroller of Napoleon's non-naturals; and though he cordially hates and strongly censures those persons who perform their duty in ensuring the detention of this important captive, yet there is no vulgar and malicious bitterness in his gall, which so strongly tinctures the physician's fecal effusions. He probably relaxes faithfully what he hears from his oracle, who gladly takes the opportunity of spreading abroad his philanthropic sentiments, and at the same time swallows them himself with the most implicit credence; nor does he receive with a less fervent faith every assertion which the Morning Chronicle and other opposition papers throw out against the opinions and designs of the British Cabinet. A strong tendency to believe is, indeed, required to gulp down some of the good Count's own narratives. The following anecdotes are perhaps intenged merely as amusing fictions of fancy for the benefit of the French nation at our expense. He tells us, that one of the Miss Balcombs, the grown-up daughters of Napoleon's host, at the Briars, where he resided whilst Longwood was preparing for his reception, is said to have asked the Emperor, (having just been reading Florian's *Estelle*,) whether General Gaston de Foix had accompanied his campaigns, and if his Majesty was satisfied with his services? An Englishman, in the same company, who had read and admired Madame Cottin's romance of *Mathilde*, (the adventures of which are supposed to have happened in the time of Richard Cœur de Lion,) inquired very gravely whether the Princess, whose character so much pleased him, was still living?

to which Napoleon as gravely replied, No, sir, she is dead and buried. By such tales a retaliation is probably attempted for the ridicule we sometimes cast upon our neighbours, on account of similar blunders. Of the same sort is that told of a Frenchman at a Parisian dinner, asking Sir Thos. Robinson, at that time the English Ambassador, whose figure was rather singular—"Etes vous, Monsieur, par hazard, ce fameux Robinson dont l'histoire a tant parlé?"—supposing that this tall and thin member of the corps diplomatique could be no other person than Robinson Crusoe! Napoleon was certainly endowed with physical powers of no ordinary kind, as well as mental energies; but we are a little staggered when we hear from his faithful Achates, that he once rode from Valladolid to Burgos, being a distance of thirty-five Spanish leagues, without stirrups, in five hours and a half—being at the rate of nearly seven leagues per hour; It must be observed, too, that the Spanish league is longer than the French; I believe nearly equal to four English miles. Impassive as the mind and body of this wonderful being were, to a high degree, we cannot easily conceive a mortal frame capable of supporting the continued successions of such a course, at the speed of twenty-eight miles an hour! But the moral qualities of Napoleon are more worthy our consideration. If we were to form our judgment of these from the picture drawn by these flattering artists, whose palleces we know are supplied with colours mixed up by the subject himself, we should form in our minds a *beau idéal*, which, if embodied, would scarcely be recognized by those who are best acquainted with the original. Should these representations pass current in the world as genuine likenesses, a very different effect would be produced from what Shakespeare's Anthony declares to be the usual course of things, instead of finding that

The evil which men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones.

All the dark colouring of Buonaparte's character is, like certain culinary vegetables, blanched since he has been covered by the earth, and he now shines with unspotted whiteness,—a model of amiable virtue and practical benevolence. He is held up as a glaring proof of the cruel ingratitude of mankind, and particularly of the ran-

cour of the rulers of the British nation, who have rewarded with banishment and captivity, the man who laboured, during his whole life, with no other view than to give the universal human family the inestimable benefits of the best possible government—that is, in one word, the blessing of being subject to his sway.

To remind the world, in some degree, of the true amount of this obligation, bringing back to their recollection some things which the panegyrist of Napoleon have wrapped in oblivion, Mr Southey's History of the War in the Peninsula is very happily timed. This work takes a rapid, but clear and comprehensive, view, of the French Revolution, the effects of which were nowhere more manifestly displayed than in the conduct of the French towards Spain. Switzerland and other countries have acutely felt the influence of the interference of republican and imperial France; but from the single example of Spain, the whole system may be well understood—*ex uno disce omnes*. In the detail of the French transactions with Charles, Ferdinand, and the Spanish nation, the genius and principles of Napoleon, and many of his distinguished generals, are portrayed with great accuracy and spirit. To the pages of this elaborate historian, who, though partial to the merits of the Spanish character, candidly relates their errors, whilst he celebrates their persevering fortitude, I earnestly exhort all the readers of Messrs O'Meara and Las Cases to have recourse. If they have deeply imbibed the lessons of Napoleonic philanthropy, let them take a due proportion of this antidote to the poison. Then will their visual nerves be purged with the Laureate's "euphrasy and rue," and they will see the Imperial Exile on his rock in his true colours. He will appear, not the victim of barbarous policy, as his apologists would represent him, but as expiating under a discipline sufficiently humane, the enormous crimes which his insatiable ambition had perpetrated. In this seclusion, to which the re-

pose of mankind made it necessary to consign him, no attempt at punishment—no intention of aggravating the pains of his situation can be perceived by the candid observer; on the contrary, every attention was paid to his comfort consistent with the great object of the security of his detention. Where shall we find in the records of history another example of a man who had done so much mischief—of an usurper who had fallen from such a height, who was so mildly treated by a victorious enemy? According to the old fable, we are all accustomed to keep our own faults in that end of the wallet which hangs out of our own sight; but if Napoleon could really have been persuaded, as he tells the chroniclers of his *dicta*, that he had reached, and possessed, the supreme elevation of sovereign power "without a crime," it is the most notorious instance of self-deception which has ever blinded the moral sense of poor human nature. Candour will make allowances for the intoxication of a man, on whom fortune had lavished her favours with unexampled profusion; but whilst we do justice to his talents, admiring the grandeur of his plans, the victories he gained, and the works which he accomplished, let us not be dazzled by his astonishing success, by his shining abilities, or the splendour of his achievements, so as to prevent our seeing his injustice, his rapacity, and utter want of principle.

I will conclude this recommendation to the perusal of Mr Southey's valuable work, by copying a sort of epigram which I remember having seen since the Ex-Emperor's return from Elba. I believe it was never in print, and its only merit would be derived from its adaptation to the moment. I will, however, venture to send it as applicable to the present subject. "Aimez-vous la violette," was the watch-word of the partizans of Buonaparte just before the period of his memorable evasion. The countersign to be pronounced by the initiated was, "Elle reviendra au printemps."

BOTANICAL EXPLANATION OF THE VIOLET BEING THE EMBLEM OF
NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

WHY is the sweet and modest violet made
Symbol of proud Napoleon's iron sway?
Mild flower, whose fragrance loves the secret shade,
And hides its beauty from the gaze of day.

Can jarring opposites like these combine?—ah!
 Now midst the various violets mark I one
 Which suits the case—THE VIOLETTA CANINA,
 Whose scentless blossoms brave the noon-tide sun.

'Twas his, indeed, to "bite and play the dog,"
 And tear, and worry every prostrate nation—
 Without one feeling which might haply clog,
 His fierce propensities to viola-tion!

I am,

Mr North's very faithful servant,

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

No. VIII.

"I ask'd of Time, for whom those temples rose,
 That prostrate by his hand in silence lie.
 His lips disdain'd the mystery to disclose,
 And, borne on swifter wing, he hurried by!—
 'These broken columns whose?' I ask'd of Fame:
 (Her kindling breath gives life to work sublime,)
 With downcast looks of mingled grief and shame,
 She heav'd th' uncertain sigh, and followed Time.
 Wrapt in amazement, o'er the mouldering pile,
 I saw Oblivion pass, with giant stride;
 And while his visage wore Pride's scornful smile,
 'Haply thou knowest, then tell me whose,' I cried,
 'Whose these vast domes that even in ruin shine?'
 'I reck not whose,' he said; 'they now are mine!'"

ANON.

THE beauty of a Magazine is, that it thrusts knowledge into a man's face, and makes him wise whether he will or not. There are many hundred books, containing descriptions of Rome, to get at which the will is first to be exerted, and then the pocket; whence it is that a great many persons, who would give their eyes almost to see the Roman ruins, never take the trouble to look for them in books, nor even in the prints of Piranesi. But what is a bore in quarto, is agreeable in the columns of a favourite Journal. Besides, most writers on the subject have undertaken to guide, more than to describe, and so demand the presence of their readers on the spot, instead of attempting to give an idea of the scene, to the many who must necessarily be ever absent. To these many, prints should be the most satisfactory source of information; yet, certainly, he that never looked at Piranesi, has a much truer idea of the remains of ancient Rome, than he who has pored over that artist's lying engravings. Piranesi first sketches the arch or column, and then puts a speck of a man at its foot, in order to indicate the height of the ruin. How much, in this way, his di-

mensions are to be relied on, may be judged from his print of the Arch of Severus, in the Velabrum, to pass under which a man must stoop, while in Piranesi, the arch (if it can be called one) would measure twenty times the height of the pigmies at its base. With the exception of the Coliseum, the chief thing that astonishes a foreigner in Rome, is the pettiness and crowdedness of its ruins, and the narrow scale on which everything was built. You read a catalogue of three or four hundred edifices in Nardini, and are told that they were all in the Forum. Now, the Roman Forum contained, about the length, and about half the breadth of one of our London squares; so that without even allowing any room or open space for their popular assemblies, it is difficult to find ground-room for so many buildings. Time, however, has left us the means of judging:—there is a pretty little round building on the banks of the Tiber, about the size of a watch-box, although surrounded by Corinthian columns; this was the temple of Vesta. The pretended temple of Romulus is not larger; while that over the Clitumnus you might put in your pocket.

The famous Mamertino prison, which Sallust describes in such pompous language, is a square building of a few feet. "There are the remains of three temples on the declivity of the Capitol, evidently distinct, that might be all enclosed within the area of a modern church of inferior dimensions. Through the triumphal arches more than one cart could not pass at a time.

"The difficulty of squeezing the twenty elephants and the four stags a-breast of Aurelian's car, into the space between the arch of Severus and the supposed Temple of Concord, was not likely to be surmounted by any discoveries of the soil." So far from being surmounted, that the real Temple of Concord, or at least some temple or other, has been found to have stood so near the arch of Severus, that two elephants a-breast could not have passed. Most of the descriptions of the Latin writers, in fact, were on a scale of huge exaggeration; which, however, falling on the ears of the all-rich and all-powerful emperors, certainly produced immense fabrics, of which the Colosseum remains a stupendous example. But as to others, the brick-baths of Dioclesian and Caracalla, what are they more than a modern street in ruins, save that they were built by the one lord of many slaves, and this by the united purses of many freemen. To read in the poets of the declining empire, descriptions of the temple of the Capitoline Jupiter, and its inferior fables, what an immense idea must we form! But there is the whole site, propped as it is by substructions, not more than sufficient for a modern church. There are some unaccountable contradictions in the taste of the old Romans—it was at once petty and colossal; the former was the natural, the latter superinduced by the overgrown power of the emperors, and their consequent craving for excitement, which found vent in cutting off heads, and placing one stone upon another.

"Another enemy to the beautiful, and even to the sublime, was that colossal taste which arose in the empire, and gave an unnatural expansion to all the works of art. In architecture it produced Nero's golden house and Adrian's villa; in hydraulics, it projected the Claudian emissary, and Caligula's Baian bridge; in sculpture, it has left at the Capitol such heads and

feet as betray the emperor's contempt for the dimensions of man; in poetry, it swelled out into the hyperboles of Lucan and Statius. This exaggerated spirit spread even to the games. Nero drove ten horses yoked a-breast to his car, and double that number appears on an ancient stone."—FORSYTH.

This colossal taste was confined to the publicly visible, and to out-of-doors. The internal arrangement even of palaces was on a narrow scale; and, except the public rooms of the baths, there is scarce an apartment of respectable size. At Tivoli, in Hadrian's villa, of so many miles in extent, it is but the enclosed courts and gardens that filled up the space; the library, the rooms of the philosophers, &c. &c. so gorgeously described, are still to be seen in ruins, and were originally of narrow dimensions. At Pompeii, the bed-room of the Proconsul Pansa is ten feet by twelve. Their tasteful decorations was the same; the figures of stucco and painting are all diminutive. In the narrow and lofty rooms excavated under the baths of Titus, belonging to that emperor, to Maecenas, or whom you will, but certainly to a possessor of rank, the roof is thirty-three Roman feet in height, yet the painted ornaments are too small even for a closet or a cabinet. The figures never exceed half a foot in length, and the painted frame-work around contains all the colours of the rainbow in the space of an inch. This could not have been the case with the Grecians, if what we read about Zeuxis and others, has the least shadow of truth. In respect of the arts, the Romans were most likely to the Grecians what the Flemings, and indeed we ourselves, at present are to the Italians, and endeavoured to excel in minuteness those whom they could not rival on a grand scale.

But to the Forum—whither if we would proceed from the modern city, we first mount the Capitoline Hill or Campidoglio, by an inclined plane or steeples stair of Michael Angelo's formation.* This is adorned at bottom by basalt lions, of Egyptian manufacture, which, in obedience to the villainous taste that converts the king of animals into a water-spout, squirt each its little stream. The top of the stair is adorned with ancient statues of Castor and Pollux, with their steeds; and in the same line with them are

arranged the supposed trophies of Marius after his Cimbrian victories, old statues of Constantine, and the first milestone of the Appian way in the time of Vespasian. The summit of the ascent introduces you into the modern square of the Campidaglio, three sides of which are surrounded by public buildings, after the designs of Michael Angelo, elegant enough in themselves, but very unworthy of their position. In the midst stands the famous bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius on horseback, the only equestrian statue left of ancient Rome. The classic reader is aware that the Capitoline Hill is a long ridge, or rather two hills joined together. The modern square or piazza of the Campidaglio occupies the neck of inferior height that joins them; it was of old called the *Intermontium*. The position of the ridge is from north-east to south-west; the summit north of the *Intermontium*, was the site of the temple of the Capitoline Jupiter, now that of the Franciscan convent and church of *Ara Coeli*—the other and more extensive end of the ridge, was the arx, or citadel, containing, amongst other well-known spots, the Tarpeian rock, from whence malefactors were flung into the Campus Martius, and to which from the side of the Forum they mounted of old by an hundred steps. This summit is now, for the most part, covered by the Caffarelli palace, and by filthy cabins. If curious, the visitor is led up through a filthy cabin to have a view of what they call the Tarpeian rock; if this was per-

pendicular, and not intercepted by gardens and houses, the fall would be quite sufficient for its old break-neck purpose, notwithstanding all the exclamations of travellers upon its nothingness. But this spot, however it may be on the rock, is certainly not near the identical place of the malefactor's leap, as if he fell from this, he would fall into the *Velabrum*, whereas we know that it was into the *Campus* they were thrown—most likely, where now is the *Ghetto*, or Jew's quarter.

Having thus taken a view of the Capitoline ridge, we return to the *Intermontium*, or modern square, and descend the other side of the hill into the Forum. On the *Clivo Capitolino* of old, we know stood many temples, and although the descent itself has nearly disappeared from the filling up of the Forum, yet here are ruins and columns in abundance to put in exercise our powers of conjecture. The palace of the modern Senator of Rome (that title being now held by one who is a kind of Lord Chief Justice,) fronts the inclined plane by which we mounted to the Campidaglio; its rear, of course, looks to the Forum. The foundation of this rear, evidently ancient, and built of large masses of Alban stone, first attracts our attention. It is the remains of the *Tabularium*, built by Lutatius Catulus, who was Consul of Rome in the year 674. The inscription, from which we learn this, was long preserved, and by many writers copied and recorded:

Q. LVTATVS. Q. F. Q. N. CATVLVS. COS. SVBSTRVCTIONEM
ET. TABVLARIVM. S. S. FACIENDVM
COERAVIT.

This was called *Tabularium*, from the Tables of the Law, which were there preserved. It was burned in the Vitellian fire, but as the Alban stone does not calcine, a great part was, and is still, preserved, and its Doric portico still serves as a stable for the Roman Senator.

On the declivity between the *Tabularium* and the Forum stand the ruins of two temples, distinguished more by the difference of their architecture,

than by the space between them. One of them stands to the right of the *Tabularium*, and consists of a portico supported by six Ionic columns, which, owing both perhaps to original poverty of execution, and to the friable quality of the granite, are sadly out of proportion. The front, which is at right angles with the *Tabularium*, shows the following inscription, blackened by fire and time, on the frieze:

SENATVS. POPVLVSQVE. ROMANVS
INCENDIO. CONSVMPTVM. RESTITVIT.

This has been considered for centuries, and with very probable reasons, to be the famous Temple of Concord,

in which Cicero assembled the senate. If the traveller chance to buy the Abate Fea's Guide to Rome, he will

adhere to this old and comfortable hypothesis; if he buy Vasi, he must think it the Temple of Fortune, while, for the remains of the Temple of Concord, he must be content with a few old foundations, which the galley slaves are daily uncovering. Within these few yards of the Clivus Capitolinus it stood, but the exact site is difficult to decide. Vasi and Nibby appear to me to have the best of the argument, of which, however, they are not the original advancers. Nibby's book on the Forum is clear and convincing, and he certainly makes his hypothesis square admirably with the remains of Ichthyography preserved in the museum of the Campidaglio. His chart, too, of the Roman Forum, is the most satisfactory, and it may here be added, that the plan of the Forum in "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," is quite false—the *Via sacra*, for instance, being quite misgiven.

The remains of the other temple I spoke of, are three columns, with their base and entablature, all of highly finished Corinthian, having the letters ESTITVER in the broken front of the frieze. It is agreed on by all antiquarians, that these belonged to the Temple of *Jupiter Tonans*, erected by Augustus in gratitude for his having narrowly escaped a thunder-bolt in Cantabria. It appears from Suetonius, that Jupiter Capitolinus became jealous of his namesake Tonans for taking away his votaries, and that he complained of the neglect to the pious monarch in a dream. On the side frieze of the temple are represented numerous instruments of sacrifice used of old—the *patera*, the *culter*, &c. which form still a favourite ornamental bordering for apartments among the modern Romans. These columns, when excavated, were much out of the perpendicular, but have been since supported and the base rebuilt. When Venuti drew these columns, they were but a few feet apparent above the soil, so that even the Tabularium must have been nearly covered in his days. It is needless to describe the mere foundations and vestiges of ruins lately exca-

vated on the north-east end of the Capitoline descent, and which are averred to be the only true remains of the Temple of Concord.

I have before described the Tabularium fronting the Forum, which it will be well all along for you to keep in your eye. I have also described the ruins immediately in front of it, and between the paths that descend from the Piazza di Campidaglio or Intermentium on both sides of it. The path towards the north-east is the *Clivus Asyli*, which as you descend, the Tabularium and the above-described Temples are on your right, the Mamertine or Tullian Prison on your left, and, at bottom, the arch of Septimius Severus. This, notwithstanding the impossibility of the arch of Severus permitting the recorded number of elephants and stags to pass abreast, may nevertheless be set down as the triumphal road, as the harness of the old Romans was, like that of the modern ones, I dare say, convenient enough to allow of the beasts abreast forming double or treble rank at the moment when the passage of the arch required it.

The Tullian or Mamertine prison, the situation of which I have described, now stands beneath the little church of *St Pietro in Carcere*—as it was here the Romans assert that St Peter was imprisoned. Not only indeed do they assert this, but even shew a rude impression of his face on the wall, against which it was knocked by the guards, and the granite, like wax, it seems, received the impression. A little well also is shewn in the prison, which sprung up at the command of the Apostle to enable him to christen his guards, the future martyrs, Proculus and Martinianus. The old entrance to this prison looked towards the Forum, and was approached by the Gemonian stairs, the ancient Bridge of Sighs. It is now shut up, the entrance and front of the modern church being on the other side, and easily distinguished by the crowd of kneeling votaries, who, especially at vesper hour, crowd before it. An inscription still exists:

C. VIBIVS. C. F. M. COCCEIVS. NERVA. S. C.

But further on the Forum I'll not encroach at present.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS, &c. OF THE HIGHLANDERS OF SCOTLAND.

BY W. GRANT STEWART.*

If a time was, when our ancestors felt uneasy at the appearance of their northern neighbours among them, we think the period not far distant when the reading part of the community at least, shall feel equally uncomfortable at the continual display—not of the Highlander himself, but of the name of his country, in the windows of our booksellers. For the last twenty years, one half of the publications from the Scottish press has been nothing else than “Tales,” “Tours,” “Letters,” “Descriptions,” and “Sketches” of the Highlands and their inhabitants; although any one who takes the trouble to look into these productions, will find the country and customs of the Gáel nearly as faithfully represented there, as a Highland Chieftain in the person of “Vich Ian Alderman,” of tartan memory.

Attached, as we have always been, to the land of “hills, glens, and heroes,” we think we cannot shew this attachment better, than by directing the attention of our readers to what is of infinitely more importance to Highlanders themselves, than any account of their superstitions and follies. Their courage, fidelity, hospitality, and all the other good qualities they possess, have had full justice done to them by most of our popular writers; but unfortunately the privations and disadvantages under which they labour have been little noticed. Pride is a prominent feature in the character of the Highlander, and where his affairs come under the observation of strangers, he will sacrifice much to outward appearances. In this way we see a neatness in the hamlets adjacent to the great Highland roads, for which we shall in vain look in less-frequented parts of the country; and thus it is, that stage-coach travellers know so little of the *real* state of the Highlands or the inhabitants.

Others there are, however, who have made the Highlands the object of observation, and who were not thus ignorant; but their works were written with a view to the public taste, and it was not to be expected they should

contain much, that would either pain their Highland cousins, or disgust their readers. We find, indeed, occasional bursts of indignation at flagrant instances of oppression; but we have not met with any serious endeavour, in all the works on the Highlands, to call the attention of the country to the miserable state of the *domestic comforts* of the inhabitants. It is true, poverty and filth are bad subjects for novels; and perhaps we quarrel unreasonably with authors for their silence on such topics. But the same excuse will not avail others for their backwardness and neglect in this respect—we mean Highland proprietors, and the members of the several Highland and Celtic Societies with which the country at present swarms. If, among the spurious “brats” to which its name has given birth, we class that respectable body, the Highland Society of Scotland, we would be apprehensive of the credit our assertion might obtain, (considering the large sums annually distributed by it throughout the Highlands), should we accuse these societies of inattention to the welfare of that part of the country. But this *is* our charge, and we hope to be able to prove it.

It is true, no doubt, that competitions have been instituted in many districts for the improvement of stock and agricultural produce; and the premiums there distributed may have induced some individuals to buy or rear a few superior cattle, to be shown at the competition; and also to bestow more than usual attention on the culture of a field of turnips—but did they not do so in every instance at a ruinous expense, and was not every prize followed by an increase of 10 or 20 per cent on the rent of the successful competitor? We ask then, have these boasted competitions in the slightest degree rendered the habitation of the Highlander more comfortable—his food more nourishing, or his clothing more impervious to the winter blast? On the contrary, has not the condition of the *inhabitants* for the last twenty years been daily becoming worse, in exact proportion as the value of the

produce of their land has increased. These are the blessed effects of competitions. At the present day, we know farms yielding from £150 to £400 of rent, without a house sufficient to afford tolerable shelter to the possessor and his family in inclement weather,—where the rain no sooner falls from heaven, than it finds its way to the innermost recess of the miserable hut, and where sunshine without will procure no remission of the *til-tal* within,—in the bed and at the fire-side,—till the turf-covered roof slowly *dreeps* its contents. And when a fire is kindled, the “house” appears like a limekiln, smoke issuing from every crevice, till not only the family is forced out, perhaps in a winter night, but even the cattle in the adjoining byre, roar for release from the Pandemonium. Hence a collection of pitchy soot on the clothes and furniture—hence the disease, once so characteristic of all Scotsmen, but now confined exclusively to the poor Highlander, and hence the withered and smoke-coloured countenance that distinguishes him in all assemblages of the people.

It is in vain to reply to this, Why not build to themselves better habitations? *First*, because it is the proprietor's, and not the tenant's, duty to do so. And how does a Highland proprietor go about it? When a tenant enters to a new possession, all the crazy huts and fences on the premises are valued, but not made sufficient, to him; and these he is taken bound to keep in good repair. To this end he props and thatches them month after month, till they resemble the patched garment of a beggar; but after all, their natural decay causes a deficiency at the termination of his possession; and for this tear and wear, as if not compensated for in the yearly rent, his *generous* chief distresses him to the very blankets on his bed.* And, *second*, because a tenant seldom has any encouragement to lay out money in building, as his tenure is often no other than his landlord's pleasure; in *which* case, so far from being remunerated for improvements, he would, on the contrary, be obliged, at his removal, to make up any deficiency in the buildings erected at his own expense.

Again, the food of the common Highlander corresponds with his dwelling—poor, mean, and unpalatable. Potatoes and milk three times a-day, is very common even among the middle class of tenants; and a piece dried *braxy* ham is no small luxury. We are aware that this sounds incredibly, contrasted with the “routh of excellent cakes, delicate scones, new-laid eggs, savoury butter, delicious honey, and genuine mountain dew,” of which we read so much, and of the actual existence of which some of our readers, as well as ourselves, have had substantial proof. In the Laird's house,—at the Manse,—and perhaps in the house of the Laird's brother, these good things certainly do abound; and even at the table of the lower classes, a stranger will fare sumptuously. But how often have our hearts been pained to see the hospitable goodwife furnish out an entertainment like this, well knowing that the family must fare scantily for a time thereafter!

Seeing, then, that such is the actual state of things in the Highlands, we would earnestly recommend, to those who have the means, an attempt to better the condition of the inhabitants. This, however, *cannot* be done by the assembling of themselves annually in the “cities of the plains,” dressed out in an absurd imitation of the mountain garb,

“to revel life away,

In guilty pleasures our poor means must pay.”

As little will it avail to distribute Gaelic poems among a people who lack not poetry, but food; and equally ineffectual will be the quixotical expeditions of holy men to subdue the spirits of the rock and flood, and preach to the heathen Highlander the Gospel of Jesus *for the first time!*

“Even ministers hae been kenn'd, in holy rapture,

A rousin' whid at times to vend, an' nail't wi' scripture.”

Instead of these, and other like wise exploits, we would advise Highland proprietors, as they would avoid meriting the sarcasm of the poet—

Their good, ill, health, wealth, joy, or discontent,

Being, end, aim, religion—rent, rent, rent,

* Since this article was put in types, we have seen some of those strenuous supporters of Highland Societies and Competitions, attempt to rouse the effects of their tenants' half a year before the expiry of the period for which the rent was claimable!

to adopt a more liberal policy toward their tenants. Because the leopard will sooner change his spots, than a Highlander voluntarily leave his native glen, let not this tempt the avarice of the Laird yearly to increase his rents, till the substance of his tenants is eaten up, and poverty forces them to become "bondsmen" to our citizens, or die beggars in a foreign land. For why do this, and then re-let their possessions at the same, and sometimes at a lower rent, to a speculating stranger, who, having first caused a costly mansion to be erected, where he entertains the proprietor with wine at dinner,—bustles about like a demi-god for a season, and then sends his name to the Gazette,—leaving the credulous landlord *minus* a year's rent, and the expense of the mansion, now useless from its magnificence.

It shews a lamentably short-sighted policy in our Highland landlords, to be thus anxious to get quit of the native race. We are old enough to recollect several large tracts of the Highlands tenanted by South-Country graziers, where, at the present day, not one of their descendants is to be found possessing the lands of his father. We aver, without fear of contradiction, that the charges of sloth, ignorance, and backwardness to improvement, brought against the Highlanders, are, in most instances, grossly false; and we maintain, that not only are the Highlanders fully as industrious, but that they in fact render the wilds they inhabit more productive to the proprietors, than any other class of tenants that could be substituted in their place. We repeat it then, let the Highlanders have the same encouragement as strangers—let their possessions be rendered secure, and their habitations made comfortable, and we shall then see them exhibiting an appearance very different from their present mean and wretched condition; and proprietors themselves will profit by the alteration. We detest cant, but we cannot help reminding proprietors of what they seem anxious to forget,—that to whom much is given, of him much will be required. If, in the distribution of the things of this world, Providence has given them dominion over their fellow-creatures, let them not suppose they can abuse that dominion with impunity. The question to be hereafter answered, will be, not How much gold and silver hast thou forced out of barren acres? but, How hast thou improved the opportu-

nities of benefiting thy fellow-men which thy master did give thee?

These observations have assumed a totally different complexion from what we at the outset intended, and their length precludes almost any remark on the work before us. But this is now of less consequence, as the public have already formed the resolution to which we meant to have advised them on its first appearance; namely, such as have had the misfortune to take it up once, never to do so again; and those that have hitherto neglected it, to do so for ever.

We agree, however, with Mr. S., that notwithstanding the light which has lately been thrown on the character of the Scottish Highlander, by Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Grant, and Colonel Stewart, "a complete and systematic account of the Highland superstitions is still a desideratum in our national literature." But we fear the present attempt will not go far towards supplying this defect; and, considering the opportunities Mr. Stewart enjoyed, and with the example of the authors just mentioned before him, we do think he might have given us something superior to this absurd collection of nursery tales. With the substitution of some other uncouth jargon for the Gaelic, we are persuaded that all we have here as the "Superstitions of the Highlands," might, with equal propriety, have been called the Superstitions of New Holland; for we should as soon have discovered our grandfathers metamorphosed into Prince's-Street Dandies, as recognized the stories with which they delighted our youth in the "Translations" of Mr. Stewart. In the selection of his stories, too, Mr. Stewart displays a woful want both of taste and judgment, and the style is the very worst he could have adopted. The last, indeed, might do well enough to excite a smile at a sturdy Highlander, who should, at the present day, maintain the reality of all the machinery of his superstition; and if Mr. S.'s object had been to ridicule the once prevalent, but now discarded, belief of his countrymen in supernatural agency, and amuse the reader at their expense, we might perhaps have thought more favourably of his work. But, considering it as an account of the Superstitions of the Highlands, we denounce it a worthless and miserably defective production.

As, however, we are pleased with its modest size and moderate price, we

shall give a quotation or two, as specimens of what it contains. The following is a description of the ghosts of the olden time:—

“Unlike the present puny, green, worm-eaten effigies, that now-a-days stalk about our premises, and, like the camelion, feed upon the air, the ancient race of Highland ghosts were a set of stout, lusty, sociable ghosts, ‘as tall as a pine, and as broad as a house.’ Differing widely in his habits from those of his posterity, the ghost of antiquity would enter the habitation of the man, descant a lee-long night upon the news of the times, until the long-wished-for supper was prepared, when this pattern of frankness and good living would invite himself to the table, and do as much justice to a bicker of Highland crowdie, as his earthly contemporaries. Indeed, if all tales be true, many centuries are not elapsed since those social practices of the ghosts of the day proved an eminent pest to society. With voracious appetites, those greedy gormandizers were in the habit of visiting the hamble hamlets, where superabundance of store seldom resided, and of ravishing from the grasp of a starving progeny, the meagre fare allotted to their support.”

Of the ghost’s solicitude, in his “post-existent state,” for the repose of the departed soul, several instances have come to our knowledge within these few years. One gentleman, of Mr Stewart’s own clan, to whom his friend in the nether world lately sent his compliments, with a nomination as his administrator in law, resides at C—, about six miles west from Blair Athole, to whom we would refer Mr S. for more correct information on the subject, in the event of a second edition of his work.

We had thought ourselves perfect adepts in all the amusements of a New-year’s morning, but we are now convinced the inhabitants of Strathdown can instruct us in more things than one, of which neither we nor our readers ever dreamt. Witness the following process of fumigation, which it requires all our belief to credit any rational being would submit to at that joyous season:—

“The first course (sprinkling of holy water) being thus served, the second is about to be administered—preliminary to which, it is necessary to stuff all the crevices and windows in the house, even to the key-hole. This done, piles of juniper are kindled into a conflagration, in the different apartments in the house. Rising in fantastic curls, the fumes of the blazing juniper spread along the roof, and gradually

condense themselves into an opaque cloud, filling the apartment with an odoriferous fumigation, altogether overpowering. Penetrating into the inmost recesses of the patient’s system, (for patients they may be called,) it brings on an incessant shower of hiccupping, sneezing, wheezing, and coughing, highly demonstrative of its expectorating qualities. But it not unfrequently happens, that young and thoughtless urchins, not relishing such *physic*, and unmindful of the important benefits they reap from it, diversify the scene by cries of suffocation and the like, which never fail to call forth from the more reflecting part of the family, if able to speak, a very severe reproof. Well knowing, however, that the more intense the “*smuchdan*,” the more propitious; the high-priest, with dreeping eyes and distorted mouth, continues his operations, regardless of the feelings of his flock, until he considers the dose fully sufficient; upon which he opens the *vent* and the other crevices, to admit the genial fluid, to recover the spirits of the exhausted patients. He then proceeds to gratify the horses, cattle, and other bestial stock in the town, with the same entertainment in their turn.”

In the chapter on “weddings,” Mr S. has omitted the ceremony of *creel-ing* the bridegroom. Indicate as this pastime may appear to our southern neighbours, the time is not long past when it was very common, and is not yet altogether laid aside. Early on the morning after marriage, some young men, intimate acquaintances of the bridegroom, provide themselves with a wicker-basket full of stones, and take their station outside the door of the married couple’s apartment. Here they await the coming forth of the bridegroom, who for this day at least must perform the ceremony of ablation in a running brook. This he generally attempts by a dart past his sentinels, and should the stream be at a distance, the chase thither is often amusing. Not unfrequently, however, he eludes his wary friends by making his escape by the window; and we have oftener than once seen him find his way through the roof, to avoid this friendly greeting. But should all attempts fail, and the luckless wight be caught, the *creel* is then fastened firmly on his back, where it remains till the bride appears, and declares that she has no cause of complaint against him, upon which she is allowed to take it off. Let our bridegrooms of *eighty* think of this and tremble.

SCRAPS FROM LONDON.

MY DEAR MR NORTH,

It has always appeared to me as a singular fact, not very easily referable to any principle, (supposing it well founded), that the literature of Scotland should have taken such a direction to the history of the progress of society;—so curious and so inquisitive an eye turned inward on itself, and eager to record its movements. At one period, and that not very remote, there was hardly one among our literary men, who had not essayed this subject; and when I mention the names of Kames, Monboddo, Fergusson, Stewart, and Millar, I but state the strength of the advanced guard, and leave a host of distinguished philosophers in the walk behind. I confess myself under the influence of this feeling, and am constantly inclined to look with interest on anything peculiar in the society in which I am placed, as well as on the usages which may have resulted from it, or been themselves the causes of it. In my slight dealings and occasional intercourse with the shopkeepers of London, I am led to believe that they are of a different mould from those at home, and in some respects, I think, better. In Scotland, the class of whom I speak have scarcely yet become a separate *caste*; they feel, as it were, an apology for their profession necessary; and whenever they have realized what, in their very moderate views, may be considered an independence, they eagerly recollect, and greedily cling to their connexion, however remote, with any respectable family from which they may have sprung originally, as the stock on which to found their own consequence in their early retirement. It is this feeling, so general that it escapes observation, which operates so powerfully in moderating their ambition with respect to fortune. The class of whom I speak have their wishes as steadily directed to this ultimate seclusion from business, and look to it with the same eagerness, as the eastern minister of whom we read, who retired every day from the toils of office, to solace himself with his pipe, and array himself in his shepherd's weeds, to remind him of his first condition.

In Scotland, we have too recently escaped from a feudal state of society,

to have fully and naturally acquired the air and gait of a commercial people. In many a house, a target or a broad-sword is to be found suspended, which has seen the struggles of the year Fifteen, or the more memorable Forty-five; and our early efforts to preserve the independence and purity of a National Church, with the share which, by its peculiar form, it gives to the people themselves in the management of it, would altogether tend to produce a *raciness* of character, (if I may use the phrase), even greater than that imputed to the "Land of Hills and Lakes." These remote causes may not always be felt, or even acknowledged, in every case; but it would be rash, on that account, to dispute their influence.

Who has not seen the rich and luxurious effects of the day-light streaming through the painted or stained window;—the exquisite glare it imparts to everything it rests on; *quid teligit, quod non ornavit*;—how it alters their colour, in some instances, and gives to them a third, which, like the neutralized substances of chemistry, is neither like the basis, nor the agent operating on it! Yet, amid all this enchantment, all this voluptuousness of enjoyment to the eye and to the fancy, the mitred priest or canonized worthy, whose glewing form dims the window, is not himself transmitted into the interior; his influence is only felt in the colours in which he is embodied.

I will even venture to say, that the keenness which is said to mark the Scottish character, in what relates to their transactions, and which at first sight would seem the least apologetical part of it, may admit of explanation at least, from their national circumstances. We have always remarked, that a countryman, on coming to town, made, or tried to make, a harder bargain than any inhabitant would venture on, and this as much from the fear of being over-reached on account of his ignorance, as that any advantage he could derive from his cheapening, would to him be comparatively a greater benefit, than to those in a superior rank of life. As it is with individuals, so it is with nations. As a commercial country, we are still far behind our more wealthy neighbours;

we are newer, and more ardent in our career, and try to compensate by assiduity, the advantages we cannot yet command. We are like racers, who have lost time in starting from the post, and press forward to save our distance.

In London you recognize, for the first time, the regular, the hereditary tradesman; whose wealth, in many cases, might suffice to grace the rank of a baronet, and who yet waits patiently at his counter, to serve the slightest demands, and all the while regulating the most extended concerns of his business. His ideas certainly do not travel far at any time, beyond the even tenor of his occupation, and to quit it is out of the question. His forefathers were all of the same class; his descendants have no chance of quitting it; he is but one in a world of shopkeepers; and his only means of distinction lie, not in abandoning, but in remaining in it. In short, so large is the class, so hopeless the chance of passing its bounds, that when the London tradesman looks above, around, and beyond him, he sees nothing but fellow-citizens of his own rank, and he therefore glides the more quietly through what may almost appear his predestined range. So vast is the field in which he toils, that he is confident that the most trifling retail, if sufficiently extended, may raise his fortune; hence, he is punctual and civil to his customers, to a degree that would be reckoned servile in Scotland; because there, from the more limited extent of their occupations, the same favours could seldom lead to the same splendid results. At this moment I see, from my window, a tradesman (as he is here called) carrying a basket of vegetables to some purchaser, perhaps not exceeding the value of a sixpence, and whose dress and appearance, in every respect, save the clean white apron, would otherwise indicate with us a gentleman of a very respectable rank.

I think even a very casual survey inclines us to admit, that the English face is one of higher polish than ours; greater softness and roundness in the outline, and a more educated and intellectual expression, even when the individual may possess but little in his character to justify the appearance or expectation of it. The training of the mind exercises an influence over

the body, which, though it may be very unintelligible, may yet be very true. Our countrymen have been put later into the refining-pot of society, and have not yet acquired the full polish of the process; it will be well if they do not lose something of their natural strength of character by it. The soft round face of our southern brethren betokens ease, the reign of quiet passion, and the habit of controlling it; ours possesses still, perhaps, too many traces of the turbulent times from which we have more recently emerged, and of the impetuous forward expression, which marks a more primitive people.

The more generous living of the lower and middle classes, seldom fails to arrest the notice of the northern stranger, as a thing indicating a different state of society.

The flaming tankard meets his eye in almost every quarter, and at every hour; it never quits the stage, but keeps its part as the representative of good living. The pot-house boy plies his incessant round from morning till night; at one time, collecting his bright cool-looking jugs; at another, supplying his hearty customers. Everywhere else he has seen it considered as a luxury, here he finds it among the list of necessities. John Bull considers his porter as a kind of national concern, alike of importance to the individual as to the political constitution of Old England. I confess, this familiar and general use of it appears to me a degradation of my favourite beverage, and, to you, Mr North, I will confess it, has perplexed me not a little. To me, who was always famed among my acquaintances for having it of the best quality, a bad dinner seldom came without its apology to my friend, by the promise of a bottle of it; and then what a field for vaunting its excellence lay open to me, before I produced it!

But now all is gone; all my enjoyment, physical and intellectual, at my scanty board, has henceforth vanished! How can I introduce that as a luxury, which I now have learned is no luxury? or dwell on the excelling qualities of a liquor, which I possess but in common with a million of greasy mouths in London?

The inconvenience of people, in all directions, carrying burthens on their shoulders on the pavé, is a grievance very generally felt, and, to an eye from

the country, appears not a little singular.

The first impression is, that the police of the metropolis is not of that excellence which is generally assigned to it, and that this, like other matters of imperfect knowledge, possesses its importance under the shelter of the old maxim of the "*omne ignotum pro magnifico*;" and, in short, that because in any town in the country such a nuisance would not be tolerated, such towns have therefore a more vigilant *surveillance*. A little more coolness enables us to lay our own convenience out of question, and to see that the overburdened porter could not pass along the street crowded with carriages, frequently locked together, so as to require great dexterity to unlock them; and the fact that it is so, impresses on us a still deeper conviction of the immensity of that population, of the extent of that commerce, of the variety of those avocations, whether of pleasure or of business, which so completely fill the public way as to cause this nuisance to be overlooked by a vigilant police, and even tolerated by ourselves who suffer most from it.

The huge drays of London, with four horses of the most powerful kind yoked to them; too frequently interfere with our progress, to admit of their escaping our notice. I am almost inclined to look on them as a feature of that nationality which may be detected in so many other points of view, and exhibiting on the part of their owners a proud contempt of economy, as lordly in its principle, as that of the finest "*Set out in England*."

Now and then an incident of a different kind to that last noticed obstructs our way, and secures our courtesy by an appeal to very different feelings.—In every crowded street or quarter we meet a funeral; the corpse borne on shoulders, and covered with a black pall, turned up at the corner to display the coffin, and edged with white silk to denote the youth of the deceased. If a female, it is followed by a small train of the same sex, in mourning-habits, with a large veil or hood covering the whole person, which gives a kind of foreign or Spanish look to the procession; and is very probably a remnant of the ceremonies of the English Catholic church, with a few persons in attendance, to "breathe

the prayer to Heaven, and say Amen." I think the cloak worn by the men on these occasions, may very probably be traced to an early and disturbed state of society, when funerals were often the scene of riot and hostility, rendering it necessary, even then, to wear arms; and that this envelope was employed to conceal suspicions, which it would have been alike imprudent to neglect, or to exhibit uncalled for.

From the perishing quality of the bricks, of which the metropolis is built, we feel the want of that venerable character which we recognize in cities of far inferior interest, but—built of stone—and commemorating, by their durability, the events with which they may be connected, whether of deep historical or local value. We love to tread on the same floor, where at least it is possible, that Rizzio's blood was spilt; and we assent to the fiction (if such it be) the more readily, that it gives back to our recollections the delightful tales of the nursery, which, in the oft-told story of Blue Beard, has gained our assent to the ineffaceable character of murderous stains. If London had been swept from the ground by a catastrophe similar to Moscow, and risen afresh by the enterprising spirit of its inhabitants within the last century, it could not have a fresher look. The smoky atmosphere which surrounds it, is in this respect an advantage; it begrimes the bricks, to be sure, but it abates a little of the yesterday look of the scene. Even the occasional intermixture of buildings confessedly venerable, does not alter this impression, although they certainly produce an agreeable sentiment, like that excited, by meeting at times a gay old gentleman in the company of his younger friends.

What relates to ourselves is chiefly the subject of the future, when, like Macbeth, we try to look into the mirror of the hereafter. But, of the past we think collectively, and look at mankind either as a whole, or as separated into portions, of which we form a part in our national relations; and the architecture of a country, exhibiting the characters of different eras, becomes, in this view of the subject, so many notches on the Time-post of its history. For these reasons, I never fail to regret the absence of stone in London, which has deprived it of so much that would otherwise have rendered it

invaluable, not only to the tutored eye of the antiquary, but to the most careless observer.

Few capitals have witnessed so many storms, still fewer have owned so many masters, of different races, and of characters so strongly marked, as would have been sufficient to have left their impression on the style of the building of their age, if they had possessed a material fitted as well to receive as to keep it. We should then have had the singular spectacle of Saxon and Norman palaces gracing our capital, even by contrast with our modern and richer residences, as the city of Moscow was said to have delighted by the blending of the Asiatic with the European character. I could well believe that the proud reign of Elizabeth would not have passed away without contributing something which would have marked the high-wrought national feelings, which the glories of her administration were so well calculated to excite and to cherish. The gloom and austerity of Cromwell's day, would not have passed away without leaving its hand-writing on our walls; and we might have now possessed, perhaps in the same street, the gay and licentious characteristics of the age of Charles the Second, in the luxurious and decorated mansions of the minions of his Court. For all these reasons, I never discover in my rambles, a cyphered stone, or

rude image of the olden time sunk into the modern brick-wall, but it calls forth my regrets, as being symptomatic of something I have lost. In this case, the antiquary has the advantage over me: he rejoices in having discovered that which is still visible; with more capriciousness I deplore the venerable fabric of which this slender memorial once perhaps formed a part, and now remains to mark its former site. To me, therefore, the bas-relief in Newgate-street, representing an armed chief, although modern, but marking the spot where stood the house of the Earls of Warwick, is a matter of no ordinary excitement, and it has scarcely time to dissipate, before a similar train of associations is called forth by a little Bacchus riding triumphantly in front of one of the houses in a lane a little farther on. But I fear I dwell too long on the inferiority of brick as a material for building; but let them ridicule who may, I am almost tempted to think that each of the materials in use for building, is severally fitted and congenial to forms of government very different,—the Monarchical and Democratical; the stone seems best fitted to produce support, and familiarize us to hereditary distinctions; while the former leaves little to mark the past, and gives nothing to the eye save the individual existences of ephemeral ru

REMARKS ON THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL IN A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

Several months have elapsed since I ventured to call the attention of your readers to a subject which has now become sufficiently familiar to all of them who are in the habit of seeing the newspapers of this part of the country, "THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL."—Indeed I am almost afraid, so much has been said and written about this matter, that many people are sick of the very sound of "High School." Nevertheless, I hope you will allow me one or two of your columns even now. You may depend upon it that I utterly despise all the sarcasms in which certain gentlemen, or perhaps only "gentlemen of the press," indulged themselves, in consequence of my former publication. I am at least as "independent," and at least as "disinterested," as any of my assailants

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can be; for, I not only do not in any way depend upon either of the parties who manage things in Edinburgh—but, to say the truth, I am not inclined to place implicit dependance upon either of them; and as for "interest," I certainly am most deeply interested in this question; but I am so only because I regard it as a great public question, involving public interests at least as important as any question that has in my time agitated the public mind of this place.

Since I wrote my former letter, this business has assumed a totally different shape. Then I hoped that a little temperate consideration might have induced those who set the scheme of the New School a-foot—to drop their scheme altogether. But now this is, I believe, quite hopeless. The paper war, which has been so vigorously ear-

ried on, has terminated in both parties being more attached to their original views, than they were when the campaign began. In short, there seems to be no sort of doubt that the Contributors are determined to have their own way of it.—Whatever the Magistrates do, or do not, they are resolved to build their School. They have resumed their field—they are arranging their plans—this School *is* to be.

And in what sort of situation does this leave the rest of the inhabitants of Edinburgh? They have nothing to do with the disputes which have been going on between these Contributors on the one hand, and the Town Council on the other. Be it so, that here, as in almost all disputes, there have been faults on both sides; be it so, that, generally speaking, intentions have been honourable and fair on both sides. Such I, for one, believe to be the truth of the case; but this is not the question *now*. The question, the only remaining question, is, “Are we, the citizens of Edinburgh, to support the one or the other of these establishments—that which has flourished for ages under the patronage of the municipality of Edinburgh; or this new establishment, set up in the face of that municipality, and to be governed by private individuals only?”

This is a question which every head of a family must put to himself—and, I think, I may venture to add, that if he be a right-thinking man, his leaning, in the first instance, will be towards the old Establishment, against which, until within this last year, not one word—not one whisper, was ever heard—which, on the contrary, was never mentioned without approbation and pride—which was ever honoured and revered as one of the oldest and best of our municipal—and, I may even say, of our National Institutions. It will not, I think, be denied, that, *primâ facie*, a good man and a good citizen will feel inclined to adhere to this venerable Establishment—that he will desert it for a novelty, and an untried novelty! only after being convinced that the old School has become insufficient for the purposes it assumes to fulfil—and that for some auxiliary novelty of one kind or another there is need.—

Now, what is the proof of such necessity exhibited by the patrons of the New Scheme? Their case, in point of fact, resolves itself into four separate statements. 1st There is a necessity

for a new school, because one school cannot be sufficient for the reception of all the boys that are learning Latin in Edinburgh *now*. 2^d, There is a necessity for it; for if there were not, who would send his son away to be taught Latin in England, which many people every day do? 3^d, There is a necessity for a new school, because the old school is not so numerously attended as it used to be; and, 4th, There is a necessity for a new High School, for the old one is inconveniently situated.

To take these arguments, which really exhaust the case, in their order—the first of them proceeds upon the assumption that everybody, unless there be some gross and visible defect in the great public school of the place he lives in, would, of course, send his boy to be taught there. But there cannot be a more fallacious notion than this. Many, very many persons, preferred in former days, prefer now, and always will prefer, a small, quiet, and retired private school, to any public school whatever. I confess that I, for one, should have imagined there must be many more learners of Latin here than, as it turns out, there are. It appears, that, taking the widest calculation of the Contributors themselves, there are not more than from 1000 to 1200 boys at this moment learning Latin in all the schools of this city; and I maintain it is absurd to say, that, out of a total of even 1200 boys to be taught Latin, there ever will be found enough to support two great public Latin schools, after deducting those whose guardians prefer, [whether on general grounds of feeling, or from the consideration of particular circumstances,] a private to a public education.

The second argument—that derived from the fact, (grant it to be a fact,) that many gentlemen here have been lately in the habit of sending their boys away to English schools and academies, appears to me to be, if possible, still more hollow than the first. Right or wrong, it is the universal opinion out of this country, and by no means a rare opinion even here, that classical education in its higher branches is better carried on in England than in Scotland. The acknowledged truth, that Scotland has not, for several generations past, produced any one classical scholar of the first rank, is certainly something. But even laying that altogether out of

view, many people have naturally enough thought, and probably will continue to think, that it is a great advantage for young men to be educated, to a certain extent at least, away from the scene of our provincial dialect and accent. And moreover, there is something in the mode of life followed in the great seminaries of Eton, Winchester, &c., which many consider as admirably calculated for the formation both of character and of manners—and of which they are therefore anxious to give their children the advantage. Altogether, there can be no sort of doubt, that Scotch gentlemen of a certain rank in life, of considerable fortunes, and attached to the Episcopalian church, will continue, if there were fifty new High Schools, to send their sons to the same English schools which persons in their situation have been, and now are, in the habit of patronizing.

The third argument is on the face of it a most illogical one. The great fault of the High School here, say these gentlemen, is, that there are too many boys for the school—and our proof of this is, that the school is less crowded at present, than it used to be in former days!

The fact seems to be, that the school never was attended by more than 800 boys at the same time—and that at this moment it is attended by 683!—Considering that within the space of two years there have been a great many changes of masters, and, above all, a change of Rector, it appears to me that we might have had more reason to wonder, if the attendance had not fallen off to a certain extent. For—as for saying or insinuating that the present teachers are not quite equal, in all respects, to the best of their predecessors—this, I am sure, will not be seriously attempted—and, to do the Contributors justice, no attempt of the kind can be laid to their charge *as a body*. In point of fact, the present Rector and his colleagues are, without exception, men of the highest respectability both in their profession and in their personal characters—and the public confidence, which their laborious lives have earned for them, could not be shaken by the arts of a faction—even if a faction could be found to employ themselves in such an unworthy cause.

I observe the names of *all* the known writers in the Edinburgh Review, now

resident in Edinburgh, in the list of the Contributors for this new High School, the necessity whereof arises from the incapacity of the old school to accommodate the juvenile population of this place. The old school contains, at this time, 683 boys. When the celebrated review of the book called “*Muse Edinenses*,” appeared in that journal (*i. e.* November 1812,) it appears that this same school was attended by “nearly 700 boys;” and yet, the sole object of that illustrious critique evidently was to puff this school, the style of its management—and, above all, the splendid merits of its then Rector, (himself an Edinburgh Reviewer, if Lord Byron’s “*English Bards*” may be in aught believed.) After talking of the “nearly 700 boys,” and their metrical effusions, the author of the critique subjoins the following note; some parts of which may be compared with certain more recent publications, from apparently the same quarter, at our readers’ good pleasure and leisure.

“The gentleman to whom we now allude, we understand to be Mr Pillans, the present head Master, or *Rector*, as we call him, of *this great seminary*, who was appointed to this important office on the death of the celebrated Dr Adam, about two years ago. Besides the great improvement in the article of verse-making, which is detailed in the text, it is proper to mention, that *this eminent teacher* has carried the study of the Greek language much farther than had ever been done in this school. At his last public examination, various pupils, to whom the very alphabet had been unknown but ten months before, publicly read and translated any part of the New Testament *ad apertura libri*, besides giving a complete grammatical analysis of all the words that occurred. Among the most radical and important, however, of all his improvements, we are inclined to reckon that partial adoption of Mr Lancaster’s system of teaching by monitors, in consequence of which, he is enabled to do very nearly *twenty times* as much as *could* possibly have been done without some such contrivance. The details of his plan could not easily be brought within the compass of a note; but the result is, that every individual boy, in a class or form of 160, is now called up, and *thoroughly examined*, at least *two or three times every day*, instead of being left for two or three days to inactive or counterfeited attention; and a spirit of industry and emulation is diffused through the whole body, instead of being confined, as formerly, in a great degree, to the boys near the head of the school.”

I have no desire to make any long-winded commentaries here. Everybody is perfectly aware, that all the details of the plan of teaching thus lauded, are at this day faithfully adhered to; that the school is taught and managed now, exactly as it was in Mr Pillans's time, and by a Rector possessed, though no Edinburgh Reviewer, of attainments probably not much inferior to those of Mr Pillans; and it requires no great perspicacity to observe, that the "683 boys" of 1822, correspond, with tolerable exactness, to the "nearly 700 boys" of 1812. I may safely leave these things to be sneered at by Messrs Jeffrey and Co.; and to be calmly considered by the disinterested public of Edinburgh.

There remains one argument more—that deduced from the inconvenient situation of the present High School. I perfectly agree with the Contributors here. The public feel, and have long felt, that the old School is in an absurd part of the town; and, what is more, the Magistrates have admitted all this, and announced their intention of *immediately* removing the School to another situation; of founding a new and more extensive building, somewhere within the easy reach of all those who have complained of the existing state of things.

Having done this—having formed and announced this resolution, and, I believe I may add, having *already* made considerable progress in the arrangements requisite for carrying it into effect—What is it, I ask, that the Magistrates have neglected, and that we had a right to expect from them? They tell us that we are to have a central High School, and that immediately. Are we to desert them at the very moment when they have adopted and announced this plan, at the very moment when they are labouring to bring it into immediate execution? Are we to abandon them—and to allow the establishment where we and our fathers were educated to be degraded and nullified, at the very moment when these gentlemen are exerting every energy for what they honestly conceive to be a great public purpose, and when the only intelligible complaint that has been made concerning the establishment that has flourished for so many ages under their direction, is in the very act of being removed by their zeal? This is the question which I am anxious to put plainly, and as it is,

to the disinterested and unfettered citizens of the place;—and I confess, that, provided it receive dispassioned consideration, I have little doubt as to the answer which all such persons will make to it.

I have read every line that has been printed about this affair, and as yet I have found nothing like the real history of it—and what everybody accustomed to live in a certain sort of society, *knows to be the real history* of it. Shall I venture, not to write this true history, for that is out of the question, but to hint it?

First, then, the leading Whigs of Edinburgh are parties to the great combination into which the Whigs have entered for the purpose of drawing into Whiggish management the *education of the youth of Britain*. This is a scheme which they have been, and are now, driving at with unceasing zeal here—and everywhere. It may be seen in Scotland and in England—it may be heard in the speeches in the House of Commons—and it may be detected in the *tracasseries* of the meanest village.

2d, Some of the leading Whigs of Edinburgh set a-foot this scheme of the new High School. This I know to be the fact. Ordinary persons, (by which phrase I mean persons not accustomed to scrutinize the proceedings of this place and its different parties,) may be taken in by the array of Tory names at the head of lists, committees, &c. &c. But I know, and well do the Tory Contributors themselves know, how the matter really stands. Very many of them know, that they gave in to this plan, *after it was started by their opponents*, from a mixture of the following motives—dread that their opponents *might* succeed in having the chief school of Edinburgh and of Scotland entirely under their control—dread that their opponents might acquire a certain sort of popularity by standing alone as the patrons of what *ex facie* might be taken for a great and necessary improvement—and dread of missing an opportunity of exhibiting their own talents in the great and thriving art of *conciliation*! Exceptions, of course, there are. Many are too high-spirited to have acted in this or in any matter from such motives—and some are too stupid to have understood anything about the matter at all. But I am tolerably confident, that what I have said, will find its echo in a very

goodly array of contributory consciences.

3d, The *leading* Whigs of Edinburgh are, like all the *leading* Whigs everywhere, just the reverse of what they pretend to be—in speeches and in all exterior humbugs the friends of liberty and equality, but really and in their hearts, the most bigotted and intolerant of aristocrats. It was *partly* their plan from the beginning to have an aristocratical school—and they too ha vether arts of conciliation ; and it was upon private and underhand flattery towards the avowed aristocratical feelings of many of their political enemies, that they relied as the surest means of swelling the purse of this contribution for a new High School—and they succeeded in this. In all their paragraphs, and of course in all their public appearances of every kind, they have most carefully guarded against avowing anything of the aristocratical part of their plan. But in private it has not been so with them ; far less with those whom they have cajoled into copartnership with them. *I speak boldly what I know to be the truth—I repeat what I have heard WITH MY OWN EARS*, from men too honest to conceal anything of their own motives, and too limited in understanding to comprehend the true drift, or at least to see the full extent, of the designs of others. I say it is the truth, that all along, a very great number of these Contributors, who are appealing as a body to THE PUBLIC, and calling for public support and public confidence, have been *individually* in the habit of avowing that their object was to have A GENTLE HIGH SCHOOL—and to hold, by increased fees, &c. the children of ordinary *plebeians* at arm's length. People may frown, bluster, and be indignant as much as they please, I assert that what I have now said is the plain and simple *truth*—and I assert nothing but what I can *prove*. To use the classical phraseology of Mr. Joseph Hume, “ let them take their change out of that.”

And the Magistrates had the great merit of seeing through this part of the scheme, if not from the beginning, at least from an early stage of the proceedings. When they once did see through this, they made up their minds—and they spoke their minds—and. I confess, that if it were for nothing but the stand they have had the firm-

ness to make *here*, I do, and always shall, consider them as having established a deep and sacred claim to the gratitude and respect of the great body of their fellow-citizens.

The language in which they have themselves stated their feelings as to this matter, cannot be improved—I quote from the introduction to the printed minutes.

“ The obvious result of having one school for the New Town, and another for the Old, will be a very distinct and marked separation between boys in different ranks and circumstances in life. The Council have strongly felt, that *one peculiar and important advantage, which has hitherto attended the system of public education in Edinburgh, has been the common education of boys of all ranks and conditions. Almost every man, who has risen to eminence in public life in Scotland, has been educated at the High School ; and many of the most distinguished and illustrious of the Scottish nobility have also there received their education. The Council are persuaded that there are numbers of the inhabitants who will acknowledge the advantages which they have derived in after life from early acquaintance and friendship with individuals of higher rank and station, formed in attendance at the High School. And, on the other hand, the Council feel well assured, that the most eminent in station, and the most illustrious in birth, of those who have been educated at the High School, strongly feel the advantages, in the formation both of character and of habits of kindness and confidence towards others, resulting from that plan of education which brought them, in early youth, into immediate and friendly contact with boys in a different rank of life from themselves.*”

“ In order, however, to insure these important advantages, connected with the original character and system of the High School, it is essential that the expense of education in it should be kept at the present moderate rate, and that no addition should be made in the name of entry-money at the commencement of each session, as would have been absolutely necessary had the intended new school been erected.

“ It is expected that this object will be attained in the institution of a central school, not only by the sale of the present building and ground belonging to it, which are valuable but also by large contributions from the public ; as, from what is already ascertained, it is confidently hoped that an appeal will not be made in vain to the patriotism of all who wish to preserve unimpaired the distinguishing character of Scotland above every other country,—that of imparting knowledge, by means of its public institutions, to all classes of society, at a moderate rate,—a circumstance which, by exclu-

ding none from attaining a liberal education, raises the general tone of information and intellect, and elicits talent in a humble sphere, and puts it in the power of ad ranks to build their after fortunes and respectability on that foundation laid in early life, an original deficiency in which can never be subsequently compensated."

The language of this is as clear as its sentiment is true and manly. People are accustomed to hear the Magistrates of Edinburgh talked of as a set of sneaking time-servers—Tory toad-eaters—tools—and I know not what. But here is a real question—the only question worth speaking of that has occurred in our time; and what has their conduct been? Although not a few of the nominal heads of the party of which they are sneered at as the blind instruments, were, no matter through what combination of motives or of circumstances, arrayed against them—although the solemn *imbéciles* of that party were to a man enlisted, in the work of prosing them down—they were not overawed—they were not deceived. They saw what was really at the bottom of the scheme—they detected the secret springs that had set all this operose machinery in motion, and they, men individually of humble rank, but, without exception, plain honest citizens of Edinburgh, were resolved to make their stand. They saw that the interests, not of Edinburgh only, but of all Scotland, were attacked, and they nobly fulfilled the duty which their official situation, as guardians of the rights of the community, imposed upon them. They said from the beginning—If there is to be division here—if there are to be a Patriotic and a Plebeian High School—if vanity, and worse than vanity, is to have this triumph, at least we shall not be the persons to forward these crafty schemes. They preferred, in a word, the gratitude of posterity to the empty and insidious flatteries which a lavishly crowd of their contemporaries were willing to lavish upon them. But I am confident they will, ere long, find themselves gaffers far beyond what they had dreamed of—I am confident that they will find THE PUBLIC, even of their own time, on their side—and witness that honest ebullition of public feeling which forms the surest sequel and the severest punishment of detected artifice.

I earnestly hope that the honest people of this town will, ere long, take this business out of the hands of leading men and paragraph-mongers, and make it a concern of their own. I earnestly hope that the citizens of Edinburgh will pause, when they are at last put in possession of the plain fact—that a deliberate attack upon the great body of the people of Scotland, and their dearest and proudest interests, has been made—and that it rests with themselves, and with themselves alone, to decide whether this attack shall, or shall not, be crowned with the injurious success that is its sole object.

I shall make no apology for concluding this letter with quoting part of certain *resolutions*, which, when originally moved in the Town Council, were negatived by 18 to 1, but which produced their effect—the same things being virtually embodied in the resolutions of the 12th of March, when it was carried by the glorious and overwhelming majority of 21 to 6, that, cost what it might, the magistracy of Edinburgh would not patronize the division of the studious youths of Edinburgh into two separate classes. I omit one, which regards a minor part of the business, and transcribe four paragraphs, which, in my opinion, exhaust the question as far as the public at large are concerned in its decision.

These resolutions are as follows:

I. "1. That the creation of another High School must be injurious to the interests of education in this city, because, from very minute inquiry, it appears that the whole number of boys who are taught Latin in Edinburgh, does not much exceed at this time one thousand, which number being altogether inadequate to support in a respectable manner so many teachers, as two schools would require, it must necessarily follow, that these situations will fall into inferior hands.

"II. That the erection of another High School cannot be countenanced by the Town Council, without immediately injuring, to a very great extent, the incomes of the existing teachers; and that, as these persons accepted the situations they now hold, in the complete reliance that their emoluments would never be reduced by any act of their patrons, the proposed arrangements cannot be gone into without inferring the breach of contracts, in every point of view, of the most serious character, and entered into long before any of the present negotiations occurred.

"III. That over and above all these

considerations, the proposed scheme is founded upon views and notions which the Town Council ought, on grounds of a far more important nature still, to DISCOURTAGE, and DISAVOW. That the effect evidently is to create a separation between the different classes of the community, THEREBY DESTROYING WHAT HAS HITHERTO BEEN ONE OF THE PROUDIST CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SCOTTISH SYSTEM OF EDUCATION, and attended with consequences of the most beneficial kind, both to persons of all ranks individually, and to THE GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE NATION; and that if any doubt could have been formerly entertained about the real effect of the scheme, the late incautious proposal to make the fees of the New School so much higher than those of the old one, must have made it evident to every one.

“Lastly, That the whole of these evils may be avoided, and at the same time everything like just cause of complaint, on the part of the gentlemen with whom the scheme originated, may be removed, by THE ERECTION OF ONE SCHOOL IN SOME CENTRAL SITUATION CONVENIENT FOR ALL THE INHABITANTS.”

Let the Magistrates *do* forthwith what they promise in the conclusion of these resolutions—let them give us A PLAN such as we can all comprehend—let them shew us that they are willing to advance all the money they are enabled to part with for the completion of this plan—and let them *then* tell us distinctly that the plan, if it fails, fails only because the Scottish public refuse to supply the deficiency. I am, indeed, most confident, that, in such circumstances, an appeal cannot be made in vain, to the liberality and the patriotism of a people, whose chief honour, and, I hope, pride, lie in the perhaps unequalled diffusion of education—and that has long found, in the equal terms on which this education is received, the best check against the absurd prejudices of aristocratical feeling on the one hand, and the noblest means of elevating the tone of popular feeling and character on the other.

Should this subject continue to require discussion, I shall perhaps tres-

pass again upon your indulgence—and in the meantime remain, &c. &c.
A. V. S. EDINENSIS.

Heriot Row,
June 21, 1823.

P. S. I have just seen another newspaper article, in which, though apparently written with candour and temperateness, what I conceive to be a most ruinous view of the subject is taken. The argument here is, that since the Contributors *are* to have their own School, and *are* to have it in the New Town; therefore, the Magistrates ought to keep their School where it is—in the Old Town. This, as it seems to me, would be the very perfection of absurdity. The reasons on which the Magistrates have mainly rested their objection to the new scheme all along, have been derived from the impropriety and danger of splitting the youth of Edinburgh into separate and distinct classes. Now, as the Magistrates themselves have expressed it in a paragraph already quoted—this separation is “*the obvious result of having one School for the New Town, and another for the Old.*”

My opinion most certainly is, that the Magistrates ought to place the Contributors and their genteel School entirely out of view—and discharge their duty to the public, by erecting the High School of Edinburgh in that situation which they deem most convenient for the whole public of Edinburgh, without asking or caring how many fashionable establishments are erected in different quarters of the metropolis. The public of Edinburgh have a right to have THE High School of Edinburgh,—the establishment which they honour, and which nobody *dare's* openly revile—placed where its advantages are most accessible to the greatest number of individuals likely to seek their education there. Let private people please their vanity if they have a mind:—but let the Magistrates continue to please their own consciences, and no fear but they will please the public.

A. E.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. IX.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

PHOC. ap. ALB.

[This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
" NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
" BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]

C. N. ap. Ambr.

ODOHERTY.

Make your mind easy, my old poet, about it. They stand no more in need of your assistance, than a seventy-four wants to be towed through the Bay of Biscay by a six-oared yawl.

NORTH.

There would be no harm, however, in saying, that Quentin Durward is a splendid book ?

ODOHERTY.

And as little good. Why need you hold your farthing candle to the sun ?—Hang it, man, never deal in axioms. I was truly sorry to see you in your last Number so anxious to shew up the Vicomte Soligny as an ass, when everybody saw his measureless ears, pricked up in proud defiance, affronting the day light.

BULLER.

We punsters of Rherlycina are indignant with the Great Magician for missing a capital pun, and making a poor one. You remember what Louis says to Tristan L'Hermite when he is confined, and wishes to have the astrologer hanged—that pun about *finis*.

TICKLER.

Yes ; here's the passage.—"Tristan, thou hast done many an act of brave justice—*finis*—I should have said *finis* coronat opus."

BULLER.

Read it, meo periculo, *finis* coronat opus. "We must crown the business by a rope."—Isn't it more professional ?

NORTH.

Decidedly, a much better pun.—Is it yours ?

MULLION.

Has Durward been dramatized yet ?

NORTH.

I don't know ; but I suppose it has. Terry would have but little labour on his hands, for many of the scenes are dramatic enough for the stage even as they are.

MULLION.

The defiance of Crevecœur, for instance.—"There need not be a word added or diminished there.

TICKLER.

That certainly is a magnificent scene—a model for all defiances.

ODOHERTY.

Could not we get up a thing of the kind here, in our own way ?

NORTH.

How ! What the deuce have we to do with such things ?

ODOHERTY.

Why, then, I'll tell you, my ancient biscuit-biter. As soon as Constable's new shop is finally settled—painters, glaziers, masons, tilers, slaters, carpen-

ters, joiners, upholsterers, paperers, and all that fry, bowled out clean, there is to be a high dinner given to all the men of blue and yellow.—Jeffrey *in persona* in the chair.

Well, what then?

NORTH.

MULLION.

I suppose that when the Reviewers are mustered, Odohertry wishes them to be peppered.

NORTH.

Knit him up to the stanchions for that pun. It is beyond question the worst I have heard since the days of Harry Erskine. *Percy, Signifier.*

ODOHERTRY.

Would not it be a good thing for you to defy him then and there, when surrounded by the host of the ungodly?

TICKLER.

Who would be the ambassador?

ODOHERTRY.

My own mother's son; and you should be herald, being a man of inches. I should not dress exactly a la Crève-cœur;—but, hand me the first volume of *Quentin*, and I shall follow it as close as possible.

NORTH.

Here, most worthy legate.

ODOHERTRY. [*Reading Quentin Durward, vol. i. p. 205, with a slight deviation from the words of the text.*]

Would not this read grandly in future ages, “Ensign and Adjutant Morgan Odohertry, a renowned and undaunted warrior—”

MULLION. (*Aside.*)

Over a tumbler of punch.

ODOHERTRY.

“Entered the apartment, dressed in a military frock-coat, thickly frogged, black stock, Cossack trowsers, Wellington boots, and steel-purs. Around his neck, and over his close-buttoned coat, hung a broad black ribbon, at the end of which dangled a quizzing glass. A handsome page—”

HOGG.

What the deil will he be?

ODOHERTRY.

Don't interrupt me.—“A handsome page, James Hogg, Esq. Shepherd of Ettrick—”

HOGG.

Hear till him! Me a page to a stickit Ensign!

ODOHERTRY.

Bore his hat behind him. A herald preceded him, bearing his card, which he held under the nose of Francis; while the ambassador himself paused in the middle of the hall, as if to give present time—”

TICKLER.

What, by the way, did the Great Unknown mean by such a phrase as “present time?”

MULLION.

Perhaps, because the business was no *past time*.

NORTH (*springs up in a rage.*)

By Jupiter Ammon, Mullion, another such pun, and I will fine you a bumper of magnesia water!

ODOHERTRY.

“As if to give present time to admire his lofty look, commanding stature, and the modest assurance which marked the country of his birth.”

OMNIS.

Hear, hear, hear!

ODOHERTRY.

Well, I'll skip on to the defiance at once. Turn to page 213. (*A rustling of leaves is heard.*) “Hearken, Francis Jeffrey, King of Blue and Yellow—Hearken, scribes and balaamites, who may be present—Hearken, all shy and shabby men—and thou, Timothy Tickler, make proclamation

after me—I, Morgan Odohererty, of the barony of Iffa and Offa west, and the parish of Knockmandowny, late Ensign and Adjutant of the 99th, or his Majesty's Tipperary regiment of infantry, and Fellow of the Royal, Phrenological, Antiquarian, Auxiliary Bible, and Celtic Societies of Edinburgh; in the name of the most puissant chief, Christopher, by the grace of brass, Editor of Blackwood's and the Methodist Magazines; Duke of Humbug, of Quiz, Puffery, Cutup, and Slashandhackaway; Prince Paramount of the Gentlemen of the Press, Lord of the Magaziners, and Regent of the Reviewers; Mallet of Whiggery, and Castigator of Cockaigne; Count Palatin of the Periodicals; Marquis of the Holy Poker; Baron of Balaam and Blarney, and Knight of the most stinging Order of the Nettle, do give you, King of Blue and Yellow, openly to know, that you having refused to remedy the various griefs, wrongs, and offences, done and wrought by you, or by and through your aid, suggestion, and instigation, against the said Chief, and his loving subjects, the authors in particular, and the Tory people in general, of this realm, he, by my mouth, renounces all belief in your assery, pronounces you absurd and trashy, and bets you sixpence, that he beats you as a critic and as a man. There, my tester is posted in evidence of what I have said."

OMNIS (*with enthusiasm.*)

Hear him! hear him! hear him!

ODOHERERTY.

Let me go on, for I think the remainder would be applicable. "So saying, he plucked the sixpence from the bottom of his breeches pocket, and flung it down on the floor of the hall.

"Until this last climax of the bet, there had been a deep silence in the Whig apartment during this extraordinary scene; but no sooner had the jungle of the tester, when cast down, been echoed by the deep voice of Timotheus, the Blackwoodian herald, with the ejaculation, 'Vive Tete de Buchanan' than there was a general tumult; while Brougham, Sydney Smyth, Leslie, and one or two others, whose coats, whole at the elbows, authorized the suspicion, that they could sport the coin, fumbled in their pockets for wherewithal to cover the sixpence; the seven young men exclaimed, "No bet with you, Butcher! Bubble, bubble! Comes he here to insult the King of the Labellers in his own hall?"

But the king appeased the tumult, by exclaiming, in a voice agreeably composed of the music of an English coachee, grafted upon a genuine Embro' brogue, "Silence, my lieges! Cover not the bet, for you would lose your blunt; Christopher is too run a customer for me."

HOGG.

Od, man, that's the vera way advocate Jeffrey speaks.

TICKLER.

It would be a fine subject for a picture. I shall suggest it to Allan, when I see him next.

MURKIN.

It could be called "The Defiance of Odohererty."

ODOHERERTY.

I trouble you for the vowel, my friend—Odohererty, if you please—I have no notion of anybody's being alliterative at my expense.

TICKLER.

Yes, it would be a grand historical painting. The stuck-pig stare of the great man himself—the scowling fury of Brougham—the puckered-up nose of the Mercurial Parson—the jobbernowl gape of "our fat friend"—the sentimental visage of the "Modern Pygmalion"—the epileptical frenzy of the half-human countenance of the —, and the helpless innocence of the seven young men, would be truly awful and sublime, while the magnificence of the Odohererty—

ODOHERERTY.

The stateliness of the Tickler——

TICKLER.

And the beauty of the Hogg, would afford a fine foreground.

BULLER.

Allan should lose no time. If he does not do it at once, as I am off for Lon-

don to-morrow, I shall speak to that other great master of the sublime, George Cruickshank.

NORTH.

There is another defiance in the third volume, where De la Marek sends Maugrabbin to the Duke of Burgundy.

MULLION.

If you copy that defiance, send Hogg as ambassador, for he has the best title to be Rouge Sanglier.

HOGG.

I wish, doctor, ye would let Hogg alone.—What for are ye aye harling me intil your havers, by the lug and the horn?—I dinna like it.

ODOHERTY.

What ! surly ?

HOGG.

It's no decent to be aye meddling wi' folks' personalities. I'm sure by this time the whole set o' you might hae mair sense. Ye ken what ye hae gotten by your personalities.

NORTH.

A decree o' Court, Jamie, as Laddy Grippy would have said.

TICKLER.

Softly on that score.

NORTH.

What do you mean ?

TICKLER.

Have you not heard the news ? Why, the old woman is still alive.

HOGG.

Godsake ! is she till the fore yet ?

ODOHERTY.

Yes ; all alive and kicking—and in town too. Galt was taken in by the *pen d'esprit* in the respectable elderly paper, announcing that she died much and justly regretted.

TICKLER.

I see by the twinkle of North's eye that he was at the bottom of the story—

MULLION.

What story ?

TICKLER.

Of her death.—The notice of her decease was a hoax, they say, got up in the back shop.

HOGG.

That nashbody need misdout—mony a hoax and ither black jobs hae been clecket there.

ODOHERTY.

The Chaldee, Jamie.

TICKLER.

The laddy means to raise an action. She lays the damages at five thousand pounds sterling.

HOGG.

And I'll lay the wad o' a crown, that she'll no fake a farthing ; but, Captain, tell us a' about it—Man, this is capital.—I'll obligate Ebony to pay us for an extra number—an extra number clears his scores for Christopher's pranks.

BULLER.

Do, Captain, let's have it.—Sure we are all alike implicated in whatever affects the general concern ?

ODOHERTY.

The fact is, that Galt did not well know how to wind up the Entail ; and I advised him to kill the old hen off.

BULLER.

And you cleared the way by the premature notice of her death, did you ?

ODOHERTY.

Just so—but had the facetious paragraph which I prepared to contradict the melancholy intelligence, been inserted in Balfantyne's Classical Journal, it would have dried all eyes in the happiest style imaginable.

MULLION.

And why did it not appear?

ODOHERTY.

I took it myself to the office, but with all the taste and discrimination which distinguishes the management of that weekly obituary of taste and fine writing, the communication was declined, unless the Editor might be permitted to announce that it was "from a correspondent." I should, however, add, that the refusal was couched in the politest manner possible.

BULLER.

Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.

MULLION.

O yes—the newspaper Editors have of late grown so cursedly conscientious, that no ordinary consideration will induce them to insert the most indirect puff possible, upon their own responsibility, save to serve an unknown friend.

(Enter a Devil with a proof-sheet, which is handed to Odoherity—Hogg looks over the Ensign's shoulder.)

HOGG.

Eh! Captain—are ye sae far forrit already wi' your novell?

TICKLER.

How! Odoherity—are you really then at press with "THE WEST COUNTRY?"

HOGG, (Taking hold of the proof-sheet and looking at it.)

'Deed is he—and—na, as I'm a soul to be saved, he has a' Galt's toiks. There's Doctor and Mrs Pringle at the very head o' the chapter—the seventeenth chapter—

ODONIS.

Read, read, Hogg!

GROHMEY.

There—take it.

HOGG, (Reads.)

"The General Assembly,"—that's the name o' this chapter.

ODOHERTY.

No sneers at the institutions of the country—I revere the General Assembly—I respect the King's Commissioner—I admire the table and triumphant arches thereof—I laud the procession—I love the Moderator's cocked-hat and breakfast—But proceed, Jamie—

HOGG, (Reads.)

"Doctor Pringle and the Mistress took up their first abode at Leith, in the Exchange Hotel, one of the quietest houses for persons and families of sedate and clerical habits, in the whole country—for having brought in their own carriage, the distance from Edinburgh was of no consequence, though Mrs Pringle daily grudged the high shilling toll on Leith Walk, and thought the Barries of Edinburgh great extortioners for exacting so much."—Odd, Captain, ye waggered that ye would write a book about the West in Galt's style—Noo, this is no ae bit like it.

ODONIS.

Proceed! Proceed!

HOGG, (Reads.)

"Sir Andrew Wylie had promised to take tea with them—and Andrew Pringle had also engaged himself, at his mother's earnest entreaties, to be present, in order to help his worthy father and her to entertain the little Baronet. The Count and Countess Milan, alias Mr and Mrs Goldenball, had returned from their matrimonial excursion to the North, and the Doctor—" Thus, Captain, will never do.

ODOHERTY.

Turn over to the tea-making—there you will find, I flatter myself, some smack of the original.

HOGG, (Turns over a leaf or two, and reads.)

"I ne'er," said Doctor Pringle, "could hae thought it within a possibility, that after the sore trials Mrs Oswald had come through—"

TICKLER.

Mrs Oswald! Who the deuce is she?—I remember no such person in any of Galt's works.

ODOHERTY.

"Margaret Lyndsay!" The Doctor was speaking of her.

FICKLER.

What has she to do in your work, Odohertry?

ODOHERTY.

Read on, Hogg.

HOGG. (*Reads.*)

"I ne'er," said Doctor Pringle, "could hae thought it within a possibility, that after the sore trials Mrs Oswald had come through, she would have been so soon persuaded by Mr MacTaggart to change her life."

"She took him in her advanced years for a bein down-seat," said Sir Andrew Wylie.

"Ay, ay," replied Mrs Pringle. "name o' your overly pceous, sweet-lippit madams for me—Mrs MacTaggart—Mrs Oswald that was—I'll ne'er deny she didna meet wi' an affliction, but we hae a' had our calamities."

"It's a very just observe," said the Doctor; "and though me and Mrs Pringle there have lived long together in a state o' very pleasant felicity for mony a day and year, yet, if it be the Lord's will to take me to himself first, I would think it no sin in her to marry again;" and he added, looking tenderly to the Mistress, "but, deed, Jenny, my dear, I wouldna like to see't."

OMNES.

Bravo, Captain!

ODOHERTY.

Yes—I think you must allow that pathetic touch to be Galt to the backbone.

HOGG.

Ye may brag as ye like, Captain; but it's nae mair like his way, than the haukie bird's like the peacock.—What say ye til't, Christopher?

NORTH.

I have my suspicions. Confess at once, Captain.—Thow yourself on our mercy.—Acknowledge that Galt assisted you with the General Assembly chapter.

BULLIE.

Veniat manu auxilio, quæ sit doli! —

FICKLER.

But, joking apart. Is Galt really the author of these books?

BULLIE.

I have heard —

OMNES. (*In unison.*)

What have you heard?

Enter AMBROSE.

AMBROSE.

Mr North, a lady would speak with you.

NORTH.

Me! 'Tis too early in the night.—What like is she?

AMBROSE.

"Rather oldish."

ODOHERTY.

What, Kit—does the taste of your loyalty go that length?—But shew the gentlewoman in. [*Exit AMBROSE.*]

MULLION.

A lady inquiring for a gentleman at Ambrose's between eleven and twelve!

FICKLER.

You never told us, North, of your marriage? But murder will out, you see. Enter Mrs NORTH!

*Enter AMBROSE, showing in LADDY GRIPPY.*OMNES. (*All rising.*)

Mrs Walkinshaw!

THE LADDY.

That's my name, for want of a better.

NORTH.

A glass for Mrs Walkinshaw.

Whilk's Mr North?

THE LEDDY.

HOGG.

Yon's him—ye might hae kent him by the powdered wig, and the green specks, and the stult at the chair back.

THE LEDDY.

Hae ye sare een, Mr North, that ye canna thole the light, or is't only because ye ken that ye darena look me in the face—but if ye'll no face me, ye'll maybe hae to face far waur—for I'll be as plain as I'm pleasant wi' you, Mr North—'This night I will hae justice done, or the morn's morning I'll maybe gar you claw where it's no yeuky.—Gentlemen—for nobody should be bird-mouthed in a case o' extremity—I'll pannel you for a jury atween me and Mr North, there sitting, and ye sall be, in the words of law and gospel, a covenant and jurisdiction in the great thing between us.

NORTH.

I know nothing about it—I know nothing about it—if you have any business with me, call again. This is neither a fit time nor place.

THE LEDDY.

Warna ye art and part guilty of a *funus clamosa*, in the Hebrew tongue, and on the language of Scripture?

NORTH.

I don't understand you, madam. Whatever I am responsible for, these gentlemen are equally responsible.

THE LEDDY.

Then ye're a' conjoint and colleague for a *cessio honorum*, to help one another.

OMNES.

All!

ODOHERTY.

May I be so bold as to ask in what way does a gentlewoman of your years of discretion desire our help?

THE LEDDY.

Touts! Name o' your animal eagerness, as Mr Peveril the author ca's it. I canna here for pastime—but on a salacious case and question; in short, I'm an injured woman—a damaged person, seeking redress, in consequence of Mr Jamphrey—

ODOHERTY.

The devil! What has Jeffrey done to you?

THE LEDDY.

Done!—what hae ye done to him, that he has in a manner washed his hands clean o' Mr North, and a' his connexions—the whilk decision and verdict, on his part, obligats me to come here myself—in *propria persona*—and form of pauper.

NORTH.

Well, and what is it that you want?

THE LEDDY.

Heh, Mr North! but ye're a pepper-box. I rede you to keep ony sma' share of temper that ye enjoy—ye'll hae need for't a'. Ye see, gentlemen, as I was saying, having had a comfable wi' Mr Jamphrey, and hearing, as I was telling, how he's under the greater and lesser excommunication, and put to the horn with you and by you—and is thereby terrified out of his senses at the thought of having anything to say to you, I thought, thinks I, before the outlay o' feeing ither counsel, I would try my hand at an amicable arrangement. Mr North, there where he sits, hiding his face like an ill-doer, as he well knows he is to me and mine—But no to summer and winter—in short, gentlemen, I hae come for a *solacium*—being informed that Mr North has been art and part in causing it to be set forth and published to the world, that I was dead, though the malice prepenance was softened, as Mr Jamphrey said, by the much and justly regretted—Now, is it not a most injurious and damageous thing, to put forth a calamity of that kind against a living and life-like woman—for, supposing I had a friend in the jaws o' death—thinking o' making his last will and testament, wherein he was mindit to leave and bequeath unto me a

handsome legacy in free gratis gift, as a testimony of his great regard, and the love he bare—and supposing the doctor at his bedside were to tell him I was dead, or only sympathizing relation then and there present were to give him a newspaper to read, containing that interesting intelligence—and supposing that he was thereby moved to score me out of his will, and to depart this life—would not I have sustained a great damage—and could not I thereupon constitute a ground of action, and raise a salacious plea, to damnify me for the loss, detriment, and disappointment?

NORTH.

Madam!—you cannot expect us to deliver an opinion upon a case, to which it would appear we are likely to be parties.

THE LEDDY.

No—but I'll be content if ye'll just compound with me for the felony.

NORTH.

We can never, gentlemen, after such an appeal, be so ungallant as to allow a lady to go into court.

OMNES.

Certainly not, we shall agree to her terms at once.

THE LEDDY.

Then, Mr North, are ye willing to confess a fault towards me?

NORTH.

I throw myself at your merciful feet.

THE LEDDY.

Ye hear that, gentlemen; he confesses that he has been guilty of raising a *fama chamosa* against me.

OMNES.

He has; he has confessed.

THE LEDDY.

And he said ye were ilk and a' alike concern't and guilty, art and part, delinquent and culprit in the case.

OMNES.

We did, we doely own it; we are all responsible for this matter, and, like him, we cast ourselves at your merciful feet.

ODOHERTY.

And we hope your Leddyskip will spare us in the kicking.

THE LEDDY.

I will do that; ye'll find me very gentle.

ICKLER, (*Aside to North.*)

Agree to anything, Kit, to get rid of her.

THE LEDDY.

And, Captain Odohertry, ye hae acknowledged yoursel as guilty as Mr North.

ODOHERTRY, (*Astonished.*)

What is she after now?

THE LEDDY.

I take ye a' to witness, for I will produce the one against the other in court, that ye have acknowledged yourselves guilty, with Mr North, in the damage and detriment of a *fama chamosa* on me. Noo, though I'm content with a *solatium* of a hundred pounds, and a hundred pounds for cost frae Mr North, yet I hereby give you notice, in due form of law, that I intend forthwith, unless satisfied in the interim, to bring an action against you all severally, saving and excepting Mr North, whose offer I have accepted; and having estimated my damage at five thousand pounds, I will have that paid down to the uttermost farthing. [*Exeunt omnes, in the gréatest panic and consternation.*]

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

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In the press, a Memoir of Central India, with the History and Copious Illustrations of the past and present Condition of that Country. In two vols. 8vo. With an Original Map, recently constructed, Tables of the Revenue, Population, &c. a Geological Report, and Comprehensive Index. By Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B. &c.

The Rev. Henry Card has in the press, a Life of Bishop Burnet, drawn from papers partly preserved in the Library of the British Museum, and partly in the Archives of one or two noble families.

Mr Bloomfield, author of the "Farmer's Boy," has a Drama in the press, entitled *Hazlewood Hall*.

Mr Landseer is about to publish, *Sabæan Researches*, in a series of Essays, addressed to distinguished antiquaries; illustrated with Engravings of Babylonian cylinders, and other inedited Monuments of Antiquity.

A Familiar Introduction to Crystallography, is preparing for publication, in small octavo, including an Explanation of the principle and use of the common and reflective Goniometers; illustrated by four hundred Wood Cuts. By J. H. Brooke, F. R. S.

Mr Prescott, author of the "Inverted Scheme of Copernicus," has in the press, "the Second Book of his System of the World, mathematically demonstrated on the Foundation of the First Chapter of Genesis."

Shortly will be published, some Account of the Public Life of the late Lieutenant General Sir George Prevost, Bart.; particularly of his Services in the Canadas, including a Reply to the Strictures on his Military Character, contained in an Article in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1822.

A Letter from Mrs Jane Towdley to the Editor of the Council of Ten, is now in the press.

The Duke of Mercia, the Lamentation of Ireland, and other Poems, by Sir Aubrey de Vere Hunt, are announced for publication.

Mr Meikleham has nearly ready for publication, a Practical Treatise on the various Modes of Heating Buildings, by Steam, Hot Air, Stoves, and Open Fires, with Introductory Observations on the combustion of fuel, on the contrivances for burning smoke, and other subjects connected with the economy and distribution of heat; with Explanatory Engravings.

Exterior Views of the Theatres of London and its Suburbs, with a Descriptive Account of each Theatre, will soon appear.

Sir Richard Phillips has a New Edition of his "Essays on the Proximate Causes of the Phenomena of the Universe," in the press.

Mr Boone has in the press, a Practical Sketch, in Three Epistles, addressed to the Hon. George Canning, entitled, "Men and Things."

Mr Francis Howel is preparing a New Translation of the Characters of Theophrastus, with the Greek text, notes, &c.

Mr Tredgold is about to publish an Essay on the Principles and Practice of Heating by Steam.

The Rev. J. Kenrick is engaged upon a Translation from the German, with additions, of Professor Trumpf's Grammar of the Latin Language.

Mr J. F. Daniel has nearly ready for the press, a Volume of Meteorological Essays.

In a short time will be published, in three vols. *The Wandering Hermit*. By the author of the *Hermit in London*.

Captain A. Cruise has in the press, a *Journal of a Ten Months' Residence in New Zealand*, in one octavo volume.

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Mr J. B. Williams, of Shrewsbury, is about to publish the *Life of Philip Heury*, from original papers.

Walter Savage Landor, Esq. has in the press, a work entitled, "Imaginary Conversations of Eminent Statesmen and Literary Men, Ancient and Modern."

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The Rev. R. Warner has announced a work, entitled, "Illustrations, Historical Biographical, and Miscellaneous, of the Novels of the Author of *Waverley*; with Criticisms, general and particular."

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In a few days will be published, Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe. By M. de Sismondi. Translated from the Original, with Notes. By Thomas Roscoe, Esq.

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Beef (17½ oz. per lb.) 0s. 1d. to 0s. 7d.	Quartern Loaf . . 0s. 8½d. to 0s. 9d.
Mutton 0s. 5d. to 0s. 7d.	New Potatoes (28 lb.) 0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal 0s. 5d. to 0s. 8d.	Fresh Butter, per lb. 1s. 3d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork 0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.	Salt ditto, per stone 16s. 0d. to 20s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter . 3s. 0d. to 3s. 6d.	Ditto, per lb. . . 1s. 0d. to 1s. 3d.
Tallow, per stone . 6s. 6d. to 7s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen . . 0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—June 13.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ... 31s. 3d.	1st, ... 23s. 6d.	1st, ... 23s. 6d.	1st, ... 19s. 6d.	1st, ... 19s. 6d.
2d, ... 30s. 6d.	2d, ... 27s. 6d.	2d, ... 20s. 0d.	2d, ... 18s. 0d.	2d, ... 18s. 0d.
3d, ... 29s. 0d.	3d, ... 25s. 0d.	3d, ... 17s. 6d.	3d, ... 16s. 0d.	3d, ... 16s. 0d.
Average, £1 : 9s. 11d. 10-12ths.				

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended June 7.

Wheat, 64s. 7d.—Barley, 54s. 5d.—Oats, 27s. 1d.—Rye, 57s. 6d.—Beans, 51s. 11d.—Pease, 57s. 1d.

London, Corn Exchange, June 7.

Liverpool, June 14.

s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat, red, old	45 to 50	Maple, new	— to —	Wheat, per 70 lb.	—	Amer. p. 196 lb.	—
1st ditto	52 to 56	White pease	54 to 58	Eng. Old	8 6 to 9 9	Sweet, U.S.	— 0 to — 0
Superfine ditto	58 to 61	Ditto, bolers	41 to 47	New	— 0 to — 0	Do. imbond	28 0 to 50 0
2nd ditto	46 to 50	Small Beans, new	32 to 36	Foreign	4 6 to 5 3	Sour do.	20 0 to 22 0
White, new	52 to 57	Ditto, old	56 to 57	Waterford	6 0 to 7 0	Canal, per 240 lb.	—
Fine ditto	54 to 60	Black ditto, new	28 to 32	America	— 0 to — 0	English	27 0 to 35 0
Superfine ditto	65 to 67	Ditto, old	30 to 35	Drogheda	7 0 to 7 8	Scotch	27 0 to 33 0
Ditto, new	48 to 52	Feed oats	22 to 24	Dublin	— 0 to — 0	Irish	26 0 to 31 0
Rye	54 to 58	Fine ditto	24 to 26	Scotch	8 6 to 9 2	Brann, p. 21 lb.	1 1 to 1 2
Barley, new	28 to 31	Poland ditto	24 to 27	Irish Old	7 0 to 7 9	Butter, Brif, 8 lb.	—
Fine ditto	32 to 34	Fine ditto	28 to 29	Barley, per 60 lbs.	—	Butter, p. cwt.	s. d. s. d.
Superfine ditto	50 to 57	Potato ditto	24 to 27	Eng.	4 6 to 5 0	Helfast, new 89	0 to 90 0
Malt	56 to 58	Fine ditto	27 to 28	Scotch	4 6 to 4 10	Newry	— 0 to — 0
Fine	55 to 58	Scotch	29 to 30	Irish	4 0 to 4 1	Waterford	81 0 to 85 0
Hog Pease	54 to 56	Flour, per sack	50 to 60	Eng. new	5 2 to 5 5	6 c. ork, p. 2d.	81 0 to 85 0
Maple	57 to 59	Ditto, seconds	46 to 52	Irish do.	5 1 to 5 2	3d dry	75 0 to — 0

Nerts, &c.

s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Must. White, 11 to 12	5	Hempseed	52 to 56	Rye, per qr.	27 0 to 29 0	— Mess	82 0 to 88 0
— Brown, new	9 to 10	— Crushed	58 to 54	Malt per b.	8 0 to 8 10	— p. barrel	156 0 to 60 0
Tares, per bbl.	9 to 9 6	— Fine	46 to 51	Middling	7 6 to 8 0	Pork, p. bl.	— 0 to — 0
Santon,	50 to 51	Rye Grass	16 to 32	Beans, per q.	—	— Mess	52 0 to 54 0
Turneps, 1st.	8 to 9	—	28 to 51	English	56 0 to 59 0	— Fiddl.	48 0 to 50 0
— Yellow	— 0 to 0 6	—	25 to 51	Irish	35 0 to 37 0	Bacon p. cwt.	—
— White	— 0 to 0 6	—	20 to 15	—	—	—	—
Carraway, 1st.	14 to 16	—	10 to 14	—	—	—	—
— 2d.	15 to 18	—	6 to 11	—	—	—	—
Rape Seed, per last	£21 to £22	—	—	—	—	—	—

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d June 1823.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	215½	217½	—	218
3 per cent. reduced,	77½	78½	78½	79
3 per cent. consols,	77½	79½	78½	79½
3½ per cent. consols,	89½	90½	90½	91½
4 per cent. consols,	95½	97 6½	96½	96½
New 4 per cent. consols,	98½	99½	99	100½
Imper. 3 per cent.	76½	77½	77½	—
India stock,	246	249½	—	250½
— bonds,	36 p.	40 p.	34 p.	39 p.
Long Annuities,	20	20½	20	20½
Exchange bills,	16 14 p.	19 21 p.	14 10 p.	15 18 p.
Escheque bills, m.	15 17 p.	19 22 p.	16 11 p.	15 18 p.
Consols for acc.	77½	79½	79½	80½
French 5 per cents.	85½	87½	85½	86½

Course of Exchange, June 6.—Amsterdam, 12: 10. *C. F.* Ditto at sight, 12: 8. Rotterdam, 12: 11. Antwerp, 12: 11. Hamburgh, 38: 2. Altona, 38: 2. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25: 90. Ditto 26: 15. Bourdeaux, 26: 15. Frankfort on the Maine, 159½. Petersburg, per rble. 8½: 3. *Us.* Berlin, 7: 9. Vienna, 10: 38. *Eff. flo.* Trieste, 10: 38. *Eff. flo.* Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 35½. Bilbao, 36½. Barcelona, 35½. Seville, 36½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 46½. Genoa, 43. Venice, 28: 10. Malta, 45. Naples, 38½. Palermo, 114½. Lisbon, 51. Oporto, 51½. Rio Janeiro, 40. Bahia, —. Dublin, 9½ per cent. Cork, 9½ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £8: 17: 6d. New Doubloons, £3: 15: 0d. New Dollars, 4s. 9d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 10d½.

PRICES CURRENT, May 10.

	LEITH.			GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Musc.									
B. P. Dry Brown, cwt.	57	to	59	51	59	53	60	54	57
Mid. good, and fine mid.	62		64	59	65	61	72	58	72
Fine and very fine, . . .	74		80	70	71	75	74	—	—
Refined Doub. Leaves, . .	112		125	—	—	—	—	—	—
Powder ditto, . . .	100		110	—	—	—	—	104	115
Single ditto, . . .	92		104	—	—	—	—	85	96
Small Lumps, . . .	90		98	—	—	—	—	86	98
Large ditto, . . .	88		90	—	—	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lump, . . .	35		52	—	—	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	50		31	29	6	31	—	28	50
— FEE, Jamaica, . cwt.									
Ord. good, and fine ord.	90		110	—	—	82	95	86	104
Mid. good, and fine mid.	120		130	115	132	112	125	—	—
Dutch Triage and very ord.	—		—	65	90	50	90	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	—		—	102	115	94	111	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—		—	120	132	112	126	—	—
St Domingo, . . .	122		126	—	—	100	106	—	—
Pimento (in Bond), . . .	—		11	—	—	9½	9½	—	—
SPIRITS,									
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s	5d	2s	4d	2s	4d	1s	10d	5s
Brandy, . . .	3	4	3	6	—	—	—	2	5
Geneva, . . .	2	3	2	5	—	—	—	1	5
Graun Whisky, . . .	6	7	6	10	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,									
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	40		55	—	—	—	—	£20	£40
Portugal Red, pipe.	52		44	—	—	—	—	7	51
Spanish White, bott.	51		55	—	—	—	—	—	—
— Jerez, pipe.	27		29	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madeira, . . .	40		0	—	—	—	—	—	—
LOGWOOD, Jama. ton.	£10		11	0	—	—	—	£9	0
Honduras, . . .	—		—	—	—	—	—	9	10
Campeachy, . . .	8		—	—	—	—	—	10	0
FUSTIC, Jamaica, .	7		8	—	—	—	—	10	0
Cuba, . . .	9		11	—	—	—	—	11	0
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	11s	0d	12s	0	—	—	—	9	6
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2	3	2	6	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak, . . .	2	9	3	3	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid),	2	2	2	7	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany, . .	1	0	1	6	0	10	0	11	0
St Domingo, ditto, . .	1	6	2	8	1	8	2	6	—
TAR, American, 4 bri.	19		20	13	11	14	6	16	0
Archangel, . . .	0		0	19	20	—	—	21	0
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10		11	—	—	—	—	—	—
TALLOW, Rus. Vel. Cand.	38		—	40	42	36	37	37	0
Home melted, . . .	—		—	—	—	—	—	29	0
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	45		46	—	—	—	—	£12	—
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	40		41	—	—	46	—	—	—
FLAX,									
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	65		—	—	—	—	—	£70	—
Dutch, . . .	60		60	—	—	—	—	55	65
Irish, . . .	48		90	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, . .	95		100	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES,									
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	—		16	—	—	—	—	17	0
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	54		58	—	—	—	—	58	—
Montreal, ditto, . . .	50		52	—	—	45	0	—	0
Pot, . . .	52		—	54	—	45	0	—	0
OIL, Whale, . . tun.	23		—	24	—	—	—	—	—
Cod, . . .	—		—	25	—	—	—	—	—
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7		7½	8	8½	0	6	0	7½
Middling, . . .	5½		6½	5	5½	0	4½	0	5½
Inferior, . . .	4		5	3	4	0	2½	0	2½
COTTONS, Bowd. Georgia	—		—	0	6½	0	8½	0	6½
Sea Island, fine, . . .	—		—	1	5½	1	6	0	11
Good, . . .	—		—	1	1½	1	0	1	1½
Middling, . . .	—		—	0	12	0	15	1	0
Demerara & Berbice, . .	—		—	0	9½	0	11½	0	10
West India, . . .	—		—	0	8	0	8½	0	8
Pernambuco, . . .	—		—	0	11½	12½	10½	1	0
Maranham, . . .	—		—	0	10½	0	11½	10	11

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther	Barom	Attach Ther	Wind		Ther	Barom	Attach Ther	Wind	
May 1	M. 41	29.908	M. 52			M. 51	29.530	M. 51		
	A. 51	29.908	A. 56	N.W.	May 17	A. 41	29.112	A. 55	N.W.	Cble, heavy shrs. hail.
2	M. 57	29.108	M. 51			M. 53	29.685	M. 53		Dull, with sh. rain.
	A. 48	29.151	A. 50	Cble.	18	A. 47	29.854	A. 51	N.W.	Dull, & day, rain night.
5	M. 58	29.155	M. 58			M. 59	29.955	M. 55	F.	Very dull, rain night.
	A. 51	29.155	A. 56	Cble.	19	A. 50	29.515	A. 55		Very dull, rain night.
1	M. 51	29.148	A. 51			M. 59	29.475	M. 50	E.	Very foggy, with rain.
	A. 51	29.148	A. 51	Cble.	20	A. 46	29.471	A. 49		Aftern. thun. with h. rain.
5	M. 56	29.155	M. 51			M. 40	29.406	M. 46	E.	Foren. shry, fair aftern.
	A. 51	29.155	A. 50	Cble.	21	A. 42	29.510	A. 45		Rain most of day.
6	M. 57	29.156	M. 58			M. 59	29.507	M. 52	SE.	Rain morn. fair day.
	A. 51	29.155	A. 51	N.W.	22	A. 50	29.292	A. 55		Foggy foren. clear aftern.
7	M. 40	29.152	M. 58			M. 59	29.297	M. 55		Ditto.
	A. 51	29.155	A. 58		23	A. 52	29.458	A. 55	Cble.	
8	M. 41	29.193	M. 58			M. 12	29.450	M. 54		
	A. 55	29.987	A. 52	Cble.	24	A. 51	29.402	A. 55	Cble.	
9	M. 46	29.168	M. 51			M. 16	29.555	M. 56	SE.	
	A. 42	29.225	A. 55	N.W.	25	A. 55	29.299	A. 55		
10	M. 57	29.282	M. 58			M. 42	29.415	M. 54	E.	
	A. 50	29.282	A. 68	N.W.	26	A. 49	29.521	A. 54		
11	M. 56	29.103	M. 51			M. 42	29.828	M. 55	E.	
	A. 50	29.850	A. 52	S.	27	A. 48	29.865	A. 57		
12	M. 15	29.881	M. 52			M. 45	29.851	M. 55	E.	
	A. 51	29.881	A. 52	W.	28	A. 49	29.851	A. 55		
13	M. 47	29.881	M. 56			M. 59	29.802	M. 56	W.	
	A. 51	29.798	A. 52	N.W.	29	A. 55	29.810	A. 56		
14	M. 57	29.255	M. 50			M. 45	29.891	M. 57	W.	
	A. 46	29.310	A. 51	N.W.	30	A. 55	29.810	A. 62		
15	M. 52	29.333	M. 55			M. 15	29.755	M. 61	W.	
	A. 57	29.329	A. 51	N.W.	31	A. 61	29.900	A. 63		
16	M. 15	29.512	M. 55							
	A. 44	29.520	A. 51	N.W.						

Average of Rain, 2.651 inches.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of April and the 20th of May, 1823, extracted from the London Gazette.

Ablett, J. Bucklesbury, furstan-m. manufacturer.
 Allart, W. Seething-lane, ale-dealer.
 Almon, J. & J. Bedminster, Somersetshire, clothware-dealer.
 Ansell, J. Butl Lane, Deptford, shoemaker.
 Antobus, J. Liverpool, draper.
 Baudeira, J. Great Winchester-street, merchant.
 Barrow, B. Clifford-street, Bond-street, wine-merchant.
 Baxter, R. Great Fastecheap, Scotch-factor.
 Beadmore, J. Ashby-de-la-Zouch, printer.
 Beckett, E. Crawford-street, Mary-la-bonne, printer.
 Beak, H. Bathampton, Somersetshire, mealman.
 Bigh, W. C. Bath, grocer.
 Bowman, P. H. Arundel, tanner.
 Bradlev, R. Bromley, Kent, victualler.
 Brown, W. Walsol, Somersetshire, builder.
 Brown, G. New Bond-street, oilman.
 Buckle, T. Leeds, merchant.
 Burton, C. Bristol, grocer.
 Burn, G. Maidstone, pastry-cook.
 Burges, E. and J. Gate, Portsmouth, brewers.
 Hurry, T. Little Hampton, Sussex, grocer.
 Carter, T. H. Mmores, victualler.
 Cullingham, H. Kensington, carpenter.
 Davies, E. High-street, Borough, hatter.
 Denison, H. Liverpool, money-server.
 Dickinson, R. R. Little Grosvenor-street, Grosvenor-square, victualler.
 Dodd, E. Manchester, painter.
 Dryden, J. Rathbone place, Oxford-street, haberdasher.
 Edwards, J. Elder street, Norton Falgate, silk-weaver.
 Evans, D. Marchmont-street, draper.
 Fleet, T. Aylesbury, corn-dealer.
 Fowle, J. Sandwich, brewer.

Fowler, D. Copthall-court, broker.
 Fox, J. Claremont-place, Kent-road, poulterer.
 Gilbert, T. Long Acre, coach-maker.
 Gliddon, A. King-street, Covent-garden, tobacconist.
 Godsell, J. Winchester, linen-draper.
 Grove, G. and H. Wilkinson, Liverpool, ironmongers.
 Halford, J. Shipton-upon-Avon, Worcester-shire, auctioneer.
 Hammon, J. Great Portland-street, plumber.
 Haswell, J. F. Fox-and-Hound, yard, Curtain-road, horse-dealer.
 Hedges, T. Bristol, grocer.
 Herbert, W. jun. Goldsmith-street, Wood-street, Cheap-side, ribbon-manufacturer.
 Hewitt, T. Whitechapel, Shropshire, furrier.
 Hickman, W. and D. Timothy, Leicester-square, hosiery.
 Howarth, E. Leeds, wooltapler.
 Innell, J. and J. Chalford, Gloucestershire, clothiers.
 Jarmain, J. Cumberland-street, New-road, upholsterer.
 Jefferis, J. Dove-cottage, Lisson-green, ink-manufacturer.
 Jepson, T. Heaton Norris, Lancashire, brewer.
 Johnson, W. Grange, Bernondsey, tanner.
 Joseph, M. J. Fox-ordinary-court, Nicholas-lane, merchant.
 Kimber, C. Lamborne, Berks, brewer.
 Kinning, T. Oxford-street, linen-draper.
 Lambett, G. Sloane-street, Chelsea, school-book-seller.
 Lidbott, J. Southwark, Sussex, corn and coal-merchant.
 Lomer, W. jun. Southampton, printer.
 Lowe, J. Warrington, currier.
 Lowe, S. Burton-upon-Trent, scrivener.

Lucas, C. Kennington, dealer.
 McQueen, W. H. and S. Hamilton, New-
 man-street, Oxford-street, stationers.
 Milburn, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, woollen-dra-
 per.
 Middleton, J. New Tottil-street, Westminster,
 machinist.
 Murrell, W. Skinner-street, Snow-hill, Skinner-
 street, auctioneer.
 Nichols, J. Peachingfield, Essex, tanner.
 Penn, B. Birchills, Staffordshire, coal-master.
 Phillips, T. Strand, victualler.
 Powell, P. Brighton, silk-drafter.
 Read, R. Newcastle-under-Lyne, carpenter.
 Rowley, J. Stourport, Worcestershire, timber-
 merchant.
 Roberts, T. and J. De Virgoyti, Broad-street,
 stock-brokers.
 Robertson, J. Wilton, Wilts, surgeon.
 Robson, J. H. Sunderland, mercer.
 Roper, J. Norwich, woollen-drafter.
 Shaw, W. Thornhill, Lees, Yorkshire, boat-
 builder.

Skinner, W. Bradninch, Devonshire, seige-maker
 Spendlow, R. Drayton-in-Flates, ironmonger.
 Sprent, J. Alverstoke, builder.
 Starmer, W. Odell's place, Little Chelsea, linen-
 draper.
 Sykes, T. Bath Easton, Somerset, clothier.
 Thomson, J. Manchester, tea-dealer.
 Thomson, J. and W. Walker, Wolverhampton,
 drapers.
 Titterton, J. Wilmington-square, Spa-fields, sur-
 geon.
 Todd, E. Liverpool, woollen-drafter.
 Tomlins, J. Bodcot, Oxfordshire, nurseryman.
 Vitrans, S. Tywardreath, Cornwall, linen-drafter.
 Vines, J. Bristol, cabinet-maker.
 Wield, G. Nottingham, draper.
 Wild, J. Adlington, Cheshire, farmer.
 Wilkin, T. Soham, Cambridgeshire, scrivener.
 Willingham, G. Great Mary-le-bone-street, money
 scrivener.
 Wright, G. St Martin's-lane, boot and shoe uti-
 ker.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st May, 1823, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Forland, Robert, merchant and agent in Glasgow.
 Herguson, Alexander, jun. sheep and cattle-dealer
 at Corridon, parish of Kirkmichael.
 Hay, William, merchant in Perth.
 Kirkwood and Nielson, manufacturers in Glas-
 gow.
 Lashley, George, earthen-ware dealer in Glasgow.
 Macfarlane, Daniel, grocer in Glasgow.
 Miller, Andrew, merchant in Perth.
 Reid, James, merchant and grocer in Aberdeen.
 Ross, Colin, corn-merchant in Dundee.
 Shaw, William, flax-spinner in Dundee.
 Warren, George, jun. fish-cuier in Pultney Town,
 Wick.
 Wilson, Robert, merchant and jeweller in Glas-
 gow.

DIVIDENDS.

Galloway, William, late merchant and insurance-
 broker in Leith, a dividend after 24th June.
 Galloway, Robert, merchant in Dundee, a second
 and final dividend on the 18th June.
 Maxwell, David, jun. merchant, Dundee; a first
 dividend after 9th June.
 Sanson, John, merchant in Kilmarnock; a di-
 vidend on 22d June.
 Pattison, John, and Co. manufacturers in Glas-
 gow, a dividend at Budgeto
 do. after 11th June.
 White, Thomas, late merchant in Edinburgh;
 final dividend after 5d July.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet	Bt. Lt. Col. Fearon, from 51 F. Lt. Col. of Inf. Unattached, vice Lt. Gen. W. Doyle, ret. 24 Apr. 1822	6 F.	Lt. Bonamy, Capt. by purch. vice "Saunders, ret. 21 Jan.
	Capt. Campbell, 1 R. Vet. Bn. Major in the Army 19 July, 1821		Ens. Yelverton, Lt. by purch. 17 Apr. W. Eyre, Ens. do.
2 Dr. Gds.	— Moleworth, Cape Corps, do. do.	11	Lt. Answorth, Capt. by purch. vice Raynsford, ret. 25 Dec. 1822
4	H. G. Craufurd, Cor. by purch. vice C. Craufurd, ret. 17 Apr. 1825		Ens. Watson, Lt. by purch. do. H. S. La Roche, Ens. vice O'Neil dead 11 Nov.
	Bt. Lt. Col. Ross, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Sherlock, ret. 15 May	17	A. Donald, do. by purch. vice Watson 25 Dec.
	Capt. Hutton, Maj. by purch. do. Lt. Beamish, Capt. by purch. do. Col. Fane, Lt. by purch. do. Ens. Ogle, from 22 F. Cor. by purch. do.	18	Lt. Clinic, Adj. vice Evans, res. Adj. only 21 Apr. 1825
2 Dr.	J. Carnegie, Cor. by purch. vice Lindsay, 37 F. 17 Apr. 1825	23 *	— Senior, Capt. by purch. vice Monaguery, ret. 24 Apr. 1825
4	Lt. Burrows, Capt. vice Army, dead 27 Sept. 1822	25	Maj. Gen. Sir J. W. Gordon, Bt. C. Lt. from 85 F. Colonel, vice Gen. Grenville, dead 25 do.
8	Ens. Doyle, from 57 F. Lt. do. Cor. Hon. C. Westera, Lt. by purch. vice Ferguson, ret. 18 Dec.	30	R. W. Mansergh, Ens. by purch. vice Halcott, 67 F. 10 do.
10	Cor. Brandling, Lt. by purch. vice Earl of Yarmouth, Cape Corps 25 Mar. 1825		Lt. Sullivan, Capt. vice Macbell, dead 18 Nov. 1822
13	G. L. L. Cave, Cor. by purch. do. Cor. Ellis, Lt. vice Brown, dead 5 Oct. 1822	52	Ens. Deane, Lt. do. C. W. Burrow, Ens. do.
	— Hupson, Lt. by purch. vice Cockburn, 17 Dr. 26 Dec.	38	F. D. Hodges, Ens. by purch. vice Power, 58 F. 17 Apr. 1825
Coldst. G.	Bt. Maj. Wedderburn, Capt. and Lt. Col. by purch. vice Sowerby, ret. 17 Apr. 1825	39	Ens. Power, from 52 F. Lt. by purch. vice Monckton, 45 F. do.
	Ens. and Lt. Short, Lt. and Capt. by purch. do. Lt. and Capt. Beaufoy, Adjut. vice Wedderburn do.	42	Lt. Smyth, Capt. by purch. vice Campbell, ret. do.
	Ens. Codrington, from 43 F. Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Sherr 24 do.	43	Ens. Sturt, Lt. by purch. do. J. D. Forbes, Ens. by purch. do.
	Ens. and Lt. Sergeantson, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Blight, ret. 15 May	44	Ens. Clarke, Lt. vice Strange, dead 15 May
		47	C. K. Macdonald, Ens. do. Hon. G. Upton, Ens. by purch. vice Coltrington, Coldst. Gds. 21 Apr.
			Ens. Sargent, Lt. vice Twimberrow, dead 17 Nov. 1822
			Ens. Smith, Lt. by purch. vice Lord Loughborough, Cape C. 17 Apr. 1823

- E. T. Smith, Ens. by purch. 17 Ap. 1823
Lord C. J. F. Russell, Ens. by purch.
 Vice Tucker, cancelled 8 May
 57 ———— *Lord C. J. F. Russell*, Ens. by purch. 8 May
 Capt. Lumsday, from 2 Dr. Lt. by
 purch. vice Ferrer, ret. 10 Apr.
 59 Lt. Peake, from 24 F. Lt. vice Bar-
 low, 50 F. 25 Oct. 1822
 65 Maj. Dumas, Lt. Col. by purch. vice
 Milnes, ret. 1 Mar. 1823
 Capt. Clutterbuck, Maj. by purch. do.
 Lt. Warren, Capt. by purch. do.
 Ens. Widdington, Lt. by purch. do.
 C. Dickson, Ens. by purch. do.
 G. Knox, Enr. by purch. vice Dick-
 son, cancelled 1 do.
 67 Ens. Hildart, from 25 F. Lt. by purch.
 vice Cassidy, prom. 10 Apr.
 Lt. Cassidy, Capt. vice Hall, dead 15 Nov. 1822
 ———— *Adair*, do. by purch. vice Hore,
 prom. 25 Mar. 1823
 Ens. Brennan, Lt. vice Cassidy
 15 Nov. 1822
 W. Child, Enr. do.
 Sep. M^r. Johnston, qua. Mast. vice
 Gornley, dead 8 May, 1825
 Lt. Blum, from h. p. Paym. vice Pal-
 told, do. 15 do.
 68 Sep. Maj. Duff, Adj. and Ens. vice
 Hinds, dead do.
 51 Bt. Maj. Wardrop, Maj. vice Water-
 house, dead do.
 Lt. Jenkins, Capt. do.
 85 Maj. Gen. Sir Herbert Taylor, K. C. B.
 Col. vice Sir J. W. Gordon, 25 F.
 25 Apr.
 61 Enr. T. G. McIntyre, Lt. vice Smith,
 dead 10 Feb.
 R. W. Foley, Enr. vice Grant, dead
 25 Apr.
 Lt. Williamson, do. vice McIntyre,
 24 do.
 Lt. Cahill, Adj. vice Buchanan, res. Adj.
 only do.
 2 W. I. R. Capt. Sparks, from h. p. African
 Corps, Capt. 25 Apr. 1822
 Capt. C.) Maj. Fraser, Lt. Col. 15 May, 1825
 Car.) Lt. Leach of Vancouth, from 10 Dr.
 Capt. by purch. 25 Mar.
 Capt. Cadet Lt. Armstrong, from R.
 M^t. Coll. by purch. do.
 Col. St John, from 15 Dr. Lt. by
 purch. 8 May
 W. C. Sheppard, Cor. by purch. do.
 Inf. Bt. Maj. Lord G. Lennox, from 9 Dr.
 Maj. by purch. vice Fraser, 15 do.
 R. A. Col. C. M. O'Meara, Ens. vice Edwards, dead
 do

Royal Artillery.

- 1st Lt. Mee, from h. p. 1st Lt. vice
 Wallis, h. p. 5 Apr. 1825
 ———— *Dobson*, from h. p. 1st Lt.
 vice Doyle, h. p. 1 May

Hospital Staff.

- 1 R. Pictou, Hosp. As. to the Forces
 10 Oct. 1822
 Hosp. As. Simons, from h. p. do.
 vice Cannon, h. p. 25 Apr. 1825
 ———— *Hawkins*, from h. p. do.
 vice Mar prom. do.

Garrison.

- Capt. Weeks, h. p. Glengary Tenc.
 Town Maj. of Montreal, vice
 Hughes, ret. full pay 11 Feb. 1825

Fitzgeralds.

- Bt. Col. L'Estrange, from 7 F. with Lt. Col. Fra-
 nson, h. p. Unatt.
 Lt. Col. MacLaine, from 14 F. with Bt. Col. Ed-
 wards, 17 F.
 ———— *Duslwood*, from 5 F. Gds. with Lt. Col.
 Elphinstone, h. p. 4 W. I. R.
 Major Hogg, from 20 F. with Maj. Green, 24 F.
 Capt. Savage, from 1 Dr. with Capt. Grove, 69 F.
 ———— *Jones*, from 11 Dr. with Capt. Hon. G. An-
 son, 32 F.
 ———— *Sir W. H. Clarke*, Bt. from 52 F. with Capt.
 St John, h. p. 62 F.
 ———— *Hon. W. R. Ross*, from 55 F. with Capt. A.
 Lanley, h. p. Port. Serv.

Vol. XIV.

- Capt. Lt. Churchill, from 85 F. with Capt. Forster,
 h. p.
 ———— *Lt. Loughborough*, from Cape C. with Capt.
 Molesworth, h. p. 20 Dr.
 Lieut. Smith, from 1 Dr. G. with Lieut. Clarke,
 41 Dr.
 ———— *Akeck*, from 1 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lieut.
 Skinner, h. p. 24 Dr.
 ———— *Pigou*, from 2 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lieut.
 Hepburn, h. p. 85 F.
 ———— *Harrison*, from 1 Dr. with Lieut. Fitzmaurice,
 65 F.
 ———— *Robison*, from 1 Dr. with Lieut. Cochrane,
 8 Dr.
 ———— *Lyman*, from 5 Dr. with Lieut. Manners,
 34 F.
 ———— *Hutchinson*, from 45 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
 Gage, h. p. 69 F.
 ———— *Gray*, from 17 F. with Lieut. Nugent, 41 F.
 ———— *Smith*, from 25 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hon.
 C. Gray, h. p. 35 F.
 ———— *Cosby*, from 32 F. with Lieut. Mountain, h.
 p. 96 F.
 Cor. Webster, from 6 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Cor-
 net Brown, h. p. 6 Dr.
 Ens. Gage, from 15 F. with Cornet Finch, h. p.
 9 Dr.
 Poyne Banks, from 16 F. with Capt. Ford, h. p.
 24 Dr.

Resignations and Retirements.

- Lieut. Gen. W. Doyle, 62 F.
 Col. Sherlock, 1 Dr. G.
 ———— *Milnes*, 60 F.
 Lieut.-Col. Sowerby, Colds. Gds.
 Major Williams, 7 Dr.
 ———— *James*, 67 F.
 ———— *Abbey*, Col. hon. Regt.
 Captain K. R. G. G.
 ———— *Baven*, 49 F.
 ———— *Gordon*, 15 F.
 ———— *Williams*, 49 F.
 ———— *McLachlan*, 37 F.
 ———— *East*, 58 F.
 ———— *Richards*, 60 F.
 ———— *Bligh*, Colds. Gd.
 ———— *Sandys*, 6 F.
 ———— *Ravensford*, 14 F.
 ———— *Montgomery*, 18 F.
 ———— *Campbell*, 39 F.
 Lieut. Ferguson, 8 Dr.
 ———— *Ferris*, 57 F.
 ———— *Gore*, 1 Life Gds.
 ———— *Campbell*, 89 F.
 Cornet C. Crawford, 2 Dr. G.
 Quar.-Mast. Nicholson, 1st Lancashire Mil.
 Surgeon Keane, South Mayo Militia.
 Hosp.-Assistant J. Stuart.

Appointments Cancelled.

- Lieut. McPherson, 2 W. I. R.
 Ensign Tucker, 15 F.
 ———— *Dixon*, 65 F.

Deaths.

- General Grenville, Colonel of 25 F. London.
 22 Apr. 1823
 Lieut.-General Deare, East India Comp. Service,
 5 Mar. 1823
 1 Gen. Husey, E. I. C. Serv. London
 29 Mar. 1823
 Major-General Sir Wm. Toone, K. C. B. East India
 Comp. Serv. Dinapore, 16 Aug. 1822
 Major-Gen. G. S. Smyth, Frederickstown, New
 Brunswick, 27 Mar. 1823
 Major Walker, 5 Dr. G. Dublin, 16 Mar. 1823
 Lieut.-Col. Robison, 24 F. at sea, on passage from
 India, 20 May, 1823
 ———— *Waterhouse*, 81 F. Halifax, N. S.
 19 Apr. 1823
 ———— *French*, Assist. Qua. Mas. Gen. Ath-
 lone, 30 Apr. 1823
 ———— *Wemyss*, late of R. Mar. 29 do.
 ———— *Davey*, h. p. R. Marines, 2 May, 1823
 Major Campbell, late of 39 F. Taunton,
 17 Apr. 1823
 ———— *Halford*, 59 F.
 ———— *Bayley*, R. Marines.
 Capt. Poussey, h. p. 44 F. Booterstown, Co. of
 Dublin, 25 Mar. 1823
 ———— *Wain*, h. p. 48 F. Senis, France, 24 Aug. 1822
 ———— *Smelair*, h. p. 153 F. 22 Oct. do.

4 Y

Capt. Galloup, h. p. Dillon's Regt. Malta, 27 Jan. 1823
 — Williams, 8 Dr. on board the Dorsetshire, on passage to England from Bengal. 12 Nov. 1822
 — Hall, 67 F. Bombay, 11 Feb. 1823
 — Raleigh, h. p. 20 F. 11 Feb. 1823
 — Macnelli, 50 F.
 — Innes, late of 6 R. Vet. Bn. Montrose, 29 Apr. 1823
 — Cooke, h. p. Independents.
 Lieut. Brown, 13 Dr.
 — Darling, 21 F. Kemister, Bengal, 2 Oct. 1822
 — Greene, 51 F. Madras, 26 Nov. do
 — Dowman, 56 F.
 — Smith, 91 F. Jamaica, 15 Feb. 1823
 — Hopkins, late 8 Vet. Bn. Kilkenny, 20 do.
 — Don. Cameron, 9 Vet. Bn. 9 Dec. 1822
 — Austin, h. p. 10 F. Marown, Isle of Man, 25 Oct. do
 — Skerrett, h. p. 81 F. Galway, 9 Mar. 1823
 — Ramsford, h. p. 57 F. Kinsale, 25 Feb. do
 — Thomson, h. p. 97 F. Dunfermline, 20 Mar.
 — Montgomery, h. p. 98 F. Jamaica, 16 Dec. 1821
 — Hopwood, h. p. 1 Gar. Bn. Gosport, 22 Feb. 1823
 — Campbell, h. p. York Fuz. 2 Feb.
 — W. A. Brown, 13 Dr. Bangalore, 4 Oct. 1822
 — Tweeney, 28 F. Corfu, 12 Feb. 1823
 — Strange, 12 F.
 — Timberrow, 11 F. Fort William Calcutta, 17 Nov. 1822
 — Mussen, h. p. 5 Dr. late of 6 Dr. 5 Apr. 1822
 Ensign Smith, 83 F.
 — Curtis, 8 F. Culaenos, Ioman Isl. 28 Dec. 1822
 — Grant, 91 F. Jamaica, 15 Feb. 1823
 — Lewin, late 4 Vet. Bn. Town Major, Quebec, 5 Dec. 1822
 — Thomas, 5 Vet. Bn. Outland, near Plymouth, 7 Apr. 1823
 — Hurst, h. p. 66 F.
 — Gray, h. p. 91 F. 20 do.
 — McColla, h. p. 99 F. Nova Scotia, 8 Nov. 1822

Ensign O'Neil, 14 F. drowned at Balceo, Ghant, 13 Nov.
 — Edwards, African Col. Corps, Cape Coast, 18 June, 1822
 — Castle, 18 June, 1822
 — Conolly, h. p. 60 F.
 Adjut. Lt. Dowdall, 31 F. Bangalore, 12 Dec. 1822
 — T. Hinds, 68 F.
 — Ens. Binns, African Col. Corps, Cape Coast, 10 Nov. 1822
 — Castle, 10 Nov. 1822
 — Ens. Dewsnap, h. p. 87 F. 1 June.
 — Campbell, h. p. British Fem. Inf. 51 Natives, near Stirling, 11 Mar. 1823
 Assistant-Surgeon Dr. Mackenzie, h. p. 56 F. London, Mar. 1823
 Hospital-Assist. Donaldson, Isle de Looe, 12 Oct. 1822
 Veterinary-Surg. Blanchard, h. p. 21 Dr. Roumford, 5 Mar. 1823
 Barrack-Master White, Newfoundland, 1822
 — 26 Dec.
 Paymaster Scott, 70 F. Quebec, 11 Feb. 1823
 Adjutant England, Newton and Earlsworth Local Militia, 7 Mar.
 Quar-Master Sadler, 12 Dr. Ballinrobe, 6 do.
 — Morris, h. p. 2 Dr. G. 7 do.
 — Cross, h. p. 19 Dr. Gorleston, Suffolk, 21 Nov. 1822
 — Finnegan, h. p. 25 Dr. 11 Mar. 1823
 — Gormley, 67 F. Bombay, 15 Nov. 1822
 Medical Inspect. Grievess, h. p. Paris.
 Phys. Moseley, h. p. Chelsea, 15 Mar. 1823
 Surg. Major Charlton, ret. full pay, 1 E. G. London, 1 Apr.
 Staff Surg. Morel, h. p. (Dep. Inspect. by Brev.) Pmhico, 25 do.
 — Hall, h. p. Dromote, County Down, 29 June, 1822
 Surg. Hamilton, ret. full pay, 92 F. Edinburgh, 25 Feb. 1823
 Staff Assist. Surg. Oliver, h. p. London 14 Mar.
 Assist. Surg. O'Connell, 87 F.
 — Stockdale, h. p. 5 Ceylon Regt. Downpatrick, 17 Jan.
 Monk, Barrack Master. St John's, North America, 11 Dec. 1822

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

April 21. At Boulogne-sur-Mer, the Lady Catherine Caroline Brecknell, daughter of the Earl of Portmore, of a daughter.
 23. At the Manse of Cavers, Mrs Strachan of a son.
 — At Kirkaldy, Mrs George Millar, of a daughter.
 28. At Londonderry, the Lady of Colonel Sir William Williams, of the 15th regiment of foot, of a son.
 30. At Belmaduthy House, the Lady of Colm Mackenzie, Esq. of Kileo, of a daughter.
 May 1. At Haddington, Mrs Henry Davidson, of a son.
 — At No. 31, Heriot Row, Mrs James Wedderburn, of a daughter.
 — At Lathrisk, Mrs Johnston, of a son.
 — At Aberdeen Manse, Mrs Bryce, of a daughter.
 2. At Perth, Mrs George Bell, of a son.
 — At Holmes House, the Lady of James Fairlie, Esq. of Holmes, of a son and heir.
 3. At the house of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, Busby Park, the Countess of Errol, of a son.
 — In Duke Street, Mrs Paul, of a daughter.
 — At Castle Fraser, Mrs Colonel Fraser, of a daughter.
 4. At Stirling, Mrs Dr Small, of a son.
 5. At Lochmaddy, Mrs Horsburgh, of a son.
 7. In Stafford Street, Mrs Hume, of a son.
 — At Erracht, the Lady of Lieut-Colonel Cameron, of the Rifle Brigade, C.B. and K. St. A. of a son.
 8. In Bernard Street, Leith, Mrs Harrower, of a daughter.

9. At No. 10, Gayfield Square, Mrs Paterson, of a son.
 10. In South Hanover Street, Mrs Siley, of a daughter.
 11. At No. 15, Forth Street, Mrs Fisher, of a son, still-born.
 12. In Graham Street, Mrs Brown, of a daughter.
 13. In Heriot's Court, Canongate, Mrs John Robertson, of a daughter.
 14. In Upper Brooks Street, London, the Lady of Michael Bruce, Esq. of a son.
 17. In Queen Street, the Heriot Hon. Lady Anne Baird, of a daughter.
 19. At Whim, the Lady of Archibald Montgomery, Esq. of a daughter.
 20. At No. 11, Lauriston Place, Mrs George Brown, of a son.
 — At Stirling, Mrs Bruce, wife of the Rev. Archibald Bruce, of a daughter.
 22. At Huddersley, in Dorsetshire, the Lady of the Rev. Waver Walter, of a daughter.
 — At Brockhouse, parish of Stow, Mrs William Lees, of a son.
 25. At No. 2, Jamaica Street, North Leith, Mrs Robertson Scott, of a son.
 — In Gayfield Place, Mrs Carmichael, of a daughter.
 27. At Ruchill, Mrs Hamilton Dundas, of a daughter.
 — At Clontarf, near Dublin, the Lady of the Hon. James Stewart, of a son.
 30. At Invercrag House, the Lady of William Stuart, Esq. of Invercrag, of a daughter.
 — At the Royal Hotel, Edinburgh, the Lady of the Marquis De Ratis Sforza, of a daughter.
 31. At the Parsonage, Teston, the Lady of the Hon. and Rev. Francis Noel, of a daughter.

Lately. At Limerick, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Dick, C. B. 42d, or Royal Highlanders, of twins.

— At No. 26, Charlotte Square, the Lady of Major Ruddell, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 25, 1822. At Bombay, Alex. John Robertson, Esq. Assistant-surgeon, Company's service, to Marianne Gerard, only daughter of Dr Gerard.

April 22, 1823. At Inverness, John Anderson, Esq. W. S., to Elizabeth, only daughter of Alex. Mackenzie, Esq. of Woodside Commissary of Inverness.

25. At Glasgow, Alex. MacLachlan, Esq. of Auchintrog, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr James Harvey, Gartenstarry.

May 9. At Mary-la-bonne Church, London, Mr James McNeill to Miss Margaret Oulgon.

10. At Dublin, William Henry Oram, Esq. of the Royal Scots Greys, to Anne, daughter of John Ball, Esq. of Shannon, in the county of Donegal.

12. At Belchester, Berwickshire, Henry Fosskett, Esq. late of the 15th Light Dragoons, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Rev. James Young, minister of Leckertwood, in the same county.

17. Andrew Dickson, Esq. of London, to Miss Mary James, of Edinburgh.

— At London, John Thomson, Esq. bookseller, Edinburgh, to Margaret, youngest daughter of Mr Evan Macpherson, late of the Customs, London.

7. At Edinburgh, Mr Francis Bruce, coachmaker, to Margaret, daughter of Mr Alex. Edmonstone, goldsmith, Edinburgh.

28. At Devonshire House, London, Earl Gowen, eldest son of the Marquis of Salisburgh, to Lady Harriet Howard, daughter of Lord Morpeth.

29. At Edinburgh, Mr William Macpherson, merchant, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Balie Wilson, Esq. writer.

31. At Hampstead, Edward Burn, Esq., third son of the late John Burn, Esq. of Coldoch, Perthshire, to Amelia Frederick, youngest daughter of George Todd, Esq. of Bellie, Hampstead.

Edinb. At Templeland, Aberdeenshire, James Barclay, Esq. younger of Templeland, to Mary Ann, fourth daughter of the Rev. Dr Barclay, minister of Kettle.

DEATHS.

Oct. 1822. At Calcutta, Mr David Brodie, of the house of Tylor and Co., son of the late Mr John Brodie, Dysart.

Dec. 20. At Canton, Alexander H. v. Esq. an officer on board the Thomas Counts East Indiaman, fourth son of Robert Hay, Esq. of Spott.

Jan. 2, 1823. At Calcutta, the Hon. Francis Scampli, youngest son of Right Hon. Lord Scampli.

26. At Calcutta, James Johnson, Esq. Secretary to the Medical Board of Calcutta, son of the Rev. John Lawson, D. D. Edinburgh.

March 13. At Madras, Mr George Stevenson Gibb, writer, Glasgow.

27. At Freuenton, New Brunswick, North America, Major-General George Stracey Smith, Lieutenant-governor of that province.

April 5. At Kingsbarn, Miss Gray, wife of Lieutenant Charles Gray, Royal Marine Forces.

6. At Glencairn House, Miss Hunter of Glencairn.

9. At Rome, the Rev. Thomas St Clair Abercromby of Glasgow.

12. At Wick, Mr Daniel Miller, surgeon.

19. At Halifax, Nova Scotia, Lieut.-Colonel P. Waterhouse, Major of the 51st regiment, in which he had served 22 years.

20. In London, Dowager Lady Gardner, relict of Admiral Lord Gardner.

22. At Buny hill, the seat of Peter Sandilands, Esq. of East Bams, Miss Mary Ramsay.

— At Nairne, John Gunn, Esq. Sheriff-substitute of that county.

23. At New York, Jessamine, wife of Mr Joseph Nelson, and daughter of George Sun, Esq. late of Aberdeen.

24. At Doonholm, John Hunter, Esq. of Bonnyton, W. S.

— At Outfield, near Cambeltown, John Smith McEacharn, only child of Colin McEacharn, Esq. of Outfield.

— At Canonmills, Mrs Drysdale, widow of the Rev. William Drysdale.

— At Glasgow, Mrs Smith, relict of the Rev. John Smith, Dunfermline.

25. In Tenterden Street, London, the Dowager Viscountess Torrington.

26. At Galtoun Manse, the Rev. Dr Smith.

27. At Jersey, the very Rev. Edward Dupre, LL. D., Dean of that Island, and Rector of St Heliers.

— At Stoney hill House, Musselburgh, Francis Anderson, Esq. Writer to the Signet.

— At Broughton Place, Mrs Burns, wife of Mr Walter Burns, upholsterer.

— Mrs Lindsay, wife of Mr Lindsay, of the High School.

— At Dalkeith, Mrs Chalmers, relict of James Chalmers, Esq. solicitor at law, Edinburgh.

27. At Glasgow, Mrs Livingston, late of Airds.

28. At his brother's house, at Hampstead, near London, Mr James Little, second son of the late Mr William Little of Barrasford, near Langholm, Dumfriesshire.

28. At Netherhouse, Leshnagow, the Rev. Samuel Peat, Chaplain of his Majesty's service.

— At Albion, Dumfriesshire, Joan Black, Esq.

29. At Edinburgh, James Jackson, Esq. late of the 55th Regiment of Foot, son of the late Mr Commissioner Jackson.

— At Edinburgh, Lieut. John Gourlay, of the Adjutant-General's office.

— At London, Lieutenant-General Vere Warner Huesey, aged 70.

30. At Leaswade Hill, the Right Hon. Lady Jane Boyle, daughter of the late Right Hon. John Forth of Glasgow.

31. At Prestonley, near Bolton, Lancashire, Mr John Foid, manufacturer.

31. At his residence, in the Green Park, London, of which he had been ranger for many years, Lord William Gordon.

— At Pantonville, Isington, Marion, daughter of the late John Cumming, Esq.

— At Leaswade Hill, Essex, in his 78th year, Sir William Smith, Bart.

— At the house of Mr William Wood, George Street, Mr William Pitt Goldsworthy, youngest son of Major Goldsworthy of Ackworth House, Yorkshire.

— Jane, aged six, only daughter of John Ker-mick, Esq. W. S. Albany Street.

2. At his father's house, James's Square, Archibald McLean Scott, aged 20, son of Mr William Scott, of the Biff Chamber.

— At Cheltenham, in the 80th year of his age, after an illness of two months, the Right Hon. Lord Glenbervie.

— At Edinburgh, David Stuart, Esq. of Steuartfield, in the 80th year of his age.

3. At Kensington, James Gilchrist, Esq. only surviving son of the late Archibald Gilchrist, Esq. of Edinburgh.

5. At Dumfries, James Crichton, Esq. of Frazer's Curse, Dumfriesshire.

— In Gayfield-square, Agnes, youngest daughter of George Ramsay, Esq.

— Miss Muir, wife of Mr John Muir, brewer, North Back of Camongate.

— At Gardwald, Dumfriesshire, John Moffat, Esq.

1. At Brae House of Touch, Mrs Frances Galloway, wife of Mr James Macdonald, and on the 14th, Frances, their infant daughter and only child.

— At Leith, Mr Duncan Hardie, shipmaster.

— In London, aged 51, Sir Robert Kingsmill, Bart. of Asson, Gloucester.

3. At Kelso, Walter Alexander, Esq. formerly of the South Fencibles, and afterwards Captain of the Edinburgh Militia.

5. At his seat in West Lothian, Colonel Gillon of Wallhouse.

— At his house, Young Street, Charlotte Square, Mr Walter Lamb, upholsterer.

5. At 26, Northumberland Street, Christian Glassford, youngest daughter of John Glassford Hopkirk, Esq. W. S.

6. At his house, head of Pleasance, aged 29, Mr David Samuel, teacher.

7. At Edinburgh, Mr John Storie Bow, youngest son of Mr Robert Bow.

— At his house Fountainbridge, Edinburgh, Mr George Caw, printer.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Johnston, wife of Mr James Johnston, tobacconist.

8. At Leith, Mrs Watson, wife of John Watson, jun. Esq.; and on the 14th, George, their infant son.

10. At No. 7, Lynedoch Place, Jessy Crawford Baillie, aged 14, daughter of the late Andrew Baillie, Esq. solicitor, Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Smyth, widow of John Smyth, Esq. of Balharrie.

— At Fording Square, Fife, Mrs Reid, widow of the late Rev. John Reid, Churmeside, Berwickshire.

11. At the Manse of Glensheal, aged 75, the Rev. John Maerac, 46 years minister of that parish.

— At St Ninian's, Captain Campbell, aged 75, late of the 53d regiment of foot.

12. At his seat, Madresfield Court, Worcester, the Right Hon. William Beauchamp Lygon, second Earl Beauchamp, Viscount Elnaley, and Baron Beauchamp of Powicke.

— At Hatton Mains, Thomas Dickson Craigmund, youngest son of Mr Craigmund, factor for the Right Hon. the Earl of Morton, at Dalmahoy.

— The eldest daughter of Sir J. A. Gordon, in her 9th year.

13. Mr Bennet, many years master of Lloyd's Coffee-house, in the 75th year of his age.

— In Crichton Street, Edinburgh, Elizabeth, fourth daughter of the late Mr Alex. Thomson, tobacconist.

14. At his house, Grayfield Square, Patrick Crichton, Esq. Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant of the 2d Regiment of Edinburgh Local Militia.

— At Pisa, Lieut.-Colonel James Stopford.

15. At Forthbank, Wilhelmina, in her 17th year, daughter, and on the 20th, John, in his 18th year, son of William Turnbull, Esq.

— At Aberdeen, Mr Alex. Nicol, of the Grammar School of that city.

— At No. 10, Galtfield Square, Mrs Patterson.

17. At Glasgow, James Rowan, Esq. Captain in the Royal Lanarkshire Militia.

18. At his house, Lauriston Place, Thomas Bell, Esq. late of Nether Horthburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Elizabeth Edgar, youngest daughter of the late Mr James Mule, tinner.

19. At Portobello, Mrs Begbie, widow of Alex. Begbie, Esq. late of Hendon, Middlesex.

— At 68, Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Mary Campbell, widow of Captain Colin Campbell, Eastleton.

20. At Coleman Street, London, Mr Anthony Hall, solicitor.

— At Boulogne-sur-Mer, Captain Wm. Baird, son of Sir James G. Baird, Bart. of Saughtonhall.

21. At Liverpool, Agnes, daughter of the late Mr Robert Ramsay, writer, Dumfries.

22. At Lanark, Mr Robert Newbigging, late writer there.

— At Canaan, near Morningside, Eliza Ann, eldest daughter of Mr Hindmarsh, teacher of Elocution, aged 16.

— At Brockhouse, parish of Stow, Mrs Sibla Haldane, wife of Mr Wm. Lees, farmer there.

23. At his house, No. 10, Parliament Square, Edinburgh, of the 25d ult. Mr John Dempster, druggist.

— At Brompton, George, only son of Sir David Wedderburn, Bart.

24. At Brunstam House, near Portobello, Miss Margaret Q. Miliken, daughter of the deceased Wm. Miliken, Esq. of St Vincent's.

— At No. 1, Broughton Place, 72d year of his age, Mr Wynne Johnston, late farmer.

— At 15, Young Street, John, aged 7 years, only son of John Blair, Esq. W. S.

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